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MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

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JULY—DECEMBER, 1836.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1836.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Vol. XL.

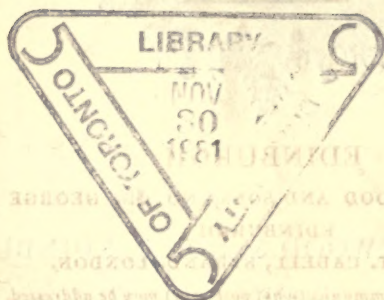
JULY, 1830.

No. CCXLIX.

PASSAGE FROM THE DUNDEE TO THE FORTH, QUARTER XVI.

The Merchant's Clerk
Alcibiades The Young Man
Isaac Green; The Miser
Waxtail's Posthumous Memoirs
The British School of Painting
The Devil's Dance
The Cotton Minder
The Metaphysician
The Art-Hint
Character in Character
Moses and His People

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, GEORGE STREET,

AND T. CADILL, LONDON.

Printed by W. & A. G. LEITCH, of the United Kingdom.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

PUBLISHED BY W. & A. BLACK, 10, N. B. STREET, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: W. & A. BLACK, 10, N. B. STREET, EDINBURGH.

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PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due!"*

Look, reader, once more with the eye and heart of sympathy, at a melancholy page in the book of human life—a sad one, indeed, and almost the last that will be opened by one who has already laid several before you, and is about to take his departure!

It was pouring with rain one Wednesday, in the month of March 18—, about twelve o'clock, and had been raining violently the whole morning. Only one patient had called upon me up to the hour just mentioned—for how could invalids stir out in such weather? The wind was cold and bitter—the aspect of things without, in short, most melancholy and cheerless. "There are one or two poor souls," thought I, with a sigh, as I stepped from the desk at which I had been occupied for more than

an hour writing, and stood looking over the blinds into the deserted and almost deluged street—"there are one or two poor souls that would certainly have been here this morning, according to appointment, but for this unfriendly weather. Their cases are somewhat critical—one of them especially—and yet they are not such as to warrant my apprehending the worst. I wish, by the way, I had thought of asking their addresses!—Ah—for the future I will make a point of taking down the residence of such as I may suspect to be in very humble or embarrassed circumstances. One can then, if necessary, call upon such persons—on such a day as this—at their own houses. There's that poor man, for instance, the bricklayer—he cannot leave his work except at breakfast time—I wonder how his poor child comes on! Poor fellow, how

* Milton—*Lycidas*.

anxious he looked yesterday, when he asked me what I thought of his child! And his wife bed-ridden! Really I'd make a point of calling, if I knew where he lived! He can't afford a coach—that's out of the question. Well—it can't be helped, however!" With this exclamation, half uttered, I looked at my watch, rung the bell, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in a quarter of an hour. I was sealing one of the letters I had been writing, when I heard a knock at the street door, and in a few moments my servant showed a lady into the room. She was apparently about four or five-and-twenty; neatly but very plainly dressed; her features, despite an air of languor, as if from recent indisposition, without being strictly handsome, had a pleasing expression of frankness and spirit,—and her address was easy and elegant. She was, however, evidently flurried. She "hoped she should not keep me at home—she could easily call again"—I begged her to be seated; and, in a quiet tone—at the same time proceeding with what I was engaged upon, that she might have a moment's interval in which to recover her self-possession—made some observations about the weather.

"It is still raining hard, I perceive," said I; "did you come on foot? Bless me, madam, why you seem wet through! Pray come nearer the fire"—stirring it up into a cheerful blaze—"shall I offer you a glass of wine, or wine and water? You look very chilly"—

"No, thank you, sir; I am rather wet, certainly, but I am accustomed to rain—I will, however, sit closer to the fire, if you please, and tell you in a few words my errand. I shall not detain you long, sir," she continued, in a tone considerably more assured; "the fact is, I have received a letter this morning from a friend of mine in the country, a young lady, who is an invalid, and has written to request I would call immediately upon some experienced physician, and obtain, as far as can be, his real opinion upon her case—for she fancies, poor girl! that they are concealing what is really the matter with her!"

"Well! she must have stated her

case remarkably well, ma'am," said I with a smile, "to enable me to give any thing like a reasonable guess at her state without seeing her"—

"Oh—but I may be able to answer many of your questions, sir, for I am very well acquainted with her situation, and was a good deal with her, not long ago."

"Ah—that's well. Then will you be so kind," giving a monitory glance at my watch, "as to say what you know of her case? The fact is, I've ordered the carriage to be here in about a quarter of an hour's time, and have a long day's work before me!"

"She is—let me see, sir—I should say, about six years older than myself; that is, she is near thirty, or thereabouts. I should not think she was ever particularly strong. She's seen—poor thing!—a good deal of trouble lately." She sighed.

"Oh—I see, I understand! A little disappointment—there's the seat of the mischief, I suppose?" I interrupted, smiling, and placing my hand over my heart. "Isn't this really, now, the whole secret?"

"Why—the fact is—certainly, I believe—yes, I may say that love has had a good deal to do with her present illness—for it is *really* illness! She has been"—she paused, hesitated, and—as I fancied—coloured slightly—"crossed in love—yes! She was to have been—I mean—that is, she ought to have been married last autumn, but for this sad affair"—I bowed, looking again at my watch, and she went on more quickly to describe her friend as being naturally rather delicate—that this "disappointment" had occasioned her a great deal of annoyance and agitation—that it had left her now in a very low nervous way—and, in short, her friend suspected herself to be falling into a decline. That about two months ago she had had the misfortune to be run over by a chaise, the pole of which struck her on the right chest, and the horses' hoofs also trampled upon her, but no ribs were broken"—

"Ah, this is the most serious part of the story, ma'am—this looks like real illness! Pray, proceed, ma'am. I suppose your friend after this com-

plained of much pain about the chest—is it so? Was there any spitting of blood?"

"Yes, a little—no—I mean—let me see"—here she took out of her pocket a letter, and unfolding it, cast her eye over it for a moment or two, as if to refresh her memory by looking at her friend's statement.

"May I be allowed, ma'am, to look at the letter in which your friend describes her case?" I enquired, holding out my hand.

"There are some private matters contained in it, sir," she replied quickly; "the fact is, there was some blood-spitting at the time, which I believe has not yet quite ceased."

"And does she complain of pain in the chest?"

"Yes—particularly in the right side."

"Is she often feverish at night and in the morning?"

"Yes—very—that is, her hands feel very hot, and she is restless and irritable."

"Is there any perspiration?"

"Occasionally a good deal—during the night."

"Any cough?"

"Yes, at times very troublesome, she says."

"Pray, how long has she had it?—I mean, had she it before the accident you spoke of?"

"I first noticed it—let me see—ah, about a year after she was married."

"After she was married!" I echoed, darting a keen glance at her. She coloured violently, and stammered confusedly—

"No, no, sir—I meant about a year after the time when she *expected* to have been married."

There was something not a little curious and puzzling in all this. "Can you tell me, ma'am, what sort of a cough it is?" I enquired, shifting my chair, so that I might obtain a distincter view of her features. She perceived what I was about, I think—for she seemed to change colour a little, and to be on the verge of shedding tears. I repeated my question. She said that the cough was at first very slight; so slight that her friend had thought nothing of it, but at length it became a dry and painful one. She began to turn

very pale. A suspicion of the real state of the case flashed across my mind.

"Now, tell me, ma'am, candidly—confess! Are not you speaking of yourself? You really look ill!"

She trembled, but assured me emphatically that I was mistaken. She appeared about to put some question to me, when her voice failed her, and her eyes, wandering to the window, filled with tears.

"Forgive me, sir! I am so anxious about my friend,"—she sobbed—"she is a dear, kind, good"—her agitation increased.

"Calm—pray, calm yourself, ma'am—do not distress yourself unnecessarily! You must not let your friendly sympathies overcome you in this way, or you will be unable to serve your friend as you wish—as she has desired!"

I handed to her a bottle of smelling salts, and after pausing for a few moments, her agitation subsided.

"Well," she began again, tremulously, "what do you think of her case, sir? You may tell me candidly, sir,"—she was evidently making violent struggles to conceal her emotions—"for I assure you I will never make an improper use of what you may say—indeed I will not!—What do you really think of her case?"

"Why—if all that you have said be correct, I own I fear it is a bad case—certainly a bad one," I replied, looking at her scrutinizingly. "You have mentioned some symptoms that are very unfavourable."

"Do you—think—her case *hopeless*, sir?" she enquired in a feeble tone, and looking at me with sorrowful intensity.

"Why, that is a very difficult question to answer—in her absence. One ought to see her—to hear her tell her own story—to ask a thousand little questions. I suppose, by the way, that she is under the care of a regular professional man?"

"Yes, I believe so—no, I am not sure; she *has* been, I believe."

I felt satisfied that she was speaking of herself. I paused, scarce knowing what to say. "Are her circumstances easy? Could she go to a warmer climate in the spring, or early part of the summer? I really

think that change of scene would do her greater good than any thing I could prescribe for her."

She sighed. "It might be so; but—I know it could not be done. Circumstances, I believe"—

"Is she living with her family? Could not *they*?"—

"Oh no, there's no hope *there*, sir!" she replied with sudden impetuosity. "No, no; they would see both of us perish before they would lift a finger to save us," she added with increasing vehemence of tone and manner. "So now it's all out—my poor, poor husband!" She fell into violent hysterics. The mystery was now dispelled—it was her husband's case that she had been all the while enquiring about. I saw it all! Poor soul, to gain my candid, my *real* opinion, she had devised an artifice to the execution of which she was unequal; over estimating her own strength, or rather not calculating upon the severe tests she would have to encounter.

Ring the bell, I summoned a female servant, who, with my wife (she had heard the violent cries of my patient), instantly made her appearance, and paid all necessary attentions to the mysterious sufferer, as surely I might call her. The letter from which—in order to aid her little artifice—she had affected to read, had fallen upon the floor. It was merely a blank sheet of paper, folded in the shape of a letter, and directed, in a lady's hand-writing, to "Mrs Elliot, No. 5, ——— street." This I put into my pocket-book. She had also, in falling, dropped a small piece of paper, evidently containing my intended fee, neatly folded up. This I slipped into the reticule which lay beside her.

From what scene of wretchedness had this unhappy creature come to me?

The zealous services of my wife and her maid presently restored my patient, at least to consciousness, and her first look was one of gratitude for their assistance. She then attempted, but in vain, to speak, and her tears flowed fast. "Indeed, indeed, sir, I am no impostor! and yet I own I have deceived you! but pity me! Have mercy on a being quite foreaken and

broken-hearted! I meant to pay you, sir, all the while. I only wished to get your true opinion about my unhappy husband. Oh how very, very, very wretched I am! What is to become of us! So, my poor husband!—there's no hope! Oh that I had been content with ignorance of your fate!" She sobbed bitterly, and my worthy little wife exhibited so much firmness and presence of mind, as she stood beside her suffering sister, that I found it necessary gently to remove her from the room. What a melancholy picture of grief was before me in Mrs Elliott, if that were her name. Her expressive features were flushed, and bedewed with weeping; her eyes swollen, and her dark hair, partially dishevelled, gave a wildness to her countenance, which added to the effect of her incoherent exclamations. "I do—I *do* thank you, sir, for your candour. I feel that you have told me the truth! But what is to become of us? My most dreadful fears are confirmed! But I ought to have been home before this, and am only keeping you!"—

"Not at all, ma'am—pray don't!"—

"But my husband, sir, is ill—and there is no one to keep the child but him. I ought to have been back long ago!" She rose feebly from her chair, hastily re-adjusted her hair, and replaced her bonnet, preparing to go. She seemed to miss something, and looked about the floor, obviously embarrassed at not discovering the object of her search.

"It is in your reticule, ma'am," I whispered—"and, unless you would affront and wound me, there let it remain. I know what you have been looking for—hush! do not think of it again. My carriage is at the door,—shall I take you as far as ——— street? I am driving past it."

"No, sir, I thank you; but—not for the world! My husband has no idea that I have been here; he thinks I have been only to the druggist. I would not have him know of this visit on any account. He would instantly suspect all." She grew again excited. "Oh what a wretch I am! How long must I play the hypocrite! I must look happy, and say that I

have hope when I am despairing, and him dying daily before my eyes! Oh how terrible will home be after this! But how long have I suspected all this!"

I succeeded, at length, in allaying her agitation, imploring her to strive to regain her self-possession before reappearing in the presence of her husband. She promised to contrive some excuse for summoning me to see her husband, as if in the first instance, as though it were the first time I had seen or heard of either of them, and assured me that she would call upon me again in a few day's time. "But sir," she whispered, hesitatingly, as I accompanied her through the hall to the street door, "I am really afraid we cannot afford to trouble you often."

"Madam, you will greatly grieve and offend me if you ever allude to this again before I mention it to you. Indeed you will, ma'am," I added, peremptorily but kindly; and reiterating my injunctions, that she should let me soon see her, or hear from her again, I closed the door upon her, satisfied that ere long would be laid before me another dark page in the volume of human life.

Having been summoned to visit a patient somewhere in the neighbourhood of — street that evening, — and being on foot, it struck me, as it was beginning again to rain heavily, that if I were to step into some one of the little shops close by, I might be sheltered a while from the rain, and also possibly gain some information as to the character and circumstances of my morning visitor. I pitched upon a small shop that was "licensed" to sell every thing, but especially groceries. The proprietor was a little lame old man, who was busy, as I entered, making up small packets of snuff and tobacco. He allowed the plea of the rain, and permitted me to sit down on the bench near the window. A couple of candles shed their dull light over the miscellaneous articles of merchandise with which the shop was stuffed. He looked like an old rat in his hoard! — He was civil and communicative, and I was not long in gaining the information I desired. He knew the Elliott's; they lived at number five, up two pair of stairs —

but had not been there above three or four months. He thought Mr Elliott was "ailing" — and for the matter of that, his wife didn't look the strongest woman in the world. "And pray what business, or calling, is he?" The old man put his spectacles back upon his bald wrinkled head, and after musing a moment, replied, "Why, now, I can't take upon me to say, precisely like — but I think he's something in the city, in the mercantile way — at least I've got it into my head that he *has* been such; but he also teaches music, and I know she sometimes takes in needle-work."

"Needle-work! does she indeed?" I echoed, taking her letter from my pocket-book, and looking at the beautiful — the fashionable hand in which the direction was written, and which, I felt confident, was her own. — "Ah! — then I suppose they're not over well to do in the world?"

"Why — you an't a-going to do any thing to them, sir, are you? — May I ask if you're a lawyer, sir?"

"No, indeed, I am not," said I with a smile — "nor is this a writ! It's only the direction of a letter, I assure you; I feel a little interested about these people — at the same time, I don't know much about them, as you may perceive. — Were not you saying that you thought them in difficulties?"

"Why," he replied, somewhat re-assured — "maybe you're not far from the mark in that either. They deal here — and they pay me for what they have — but their custom an't very heavy! 'Deed they has uncommon little in the grocery way, but pays reg'lar — and that's better than them that has a good deal, and yet doesn't pay at all — an't it, sir?" I assented. "They used, when they first came here, to have six-and-sixpenny tea and lump sugar, but this week or two back they've had only five-and-sixpenny tea, and worst sugar — but my five-and-sixpenny tea is an uncommon good article, and as good as many people's six shilling tea! only smell it, sir!" and whisking himself round, he briskly dislodged a jappanned canister, and whipping off the lid, put a handful of the contents into it. The conclusion I arrived at was not a very fa-

yourable one—the stuff he handed me seemed an abominable compound of raisin-stalks and sloe-leaves: “They’re uncommon economical, sir,” he continued, putting back again his precious commodity, “for they makes two or three ounces of this do for a week—unless they goes elsewhere, which I don’t think they do, by the way—and I’m sure they oughtn’t,—for, though I say it as shouldn’t—they might go farther and fare worse, and without going a mile from here either—hem! By the way, Mrs Elliott was in here not an hour ago, for a moment, asking for some sago, because she said Mr Elliott had taken a fancy to have some sago milk for his supper to-night—it was very unlucky, I hadn’t half a handful left! So she was obliged to go to the druggist at the other end of the street. Poor thing, she looked so vexed—for she has quite a confidence, like, in what she gets here!”

“True, very likely!—you said, by the way, you thought he taught music? what kind of music?”

“Why, sir, he’s rather a good hand at the flute, his landlady says,—so he comes in to me about a month since, and he says to me, ‘Bennet,’ says he, ‘may I direct letters for me to be left at your shop? I’m going to put an advertisement in the newspaper.’—‘That,’ says I, ‘depends on what it’s about—what are you advertising for?’ (not meaning to be impudent),—and he says, says he—‘Why, I’ve taken it into my head, Bennet, to teach the flute, and I’m a-going to try to get some one to learn it to.’ So he put the advertisement in—but he didn’t get more than one letter, and that brought him a young lad—but he didn’t stay long. ’Twas a beautiful black flute, sir, with silver on it—for Mrs Hooper, his landlady—she’s an old friend of my mistress, sir—showed it to us one Sunday, when we took a cup of tea with her, and the Elliotts was gone out for a walk.—I don’t think he can teach it *now*, sir”—he continued, dropping his voice—“for, betwixt you and I, old Browning the pawnbroker, a little way up on the left hand side, has a flute in his window that’s the very image of what Mrs Hooper showed us that night I was speaking of. You understand me,

sir?—Pawned—or sold—I’ll answer for it—a-hem!”

“Ah, very probable—yes, very likely!” I replied, sighing—hoping my gossiping host would go on.

“And betwixt you and I, sir,” he resumed, “it wasn’t a bad thing for him to get rid of it, either; for Mrs Hooper told us that Mr Elliott wasn’t strong-like to play on it; and she used to hear Mrs Elliott (she is an uncommon agreeable young woman, sir, to look at, and looks like one that has been better off), I was a-saying, however, that Mrs Hooper used now and then to hear Mrs Elliott cry a good deal about his playing on the flute, and ’spostulate to him on the account of it, and say ‘you know it isn’t a good thing for you, dear.’—Nor was it, sir—the doctors would say!”

“Poor fellow”—I exclaimed, with a sigh, not meaning to interrupt my companion—“of all things on earth—the *flute*!”

“Ah!” replied the worthy grocer, “things are in a bad way when they come to that pass—arn’t they! But Lord, sir!” dropping his voice, and giving a hurried glance towards a door, opening, I suppose, into his sitting-room—“there’s nothing partic’lar in *that*, after all. My mistress and I, even, have done such things before now, at a push, when we’ve been hard driven! You know, sir, poverty’s no sin—is it?”

“God forbid, indeed, my worthy friend!” I replied, as a customer entered, to purchase a modicum of cheese or bacon: and thanking Mr Bennet for his civility in affording me so long a shelter, I quitted his shop. The rain continued, and, as is usually the case, no hackney-coach made its appearance till I was nearly wet through. My interest in poor Mrs Elliott and her husband was greatly increased by what I had heard from the gossiping grocer. How distinctly, though perhaps unconsciously, had he sketched the downward progress of respectable poverty! I should await the next visit of Mrs Elliott with some eagerness and anxiety. Nearly a week, however, elapsed before I again heard of Mrs Elliott, who called at my house one morning when I had been summoned to pay an early visit to a patient in the country. After having

waited nearly an hour for me, she was obliged to leave, after writing the following lines on the back of an old letter.

"Mrs Elliott begs to present her respects to Doctor——, and to inform him, that if quite convenient to him, she would feel favoured by his calling on Mr Elliott any time to-day or to-morrow. She begs to remind him of his promise, not to let Mr Elliott suppose that Mrs Elliott has told him any thing about Mr Elliott, except *generally* that he is poorly. The address is, No. 5, —— street, near —— square."

About three o'clock that afternoon, I was at their lodgings in —— street. No. 5, was a small decent draper's shop; and a young woman sitting at work behind the counter, referred me, on enquiring for Mr Elliott, to the private door, which she said I could easily push open—that the Elliotts lived on the second floor—but she thought that Mrs Elliott had just gone out. Following her directions, I soon found myself ascending the narrow staircase. On approaching the second floor, the door of the apartment I took to be Mr Elliott's was standing nearly wide open; and the scene which presented itself I paused for a few moments to contemplate. Almost fronting the door, at a table, on which were several huge legers and account-books, sate a young man apparently about thirty, who seemed to have just dropped asleep over a wearisome task. His left hand supported his head, and in his right was a pen which he seemed to have fallen asleep almost in the act of using. Propped up, on the table, between two huge books, a little towards his left-hand side, sate a child, seemingly a little boy, and a very pretty one, so engrossed with some plaything or another as not to perceive my approach. I felt that this was Mr Elliott, and stopped for a few seconds to observe him. His countenance was manly, and had plainly been once very handsome. It was now considerably emaciated, overspread with a sallow hue, and wore an expression of mingled pain and exhaustion. The thin white hand holding the pen, also bespoke the invalid. His hair was rather darker than his wife's—and being combed aside, left exposed to view an ample

well-formed forehead. In short, he seemed a very interesting person. He was dressed in black, his coat being buttoned evidently for warmth's sake; for though it was March, and the weather very bleak and bitter, there was scarce any appearance of fire, in about the smallest grate I ever saw. The room was small, but very clean and comfortable, though not over-stocked with furniture—what there was being of the most ordinary kind. A little noise I made attracted, at length, the child's attention. It turned round, started, on seeing a stranger, and disturbed its father, whose eyes looked suddenly but heavily at his child, and then at my approaching figure.

"Pray walk in," said he, with a kind of mechanical civility, but evidently not completely roused from sleep—"I—I—am very sorry—the accounts are not yet balanced,—very sorry—been at them almost the whole day." He suddenly paused, and recollected himself. He had, it seems, mistaken me, at the moment, for some one whom he had expected.

"Dr ——;" said I, bowing, and advancing.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir—Pray walk in, and take a seat"—I did so.—"I believe Mrs Elliott called upon you this morning, sir? I am sorry she has just stepped out, but she will return soon. She will be very sorry she was not at home when you called."

"I should have been happy to see Mrs Elliott,—but I understood from a few lines she left at my house, that this visit was to be paid to yourself—is it not so? Can I be of any assistance?"

"Certainly!—I feel far from well, sir. I have been in but middling health for some time—but my wife thinks me, I am sure, much worse than I really am, and frets herself a good deal about me."

I proceeded to enquire fully into his case; and he showed very great intelligence and readiness in answering all my questions. He had detected in himself, some years ago, symptoms of a liver complaint, which a life of much confinement and anxiety had since contributed to aggravate. He mentioned the accident alluded to by Mrs Elliott; and when

he had concluded a singularly terse and distinct statement of his case, I had formed a pretty decisive opinion upon it. I thought there was a strong tendency to hepatic phthisis, but that it might, with proper care, be arrested, if not even overcome. I expressed myself in very cautious terms.

"Do you really, candidly think, sir, that I have a reasonable chance of recovering my health?" he enquired, with a sigh, at the same time folding in his arms his little boy, whose concerned features, fixed in silence—now upon his father, and then upon me,—as each of us spoke, almost led me to think that he appreciated the grave import of our conversation.

"Yes—I certainly think it probable—very probable—that you would recover, provided, as I said before, you used the means I pointed out."

"And the chief of those means are—relaxation, and country air?"

"Certainly."

"You consider them essential?" he enquired, despondingly.

"Undoubtedly. Repose, both bodily and mental—change of scene, fresh air, and some medical treatment"—

He listened in silence, his eyes fixed on the floor, while an expression of profound melancholy overspread his countenance. He seemed absorbed in a painful reverie. I fancied that I could not mistake the subject of his thoughts; and ventured to interrupt them, by saying in a low tone—"It would not be *very* expensive, Mr Elliott, after all!"

"Ah, sir—that *is* what I am thinking about," he replied, with a deep sigh—and he relapsed into his former troubled silence.

"Suppose—suppose, sir, I were able to go into the country and rest a little, a *twelvemonth hence*, and in the mean time attend as much as possible to my health—is it probable that it would not *then* be too late?"

"Oh, come, Mr Elliott—let us prefer the sunshine to the cloud," said I with a cheerful air, hearing a quick step advancing to the door, which was opened, as I expected, by Mrs Elliott, who entered breathless with haste.

"How do you do, ma'am—Mrs Elliott, I presume?" said I, wishing to put her on her guard, and prevent

her appearing to have seen me before.

"Yes, sir—Mrs Elliott," said she, catching the hint—and then turning quickly to her husband, "how are you, love? I hope Henry has been good with you!"

"Very—he's been a very good little boy," replied Elliott, surrendering him to Mrs Elliott, whom he was struggling to reach.

"But how are you, dear?" repeated his wife, anxiously.

"Pretty well," he replied, adding with a faint smile, at the same time pushing his foot against mine, under the table—"As you would have Dr —, he is here; but we can't make out why you thought fit to summon him in such haste."

"A very little suffices to alarm a lady," said I, with a smile. "I was sorry, Mrs Elliott, that you had to wait so long for me this morning—I hope it did not inconvenience you?"—I began to think how I should manage to decline the fee I perceived they were preparing to give me, for I was obliged to leave, and drew on my gloves. "We've had a long *tête à tête*, Mrs Elliott, in your absence. I must commit him to your gentle care—you will prove the better physician. He must submit to you in every thing; you must not allow him to exert himself too much over matters like these, "pointing to the huge folios lying upon the table"—he must keep regular hours—and if you could all of you go to lodgings on the outskirts of the town, the fresh air would do all of you a world of good. You must undertake the case, ma'am—you must really pledge yourself to this"—the poor couple exchanged hurried glances, in silence. *He* attempted a smile.

"What a sweet little fellow is this," said I, taking their little child into my arms—a miracle of neatness and cleanliness—and affecting to be eagerly engaged with him. He came to me readily, and forthwith began an incomprehensible address to me about "Da—da"—"pa—pa"—"ma—ma" and other similarly mysterious terms, which I was obliged to cut short by promising to come and talk again with him in a day or two. "Good day, Master Elliott!" said I, giving him back to his father, who at the same time slipped a guinea in my

hand. I took it easily. "Come, sirrah," said I, addressing the child—"will you be my banker?" shutting his little fingers on the guinea.

"Pardon me—excuse me, doctor," interrupted Mr Elliott, blushing scarlet, "this must not be. I really cannot"—

"Ah! may I not employ what banker I like?—Well—I'll hear what you have to say about it when we meet again.—Farewell for a day or two,"—and with these words, bowing hastily to Mrs Elliott, who looked at me; through her tear-filled eyes, unutterable things, I hurried down stairs. It may seem sufficiently absurd to dwell so long upon the insignificant circumstance of declining a fee—a thing done by my brethren daily—often as a matter of course—but it is a matter that has often occasioned me no inconsiderable embarrassment. 'Tis really often a difficult thing to refuse a fee proffered by those one knows to be unable to afford it, so as not to make them uneasy under the sense of an obligation—to wound delicacy, or offend an honourable pride. I had, only a few days before, by the way, almost *asked* for my guinea from a gentleman worth many thousands a-year, and who dropped the fee into my hand as though it were a drop of his heart's blood.

I had felt much gratified with the appearance and manners of Mr and Mrs Elliott, and disposed to cultivate their acquaintance. Both were too evidently oppressed with melancholy, which was not, however, sufficient to prevent my observing the simplicity and manliness of the husband, the fascinating frankness of the wife. How her eyes devoured him with fond anxiety! Often, while conversing with them, a recollection of some of the touching little details communicated by their garrulous grocer brought the tears for an instant to my eyes. Possibly poor Mrs Elliott had been absent, either seeking employment for her needle, or taking home what she had been engaged upon—both of them thus labouring to support themselves by means to which *she*, at least, seemed utterly unaccustomed, as far as one could judge from her demeanour and conversation. Had

they pressed me much longer about accepting my fee, I am sure I should have acted foolishly; for when I held their guinea in my hand, the thoughts of their weekly allowance of an ounce or two of tea—their brown sugar—his pawned flute—almost determined me to defy all delicacy, and return them their guinea doubled. I could enter into every feeling, I thought, which agitated their hearts, and appreciate the despondency, the hopelessness with which they listened to my mention of the indispensable necessity of change of scene and repose. Probably, while I was returning home, they were mingling bitter tears as they owned to one another the impossibility of adopting my suggestions; he feeling and she fearing—neither, however, daring to express it—that his days were numbered—that he must toil to the last for a scanty livelihood—and even then leave his wife and child, it seemed but too probable, destitute—that, in the sorrowful language of Burns,

"Still caring, despairing

Must be his bitter doom;

His woes here, shall close ne'er

But with the closing tomb."

I felt sure that there was some secret and grievous source of misery in the background, and often thought of the expressions she had frantically uttered when at my house. Had either of them married against the wishes of a proud and unrelenting family? Little did I think that I had on that very day which first brought me acquainted with Mrs Elliott, paid a professional visit to one fearfully implicated in the infliction of their present sufferings! But I anticipate.

I need not particularize the steps by which I became at length familiarly acquainted with Mr and Mrs Elliott. I found them for a long while extremely reserved on the subject of their circumstances, except as far as an acknowledgment that their pecuniary resources were somewhat precarious. He was, or rather, it seemed, had been, a clerk in a merchant's counting-house; but ill health obliged him at length to quit his situation, and seek for such occasional employment as would admit of being attended to at his

own lodgings. His labours in this way were, I perceived, notwithstanding my injunctions and his promises, of the most intense and unremitting, and, I feared, ill-requited description. But with what heart could I continue my remonstrances, when I felt convinced that thus he must toil, or starve? She also was forced to contribute her efforts towards their support, as I often saw her eagerly and rapidly engaged upon dresses and other articles too splendid to be for her own use. I could not help, one day, in the fulness of my heart, seeing her thus engaged, telling her that I had many a time since my marriage seen my wife similarly engaged. She looked at me with surprise for a few moments, and burst into tears. She forced off her rising emotions; but she was from that moment aware that I fully saw and appreciated her situation. It was on a somewhat similar occasion that she and her husband were at length induced to tell me their little history; and before giving the reader an account of what fell under my own personal observation, I shall lay before him, in my own way, the substance of several painfully interesting conversations with this most unfortunate couple. Let not the ordinary reader spurn details of everyday life, such as will here follow:—

“Nor *grandeur* hear with a disdainful smile

The short and simple annals of the poor!”

Owing to a terrible domestic calamity, it became necessary that Henry Elliott, an only son, educating at Oxford, and destined for the army, should suddenly quit the University, and seek a livelihood by his own exertions in London. The event which occasioned this sudden blight to his prospects, was the suicide of his father, Major Elliott; whose addiction to gambling, having for a long time seriously embarrassed his affairs, and nearly broken the heart of his wife, at length led him to commit the fatal act above spoken of. His widow survived the shock scarce a twelvemonth, and her unfortunate son was then left alone in the world, and almost entirely destitute. The trifling sum of ready money which remained in his possession after

burying his mother was exhausted, and the scanty pittance afforded by relatives, withdrawn, on the ground that he ought now to support himself, when his occasional enquiries after a situation at length led to the information that there was a vacancy for an outer-clerk in the great house of Hillary, Hungate, and Company, Mincing Lane, in the city. He succeeded in satisfying the junior partner, after submitting to sundry humiliating enquiries of his respectability and trust-worthiness; and he was forthwith received into the establishment, at a salary of L.60 per annum.

It was a sad day for poor Elliott when he sold off almost all his college books, and a few other remnants of gay and happy days, gone by probably for ever, for the purpose of equipping himself becomingly for his new and humble functions. He wrote an excellent hand; and being of a decided mathematical turn, the arithmetic of the counting-house was easily mastered. What dismal drudgery had he henceforth daily to undergo! The tyranny of the upper clerks reminded him, with a pang, of the petty tyranny he had both experienced and inflicted at the public school, where he had been educated. How infinitely more galling and intolerable was his present bondage! Two-thirds of the day he was kept constantly on foot, hurrying from place to place, with bills, letters, &c., and on other errands; and—especially on the foreign post nights—he was detained slaving sometimes till nine or ten o'clock at night, copying letters, and assisting in making entries and balancing accounts, till his pen almost dropped from his wearied fingers. He was allowed an hour in the middle of the day for dinner—and even this little interval was often broken in upon to such an extent as proved seriously prejudicial to his health. After all the labours of the day, he had to trudge from Mincing Lane, along the odious City Road up to almost the extremity of Islington, where were situated his lodgings, i. e., a little back bed-room, on the third floor, serving at once for his sitting and sleeping room, and for the use of which he paid at the rate of seven shillings a-week, exclusive

of extras. Still he conformed to his cheerless lot, calmly and resolutely—with a true practical stoicism that did him honour. His regular and frugal habits enabled him to subsist upon his scanty salary with decency, if not comfort, and without running into debt—that infallible destructive of all peace of mind and self-respect! His sole enjoyment was an occasional hour in the evening, spent in reading, and retracing some of his faded acquisitions in mathematics. Though a few of his associates were piqued at what they considered his sullen and inhospitable disposition, yet his obliging manners, his easy but melancholy deportment, his punctuality and exactitude in all his engagements, soon gained him the good-will of his brethren in the office, and occasionally an indication of satisfaction on the part of some one of his august employers. Thus, at length, Elliott overcame the numerous *disagremens* of his altered situation, seeking in constant employment to forget both the gloom and gaieties of the past. Two or three years passed over, Elliott continuing thus steadily in his course; and his salary, as a proof of the approbation of his employers, had been annually increased by L.10 till he was placed in comparative affluence by the receipt of a salary of L.90. His severe exertions, however, insensibly impaired a constitution, never very vigorous, and he bore with many a fit of indisposition, rather than incur the expense of medical attendance. It may be added, that Elliott was a man of gentlemanly exterior, and engaging deportment—and then let us pass to a very different person.

Mr Hillary, the head of the firm, a man of very great wealth, had risen from being a mere errand-boy, to his present eminence in the mercantile world, through a rare combination of good fortune with personal merit—*merit*, as far as concerns a talent for business, joined with prudence and enterprise. If ever there came a man within the terms of Burke's famous philippic, it was Mr Hillary. His only object was money-making; he knew nothing, cared for nothing beyond it; till the constant contemplation of his splendid gains, led his desires into the train of personal

aggrandisement. With the instinctive propensities of a mean and coarse mind, he became as tyrannical and insolent in success, as in adversity he had been supple and cringing. No spark of generous or worthy feeling had ever been struck from the flinty heart of Jacob Hillary, of the firm of Hillary, Hungate, and Company. He was the idol of a constant throng of wealth-worshippers; to every body else, he was an object either of contempt or terror. He had married the widow of a deceased partner, by whom he had had several children, of whom one only lived beyond infancy; a generous, high-spirited, enthusiastic girl, whom her purse-proud father had destined, in his own weak and vain ambition, to become the wearer of a coronet. On this dazzling object were Mr Hillary's eyes fixed with unwavering earnestness; he desired and longed to pour the tide of his gold through the channel of a peerage. In person, Mr Hillary was of the middle size, but gross and corpulent. There was no intellect in his shining bald head, fringed with bristling white hair—nor was there any expression in his harsh and coarse features but such as faithfully adumbrated his character as above described.

This was the individual, who, in stepping one morning rather hastily from his carriage, at his counting-house door in Mincing Lane, fell from the carriage step, most severely injuring his right ankle and shoulder. The injuries he received upon this occasion kept him confined for a long period to his bed, and for a still longer to an easy-chair in the back drawing-room of his spacious mansion near Highbury. As soon as he was able to attend to business, he issued orders that as Elliott was the clerk whose residence was nearest to Bullion House, he should attend him every morning for an hour or two on matters of business, carrying Mr Hillary's orders to the City, and especially bringing him, day by day, in a sealed envelope, *his banker's book*! A harassing post this proved for poor Elliott. Severe discipline had trained his temper to bear more than most men; and on these occasions it was tried to the uttermost. Mr Hillary's active and energetic mind, kept thus in comparative and com-

pulsive seclusion from the only concerns he cared for, or that could occupy it—always excepting the one great matter already alluded to—his imperious and irritable temper became almost intolerable. Elliott would certainly have thrown up his employment under Mr Hillary in disgust and despair, had it not been for one circumstance—the presence of Miss Hillary—whose sweet appealing looks day after day melted away the resolution with which Elliott every morning came before her choleric and overbearing father, although they could not mitigate that father's evil temper, or prevent its manifestations. He insisted on her spending the greater part of every day in his presence, nor would allow her to quit it even at the periods when Elliott made his appearance. The first casual and hasty glance that he directed towards her, satisfied him that he had, in earlier and happy days, been many times in general society with her—her partner even in the dance. *Now*, however, he dared not venture to exhibit the slightest indication of recognition; and she, if struck by similar recollections, thought fit to conceal them, and behave precisely as though she then saw and heard of Mr Elliott for the first time in her life. He could not, of course, find fault with her for this; but he felt it deeply and bitterly. He little knew how much he wronged her! She instantly recollected him—and it was only the dread of her father that restrained her from a friendly greeting. Having once adopted such a line of conduct, it became necessary to adhere to it—and she did. But could she prevent her *heart* going out in sympathy towards the poor, friendless, unoffending clerk whom her father treated more like a mere menial, than a respectable and confidential servant—him whom she knew to be

“ Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate ? ”

Every day that she saw him, her woman's heart throbbed with pity towards him; and pity is indeed akin to love. How favourably for him did his temper and demeanour contrast with those of her father!—And she saw him placed daily in a situation calculated to exhibit his

real character—his disposition, whether for good or evil. The fact was, that he had become an object of deep interest—even of love—to her, long before the thought had ever occurred to him that she viewed him, from day to day, with feelings different from those with which she would look at the servant that stood at her father's side-board, at dinner. His mind was kept constantly occupied by his impetuous employer, and his hundred questions about every thing that had or had not happened every day in the City. Thus for nearly three months had these unconscious lovers been brought daily for an hour or two into each other's presence. He had little idea of the exquisite pain occasioned Miss Hillary by her father's harsh and unfeeling treatment of him, nor of the many timid attempts she made, in his absence, to prevent the recurrence of such treatment; and as for the great man, Mr Hillary, it never crossed his mind as being possible that two young hearts could by any means, when in different stations of society, one rich, the other poor, be warmed into a feeling of regard, and even love for one another.

One afternoon Elliott was obliged to come a second time that day from the City, bearing important despatches from Mincing Lane to Mr Hillary, who was sitting in his invalid chair, flanked on one hand by his daughter, and on the other by a little table, on which stood wine and fruit. Poor Elliott looked, as well he might, exhausted with his long and rapid walk through the fervid sunshine.

“ Well, sir—what now ? ” said her father quickly and peremptorily, at the same time eagerly stretching forth his hand to receive a letter which Elliott presented to him.

“ Humph! Sit down there, sir, for a few minutes ! ” Elliott obeyed. Miss Hillary, who had been reading, touched with Elliott's pale and wearied look, whispered to her father—“ Papa—Mr Elliott looks dreadfully tired—may I offer him a glass of wine ? ”

“ Yes, yes,” replied Mr Hillary, hastily, without removing his eyes from the letter he had that instant opened. Miss Hillary instantly poured out a glass of wine; and as Elliott

approached to take it from the table, with a respectful bow, his eye encountered hers, which was instantly withdrawn—but not before it had cast a glance upon him, that electrified him; that fell suddenly like a spark of fire amid the combustible feelings of a most susceptible but subdued heart. It fixed the fate of their lives. The train so long laid had been at length unexpectedly ignited, and the confounded clerk returned, or rather staggered towards his chair, fancying that everything in the room was whirling around him. It was well for both of them that Mr Hillary was at that eventful moment absorbingly engaged with a letter announcing the sudden arrival of three ships with large cargoes of an article of which he had been attempting a monopoly, and in doing so had sunk a very large sum of ready money. In vain did the conscious and confused girl—confused as Elliott—remove her chair to the window, with her back turned towards him, and attempt to proceed with the book she had been reading. Her head seemed in a whirlpool.

"Get me my desk, Mary, immediately," said her father, suddenly.

"No, indeed, papa, you didn't," replied Miss Hillary, as suddenly, for her father's voice had recalled her from a strange reverie.

"My desk, Mary—my desk, dy'e hear?" repeated her father, in a peremptory manner, still conning over the letter which told him, in effect, that he would return to bed that night four or five thousand pounds poorer than he rose from it—ignorant that within the last few moments, in his very presence, had happened that which was to put an end for ever to all his dreams of a coronet glittering upon his daughter's brow!

Miss Hillary obeyed her father's second orders, carefully looking in every direction but that in which she would have encountered Elliott; and whispering a word or two into her father's ear, quitted the room. Elliott's heart was beating quickly when the harsh tones of Mr Hillary, who had worked himself into a very violent humour, fell upon his ear, directing him to return immediately to the City, and say he had no answer

to send till the morning, when he was to be in attendance at an early hour.

Scarce knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, Elliott hurriedly bowed, and withdrew. Borne along on the current of his tumultuous emotions, he seemed to fly down the swarming City Road; and when he reached the dull dingy little back counting-house where he was to be occupied till a late hour of the night, he found himself not in the fittest humour in the world for his task. *Could* he possibly be mistaken in interpreting Miss Hillary's look? Was it not corroborated by her subsequent conduct? And—by the way—now that he came to glance backwards into the two or three months during which he had been almost daily in her presence,—divers little incidents started up into his recollection, all tending the same way. "Heigh-ho!" exclaimed Elliott, laying down his yet unused pen, after a long and bewildering reverie—"I wonder what Miss Hillary is thinking about! Surely I have had a kind of day-dream! It *can't* have really happened! And yet—how could there have been a mistake? Heaven knows I had taken nothing to excite or disorder me—except, perhaps, my long walk! Here's a *coup de soleil*, by the way, with a witness! But only to think of it—Miss Hillary—daughter of Jacob Hillary, Esq.—in love with—an under-clerk of her father—pho! it will never do! I'll think of it to-morrow morning." Thus communed Elliott with himself, by turns writing, pausing, and soliloquizing, till the lateness of the hour compelled him to apply to his task in good earnest. He did not quit his desk till it had struck ten; from which period till that at which he tumbled into his little bed, he fancied that scarcely five minutes had elapsed. He made his appearance at Bullion House the next morning with a sad fluttering about the heart, but it soon subsided, for Miss Hillary was not present to prolong his agitation. He had not been seated for many minutes, however, before he observed her in a distant part of the gardens, apparently tending some flowers. As his eye followed the movements of her graceful figure, he could not avoid a faint sigh of re-

gret at his own absurdity in raising such a superstructure of splendid possibilities upon so slight a foundation. His attention was at that instant arrested by Mr Hillary's multifarious commands for the City: and, in short, Miss Hillary's absence from town for about a week, added to a great increase of business at the counting-house, owing to an extensive failure of a foreign correspondent, gradually restored Elliott to his senses, and banished the intrusive image of his lovely tormentor. Her unequivocal exhibition of feeling, however—unequivocal at least to *him*—on the occasion of the next meeting, instantly revived all his former excitement, and plunged him afresh into the soft tumult of doubts, hopes, and fears, from which he had so lately emerged. Every day that he returned to Mr Hillary brought him fresh evidence of the extent to which he had encroached upon Miss Hillary's affections: and strange, indeed, must be that heart which, feeling itself alone and despised in the world, can suddenly find itself the object of a most enthusiastic and disinterested attachment without kindling into a flame of grateful affection. Was there any thing wonderful or improbable in the conduct attributed to Miss Hillary? No. A girl of frank and generous feeling, she saw in one, whom undeserved misfortune had placed in a very painful and trying position, the constant exhibition of high qualities; a patient and dignified submission to her father's cruel and oppressive treatment,—a submission *on her account*; she beheld his high feeling conquering misfortune; she saw in his eye—his every look—his whole demeanour, susceptibilities of an exalted description:—and beyond all this—last, though not least, as Elliott acted the gentleman, so he *looked* it—and a handsome gentleman, too!—So it came to pass, then, that these two hearts became acquainted with each other, despite the obstacles of circumstance and situation. A kind of telegraphing courtship was carried on between them daily, which must have been observed by Mr Hillary, but for the engrossing interest with which he regarded the communications of which Elliott was always the bearer. Mr Hillary began, however,

at length, to recover the use of his limbs, and rapidly to gain general strength. He consequently announced one morning to Elliott, that he should not require him to call after the morrow. At this time the lovers had never interchanged a syllable together, either verbal or written, that could savour of love; and yet each was as confident of the state of the other's feelings, as though a hundred closely written, and crossed letters had been passing between them. On the dreaded morrow he was pale and somewhat confused, nor was she far otherwise—but she had a sufficient reason in the indisposition of her mother, who had for many months been a bed-ridden invalid. As for Elliott, he was safe. He might have appeared at death's door without attracting the notice, or exciting the enquiries of his callous employer. As he rose to leave the room, Elliott bowed to Mr Hillary—but his last glance was directed towards Miss Hillary—who, however, at that moment was, or appeared to be, too busily occupied with pouring out her excellent father's coffee, to pay any attention to her retiring lover, who consequently retired from her presence not a little piqued and alarmed.

They had no opportunity of seeing one another till nearly a month after the occasion just alluded to; when they met under circumstances very favourable for the expression of such feelings as either of them dared to acknowledge—and the opportunity was not thrown away. Mr Hillary had quitted town for the north, on urgent business, which was expected to detain him for nearly a fortnight; and Elliott failed not, on the following Sunday, to be at the post he had constantly occupied for some months—namely, a seat in the gallery of the church attended by Mr Hillary and his family, commanding a distant view of the great central pew—matted, hassocked, and velvet-cushioned, with a rich array of splendid implements of devotion, in the shape of Bibles and prayer-books, great and small, with gilt edges, and in blue and red morocco, being the favoured spot occupied by the great merchant—where he was pleased by his presence to assure the admiring vicar of his respect for him and the

established church. Miss Hillary had long since been aware of the presence of her timid and distant lover on these occasions; they had several times nearly jostled against one another in going out of church, the consequence of which was generally a civil though silent recognition of him. And this might be done with impunity, seeing how her wealthy father was occupied with nodding to every body, genteel enough to be so publicly recognised, and shaking hands with the select few who enjoyed his personal acquaintance. With what a different air and with what a different feeling did the great merchant and his humble clerk pass on these occasions down the aisle!—But to return. On the Sunday above alluded to, Elliott beheld Miss Hillary enter the church alone, and become the solitary tenant of the family pew. Sad truants from his prayer-book, his eyes never quitted the fair and solitary occupant of Mr Hillary's pew; but she chose, in some wayward humour, to sit that morning with her back turned towards the part of the church where she knew Elliott to be, and never once looked up in that direction. They met, however, after the service, near the door, as usual; she dropped her black veil just in time to prevent his observing a certain sudden flush that forced itself upon her features; returned his modest bow; a few words of course were interchanged; it threatened—or Elliott chose to represent that it threatened to rain (which he heartily wished it would, as she had come on foot, and unattended): and so, in short, it came to pass that this very discreet couple were to be seen absolutely walking arm in arm towards Bullion House, at the slowest possible pace, and by the most circuitous route that could suggest itself to the flurried mind of Elliott. An instinctive sense of propriety, or rather prudence, led him to quit her arm just before arriving at that turn of the road which brought them full in sight of her father's house. There they parted—each satisfied as to the nature of the other's feelings, though nothing had then passed between them of an explicit or decisive character. It is not necessary for me to dwell on this part of their history.

Where there is a will, it is said, there is a way; and the young and venturesome couple found, before long, an opportunity of declaring to each other their mutual feelings. Their meetings and correspondence were contrived and carried on with the utmost difficulty. Great caution and secrecy were necessary to conceal the affair from Mr Hillary, and those whose interest it was to give him early information on every matter that in any way concerned him. Miss Hillary buoyed herself up with the hope of securing, in due time, her mother, and obtaining her intercessions with her stern and callous-hearted father. Some three months, or thereabouts, after the Sunday just mentioned, Mr Hillary returned from the City, and made his appearance at dinner, in an unusually gay and lively humour. Miss Hillary was at a loss to conjecture the occasion of such an exhibition; but imagined it must be some great speculation of his which had proved unexpectedly successful. He occasionally directed towards her a kind of grim leer, as though longing to communicate tidings which he expected to be as gratifying to her, as they were to himself. They dined alone; and as she was retiring rather earlier than usual, in order to attend upon her mother, who had that day been more than ordinarily indisposed, he motioned her to resume her seat.

"Well, Molly"—for that was the elegant version of her Christian name which he generally adopted when in a good humour—"Well, Molly," pouring out a glass of wine, as the servants made their final exit, "I have heard something, to-day, in the City—a-hem! in which *you* are particularly concerned—very much so—and—so—a-hem! am I!" He tossed off half of his glass, and smacked his lips, as though he unusually relished the flavour.

"Indeed, papa!" exclaimed the young lady, with an air of anxious vivacity, not attempting to convey to her lips the brimming wine glass her father had filled for her, lest the trembling of her hand should be observed by him—"Oh, you are joking! what can I have to do with the City, papa?"

"Do? Aha, my girl! 'What can you have to do in the city?' good

humouredly attempting to imitate her tone—"Indeed? Don't try to play mock-modest with me! You know as well as I do what I'm going to say!" he added, looking at her archly, as *he* fancied, but so as to blanch her cheek and agitate her whole frame with an irresistible tremor. Her acute and feeling father observed her emotion. "There—now that's just the way all you young misses behave on these occasions! I suppose it's considered mighty pretty! As if it wasn't all a matter of course for a young woman to hear about a young husband!"

"Papa—how you *do* love a joke!" replied Miss Hillary, with a sickly smile, making a desperate effort to carry her wine-glass to her lips, in which she succeeded, swallowing every drop that was in it, while her father electrified her by proceeding—"It's no use mincing matters—the thing is gone too far."

"Gone too far!" echoed Miss Hillary, mechanically.

"Yes—gone too far, I say, and I stick to it. A bargain's a bargain all the world over, whatever it's about—and a bargain I've struck to-day. You're my daughter—my only daughter, d'ye see—and I've been a good while on the look-out for a proper person to marry you to—and, egad! to-day I've got him—my future son-in-law, d'ye hear, and one that will clap a coronet on my Molly's pretty head—and on the day he does so, I do two things; I give you a plum—and myself cut Mincing Lane, and sink the shop for the rest of my days. There's nuts for you to crack! Aha, Molly—what d'ye say to all this? An't it news?"

"Say! why I—I—I"—stammered the young lady, her face nearly as white as the handkerchief on which her eyes were violently fixed, and with which her fingers were hurriedly playing.

"Why—Molly! What's the matter? What the—a-hem!—are you gone so pale for? Gad—I see how it is—I've been too abrupt, as your poor mother has it! But the thing is as I said, that's flat, come what will,—say it how one will, take it how you will! So make up your mind, Molly, like a good girl as you are—come, kiss me! I never loved you so much as now I'm going to lose you!"

She made no attempt to rise from her chair, so he got up from his own, and approached her.

"Adad—but what's the matter here? Your little hands are as cold as a corpse's. Why, Molly! what—what nonsense." He chuckled her under the chin. "You're trying to frighten me, Molly—I know you are! Ah-ha!" He grew more and more alarmed at her deadly paleness and apparent insensibility to what he was saying. "Well, now"—he paused, and looked anxiously at her. "Who would have thought," he added suddenly, "that it would have taken the girl a-back so? Come, come!"—slapping her smartly on her back,—“a joke's a joke, and I've had mine, but it's been carried too far, I'm afraid”——

"Dear—dearest papa," gasped his daughter, suddenly raising her eyes, and fixing them with a steadfast brightening look upon his, at the same time catching hold of his hands convulsively—"So it is—a joke! a-joke—it is—it is"—and gradually sinking back in her chair, to her father's unspeakable alarm, she swooned. Holding her in his arms, he roared stoutly for assistance, and in a twinkling a posse of servants, male and female, obeying the summons, rushed pell-mell into the dining-room; the ordinary hubbub attendant on a fainting-fit ensued; cold water sprinkled—eau-de-Cologne—volatile salts, &c. &c. Then the young lady, scarce restored to her senses, was supported, or rather carried, by her maid to her own apartment, and Mr Hillary was left to himself for the remainder of the evening, flustered and confounded beyond all expression. The result of his troubled ruminations was, that the sudden communication of such prodigious good fortune had upset his daughter with joy; and that he must return to the charge in a day or two, and break it to her more easily. The real fact was, that he had that day assured the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Scamp of his daughter's heart, hand, and fortune; and that exemplary personage had agreed to dine at Bullion House on the ensuing Sunday, for the purpose of being introduced to his future Viscountess, whose noble fortune was to place his financial

matters upon an entirely new basis—at least for some time to come, and enable him to show his honest face once more in divers amiable coteries at C——’s and elsewhere. Old Hillary’s dazzled eyes could see nothing but his Lordship’s coronet; and he had no more doubt about his right thus to dispose of his daughter’s heart, than he had about his right to draw upon Messrs Cash, Credit & Co., his bankers, without first consulting them to ascertain whether they would honour his drafts.

Miss Hillary did not make her appearance the next morning at her father’s breakfast table, her maid being sent to say, that her young lady had a violent headache, and so forth; the consequence of which was, that the old gentleman departed for the City in a terrible temper, as every member of his establishment could have testified if they had been asked. Miss Hillary had spent an hour or two of the preceding midnight in writing to Elliott a long and somewhat incoherent account of what had happened. She gave but a poor account of herself to her father at dinner that day. He was morosely silent. She pale, absent, disconcerted.

“What the devil is the matter with you, Mary?” enquired Mr Hillary, with stern abruptness, as soon as the servants had withdrawn,—“What were all those tantrums of yours about last night, eh?”

“Indeed, papa,” replied his trembling daughter, “I hardly know—but really—you must remember, you said such *very* odd things, and so suddenly, and you looked so angry.”—

“Tut, girl, pho! Fiddle faddle!” exclaimed her father, gulping down a glass of wine with great energy. “I could almost—a-hem!—really it looked as if you had taken a little too much, eh? What harm was there in me telling you that you were going soon to be married? What’s a girl born and bred up for but to be married? Eh, Mary?” continued her father, determined, this time, to go to work with greater skill and tact than on the preceding evening. “I want an answer, Mary!”

“Why, papa, it *was* a very odd thing now, was not it?” said his

daughter, with an affectionate smile, drawing nearer to her father, her kneestrembling, however, the while; “and I know you did it only to try whether I was a silly vain girl! Why should I want to be married, papa, when you and my poor mamma are so kind to me?”

“Humph!” grunted her father, gulping down a great glass of claret. “And d’ye think we’re to live for ever? I must see you established before long, for my health, hem! hem! is none of the strongest” (he had scarcely ever known what an hour’s illness was in his life, except his late accident, from which he had completely recovered); “and as for your poor mother, you know”—a long pause ensued here. “Now, suppose,” continued the wily tactician, “suppose, Molly,” looking at her very anxiously—“suppose I wasn’t in a joke last night, after all?”

“Well, papa”——

“*Well, papa!*” echoed her father, sneeringly and snappishly, unable to conceal his ill humour; “but it isn’t ‘*well, papa!*’ I can’t understand all this nonsense. Mary, you must not give yourself airs. Did you ever hear—a-hem!” He suddenly stopped short, sipped his wine, and paused, evidently intending to make some important communication; and striving, at the same time, to assume an unconcerned air—“Did you ever hear of the right honourable the Lord Viscount Scamp, Molly?”

“Yes; I’ve seen things about him, now and then, in the newspapers. Isn’t he a great gambler, papa?” enquired Miss Hillary, looking at her father calmly.

“No—it’s a lie,” replied her father furiously, whirling about the ponderous seals of his watch. “Has any one been putting this into your head?”

“No one, indeed, papa, only the newspapers”——

“And are you such an idiot as to believe newspapers? Didn’t they say, a year or two ago, that my house was in for L.20,000 when Gumarabic and Co. broke? And wasn’t that a great lie? I didn’t lose a fiftieth of the sum! No,” he added, after a long pause, “Lord Scamp is no such thing. He’s a vastly agreeable young man, and takes an uncommon in-

terest in City matters, and that's saying no small things for a nobleman of his high rank. Why, it's said he may one day be a duke!"

"Indeed, papa! And do you know him?"

"Y—y—es!—Know him? Of course! Do you think I come and talk up at Highbury about everybody I know? Know Lord Scamp? He's an ornament to the peerage."

"How long have you known him, papa?"

"How long, puss?—Why this—a good while! However, he dines here on Sunday"——

"Dines here on Sunday!—Lord Scamp dines here next Sunday? Oh, papa! this is another joke of yours!"

"Curse me, then, if I can see it!—What the deuce is there so odd in my asking a nobleman to dinner, if I think proper? Why, if it comes to that, I can buy up a dozen of them any day, if I choose;" and he thrust his hands deeply into his breeches' pockets.

"Yes, dear papa, I know you could—if they were worth buying," replied Miss Hillary, with a faint smile. "Give me a great merchant before a hundred good-for-nothing lords!" and she rose, put her hands about his neck, and kissed him fondly.

"Well—I—I—don't think you're so vastly far off the mark *there*, at any rate, Polly," said her father, with a subdued air of exultation; "but at the same time, you know, there *may* be lords as good as any merchant in the city of London—hem! and, after all, a lord's a superior article, too, in respect of birth and breeding."

"Yes, papa, they're all well enough, I dare say, in their own circles: but in their hearts, depend upon it, they only despise us poor citizens."

"*Us poor citizens*—I like that!" drawled her father, pouring out his wine slowly with a magnificent air, and drinking it off in silence. "You shall see, however, on Sunday, Poll! whether you're correct"——

"What! am I to dine with you?" enquired Miss Hillary, with irrepressible alarm.

"You to dine with us? Of course

you will! Why the devil should not you?"

"My poor mamma!"——

"Oh—a hem! I mean—nonsense—you can go to her after dinner. Certainly, you must attend to her!"

"Very well, papa—I will obey you—whatever you like," replied Miss Hillary, a sudden tremor running from head to foot.

"That's a dear good girl—that's my own Poll! And, hearken," he added, with a mixture of good-humour and anxiety, "make yourself look handsome—never mind the cost—money's no object, you know! So tell that pert minx, your maid Joliffe, that I expect she'll turn you out first rate that day—if it's only to save the credit of *us—poor—merchants!*"

"Gracious, papa—but why are you really so anxious about my dressing so well?"

Her father, who had sat swallowing glass after glass with unusual rapidity, at the same time unconsciously mixing his wines, put his finger to the side of his nose, and winked in a very knowing manner. His daughter saw her advantage in an instant; and with the ready tact of her sex, resolved at once to find out all that was in her father's heart concerning her. She smiled as cheerfully as she could, and affected to enter readily into all his feelings. She poured him out one or two glasses more of his favourite wine, and chattered as fast as herself, till she at length succeeded in extracting from him an acknowledgement that he had distinctly promised her to Lord Scamp, whose visit, on the ensuing Sunday, would be paid to her as to his future wife. Soon after this, she rung for candles; and kissing her father, who had fairly fallen asleep, she withdrew to her own room, and there spent the next hour or two in confidential converse with her maid Joliffe.

Sunday came, and, true enough, with it Lord Scamp—a handsome, heartless coxcomb, whose cool, easy assurance, and *business-like* attentions to Miss Hillary, excited in her a disgust she could scarcely conceal. In vain was her father's eager and anxious eye fixed upon her; she maintained an air of uniform indiffe-

rence; listened almost in silence—the silence of contempt—to all the lisping twaddle uttered by her would-be lover, and so well acted, in short, the part she had determined upon, that his Lordship, as he drove home, felt somewhat disconcerted at being thus foiled for—as he imagined—the first time in his life; and her father, after obsequiously attending his Lordship to his cab, summoned his trembling daughter back from her mother's apartment into the drawing-room, and assailed her with a fury she had never known him exhibit—at least towards any member of his family. From that day might be dated the commencement of a kind of domestic reign of terror, at the hitherto quiet and happy Bullion House. The one great aim of her father concerning his daughter and his fortune had been—or rather seemed on the point of being—frustrated by that daughter. But he was not lightly to be turned from his purpose. He redoubled his civilities to Lord Scamp, who kept up his visits with a systematic punctuality, despite the contemptuous and disgustful air with which the young lady constantly received him. The right honourable *roué* was playing, indeed, for too deep a stake—an accomplished and elegant girl, with a hundred thousand pounds down, and nearly double that sum, he understood, at her father's death—to admit of his throwing up the game, while the possibility of a chance remained. Half the poor girl's fortune was already transferred, in Lord Scamp's mind, to the pockets of half a dozen harpies at the turf and the table; so he was, as before observed, very punctual in his engagements at Bullion House, with patient politeness continuing to pay the most flattering attentions to Miss Hillary—and her father. The latter was kept in a state of constant fever. Conscious of the transparent contempt exhibited by his daughter towards her noble suitor, he could at length hardly look his Lordship in the face, as, day after day, he obsequiously assured him that “there wasn't any thing in it”—and that for all his daughter's nonsense, he already “felt himself a lord's father-in-law!” Miss Hillary's life was becoming intolerable, subjected

as she was to such systematic persecution, from which, at length, the sick chamber of her mother scarce afforded her a momentary sanctuary. A thousand times she formed the desperate determination to confess all to her father, and risk the fearful consequences: for such she dreaded they would be, knowing well her father's disposition, and the terrible frustration of his favourite schemes which was taking place. Such constant anxiety and agitation, added to confinement in her mother's bed-chamber, sensibly affected her health; and at the suggestion of Elliott, with whom she contrived to keep up a frequent correspondence, she had at length determined upon opening the fearful communication to her father, and so being at all events delivered from the intolerable presence and attentions of Lord Scamp.

By what means it came to pass, neither she nor Elliott were ever able to discover; but on the morning of the day she had fixed for her desperate *dénouement*, Mr Hillary, during the temporary absence of his daughter, returned from the City about two o'clock, most unexpectedly, his manner disturbed, and his countenance pale and distorted. Accompanied by his solicitor, he made his way at once to his daughter's apartment, with his own hand seized her desk and carried it down to the drawing-room, and forced it open. Frantic with fury, he was listening to one of Elliott's fondest letters to his daughter being read by his solicitor as she unconsciously entered the drawing-room, in walking attire. It would be in vain to attempt describing the scene that immediately ensued. Old Hillary's lips moved, but his utterance was choked by the tremendous rage which possessed him, and forced him almost to the verge of madness. Trembling from head to foot, and his straining eyes apparently starting from their sockets, he pointed in silence to a little heap of opened letters lying on the table, on which stood also her desk. She perceived that all was discovered,—and with a smothered scream fell senseless upon the floor. There, as far as her father was concerned, she might have continued; but his companion sprang to the bell, lifted

her inanimate form from the floor, and gave her to the entering servants, who instantly bore her to her own room. Mr Jeffreys the solicitor, a highly respectable man, to whom Mr Hillary had hurried the instant that he recovered from the first shock occasioned by discovering his daughter's secret—vehemently expostulated with his client on hearing the violent and vindictive measures he threatened to adopt towards his daughter and Elliott; for the tone of the correspondence which then lay before him had satisfied him of the fatal extent to which his daughter's affections were engaged.

Now her treatment of Lord Scamp was accounted for! Her dreadful agitation on first hearing his intentions concerning that young nobleman and herself was explained! So here was his fondest hope blighted—the sole ambition of his life defeated,—and by one of his own—his inferior servants—an outer clerk on his establishment at Mincing Lane! Confounded by a retrospect into the last few months, “Where have been my eyes—my common sense?” he groaned—“the devil himself has done it all, and made me assist in it! Oh, I see! I remember! Those cursed days when he came up from the City to me—and when—I must always have *her* with me! There the mischief was begun—oh, it's clear as the daylight! *I've* done it! *I've* done it all! And now—by —! I'll undo it all!” Mr Jeffreys at length succeeded in subduing the excitement of his client, and bringing him to converse calmly on the painful and embarrassing discovery that had been made. Innumerable were the conjectures as to the means by which this secret acquaintance and correspondence had been carried on. Every servant in the house was examined—but in vain. Even Joliffe, his daughter's maid, came at length, however strongly suspected, still undiscovered, out of the fierce and searching scrutiny. Poor Mrs Hillary's precarious situation even did not exempt her from the long and angry enquiries of her exasperated husband. She had really, however, been entirely unacquainted with the affair.

The next morning, Elliott was summoned from the City to Bullion House,

whither he repaired accordingly about twelve o'clock, little imagining the occasion of his summons; for Miss Hillary had not communicated to him the intention she had formed of breaking the matter to her father, nor had she had any opportunity of telling him of the alarming discovery that had taken place. He perceived, nevertheless, certain symptoms of disturbance in the ominous looks of the porter who opened the hall-door and the servant who conducted him to the drawing-room, where he found Mr Hillary and another gentleman—Mr Jeffreys—seated together at a table covered with papers—both of them obviously agitated.

“So, sir,” commenced Mr Hillary, fixing his furious eye upon Elliott as he entered, “your villany's found out—deep as you are!”

“Villany, sir?” echoed Elliott indignantly, but turning very pale.

“Yes, sir—villany! villany! d—ble villany! ay—it's all found out! Ah—ah—you cursed scoundrel!” exclaimed Mr Hillary, with quivering lips and shaking his fist at Elliott.

“For God's sake, Mr Hillary, be calm!” whispered Mr Jeffreys, and then addressed Elliott with a quiet severity—“Of course, Mr Elliott, you are aware of the occasion of this dreadful agitation on the part of Mr Hillary?” Elliott bowed, with a stern inquisitive air, but did not open his lips.

“You beggarly brute—you filthy d—d upstart—you—you”—stammered Mr Hillary, with uncontrollable fury, “your father was a scoundrel before you, sir—he cut his throat, sir” —

Elliott's face whitened in an instant, his expanding eye settled upon Mr Hillary, and his chest heaved with mighty emotion. It was happy for the old man that Elliott at length recollected in him the father of Mary Hillary. He turned his eye for an instant towards Mr Jeffrey, who was looking at him with an imploring, compassionate expression; Elliott saw and felt that he was thunder-struck at the barbarity of his client. Elliott's eye remained fixed upon Mr Jeffrey for nearly a minute, and then filled with tears. Mr Jeffrey muttered a few words earnestly in the ear of Mr Hillary, who seemed

also a little staggered at the extent of his last sally.

"Will you take a seat, Mr Elliott?" said Mr Jeffreys, mildly. Elliott bowed, but remained standing, his hat grasped by his left hand with convulsive force. "You will make allowance, sir," continued Mr Jeffreys, "for the dreadful agitation of Mr Hillary, and reflect that your own conduct has occasioned it."

"So you dare to think of marrying my daughter, eh?" thundered Mr Hillary, as if about to rise from his chair. "By —, but I'll spoil your sport though—I'll be even with you!" gasped the old man, and sunk back panting in his seat.

"You cannot really be in earnest, sir," resumed Mr Jeffreys, in the same calm and severe tone and manner in which he had spoken from the first—"in thinking yourself entitled to form an attachment and alliance to Miss Hillary?"

"Why am I asked these questions, sir, and in this most extraordinary manner?" enquired Elliott firmly, "Have I ever said one single syllable?"

"Oh, spare your denials, Mr Elliott," said Jeffreys, pointing with a bitter smile to the letters lying open on the table at which he sat, "these letters of yours express your feelings and intentions pretty plainly. Believe me, sir, every thing is known!"

"Well, sir, and what then?" enquired Elliott, haughtily; "those letters, I presume, are mine, addressed to Miss Hillary?" Jeffreys bowed. "Well then, sir, I now avow the feelings those letters express. I have formed, however unworthy myself, a fervent attachment to Miss Hillary, and I will die before I disavow it."

"There! hear him! hark to the fellow! I shall go mad—I shall!" almost roared Mr Hillary, springing out of his chair, and walking to and fro, between it and that occupied by Mr Jeffreys, with hurried steps and vehement gesticulations. "He owns it! He does! The——" and he uttered a perfect volley of execrations. Elliott submitted to them in silence. Mr Jeffreys again whispered energetically into the ear of his client, who resumed his seat, but with his eyes

fixed on Elliott, and muttering vehemently to himself.

"You see, sir, the wretchedness that your most unwarrantable—your artful—nay, your wicked and presumptuous conduct has brought upon this family—I earnestly hope that it is not too late for you to listen to reason—to abandon your insane projects." He paused, and Elliott bowed. "It is in vain," continued Mr Jeffreys, pointing to the letters, "to conceal our fears that your attentions must have proved acceptable to Miss Hillary—but we give you credit for more honour, more good sense, than will admit of your carrying further this most unfortunate affair, of your persisting in such a wild—I must speak plainly—such an audacious attachment, one that is utterly unsuitable to your means, your prospects, your station, your birth, your education"—

"You will be pleased, sir, to drop the two last words," interrupted Elliott, sternly.

"Why, you fellow! why, you're my clerk! I pay you wages!—You're a hired servant of mine!" exclaimed Hillary, with infinite contempt.

"Well, sir," continued Jeffreys, "this affair is too important to allow of our quarrelling about words. Common sense must tell you that under no possible view of the case can you be a suitable match for Miss Hillary; and, therefore, common honesty enjoins the course you ought to pursue. However, sir," he added, in a sharper tone, evidently piqued at the composure and firmness maintained by Elliott, "the long and short of it is, that this affair will not be allowed to go further, sir. Mr Hillary is resolved to prevent it—come what will."

"Ay, so help me God!" ejaculated Mr Hillary, casting a ferocious glance at Elliott.

"Well, sir," said Elliott, with a sigh, "what would you have me do?—Pray, proceed, sir."

"Immediately renounce all pretensions," replied Mr Jeffreys, eagerly, "to Miss Hillary—return her letters—pledge yourself to discontinue your attempts to gain her affections, and I am authorized to offer a foreign situation connected with the house you at present serve, and to guaran-

tee you a fixed income of L.500 a-year."

"Ay!—Hark'ee, Elliott, I'll do all this, so help me God!" suddenly interrupted Mr Hillary, casting a look of imploring agony at Elliott, who bowed respectfully, but made no reply.

"Suppose, sir," continued Mr Jeffreys, with an anxious and disappointed air,—“suppose, sir, for a moment, that Miss Hillary were to entertain equally ardent feelings towards you, with those which, in these letters, you have expressed to her—can you, as a man of honour—of delicacy—of spirit—persevere with your addresses where the inevitable consequence of success on your part must be her degradation from the sphere in which she has hitherto moved—her condemnation to straitened circumstances—perhaps to absolute want—for life!—For believe me, sir, if you suppose that Mr Hillary's fortune is to supply you both with the means of defying him—to support you in a life, on her part of frightful ingratitude and disobedience, and on your's of presumption and selfishness—you will find yourself awfully mistaken!"

"He's speaking the truth—by ———.he is!" said Mr Hillary, striving to assume a calm manner. "If you *do* come together after all this, d——n me if I don't leave every penny I have in the world, to an hospital—or to a jail—in which one of you may perhaps end your days, after all!"

"Perhaps, Mr Elliott," resumed Jeffreys, "I am to infer from your silence that you doubt—that you disbelieve these threats. If so, I assure you, you are grievously and fatally mistaken; you do not, believe me, know Mr Hillary as I know him, and have known him this twenty years and upwards. I solemnly and truly assure you that he will as certainly do what he says, and for ever forsake you both, as you are standing now before us!"—He paused. "Again, sir, you may imagine that Miss Hillary has property of her own—at her own disposal. Do not so sadly deceive yourself on that score! Miss Hillary has, at this moment, exactly L.600 at her own disposal" —

"Ay—only L.600—that's the uttermost penny" —

"And how long is that to last?—come, sir—allow me to ask you what you have to say to all this?" enquired Mr Jeffreys, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair, with an air of mingled chagrin and exhaustion. Elliott drew a long breath.

"I have but little to say, Mr Jeffreys, in answer to what you have been stating," he commenced, with a melancholy but determined air. "However you may suspect me, and misconstrue, and misrepresent my character and motives, I never in my life meditated a dishonourable action."—He paused, thinking Mr Hillary was about to interrupt him, but he was mistaken. Mr Hillary was silently devouring every word that fell from Elliott, as also was Mr Jeffreys. "I am here as a *hired servant*, indeed," resumed Elliott, with a sigh,—“and I am the son of one who—who—was an unfortunate”—his eyes filled, and his voice faltered. For some seconds there was a dead silence. The perspiration stood on every feature of Mr Hillary's agitated countenance. "But of course, all this is as nothing here." He gathered courage, and proceeded with a calm and resolute air. "I know how hateful I must now appear to you. *I do* deserve bitter reproof—and surely I have had it, for my presumption in aspiring to the hand and heart of Miss Hillary. I tried long to resist the passion that devoured me, but in vain. Miss Hillary knew my destitute situation; she had many opportunities of ascertaining my character—she conceived a noble affection for me—I returned her love; I was obliged to do it secretly—and as far as that goes, I submit to any censure—I feel—I know that I have done wrong!—If Miss Hillary choose to withdraw her affection from me, I will submit, though my heart break. If, on the contrary, she continue to love me," his eye brightened—"I am not cowardly or base enough to undervalue her love."—Here Mr Hillary struggled with Mr Jeffreys, who, however, succeeded in restraining his client.—“If Miss Hillary condescends to become my wife" —

"Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" groaned Mr Hillary, clasping his hands upon his forehead—"open the windows, Mr Jeffreys—or I shall be smothered—I am dying—I shall go mad!"—

"I will retire, sir," said Elliott, addressing Mr Jeffreys, who was opening the nearest window.

"No, but you shan't though!"—gasped Mr Hillary—"you shall stop here"—he panted for breath—"Hark'ee, sir—dy'e hear, Elliott—listen"—he could not recover his breath. Mr Jeffreys implored him to take time—to be cool—"Yes—now I'm cool enough—I've—taken time—to consider—I have! Hark'ee, sir—if you dare to think—of having—my daughter—and if she—is such a cursed fool—as to think of having—*you*"—he stopped for a few seconds for want of breath—"why—look'ee, sir—so help me God—you may both—both of you—and your children—if you have any—die in the streets—like dogs—I've done with you—both of you—not a farthing—not a morsel of bread—*me* if I do!"—Here he breathed like a hard-run horse. "Now, sir—like a thief as you are!—go on courting—my daughter—marry her! ruin her! go, and believe that all I'm saying is—a lie!—go, and hope—that, by and by, I'll forgive you—and all that—try it, sir! Marry, and see whether I give in!—I'll teach you—to rob an old man—of his child!—The instant you leave this house, sir—this gentleman—makes my will—he does!—and when I'm dead—you may both of you—go to Doctors' Commons—borrow a shilling, if you can—and see if your names—or your children's—are in it, ha, ha, ha!" he concluded with a bitter and ghastly laugh, snapping his shaking fingers at Elliott—"Get away, sir—marry, after this, if you dare!"—

Elliott almost reeled out of the room, and did not fully recollect himself till the groom of his aristocratic competitor, Lord Scamp, whose cab was dashing up to the gates of Bullion House, shouted to him to get out of the way, or be driven over!

Elliott returned to his desk, at Mincing-Lane, too much agitated and confused, however, to be able to at-

tend to business. He therefore obtained a reluctant permission to absent himself till the morrow. Even the interval thus afforded, however, he was quite incapable of spending in the reflection required by the very serious situation in which he had been so suddenly placed. He could not bring his mind to bear distinctly upon any point of his interview with Mr Hillary and Mr Jeffreys; and at length, lost and bewildered in a maze of indefinite conjecture—of painful hopes and fears, he retired early to bed. There, after tossing about for several hours, he at length dropped asleep—and awoke at an early hour considerably refreshed and calmed. Well, then, what was to be done?

He felt a conviction that Mr Hillary would be an uncompromising—an inexorable opponent of their marriage, however long they might postpone it with the hope of wearing out or softening away his repugnance to it; and that if they married in defiance of him, he would fulfil every threat he had uttered. Of these two points he felt as certain as of his existence.

He felt satisfied that Miss Hillary's attachment to him was ardent and unalterable; and that nothing short of main force would prevent her from adopting any suggestion he might offer. As for himself, he was passionately—and his heart loudly told him *disinterestedly* attached to her; he could, therefore—as far as he himself was concerned—cheerfully bid adieu to all hopes of enjoying a shilling of her father's wealth, and be joyfully content to labour for their daily bread. But—a fearful array of contingencies here presented themselves before him. Suppose they married, they would certainly have L.600 to commence with; but suppose his health failed him—or from any other cause he should become unable to support himself, a wife, and—it might be—a large family; how soon would L.600 disappear? And what would be then before them?—His heart shrunk from exposing the generous and confiding creature whose love he had gained, to such terrible dangers. He could—he *would*—write to her, and entreat her to forget him—to obey the reasonable wishes of her

father. He felt that Mr Hillary had great and grievous cause for complaint against him; could make every allowance for his feelings, and forgive their coarse and extravagant manifestation—and yet, when he reflected upon *some* expressions he had let fall—upon the intense and withering scorn and contempt with which he had been treated—the more he looked at this view of the case, the more he felt the spirit of a man swelling within him. He never trod so firmly, nor carried himself so erectly, as he did on his way down to the city that morning.

But then again—what misery was poor Miss Hillary enduring! What cruel and incessant persecution was being inflicted upon her; but she, too, had a high and bold spirit—he kindled as he pursued his meditations—he felt that the consciousness of kindred qualities endeared her to him tenfold more even than before.

Thus he communed with himself, but at length he determined on writing the letter he had proposed, and did so that night.

He was not dismissed, as he had expected, from the service of Mr Hillary, who retained him, at the suggestion of Mr Jeffreys—that shrewd person feeling that he could then keep Elliott's movements more distinctly under his own eye, and have more frequent opportunities of negotiating with him on behalf of Mr Hillary. Elliott's position in the establishment was such as never brought him into personal contact with Mr Hillary; and apparently no one but himself and Mr Hillary were acquainted with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. As before hinted, Mr Jeffreys was incessant in his efforts, both personally and by letter, to induce Elliott to break off the disastrous connexion; and, from an occasional note which Miss Hillary contrived—despite all the *espionage* to which she was subjected—to smuggle to him, he learnt, with poignant sorrow, that his apprehensions of the treatment she would receive at the hands of her father, were but too well founded. She repelled with an affectionate and indignant energy, his offers and proposals to break off the affair. She told him that her spirit rose with the cruelty she suffered, and decla-

red herself ready, if he thought fit, to fly from the scene of trouble, and be united to him for ever. Many and many a sleepless night did such communications as these ensure to Elliott. He saw infinite danger in attempting a clandestine marriage with Miss Hillary, even should she be a readily-consenting party. His upright and manly disposition revolted from a measure so underhand, so unworthy; and yet, what other course lay open to them? His own position at the counting-house was becoming very trying and painful. It soon became apparent that, on some account or another, he was an object of almost loathing disregard to the august personage at the head of the establishment; and the consequence was, an increasing infliction of petty annoyances and hardships by those connected with him in daily business. He was required to do more than he had ever before been called upon to do, and felt himself the subject of frequent and offensive remark, as well as suspicion. The ill-treatment of his superiors, however, and the impertinencies of his equals and inferiors, he treated with the same patient and resolute contempt, conducting himself with the utmost vigilance and circumspection, and applying to business—however unjustly accumulated upon him—with an energy, perseverance, and good-humour, that only the more mortified his unworthy enemies. Poor Elliott! why did he continue in the service of Hillary, Hungate and Company? How utterly chimerical was the hope he sometimes entertained of its being possible that his exemplary conduct could ever make any impression upon the hard heart of Mr Hillary!

Miss Hillary did really, as has been just stated, suffer a martyrdom at Bullion-House, at the hands of her father. Every day caresses and curses were alternated, and she felt that she was in fact a *prisoner*—her every movement watched, her every look scrutinized. Mr Hillary frequently caused to be conveyed to her reports the most false and degrading concerning Elliott; but they were such transparent fabrications, as of course to defeat the ends proposed. She found some comfort in the society of her mother, who,

though for a long time feeling and expressing strong disapprobation of her daughter's attachment to Elliott, at length relented, and even endeavoured to influence Mr Hillary on their daughter's behalf. Her kind offices were, however, suddenly interrupted by a second attack of paralysis, which deprived her of the power of speech and motion. This dreadful shock, occurring at such a moment, was too much for Miss Hillary, who was removed from attending affectionately at the bedside of her unhappy mother, to her own room, where she lay for nearly a fortnight in a violent fever. So far from these domestic trials tending, however, to soften the heart of Mr Hillary, they apparently contributed only to harden it—to aggravate his hatred of Elliott—of him who had done so much to disturb, to destroy his domestic peace, his fondest wishes and expectations.

Lord Scamp continued his interested and flattering attentions to Mr Hillary, with whom he was continually dining, and at length—a proof of the prodigious ascendancy he had acquired over Mr Hillary—succeeded in borrowing from him a very considerable sum of money. Hillary soon apprized his Lordship of the real nature of the hindrance to his marriage with Miss Hillary; and his Lordship of course felt it his duty, not to speak of his interest, to foster and inflame the fury of his wished-for father-in-law, against his obscure and presumptuous rival. Several schemes were proposed by this worthy couple for the purpose of putting an end to the pretensions and prospects of this “insolent *parvenu* of the outer counting-house.” An accidental circumstance at length suggested to them a plot so artful and atrocious, that poor Elliott fell a victim to it.

On returning to the counting-house, one day, from the little chop-house at which he had been swallowing a hasty and frugal dinner, he observed indications of some unusual occurrence. No one spoke to him; all seemed to look at him as with suspicion and alarm. He had hardly hung up his hat, and reseated himself at his desk, when a message was brought to him from Mr Hillary, who required his immediate attendance

in his private room. Thither, therefore, he repaired, with some surprise—and with more surprise beheld all the partners assembled, together with the head clerk, the solicitor of the firm, and one or two strangers. He had hardly closed the door after himself, when Mr Hillary pointed to him, saying, “This is your prisoner—take him into custody.”

“Surrender, sir—you’re our prisoner,” said one of the two strangers, both of whom now advanced to him, one laying hold of his collar, the other fumbling in his pocket, and taking out a pair of handcuffs. Elliott staggered several paces from them on hearing the astounding language of Mr Hillary, and but that he was held by the officer who had grasped his collar, seemed likely to have fallen. He turned deadly pale. For a second or two he spoke not.

“Fetch a glass of water,” said Mr Fleming, one of the partners, observing Elliott’s lips losing their colour, and moving without uttering any sound. But he recovered himself from the momentary shock, without the aid of the water, which seemed to have been placed in readiness beforehand, so soon was it produced. Pushing aside the officer’s hand that raised the glass to his lips, he exclaimed, “What is the meaning of this, sir? How dare you deprive me of my liberty, sir?”—addressing Mr Hillary—“What am I charged with?”

“Embezzling the money of your employers,” interposed the solicitor. As he spoke, poor Elliott fixed upon him a stare of horror, and after standing and gazing in silence for several moments, attempted to speak, but in vain; and fell in a kind of fit into the arms of the officers. When he had recovered, he was conducted to a hackney coach which had been some time in readiness, and conveyed to the police office; where, an hour or two afterwards, Mr Hillary, accompanied by Mr Fleming, the solicitor, and two of Elliott’s fellow-clerks, attended to prefer the charge. Elliott was immediately brought to the bar, where he stood very pale, but calm and self-possessed, his eyes fixed upon Mr Hillary with a steadfast searching look that nothing

could have sustained but his indignant consciousness of innocence. He heard the charge preferred against him without uttering a word. The firm had had reason for some time, it was said, to suspect that they were robbed by some member of their establishment; that suspicion fell at length upon the prisoner; that he was purposely directed that day to go unexpectedly to dinner, having been watched during the early part of the morning; that his desk was immediately opened and searched, and three five-pound notes, previously marked (and these produced so marked), found in his pocket-book, carefully hid under a heap of papers; that he had been several times lately seen with bank-notes in his hand, which he seemed desirous of concealing; that he had been very intimate with one of his fellow-clerks, who was now in Newgate, on a charge similar to the present; that the firm had been robbed to a considerable amount; that Elliott had only that morning been asked by one of the clerks, then present, to lend him some money, when the prisoner replied that he had not got L.5 in the world.—All this, and more, Elliott listened to without uttering a syllable.

"Well, sir," said one of the magistrates, "what have you to say to this very serious charge?"

"Say!—Why can you believe it, sir?" replied Elliott, with a frank air of unaffected incredulity.

"Do you deny it, sir?" enquired the magistrate, coldly.

"Yes, I do! Peremptorily, indignantly! It is absurd! *I rob my employers? They know better—that it is impossible!*"

"Can you prove that this charge is false?" said the magistrate with a matter-of-fact air. "Can you explain, or deny the facts that have been just sworn to?" Elliott looked at him, as if lost in thought. "Do you hear me, sir?" repeated the magistrate, sternly; "you are not bound to say any thing; and I would caution you against saying any thing to criminate yourself." Still Elliott paused. "If you are not prepared, I will remand you for a week, before committing you to prison."

"Commit me to prison, sir!" repeated Elliott, with at once a per-

plexed and indignant air,—"Why, I am as innocent as yourself!"

"Then, sir, you will be able easily to account for the L.15 found in your desk this morning?"—

"Ah, yes—I had forgotten that—I deny the fact. They could not have been found in my desk—for I have not more than L.4, and a few shillings, in the world, till my next quarter's salary becomes due"—

"But it is *sworn* here—you heard it sworn as well as I did—that the money *was* found there. Here are the witnesses—you may ask them any questions you think proper—but they swore to the fact most distinctly"—

"Then, sir," said Elliott, with a start, as if electrified with some sudden thought—"I see it all! Oh God, I now see it all! It was placed there on purpose! It is a plot laid to ruin me!" He turned round abruptly towards Mr Hillary, and fixing a piercing look upon him, he exclaimed, in a low voice, "Oh, monster!" He was on the eve of explaining Mr Hillary's probable motives—but the thought of *his daughter* suddenly sealed his lips. "Sir," said he, presently, addressing the magistrate, "I take God to witness that I am innocent of this atrocious charge. I am the victim of a conspiracy—commit me, sir—commit me at once. I put my trust in God—the father of the fatherless!"

The magistrates seemed struck with what he had said, and much more with his manner of saying it. They leaned back, and conferred together for a few minutes. "Our minds are not quite satisfied," said the one who had already spoken, "as to the propriety of immediately committing the prisoner to Newgate. Perhaps stronger evidence may be brought forward in a few days. Prisoner, you are remanded for a week."

"I hope, sir," said Mr Hillary, "that he will by that time be able to clear his character—nothing I wish more. It's a painful thing to me and my partners to have to press such a charge as this—but we must protect ourselves from the robbery of servants!" This was said by the speaker to the magistrates; but he did not dare to look at the prisoner, whose piercing, indignant eye he felt to be

fixed upon him, and to follow his every motion.

That day week Elliott was fully committed to Newgate: and on the next morning, the following paragraph appeared in the newspapers:—

“—Street. Henry Elliott, a clerk in the house of Hillary, Hungeate, and Company, Mincing Lane (who was brought to this office a week ago, charged with embezzling the sum of L.15, the money of his employers, and suspected of being an accomplice of the young man who was recently committed to Newgate from this office on a similar charge), was yesterday fully committed for trial. He is, we understand, a young man of respectable connexions, and excellent education. From his appearance and demeanour he would have seemed incapable of committing the very serious offence with which he stands charged. He seemed horror-struck on the charge being first preferred, and asseverated his innocence firmly, and in a very impressive manner, declaring that he was the victim of a conspiracy. In answer to a question of the magistrate, one of his employers stated, that up to the time of preferring this charge, the prisoner had borne an excellent character in the house.”

The newspaper containing this paragraph found its way, on the evening of the day on which it appeared, into Miss Hillary's room, through her maid, as she was preparing to undress, and conveyed to her the first intimation of poor Elliott's dreadful situation. The moment that she had read it, she sprung to her feet, pushed aside her maid, who attempted to prevent her quitting her apartment, and with the newspaper in her hand, flew wildly down the stairs, and burst into the dining-room, where her father was sitting alone, in his easy-chair, drawn close to the fire. “Father!” she almost shrieked, springing to within a yard or two of where he was sitting—“Henry Elliott robbed you! Henry Elliott in prison! A common thief!” pointing to the newspaper, with frantic vehemence. “Is it so? And you his accuser? Oh, no! no! Never!” she exclaimed, a wild smile gleaming on her pallid countenance, at the same time sweeping to and

fro before her astounded father, with swift but stately steps, continuing, as she passed and repassed him—“No, sir! no! no! no!—Oh, for shame! for shame, father! Shame on you! shame! His father dead! His mother dead! No one to feel for him! No one to protect him! No one to love him—but—ME!”—and accompanying the last few words with a loud and thrilling laugh, she fell at full length insensible upon the floor.

Her father sat cowering in his chair, with his hands partially elevated—feeling as though an angry angel had suddenly flashed upon his guilty privacy; and when his daughter fell, he had not the power to quit his chair and go to her relief for several seconds. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind, that she had lost her reason; and he spent the next hour and a half in a perfect ecstasy of terror. As soon, however, as the apothecary summoned to her assistance had assured him that there were, happily, no grounds for his fears—that she had had a very violent fit of hysterics, but was now recovered, and fallen asleep—he ordered the horses to his carriage, and drove off at top speed to the chambers of his City solicitor, Mr Newington, to instruct him to procure Elliott's instant discharge. That, of course, was utterly impossible; and Mr Hillary, almost stupefied with terror, heard Mr Newington assure him that the King of England himself could not accomplish such an object! That Elliott must now remain in prison till the day of trial—about a month or six weeks hence—and then be brought to the bar as a felon; that there were but two courses to be pursued on that day, either not to appear against the prisoner, and forfeit all the recognizances, or to appear in open court, and state that the charge was withdrawn, and that it had been founded entirely on a mistake. That even then, in either case, Elliott, if really innocent (Mr Newington was no party whatever to the fraudulent concoction of the charge, which was confined to Mr Hillary and Lord Scamp), would bring an action at law against Mr Hillary, and obtain, doubtless, very large damages for the disgrace, and danger, and injury

which Mr Hillary's unfounded charge had occasioned him; or—more serious still—he might perhaps indict all the parties concerned for a conspiracy.

"But," said Mr Hillary, almost sick with fright at this alarming statement of the liabilities he had incurred, "I would not wait for an action to be brought against me—I would pay him any sum you might recommend, and that, too, instantly on his quitting the prison walls."

"But, pardon me, Mr Hillary—why all this?"—

"Oh—something of very great importance has just happened at my house, which—which—gives me quite a different opinion. But I was saying I would pay him instantly!"—

"But if the young man be spirited, and conscious of his innocence, and choose to set a high value upon his character, he will insist on clearing it in open court, and dare you to the proof of your charges before the whole world—at least *I* should do so in such a case."

"You *would*, would you, sir?" exclaimed Mr Hillary angrily, the big drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead.

"Certainly—certainly—I should, indeed; but let that pass. I really don't see"—continued Mr Newington, anxiously.

"D—n him, then!" cried Mr Hillary desperately, after a pause, snapping his fingers, "let him do his worst! He can never find *me* out."

"Eh? what?" interrupted Newington briskly, "find you out! What can you mean, Mr Hillary?"

"Why—a—" stammered Mr Hillary, colouring violently, adding something that neither he himself nor Mr Newington could understand. The latter had his own surmises—somewhat vague, it is true—as to the meaning of Mr Hillary's words—especially coupling them, as he did instantly, with certain expressions he had heard poor Elliott utter at the police office. He was a prudent man, however, and seeing no particular necessity for pushing his enquiries further, he thought it best to let matters remain as Mr Hillary chose to represent them.

Six weeks did poor Elliott lie immured in the dungeons of Newgate, awaiting his trial—as a felon. What pen shall describe his mental sufferings during that period? Conscience of the most exalted and scrupulous integrity—he who had never designedly wronged a human being, even in thought—whom dire necessity only had placed in circumstances which exposed him to the devilish malice of such a man as Hillary—who stood alone, and with the exception of one fond heart, friendless in the world—whose livelihood depended on his daily labour, and who had hitherto supported himself with decency, not to say dignity, amidst many grievous discouragements and hardships—this was the man pining amid the guilty gloom of the cells of Newgate, and looking forward each day with shuddering to the hour when he was to be dragged with indignity to the bar, and perhaps found guilty, on perjured evidence, of the shocking offence with which he was charged! And all this was the wicked contrivance of Mr Hillary—the father of his Mary! And was he liable to be *transported*—to quit his country ignominiously and for ever,—to be banished with disgust and horror from the memory of her who had once so passionately loved him—as an impostor—a villain—a *felon*! He resolved not to attempt any communication with Miss Hillary, if indeed it were practicable; but to await, with stern resolution, the arrival of the hour that was either to crush him with unmerited, but inevitable infamy and ruin, or expose and signally punish those whose malice and wickedness had sought to effect his destruction. What steps could he take to defend himself? Where were his witnesses? Who would detect and expose the perjury of those who would enter the witness-box on behalf of his wealthy prosecutors? Poor soul! Heaven support thee against thy hour of trouble, and then deliver thee!

Miss Hillary's fearful excitement, on the evening when she discovered Elliott's situation, led to a slow fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly a fortnight; and when, at the end of that period, she again appeared in her father's presence, it was only to encounter—despite her wan

looks—a repetition of the harsh and cruel treatment she had experienced ever since the day on which he had discovered her reluctance to receive the addresses of Lord Scamp. Day after day did her father *bait* her on behalf of his Lordship—with alternate coaxing and cursing: all was in vain—for when Lord Scamp at length made her a formal offer of his precious “hand and heart,” she rejected him with a quiet contempt which sent him, full of the irritation of wounded conceit, to pour his sorrows into the inflamed ear of her father.

The name that was written on her heart—that was constantly in her sleeping and waking thoughts, Elliott—she never suffered to escape her lips. Her father frequently mentioned it to her, but she listened in melancholy, oftener indignant silence. She felt convinced that there was some foul play on the part of her father, connected with Elliott’s incarceration in Newgate, and could sometimes scarcely conceal, when in his presence, a shudder of apprehension. And was it likely—was it possible—that such a measure towards the unhappy, persecuted Elliott, could have any other effect on the daughter, believing him, as she did, to be pure and unspotted, than to increase and deepen her affection for him—to present his image before her mind’s eye, as that of one enduring martyrdom on her account, and for her sake?

At length came on the day appointed for Elliott’s trial, and it was with no little trepidation that Mr Hillary, accompanied by Lord Scamp, stepped into his carriage, and drove down to the Old Bailey, where they sat together on the bench till nearly seven o’clock, till which time the Court was engaged upon the trial of a man for forgery. Amid the bustle consequent upon the close of this long trial, Hillary, after introducing his noble friend to one of the aldermen, happened to cast his eyes to the bar which had been just quitted by the death-doomed convict he had heard tried, when they fell upon the figure of Elliott, who seemed to have been placed there for some minutes, and was standing with a mournful expression of countenance, apparently lost in thought. Even Mr Hillary’s hard heart was almost

touched by the altered appearance of his victim, who was greatly emaciated, and seemed scarce able to stand erect in his most humiliating position.

Mr Hillary knew the perfect innocence of Elliott; and his own guilty soul thrilled within him, as his eye encountered for an instant the steadfast, but sorrowful eye of the prisoner. In vain did he attempt to appear conversing carelessly with Lord Scamp, who was himself too much agitated to attend to him! The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. No counsel had been retained for the prosecution, nor did any appear for the defence. The Court, therefore, had to examine the witnesses; and, suffice it to say, that after about half an hour’s trial, in the course of which Hillary was called as a witness, and trembled so excessively as to call forth some encouraging expressions from the Bench, the Judge who tried the case decided that there was no evidence worth a straw against the prisoner, and consequently directed the Jury to acquit him, which they did instantly, adding their unanimous opinion, that the charge against him appeared both frivolous and malicious.

“Am I to understand, my Lord, that I leave the court freed from all taint, from all dishonour?” enquired Elliott, after the foreman had expressed the opinion of the jury.

“Certainly—most undoubtedly you do,” replied the Judge.

“And, if I think fit, I am at liberty hereafter to expose and punish those who have wickedly conspired to place me here on a false charge?”

“Of course, you have your remedy against any one,” replied the cautious judge, “whom you can prove to have acted illegally.”

Elliott darted a glance at Mr Hillary, which made his blood rush tumultuously towards his guilty heart, and bowing respectfully to the Court, withdrew from the ignominious spot which he had been so infamously compelled to occupy. He left the prison a little after eight o’clock; and wretched indeed were his feelings as the turnkey, opening the outermost of the iron-bound and spiked doors, bade him farewell, gruffly adding—“Hope we mayn’t meet again, my hearty!”

“I hope not, indeed!” replied

Elliott, with a sigh; and descending the steps, found himself in the street. He scarce knew, for a moment, whither to direct his steps, staggering, overpowered with the strange feeling of suddenly-recovered liberty. The sad reality, however, soon forced itself upon him. What was to become of him? He felt wearied and faint, and almost wished he had begged the favour of sleeping, for the night, even in the dreary dungeons from which he had been but that moment released. Thus were his thoughts occupied, as he moved slowly towards Fleet Street, when a female figure approached him, muffled in a large shawl.

"Henry—dearest Henry!" murmured the half-stifled voice of Miss Hillary, stretching towards him both her hands; "so, you are free! You have escaped from the snare of the wicked! Thank God—thank God! Oh, what have we passed through, since we last met! Why, Henry, will you not speak to me? Do you forsake the daughter, for the sin of her father?"

Elliott stood staring at her as if stupefied.

"Miss Hillary!" he murmured, incredulously.

"Yes—yes! I am Mary Hillary; I am your own Mary. But, oh, Henry, how altered you are! How thin! How pale and ill you look! I cannot bear to see you!" And covering her face with her hands, she burst into a flood of tears.

"I can hardly—believe—that it is Miss Hillary," muttered Elliott.—"But—your father!—Mr Hillary! What will he say if he sees you? Are not you ashamed of being seen talking to a wretch like me, just slipped out of Newgate?"

"Ashamed? My Henry—do not torture me! I am heart-broken for your sake! It is my own flesh and blood that I am ashamed of. That it could ever be so base!"

Elliott suddenly snatched her into his arms, and folded her to his breast with convulsive energy.

If the malignant eye of her father had seen them at that moment!

She had obtained information that her father was gone to the Old Bailey with Lord Scamp, and soon contrived to follow them, unnoticed by the domestics. She could not

get into the court, as the gallery was already filled; and had been lingering about the door for upwards of four hours, making eager enquiries from those who left the court, as to the name of the prisoner who was being tried. She vehemently urged him to accompany her direct to Bullion House, confront her father, and demand reparation for the wrongs he had inflicted. "I will stand beside you—I will never leave you—let him turn us both out of his house together!"—continued the excited girl—"I begin to loathe it—to feel indifferent about every thing it contains—except my poor unoffending—dying mother!—Come, come, Henry, and play the man!"—But Elliott's good sense led him to expostulate with her, and he did so successfully, representing to her the useless peril attending such a proceeding. He forced her into the coach that was waiting for her—refused the purse which she had tried nearly fifty times to thrust into his hand—promised to make a point of writing to her the next day in such a manner as should be sure of reaching her, and after mutually affectionate adieus, he ordered the coachman to drive off as quickly as possible towards Highbury. She found Bullion House in a tumult on account of her absence.

"So—your intended victim has escaped!" exclaimed Miss Hillary, suddenly presenting herself before her father, whom Lord Scamp had but just left.

"Ah, Polly—my own Poll—and is it you, indeed?" said her father, evidently the worse of wine, approaching her unsteadily—"Come, kiss me, love!—where—where have you been, you little puss—puss—puss—"

"To Newgate, sir!" replied his daughter in a quick stern tone, and retreated a step or two from her advancing father.

"N—n—ew-gate!—New—new-gate!" he echoed, as if the word had suddenly sobered him. "Well—Mary—and—what of that?" he added, drawing his breath heavily.

"To think that *your* blood flows in these veins of mine!" continued Miss Hillary, with extraordinary energy, extending her arms towards him. "I call you *father*—and yet"

—she shuddered—“you are a guilty man—you have laid a snare for the innocent—Tremble, sir! tremble! Do you love your daughter? I tell you, father, that if your design had succeeded, she would have lain dead in your house within an hour after it was told her!—Oh, what—what am I saying?—where have I been?”—She pressed her hand to her forehead; her high excitement had passed away. Her father had recovered from the shock occasioned by her abrupt reappearance. He walked to the door, and shut it.

“Sit down, Mary,” said he, sternly, pointing to the sofa. She obeyed him in silence.

“Now, girl, tell me—are you drunk or sober?—Where have you been? What have you been doing?” he enquired with a furious air. She hid her face in her hands, and wept.

“You are driving me mad, father!” she murmured.

“Come, come!—What!—you’re playing the coward now, Miss!—Where’s all your bold spirit gone?—What! can’t you bully me any more?—Snivel on then, and beg my forgiveness!—What do you mean, Miss,” said he, extending towards her his clenched fist—“by talking about this fellow Elliott being—my victim? Eh!—Tell me, you audacious hussy! you ungrateful vixen! what dy’e mean?—Say, what the d—d has come to you?” She made no answer, but continued with her face concealed in her hands. “Oh—I’m up to all this! I see what you’re after! I know you, young dare-devil!—You think you can bully me into letting you marry this brute—this beggar—this swindler!—Ah, ha! you don’t know me though! By —, but I believe you and he are in league to take my life!” He paused, gasping with rage. His daughter remained silent. “What has turned you so against me?” he continued in the same violent tone and manner.—“Haven’t I been a kind father to you all my?”—

“Oh yes, yes, yes! dear father, I know you have!” sobbed Miss Hillary, rising and throwing herself at his feet.

“Then why are you behaving in this strange way to me?” he enquired, somewhat softening his tone.

“Mary, isn’t your poor mother up stairs dying; and if I lose her and you too, what’s to become of me?” Miss Hillary wept bitterly. “You’d better kill your old father outright at once than kill him in this slow way! or send him to a mad-house, as you surely will! Come, Molly—my own little Molly—promise me to think no more of this wretched fellow! Depend on’t he’ll be revenged on me yet, and do me an injury if he can! Surely the devil himself sent the man across our family peace! I don’t want you to marry Lord Scamp since you don’t like him—not I! It’s true I have longed this many a year to marry you to some nobleman—to see you great and happy—but—if you can’t fancy my Lord Scamp, why—I give him up! And if I give him up, won’t you meet me half way, and make us all happy again by giving up this fellow so unworthy of you? He comes from a d—d bad stock, believe me! Remember—his father gambled, and—cut his throat,” added Hillary in a low tone, instinctively trembling as he recollected the effect produced upon Elliott by his utterance of these words on a former occasion. “Only think, Molly! *My daughter*, with a vast fortune—scraped together during a long life by her father’s hard labour—Molly—the only thing her father loves, excepting always your poor mother—to fling herself into the arms of a common thief—a—a gaol-bird—a felon—a fellow on his way to the gallows”——

“Father!” said Miss Hillary solemnly, suddenly looking up into her father’s face, “You know that this is false! You know that he is acquitted—that he is innocent—you knew it from the first—that the charge was false!”

Mr Hillary, who had imagined he was succeeding in changing his daughter’s determination, was immeasurably disappointed and shocked at this evidence of his failure. He bit his lips violently and looked at her fiercely, his countenance darkening upon her sensibly. Scarce suppressing a horrible execration,—turning a deaf ear to all her passionate entreaties on behalf of Elliott—he rose, forcibly detached her arms, which were clinging to his knees, and rung the bell.

"Send Miss Hillary's maid here," said he, hoarsely. The woman with a frightened air soon made her appearance.

"Attend Miss Hillary to her room immediately," said he sternly, and his disconsolate daughter was led out of his presence to spend a night of sleepless agony.

—"On bed

Delirious flung, sleep from her pillow flies;

All night she tosses, nor the balmy power

In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch
Exanimate by love: and then, perhaps,
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene!"

Many more such scenes as the one above described followed between Mr Hillary and his daughter. He never left her from the moment he entered till he quitted his house on his return to the City. Threats, entreaties, promises—magnificent promises—all the artillery of persuasion or coercion that he knew how to use, he brought to bear upon his wearied and harassed daughter, but in vain. He suddenly took her with him into Scotland; and after spending there a wretched week or two, returned more dispirited than he had left. He hurried her to every place of amusement he could think of. Now he would give party after party, forgetful of his poor wife's situation; then let a week or longer elapse in dull and morose seclusion. Once he was carried by his passion to such a pitch of frenzy, that he struck her on the side of her head, and severely!—nor manifested any signs of remorse when he beheld her staggering under the blow. But why stay to particularize these painful scenes? Was *this* the way to put an end to the obstinate infatuation of his daughter? No—but to increase and strengthen it—to add fuel to the fire. Her womanly pride—her sense of justice—came

—powerful auxiliaries—to support her love of the injured Elliott. She bore his ill-treatment at length with a kind of apathy. She had long lost all *respect* for her father, conscious as she was that he had acted most atrociously towards Elliott; and presently after "some natural tears" for her poor mother, she became wearied of the monotonous misery she endured at Bullion House, and ready to fly from it. Passing over an interval of a month or two, during which she continued to keep up some correspondence with Elliott, who never told her the extreme misery—the absolute *want* he was suffering, since her father refused to give him a character such as would procure his admission to another situation, and he was therefore reduced to the most precarious means possible of procuring a livelihood. Miss Hillary, overhearing her father make arrangements for taking her on a long visit to the continent,—where he might, for all she knew, leave her to end her days in some convent—fled that night in desperation from Bullion House, and sought refuge in the humble residence of an old servant of her father's. Here she lived, for a few days, in terrified seclusion—but she might have spared her alarms, for her father received the news of her flight with sullen apathy—merely exclaiming, "well—as she has made her bed she must lie upon it." He made no enquiries after her, nor attempted to induce her to return. When at length apprized of her residence, he did not go near the house. He had evidently given up the struggle in despair, and felt indifferent to any fate that might befall his daughter. He heard that the banns of marriage between her and Elliott were published in the parish church where her new residence was situated—but offered no opposition whatever. He affixed his signature when required to the document necessary to transfer to her the sum of money—£ 600, standing in her name in the funds, in sullen silence.

(To be continued).

ALCIBIADES THE YOUNG MAN.

SCENES I—IV.

" Now for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ? "

Antony and Cleopatra.

THE Greeks—whatever March of Intellect, Penny Magazine, and the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge, may think of it—were shrewd fellows in their way. They did not light their nuptial chambers with a fetid vapour, convey pigs to the shambles at the rate of thirty miles an hour, nor ride a-hunting on their tea-kettles—yet something of the arts that refine and ennoble luxury was revealed to the countrymen of Phidias and Ictinus. Athens had no such orators as Mr Poulett Thomson, Mr Spring Rice, or that liberal scion of the "House of Russell," who denounces Orange associations, BECAUSE they bring into occasional union the different ranks of the community—yet Demosthenes and Æschines were well enough for such audiences as *they* had to deal with, in times when the utterance of a sentiment similar to the noble Lord's would not have been precisely the best means of keeping popularity. The Dionysian festival witnessed no such tragedies as the Don Carlos of a certain *petit littérateur* (so christened by that clever old vagabond, Talleyrand), whose shrimp figure we have more than once seen followed by the deep, unfathomable eye of his godfather, with a glance not indicative of the highest degree of veneration—yet the Agamemnon of Æschylus, the King Œdipus of Sophocles, and the Medea of Euripides, were sufficiently powerful laxatives, on the cathartic principle of Aristotle, for the turbulent passions of spectators, who knew nothing of normal schools, and had not been trained on the intellectual system. Then their language—though, as phrenological lecturers have recently and justly observed, it consists merely of *words*—has so rich a choice and copiousness of these words, gives such "a soul to the objects of sense," and such a "body to the abstractions of metaphysics," that we used to flatter ourselves some small notion of *things* too had crept into the unfurnished corners of our grandly-developed pericranium, in the process of acquiring it. Nay, so little has the conceit been taken out of us, that we should not decline the challenge of the most redoubtable bumposopher that ever discoursed to an auditory of 2000, at twopence halfpenny a-head, to meet him on his own ground—with a clear stage and no favour—minute time—for L.500 a-side, to be made up by our respective friends. The fact is—to let Mr George Combe into a secret—we go far beyond the mysteries of *sinciput* and *occiput*, *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*; and have only to proclaim this circumstance in an opening address, in order to ruin his itinerant speculations for ever and a day. Our plan is ANTHROPOLOGY, founded on the doctrines of an illegible Greek MS., forming part of the royal library in an "uninhabited island, not yet discovered." It divides mankind—and womankind—into four classes, the encephalic, the thoracic, the abdominal, and the fundamental, according to the relative proportions of the bodily regions referred to by these names in different individuals. From each, evidence of faculties and dispositions may be drawn, especially from the "last not least." Let our ingenious rival only make the experiment; and if, for one young lady's character slowly and doubtfully evolved by handling heads, there be not ten instantaneously manifested by manipulation at the other end of the spinal vertebræ, we bind ourselves to take a ticket for his next course of lectures, and to—attend them.

To return to our muttons—the Greeks and their language:—what we happen to be envying them at this particular crisis, is their wonderful power of analysis and discrimination—their prodigious nicety in marking

out and shading off the conterminous provinces of a complex notion. Think of *thirteen* separate and individual names for the progressive "acts" of life, from the "infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," to the "last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history!" Shakspeare himself, in the little-known and never-quoted passage here alluded to, makes but seven stages of the journey graveyard. And we, were we writing Greek—which we do in a style almost equal to our English—should never have been driven to that hateful periphrasis—*young man*—so redolent of Heine and *young Germany*, Victor Hugo and *young France*, and other reminiscences dangerous to the equilibrium of our stomach—with which we have been forced to disfigure our running title. We have a sneaking kindness for "us *youth*," were it only for the sake of Falstaff; but when Sir John adds, "*young men* must live," we are fain to answer, with the French philanthropist, *je n'en vois pas la nécessité*. Between *youth* and *man*, if people must live at all, it should be after the fashion of the marmot, "which absconds all winter, and doth feed upon its own fat." To see them is horrible; to hear them is as bad as to sit out the first appearance of a rhetorical advocate in the General Assembly, or a debate in the reformed House of Commons.

At that age we leave off shaving for a beard, and begin to suspect that there is not quite so much amusement in shaving to get rid of one.

At that age the soft bloom of puberty is hardened—the superficial charm of vernal tints has melted away—and the faces of nineteen out of every twenty male friends we meet, appear to us to be settling into hopeless ugliness.

At that age we thought ourself the greatest genius on earth—an opinion long since abandoned by all except our enemies.

At that age those whose wise parents have had them *finished* at a German university, renounce "all the articles of the Christian faith." The Devil smiles a melancholy smile, and wishes he could be of their way of thinking.

At that age we planned an epic poem, a history, and a didactic essay upon freedom.

At that age, "adoring Fredericks," and "devoted Carolines," for the first time calculate the price of beef. Frederick perceives that to resign "his own and only one," will not darken the whole vista of his future days. Caroline adopts the prudent belief that one man may do nearly as well as another to pay the bills and become the father of her children.

At that age Alcibiades was already the LOVELACE of Athens, and acquainted with a trick or two, which Richardson would have imagined if he could. In a word, he was between his twentieth and his five-and-twentieth year. 'Tis the sole period of his career at which we absolutely hate him—*why*, the story of Glycerium will explain.

GLYCERIUM, daughter of Ariston—an orphan-heiress—still unclaimed by her nearest bachelor-kinsman—still under the careless guardianship of an aged uncle—was one of the few with whom Alcibiades found cunning and compulsion equally needful. She was among the fairest virgins of Athens. Slander had never breathed upon her fame. At the very moment when maids and matrons were emulously courting the son of Clinias, she seemed scarcely to know of his existence. Of *hers* he was but too well aware. The chiliness of her glance struck no cold into his heart. His eye told her this fact plainly enough: yet she appeared to require a more distinct interpreter. Often at public festivals he sought to tempt her into conversation; her answers were as calm as if addressed to one of her own sex. Those who gain their notions of antiquity at second-hand, will be surprised to learn that he made or found many other opportunities of pressing his treacherous suit. A thousand female witnesses would then—had the evil eye

been more than a fable—have blasted the object of his preference; but that preference—if you could trust her words or her features—was nothing to her.

Let the parties speak for themselves. Alcibiades encounters Glycerium returning from the temple of Ceres.

SCENE I.

ALCIBIADES. GLYCERIUM.

Alc. You keep, then, to your point, beautiful Glycerium! All that I tell you of your charms, and of my feelings, is nothing but poetry?

Glyc. (Laughing.) Mere, downright poetry. I keep to my point.

Alc. And though I swore the deepest and the dearest oath thyself could dictate?

Glyc. I keep to my point.

Alc. And shall nothing, nothing persuade thee of the contrary? To a persevering zeal, they teach us, all things yield; and is thy heart, enchanting girl, to be the unyielding prodigy of nature? Demand of me—O, demand what thou wilt! Demand gifts—

Glyc. Alcibiades, you speak with Glycerium!

Alc. With Glycerium indeed—the proud Glycerium!—Demand sacrifices! Demand proofs and trial! O, demand—

Glyc. Well, then, I demand time for the probation.

Alc. Time? What time?

Glyc. O, not too much of it either. Simply a couple of years.

Alc. (Indignant.) Glycerium, do I deserve your mockery?

Glyc. (Still more sportively.) Good gods above us! who is mocking? If thy flame be so vehement, why should it not last all the longer? There are fiery mountains, if travellers speak sooth, that have been burning on for centuries. But, indeed—

Alc. Well! What indeed?

Glyc. Indeed it were a pity that our *she-companions* should go so long in mourning, and our young matrons be so long faithful to their husbands. Now, Alcibiades, art thou resolved? Shall our bargain stand for the two years?

Alc. He, sweet Glycerium, loves thee not who could love thee for two

years—love without possession—and yet live.

Glyc. Not so, not so! So soon as I saw life in danger, I might mitigate my prudery, and limit the experiment.

Alc. Life in danger, saidst thou? O, if *that* might touch thee, name me but an enemy to rush upon—a monster to contend with!

Glyc. As if we were living in the days of Alcides, when there were Nemean lions and fire-breathing hydras!—Good son of Clinias, you understand me not, because you *will* not understand me. The danger to life, of which I spoke, must be neither more nor less than a — consumption—the fruits of too protracted expectation.

Alc. You hold fast, then, by this jocular demand?

Glyc. I hold fast by this *serious* demand; and I tender thee free choice of entering on thy suitor-service to-day—or to-morrow.

Alc. (Proudly.) Glycerium, have you never heard that conquerors, who strain too hard their conditions with the conquered, often end by gaining less than at first was offered them?

Glyc. O yes; the case at least may be conceived.

Alc. The case has *happened*; believe me, happened *often*.

Glyc. (Bitterly.) Who questions it? Only it is one shall never happen betwixt thee and me.

Alc. Shall it not?—Thinkst thou it shall not?—A wager on it! This case *shall* come; come *speedily*! Why dost thou hesitate? Thy hand upon't! The wager holds.

Glyc. (With anger.) Shameless! I laugh at this juvenile audacity, which venal courtesans and vile coquettes have trained thee to. Dreamst thou, because *they* have

listened to thee, that now nothing can withstand thee? Know that thy charms—*charms*, forsooth!—are in my eyes so worthless, so despicable, that —

Alc. Hush, my good Glycerium!

You are heaping errors upon errors. A foe *despised* is already half-victorious; since where circumspection is wanting—enough, Glycerium, we meet again, and that right suddenly!

Suppose ten days to have elapsed. Then try the *Sortes Shakspearianæ*, and these lines will be sure to come up for poor Glycerium:—

“Was ever woman in this humour woo’d?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I’ll have her—but I will not keep her long.”

They may stand as the motto of

SCENE II.

GLYCERIUM’S *Bath-room*.

GLYCERIUM (*in the bath*). MYSIS (*a female slave*).

Mysis. Might I venture to ask thee, my gracious mistress, why for some time past thou sighest so at intervals, and drawest thy breath so piteously deep?

Glyc. (*Astonished.*) I sigh? I draw my breath so deep? I believe thou art raving, Mysis; do I indeed do so?

Mysis. O yes, often, very often! Even when thou art wrapt in sleep, and probably in dreams, thou wilt utter, ever and anon, strange words, then start up with so terrified an air, that I tremble with thee, Heaven knows how heartily.

Glyc. To think that I should know nothing of all this!

Mysis. ’Tis true, however; absolutely true. And besides—if you would not take it ill to be told—(*hesitates.*)

Glyc. Well?

Mysis. I don’t know—it is possible—perhaps I deceive myself—even that matchless, lovely bloom upon your cheeks—(*hesitates again.*)

Glyc. (*Angrily.*) Wilt not have done with thy stammering? Out with it at once, or not at all.

Mysis. That lovely bloom of health has seemed, for these last seven days, to be diminishing.

Glyc. I half believe the idiot is daring to make game of me.

Mysis. O no! Not so indeed. Rather have I been guessing on all sides what secret trouble could be thus disquieting thy bosom—and so I found out—

Glyc. Indeed! Thou foundest somewhat, did’st thou? Ha, ha, ha! Well, and it was—

Mysis. That I had no occasion to be guessing so much about the matter; that it was probably a certain trouble, which generally makes its first appearance with our fourteenth or fifteenth year, and until our fortieth, our fiftieth, or oftentimes our sixtieth, departs not—the TROUBLE OF LOVE.

Glyc. Poor Mysis, I fear me the trouble of madness has got hold of thee; for a guesser, at least, thou art irretrievably ruined.

Mysis. That may the Powers for thy own sake forbid! What, most beautiful Glycerium, adorned with all the graces of Love’s goddess, wouldst thou still be unacquainted with Love’s self? Wouldst thou still reckon it an honour to remain frigid and insensible? Believe me—me who have lived longer in the world than thou—in thy place—

Glyc. (*Laughing.*) No doubt, no doubt, in my place wouldst thou otherwise demean thyself, since I—by happy fortune—am not Mysis.

Mysis. Be what thou wilt! To

enjoy life forms the happiness of life; yet one often forfeits this kind of happiness for ever, by disdaining it too long. O Glycerium, it now rests solely with thyself, to become the envy of thy sisters, the first of thy sex. Despise not the counsel of thy faithful slave, and profit by the auspicious opportunity that may perhaps never return.

Glyc. Is the fool again speaking riddles? What, prithee, is this auspicious opportunity I am not to lose?

Mysis. Nay, feign not thyself so ignorant of what all Athens knows! Deny it not at least to me, that the flower of our Attic youth, the fairest, the hopefullest of Greeks——

Glyc. Ha, ha, ha! Art thou there at last, madam go-between? I can fancy thou speakest of Alcibiades.

Mysis. To be sure I do. To whom but Alcibiades could these epithets belong?

Glyc. In thy eyes, perhaps, but not in mine! Pity, my poor Mysis, thou art not some fifteen years younger, and he himself does not hear thee! He loves his own praises too well not to debase himself, for a few moments, out of gratitude.

Mysis. O no; my wishes could never soar so high.

Glyc. Nor mine sink so low. To be serious, Mysis! As you value my favour, henceforth not a word of this young profligate, who coquets it with every courtesan in Athens—but assuredly never shall with me. Could you believe it, but the other day the insolent offered to wager with me——Enough of him! Thou shalt be most grievously chastised—I will have thee scourged with rods till the blood run down thy back—if his name ever again escape thy lips.

Mysis. Well, then, if I am no longer to speak of him and for him, let him—let him (*running off*) do it for himself!

Glyc. (*Amazed, and calling after her.*) How? What's this? What saidst thou? Mysis, remain!

Alcibiades. (*Starting out of a hiding-place, where he has heard all, behind Glycerium's back.*) She said, beautiful Glycerium——

Glyc. (*Terrified.*) Gods! Dreadful! Who dares? (*Turning round, she sees Alcibiades; springs up in*

the same moment, and throws on, in great disorder, the first garment she can lay hold of.) Ha! Infamous!—Mysis! Slaves! Myrto! Mysis!

Alc. Spare thy lungs, beautiful Glycerium! Mysis is probably by this time too far off to hear thee; too far off are all other witnesses, whom—even could thy cries bring them hither—thy modesty no doubt would wish away again. Beside thee thou hast none but a young man, who to escape the pang of perishing for love, has ventured on a step, the temerity—the audacious ingenuity of which—thou wilt—for the sake of that very love—forgive. (*Approaching.*)

Glyc. (*Shrinking into a corner.*) Off, miscreant! Touch me not, or——away from me! or——

Alc. Seest thou, dear Glycerium, what a silly thing threats are in some positions? They expire, yet unspoken, on the lips of the threatener: so do but allow me a few words to——

Glyc. Accurst be thou, and accurst each word of thine, insidious villain!—Corrupting slaves—holding no indecency too base, so it but serve thy appetites!—I tell thee once again, away! and take with thee my utter abhorrence for the future, as thou hast had my indifference in the past.

Alc. And why, Glycerium—I adjure thee tell me why has this indifference pursued me? She, that alone has forced me to such bold expedients—O how was she offended? what dost thou require in the man that is to please thee?

Glyc. Henceforth I shall require that he be as unlike as possible to thee, egregious villain!

Alc. An answer that *sounds* well—and nothing more. Dost thou require in him *noble ancestry*? Say what is nobler than mine? Dost thou require *wealth*? I have as much as any citizen of Athens. *Renown*? Methinks what I have reaped is, for my years, sufficient; not to mention that the seed I've sown for time to come, bids fairer than my neighbours'! Dost thou require *beauty of person*? Listen to the judgment of thy sisters;—thou wilt hardly hear a judgment to my prejudice.

Glyc. I listen only to my own; and in accordance with that, sooner

shall the vilest, the blackest Moor become my chosen lover, than thou. Away with a coin, that has passed already through a thousand hands, and in each lost more and more, till scarce a jot of worth remains!

Alc. (*With a tone of half-bitter feeling.*) Excellent! A conceit, which probably—in such a situation, such a dress—no maiden ever yet has lighted on! (*Calmly.*) O, Glycerium, how strong and how glowing my love must be to bear, without abating, what is so wont to annihilate affection—contemptuous, unmerited mockery. No, maiden, as fair—far fairer than a goddess—grace—thou canst not in earnest mean to play Diana with me; or, if thou wilt, let me be thy Endymion! *—O suffer this arm—which no other ever yet repelled—to wind around thee. Be thou the elm, and I the vine-branch! The only one art thou, who has taught me that true love is omnipotent; I will teach thee, in return, that all the joys of earth are less than nothing to the raptures of tenderness. (*He embraces her. She looses herself from him with marks of sovereign disgust; and he lets her go.*)

Glyc. Off! I tell thee. Joys with thee were to me the pains of hell. Off! or even these weak hands shall try to tear out thy lascivious eyes.

Alc. (*Laughing.*) An experiment, if faith, in which they shall not lightly speed! A robbery, against which I must struggle pretty lustily! Too dear would be my loss, did I no longer see—no longer see this bosom, shining like the marbles of Phidias—wax seven times refined yields to it, as morning twilight to the sun:—this arm, this face,—O, not the mere roses of youth, but even the flush of anger gives it matchless charms. Glycerium! too

exquisite Glycerium! is thy hate for me really, then, so vehement?

Glyc. More vehement than words can breathe.

Alc. And not a hope of change?

Glyc. The gods will never punish me so heavily. For the last time I tell thee—Begone!

Alc. And for the first time I tell thee, that passion makes thee blind. Thou wilt have me go, and bethinkst thee not of the consequence of going; bethinkst thee not, that now—in this broad daylight—across this open court, o'erlooked by twenty jealous eyes—out of this door, which leads to nothing but thy bath-room—'twould bring upon thee endless and immeasurable troubles.

Glyc. What troubles can it bring, when I proclaim aloud the ignominious fraud that helped thee here?

Alc. Poor maiden, then wouldst thou only publish thy own shame!—Knowst thou the world so little, as not yet to know its inclination to think the worst of every one? Ah! often enough has it transformed heroic deeds to crimes. Here too will it approve its power; here, where ill construction borders so close on probability. Alcibiades alone with Glycerium! Alone with her in the bath-room! O, by my word, report speaks of both of us too favourably for any one to believe we would squander such precious moments on simple conversation.

Glyc. Slanderer, the reputation of my virtue stands as firmly as that of thy audacity.

Alc. Doubly bad for thee, if the latter rank so high!—Then must it have devoured thy innocence more quickly than the wolf the lamb. Impeach me just as bitterly as you please; they will reckon it for certain that you hide—the head charge of the impeachment. Load me with invectives, and they will put down the effect of thy purity to the account

* ————— “Tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies:
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples crown'd with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.”—*Faithful Shepherdess.*

of—disappointed expectations. The thousands of thy sisters, who would not have let me depart from them so much disgraced, will assuredly not give thee credit for a virtue of which they feel themselves incapable. Thou wilt only have lost Me, without escaping a scandal—hitherto uncertain, now confirmed. And lastly—but why am I speaking to the winds? It is thy pleasure I should go; I obey thee and depart. (*As if going.*)

Glyc. (*Ponders half a minute, with eyes cast upwards; then with passionate anxiety.*) Alcibiades!

Alc. Well? Dost thou recollect thyself? Am I permitted to remain?

Glyc. Not that, not that! But yet—by *this* way, which leads along a covered passage, past my chamber, through a private door—by *this* I would have thee go.

Alc. (*Considers for a couple of seconds—this having taken him by surprise.*) Impossible! Pardon me, beautiful Glycerium, if for once I have my own way, since thou so often hast had thine. A covered passage! Past thy chamber! through a private door! O no, that is the path of only a favoured, happy lover! The scorned, despised, rejected, would profane it. Far shorter ways has he to choose, and chooses—that by which he came. Farewell. (*As if going.*)

Glyc. (*Anxiously.*) Alcibiades!

Alc. Well? Your pleasure?

Glyc. Ha! miscreant, too well thou knowest that now I must bid thee stay.—Excellent! Is *this* thine art of conquering maidens? Is it in *this* thy charms' allmightiness consists? Does it become a man—not yet dead to all sense of shame—when he encounters modesty, to have resort to force?

Alc. And who here talks of force? Look on me, Glycerium: these arms are strong and muscular; they have wrestled victoriously with men; but not yet have I essayed to throw them round thee—or, if I did, that feeble *off!* was sufficient to undo them.—Nay, more! Behold, I am not so unarmed, as thou perchance supposest (*showing a dagger, hitherto concealed beneath his mantle.*) Out of foresight I brought it hither; and thou wouldst not have been the first of thy sex to sink down—at sight of such an argument—from the cruel-

est of beauties to the most complying. But what a libidinous Satyr might deem glorious, is loathsome to the son of Clinias. Surprise and stratagem he counts legitimate; but *force*—*fy*e upon't! Away with thee, worthless weapon. Bodies thou mightst subdue; but souls thou couldst never change, souls thou couldst never bless! Away with thee! (*Casts it disdainfully into a corner.*)

Glyc. Excellent again! Vapour away with thy *magnanimity* before a maid, whose good name thou so infamously plottest to destroy—whom, not content with the vilest artifice, thou threatenest now with ill report from others, and slander from thyself. Villain, is that not worse than to subdue with daggers?

Alc. Do I hear aright? I threatened thee with *slander*? When did I that?

Glyc. Saidst thou not two seconds ago, they would believe *thee* more readily than *me*?

Alc. How falsely you interpret all about me, because you handle all with prejudice! *My silence*—I said, or meant to say—they would credit sooner than *thy words*. No, Glycerium, it shall not be for thy sake Alcibiades will begin to study the most abandoned of all vices—falsehood. Freely will he confess the truth—ay, even of this interview—to every one that *asks* him. But that he should go out into the open market-place, assemble the citizens of Athens, and recount to them how scornfully thou hast entreated him; to demand *that*, would really be too much.

Glyc. And who demands it? *Generosity* in thee were a penance for me. I ask only *justice*: justice towards a girl—whom—thou thyself hast compelled—to become thy enemy.

Alc. (*Hastily interrupting her.*) I have compelled thee to it? Compelled *thee*? Good gods! I compel a maiden to be my enemy, for whom I would a thousand times have sacrificed my life—and sacrifice it now! O how, Glycerium, how have I done this?

Glyc. You think, then, that the daring style in which you first solicited my favour; your contumelious wagger; your corrupting of a wretch-

ed slave—who shall dearly pay for it—your *manly* stratagem; your threats; should not the least offend me?

Alc. Pardon me, Glycerium, if of all these accusations I try to meet the first alone. All the other steps are the steps of *unrequited love*—a love that now has nothing left to lose! O acknowledge that a case like this excuses any thing. But I wooed thee *daringly*? *Daringly*, Glycerium! Look around thee, and name me the maiden I have wooed with so much constancy and truth. Was I not blind to a thousand becks—with eyes for none but thee? At every festival did I not press as near thee as I could? Were not my first proposals as modest as words could make them? If perchance I did not cringe so low as others—did not so humbly kiss the dust from off your sandals; if I seemed amazed when you required in sport so *lengthened* a probation; O bethink thee that I am *ALCIBIADES*—that Nature, when she formed me, blent fire largely in the compound. It warms, but it consumes;—to conceal it is impossible.

Glyc. The more reasonably may one shun its neighbourhood.

Alc. And yet in the whole universe is nothing nobler than this youthful fire! All that lives draws life from this! Yet loathes it contempt and mockery more than its kindred element loathes water. Hadst thou declined my love in favour of another earlier passion, I could have suffered, and been still. But mockery! such bitter mockery!—Yes, Glycerium, what I have since done, I do not yet repent of; but if it appears to thee so infamous, come then, *revenge thyself!* but not with the revenge of *hate*. (*He takes up the dagger.*) See, against thee I would not use this steel; perhaps you may scruple less to turn it against me; and I—I too will rather endure its point than thy angry glances. It kills with more tolerable pain. (*He offers it to her. She lets it fall.*)

Glyc. Dissembler! How prompt to proffer things, of which you see before hand that they cannot be accepted! And how obdurate in others, which your own heart should dictate! But stop, thy very words shall snare thee. If it be true that Glycerium is dear to thee—that the hope

of her regard is precious—obey her now. She descends to *implore*, where she has a right to *command*.

Alc. And what?

Glyc. Again, as if you knew not! That you will go; go *instantly*; go by that door.

Alc. How much dost thou demand of me, and how low dost thou rate my common sense! Shall I sacrifice what cost me so much trouble, bribery, danger, and uneasiness! Shall I give up an opportunity, that never will return! And for what? That thy whole wrath may fall upon a miserable slave—more compassionate than thou to my torments; that thy scorn, thy coldness, thy reproaches, may henceforth doubly persecute me?

Glyc. That need not be. I can forgive and forget.

Alc. Forget? So cannot I—Glycerium, Glycerium, what seekst thou of me? And yet—come, then, I will give thee proofs, whether my love be genuine or not; I will sacrifice for thee what for no father, no brother I could sacrifice; will steal away like a detected thief; if thou wilt first promise me two things.

Glyc. Promise thee two things? And what?

Alc. Nothing against thine honour.

Glyc. First say then, *what?*

Alc. And give such promise that I can be certain of thy *keeping* it?

Glyc. That thou mayst be as soon as I tender thee my lightest word. Falsehood these lips have never uttered; deception I have never known; and that *dissimulation* is a stranger to me—that—methought—thy own experience might have taught thee.

Alc. (*To himself.*) Good! She begins already to say more than is quite necessary. (*Aloud.*) You promise then?

Glyc. I never promised what I knew not of. First, therefore, let me hear.

Alc. Thou promisest that I may depart with at least the *hope* of one day returning under happier auspices—that to my passion, steadfastly enduring, every favourable prospect be not eternally denied—that prepossessions shall not always disappoint my wishes. Dost thou promise *this*? No—no?

Glyc. (With forced calmness.) And thy second condition?

Alc. First of all accordance of the first, Glycerium!

Glyc. (Still with forced indifference.) And thy second condition?

Alc. First of all accordance of my first! So must I say again, enchanting girl.

Glyc. (With a somewhat jeering smile.) I thought the experienced Alcibiades knew female hearts too well not to be able to interpret silence.

Alc. O grant it, ye gods, that I might interpret it according to my wishes! May I, dearest maiden, may I?

Glyc. And can I tell then what thou art to be hereafter, when I know not yet whether even to-day thy scarce-given promise will be kept.

Alc. (Eagerly approaching her.) Glycerium! Loveliest Glycerium!

Glyc. (With a grave, but not an angry tone.) No retracting, Alcibiades. Thy second condition?

Alc. (To himself.) Just two minutes too soon. *(Aloud.)* My second condition is a trifle for thee to grant; it is one—single—kiss.

Glyc. (Smiling half in mockery.) No, young man; to him to whom I would not give even a forced mark of favour, far less shall it be voluntarily given.

Alc. Is this the maiden who permits me to hope?

Glyc. To hope, but nothing more. *(Moving off.)* Come, Alcibiades, come! I will show thee the way thou must take.

Alc. (Throwing himself before her, and seizing her hand, which she seems to wish to withdraw, and—leaves) First thy kiss! Should it be only the kiss of pardon.

Glyc. (Laughing.) Hadst thou not better add a third condition—that I should give it thee?

Alc. O, no! Behold my moderation; even to dare to take it is a happiness. *(He kisses her.)* Glycerium! Glycerium!

Glyc. Will you not yet let me go?

Alc. Just—just these few words more. Art thou really the maiden without guile, the maiden who never yet dissembled, as but now thou boastedst of thyself? O then—

Glyc. (Attentively, and nearly re-

leasing herself.) Well! and what then?

Alc. Wind thyself about as thou wilt, little snake, I let thee not go. Then, would I say, have I ensnared thee more in thy words than thou me in mine. There was fire in that kiss—there was the fire of love. Maiden without guile, where gottest thou this, except—except at least thy former abhorrence be over?

Glyc. Excellent! Was I not sure of it? At the slightest favourable—the fruits of nothing but forbearance—

Alc. (Putting his hand softly on her mouth.) No, Glycerium, I know what you would say, and know that you deceive yourself. Alcibiades holds to his promise—goes hence, though it should cost him his life as surely as it costs him his peace—goes *(with slow enunciation)* as soon as you insist upon it. *(With insinuating tone.)* But what if you insist not? If you were to be as kind as you are charming?

Glyc. (Feigning to look angry.) Now really—

Alc. I must kiss away—kiss away objections, which the fairest of all earthly lips would offer to my happiness. Faster, faster must I hold this charming girl, who would be Aglaia, did she not so perversely flee the arrows of brother Love. Nay, nay! Turn thyself not from me! Hide not from me this bosom's throbbing, which, were that possible, would make it yet more beautiful! *(Kneeling.)* See here, the youth that kneels before thee, that clasps thy knee in supplication, suppose him no longer Alcibiades, no longer the Athenian hundreds of thy sex would fly to greet, no longer him whom Fame has loudly voiced the favourite of proud Aspasia—away with his riches and renown! Behold in him nothing but—a youth so full of the most ardent fire!—a youth adjuring thee no longer to deny thyself and him life's sweetest joy! O maiden, forget thy former enmity! Let the past be past for ever! For, by the throne of Love, so as I am now, such shall I be unchangingly, if thou be but the same!

Glyc. (Half bending over him.) Rise, rise, thou flatterer!

Alc. Is it a friend that bids me?

Glyc. If it be, I fear me a deceived one. Who can trust thee, inconsistent? Who can believe thee, wheedling tongue?

Alc. Glycerium can! For none

has my heart so beat before—for none shall it so beat again.

Glyc. Ah! if thou wert but honest, darling boy!

We saw, from the seventh word she spoke to him, how the affair must end. 'Tis with virgins as with argand lamps—to deliberate is to be lost. The lamp that twinkles is about to—stink; the maid that parleys is about to fall from an angel to a—woman; from an ethereal meteoric creature, native to crystalline spheres—disporting with the young-eyed cherubim—flitting in the glory of its rainbow hues across the vaulted empyrean—to a thing still beauteous, still inestimable, but of the earth—and earthy. Dear, degraded, delicious beings! You may call them butterflies if you please, my Lord Byron, but their generation is precisely the reverse.

Glycerium should have screamed, kicked, scratched—not spoken. There was the fatal step; fatal as Clariessa Harlowe's when she left the house of her father. Then, as with Clariessa, it became a mere calculation of sooner or later. And when our Greek maiden dropped the dagger, you perceived—did you not?—that she was no Luerctia in her soul.

By the by, how do you like Meissner's painting with our varnish? In comparison with Richardson's we think its tone subdued, especially since poor benighted pagans—running over with original sin—are the *dramatis personæ*. As for throwing too opaque a veil over these particular scenes, we should as soon dream of putting a philabeg on Venus, or hanging curtains in the Titian gallery.

A few such pictures were essential to our moral—and that is enough—more than enough—to say for them. Thomson, naughty man, yet unbanished from drawing-room tables, paints Musidora without any moral at all. But in *Spring*—too early for river-baths in hazel-copses—his amatory ethics rise almost to the purity of ours:—

“ Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah, then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Down-cast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man!”

Ah poor Glycerium! Had you but studied elocution under Sheridan Knowles—and so been well drilled in the *Seasons*!

But we must go on with our romance. According as you reckon by vulgar estimation—by the “*Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses*” of Virgil—or by widow's allowance in the indulgent latitude of English

law—you will find it necessary to date the next scene. And it will bring upon the stage the *she-companion*, TIMANDRA. More of her hereafter: suffice it for the present, that *she was trained in the school of Aspasia, did honour to her instructress, and was the most lasting love of Alcibiades.*

SCENE III.

The Gardens of ALCIBIADES.

ALCIBIADES, ANTIOCHUS, TIMANDRA.

Alc. Welcome, my dears! Still so few of you?

Ant. The rest are waiting in the harbour. I gave Timandra my company in her walk.

Tim. Is this the fashion, Alcibiades?—Invite us to your premises—and then be the last to show yourself!—Three minutes later, and Antiochus would have come to a declaration in full form.

Alc. Small credit to thee, if thou needest *so much time* to draw on a young fellow to one folly the more. But a truce with this *jesting*; I have *serious matter* in hand!—Rejoice, rejoice with me to-day, one and all of you. Expresses are already off to all I know or ever knew; to all, who once a-year at least greet me as a friend; to all of thy sisters, Timandra, that ever nodded to me; to all that is young or beautiful in Athens. My tables are breaking down with delicacies, and my well-stocked cellars must be empty to-morrow.

Ant. And wherefore is all this?

Tim. Has Pharnabazus, peradventure, adopted thee? or hast thou a foreboding of death to-morrow, and so wishest to be thine own heir to-day?

Alc. Banter away, banterer! I shall have the laugh with me in the end.

Ant. Or is there news of a victory?

Alc. No! I tell you, no! And yet more than such news for me. This much, Timandra, I will say to thee: the *stripling*—as you now and then salute me—I shall suffer no more; from this day forth you must call me FATHER.

Tim. and *Ant.* (Both astonished.) Father!

Alc. Father! I am just come from Glycerium, who has born me a son,

Tim. (With emotion.) Well—let Glycerium then congratulate herself, that she has an enduring memorial of her weakness, and that she has groaned, not quite for nothing, in the midwife's hands.—What induces thee to hail *even me* with these tidings?

Alc. Can I be joyful, without wishing my friends to share my joy?

Tim. And can you be mad enough to think, that an advantage to my rival can give me pleasure?

Alc. It must! it must! Timandra is not so childish as to be jealous of a girl she has long since supplanted in my heart. She must rejoice to anticipate a moment, when I may embrace *her* too as a mother. O Timandra, a strange—a wondrous thing—is the paternal feeling! Long, long ago—thou knowest it—did my passion for Glycerium cool; the very announcement of her pregnancy scarce moved me. But when she sent to me to-day to say—she had born a son!—O then, Timandra, no sooner had the messenger reached me, than I flew after him along the streets; my head uncovered, my hair undressed; fast as if an alarm to battle had sounded. And when I entered the room; when I saw my boy; when I took him up—held him aloft—pressed him to my bosom and my lips—dear girl, our tongue is a wretched instrument; it can as little express the smallest part of our emotions as a dwarf can bend the bow of a giant.

Tim. Thou hast seen him then already—the son of Glycerium?

Alc. My son, my son you mean, Timandra.

Tim. (Mocking.) Permit me—in the choice between possibility and

certainly—to keep always to the latter.

Alc. Excellent! As if I could not see the drift of your question! You would make me doubtful where, after all, I confess there can be only *probability*. But grant me to be mentally intoxicated;—who prefers not a blest intoxication to a sad sobriety? And besides, I have tokens enough to bring me as near as possible to certainty.

Tim. (*As before.*) Really! you have *tokens*? Ay, and what might they be?

Alc. The boy has already just this aquiline nose—once so dangerous to thee.

Tim. Babbler!

Alc. Has this eye, this mouth; cried not; winced not once when I drew this steel across his face.

Tim. What demonstrative, indubitable proofs!

Alc. Add to this the oath of Glycerium, the oath of a maiden—or rather, I should say, of a woman—I never yet found guilty of the least deception; whose eyes look so innocent, whose mouth is so artless.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha! Still better, rarer

evidence! Canst thou not—just by way of superfluity—bring forward a *dream*? since, then, thy paternal claims (*with a derisive curtsy*) would be clearer than noon-day.

Alc. (*Sportively threatening her.*) Timandra!... Timandra!—How much a jealous nymph forgets!

Tim. And pray, what am I forgetting?

Alc. *Thy interest.* Art thou not destroying all dependence on the word and faith of thy sex? Art thou not putting into my hand a dagger to stab thee with so soon as it shall please me?—Blush for thy mistake! and in requital of thy thoughtlessness, be thou at this day's board the first to send the beaker round to the health of Glycerium and her babe!

Tim. I, indeed! Truly then, I fear me, thou wilt have to tarry for this toast a while too long.

Alc. Not quite so long as you imagine! For *then* shalt thou first receive the kiss of forgiveness.

Tim. (*Laughing.*) Only see! How sly! Well, let us join the company. Slave, do you follow us, and harkye—bring us the beaker presently.

Roll on ye sickly moons! shake not from your “horrid hair,”—for hair ye have none to shake—but pour down, with your pale beams and wizard influence, the mingled curse of pestilence and war.

It comes! the sun of Pericles is setting, and clouds, in their dark volumes, gather round the dying splendour.

The Peloponnesian war has broken out. The wolves of Lacedæmon have ravaged the domain of Pallas. And, worse than Spartan reavers and desolated fields, THE PLAGUE!

Why did the pen of Thucydides describe it in words that cannot perish? Why did Lucretius, Boccaccio, Defoe, reflect in fainter light those burning characters? Why did Wilson call forth a voice of wailing from the mansions of death? But for these prophetic larcenists—these plagiarists by anticipation—you should have supped your fill of horrors at our cost. As it is, our unborn conceptions must expire without causing one parturient throes of pleasing agony. Originality to us is like the air we breathe—like freedom of the press to Whig Attorney-Generals—the high-minded husbands of nice, plump, smart, rosy, smirking, dapper, bran-new little Peeresses—in it we live, without it we die! Even when we stoop to translation—the grace—the nerve—the unspeakable charm—are all our own.

At last that grim invader reached the circle of Alcibiades himself. Thrasyllus, one of his earliest, faithfullest, dearest friends—one, like Antiochus, of his own creations—sickened and died. Two minutes before he drew his last breath, he grasped once more the hand of Alcibiades, who was sitting by his bed:

“Thou hast been the author of all my happiness up to this moment. I am an eternal witness against such as lay it to thy charge that thou canst in nothing persevere. What I have, I thank thy friendship for. Even that

death does not find me on a lair of straw, that kind eyes are weeping round me, kind hands alleviating my pain—for this I have to thank thee. Ah! if to such countless benefits thou wouldst add one more!

Alc. I never refused the *living* Thrasyllus a favour. To the *dying* Thrasyllus I pledge myself beforehand. What dost thou require of me?

Thras. A funeral oration at my pile. Were it but twenty words.

Alc. Why, even these?

Thras. Because I then might be certain that my name would survive me.

Alcibiades promised. Thrasyllus expended his last strength on a grateful pressure of the hand; turned his face to the wall, and expired.

All Athens assembled round the dead man's pile. Never yet had Alcibiades spoken at length in public. Wonders were looked for.

Now mark us, Mr Walter Savage Landor! In your two volumes of *Pericles and Aspasia*, which we hope to review with our first leisure in a manner worthy of you and us, you boast—and a curious boast it is—to have avoided “every expression and every thought attributed to Pericles by the ancients.” What you boast—and have not always done—for your Pericles, is here effected—in this instance more excusably—for our Alcibiades. With any one of your really imaginary speeches you are at liberty to compare the following

FUNERAL ORATION.

“In a vast multitude ye have met together, O Athenians. If this be on account of my departed friend, I thank you: if on *my* account, I pity you; since, in that event, ye have forgotten, that true grief says little, and that he himself whose lips, already white, imposed this task upon me, requested only a few words. He sought my friendship, because he felt himself worthy of it. He obtained it, because I read nobility in his aspect. He kept it, because his soul answered to his countenance. The first look of his that ever pained me, was the look of death. He gave *me* every thing; something I gave *him*; and he was grateful to me, as if I had given him all. An oversight of Nature allowed him to be born in the dust; she offered amends for this neglect, when she made him known to me; and he so bore himself, that thenceforth no one saw traces of that dust about him. I am unable to decide whether you or I have lost more by his decease; I, in that I knew him thoroughly; you, in that ye had not yet thoroughly known him. All that he had yet done was merely in the way of preparation. But believe me on my word: it would not have stopped at preparation. Mourn! mourn over his early death for your own sakes! The hail-storm, which dashes in pieces the sprouting seed, and that which beats down the standing grain—both inflict upon the husbandman an equal injury. Or wish ye for an overwhelming attestation of his worth? Since my tenth year, since my father fell, I have wept upon no bier. My tears are flowing now. Yet even these, methinks, must force me to silence. The eye of a man may shed tears; but, shed in the sight of others, they disgrace it. Lament with me, who'er has lost a friend; lament, who'er has none to lose. And let him despise me as a braggart, him who in all Athens can still vaunt of possessing a Thrasyllus! Peace be with his ashes! And may the latest wanderer that shall ever linger by his tomb, exclaim no more than this: HE WAS BELOVED OF ALCIBIADES.”

And now to work round again to our Glycerium! One glimpse more of her destiny—and then you shall have a month to digest it.

On the very evening of Thrasyllus's funeral, Alcibiades was surrounded by companions. The goblet and the song went round. A scholium that touched upon the frail tenure of life and its enjoyments occasioned a momentary pause of sad reflection.

"Twelve days ago," said Anytus, "he was still one of us. 'Tis possible that twelve days hence, our circle may be farther thinned." All echoed, with a sigh, "Very possible."

Anyt. Son of Clinias, thou surpassest us in every thing: in health too thou wilt surpass us; and we are all, we trust, as dear to thee as Thrasyllus was. Should *his* lot be ours, thou wilt do us the same honour?

All. O yes! O yes! thou wilt!

Alc. (*Laughing.*) Have ye lost your senses? Or has death announced a visit to one and all of you, that ye are so greedy for funeral orations? Such a petition over the cup of joy!

Anyt. Do thou grant it the more readily! A melancholy office it is

—but still an office of friendship. We desist not till thou shalt promise us.

All. We desist not! We desist not! Thy promise!

Alc. Rather will I promise you another and a better service. I am an abler physician than Hippocrates. Ye shall live. You know that the largest of my properties, from lying on the other side of Athens, has escaped the Spartan inroads. For days—perhaps for months—let us hasten thither. There let us accumulate all that can make life delicious, care unknown, and danger forgotten. Our slaves, our girls, our very parasites shall follow us. Fear kills more than pestilence. It shall stay behind—with death and sickness—in the city.

Landor sends Aspasia as far as a Thessalian farm. We are content to keep Alcibiades amid his Attic fields. He did not get even this length without some murmurs.

"Does it become a patriot," cried Nicias, "to deprive the state, at such a moment, of so many valuable citizens?"

"Truly that would not! But to *preserve* them for her—to take care that some admirers shall be left for the future exploits of a Nicias!"

The enviers of Alcibiades spread themselves among the people, striving to exasperate their anger.

"Any other we should not have left unpunished for such wantonness. But, after all, it is *Alcibiades*!"

He has been ruralizing for eight-and-twenty days.

SCENE IV.

The Banquet-room of a house in the country.

ALCIBIADES. ANTIOCHUS. ANYTUS. GLAUCIAS. TIMANDRA. MELISSA.
Others of both sexes.

Mel. And though Timandra should look ten times as jealous—I will hand thee the cup, Alcibiades!

Tim. (*Mockingly.*) How well they know me, who twit me with jealousy! especially jealousy of Alcibiades. By Juno, I should have enough to do. Had he no other love affair on hand, the rogue would flirt with his own shadow.

Alc. Good! The cup here, Melissa, for a forfeit! Trust me, I'll mark the part of it your lips shall touch!

Courage, my girl! down with it—and then throw in one of the roses from thy bosom!

Mel. Already in want of flowers?*

Alc. Not yet exactly. But soon perhaps.

Ant. A strange confession! That you should proclaim yourself a craven! Timandra, pay off Melissa for her malice!

Tim. I only wish that I had more to pay. (*Seizing the cup.*) Call for a match to this, Antiochus.

* As an antidote to drunkenness.

Ant. We understand each other—cup for cup, and kiss for kiss!

Tim. Cup for cup, and kisses for kisses!

Alc. Ha, ha! No jealousy—and yet so knowing in its tricks!

A Slave. (*To Alcibiades.*) An express from Athens!

Alc. Put him off!

All. Away with him! away with him!

Slave. He affirms his news to be of the last importance.

Alc. For that very reason let me hear no more of it to-day!—to-morrow, at the soonest!

All. To-morrow! to-morrow!

(*Slave goes out, but speedily returns.*)

Slave. He entreats, in the most urgent manner, you will honour his letters with a single glance.

Alc. His letters! how many has he of 'em?

Slave. Three.

Alc. Ho, ho! Three letters—and a single glance get through them! This must be a rare fellow.

Glauc. I should have thought, for the sake of his rarity—

Alc. Thou'rt right! (*To the Slave.*) Let him come in, if he insists upon it.

Messenger. (*Entering.*) Your pardon, sir, for breaking up your entertainment.

Alc. That thou most assuredly shalt not. Thy letters, friend. (*Takes them, and tears open the first—running over it with a hasty glance.*) Poor girl!—Is it possible?—She makes my heart bleed.

Tim. Who?

Alc. One who will not make thine—Glycerium. She is at the point of death; wishes once more to see me, and to commend to me her son—and mine.

Mel. Thou wilt not, surely—

Alc. I will keep our covenant. Can I prolong her life? Is he she would commend to me, not sufficiently commended to me already, by the voice of nature? (*He opens the second letter, and seems moved.*) Xanthias—Cario—whichever of you can be spared, away with you—away to Phormio, my physician; he must instantly hasten to Dinomache; if he distrusts his own skill, let him call in Hippocrates—let him do every thing—double the attention he would show myself, were I his patient.

Ant. Dinomache—thy mother—is she ill?

Alc. Not dangerously; yet a son must be anxious where a stranger might remain indifferent. (*To the Messenger.*) Thou wast right; thy news is weighty, yet not enough to sever the bands of friendship. Athens shall not again behold me till—(*while speaking he has opened the third letter; at once changes colour, and stops*)—Great gods!

Anyt. What ails thee?

Alc. (*In a tone of agony.*) That a mortal should dream he has a will!

Ant. How meanest thou?

Alc. So, then, severed it is—our joyous circle! I must away from this retreat to pestilential Athens—away before I wished it! (*He dashes the wine cup, that stands full before him, on the floor, and starts up.*) Run out on earth, and be a welcome libation to the Furies; I drink thee not. Slaves, saddle my horses as nimbly as ye can; and the swiftest for me! Within five minutes I must mount.

Anyt. What has happened, then, so sudden—so momentous?

Alc. He too is sick.

Anyt. Who, pray?

Alc. That you should need to ask! He—the only man that could draw me to Athens—whose danger dissipates my fumes of drunken joy.—Pericles!

All. (*Shocked, with the exception of Anytus.*) Pericles! He ill!

Anyt. (*Coldly.*) As if Pericles were immortal, or exalted above accident and sickness! 'Tis bad, no doubt, for Athens, should he die; but yet I cannot comprehend why you, Alcibiades—you, whom the tidings of your mother's illness left composed, at the first hint of this—

Alc. (*Hastily interrupting him.*) O, ten mothers, although I loved them ten times as much, weigh not a single Pericles. Whom should I love like him, my second father? Not father by the chance of blood!—O no! by choice and worth—by culture and instruction! (*To one of the slaves.*) Quick, there, with the horses! Never, never was my presence more needful in Athens.

Anyt. (*With a cunning look.*) Ha, ha!—Now I understand. No doubt, if Pericles should die, many good reasons of state might make your

being on the spot, and profiting by the opportunity—

Alc. (With a disdainful air.) Speak not aloud what thou shouldst not even image in thy brain. Nothing but thy frivolity and insignificance could induce me to forgive such a suspicion. To measure another by oneself is always foolish—never so foolish as for thee, whose petty soul

can form no standard for humanity. (To one of the slaves, coming in.) Are the horses ready?

Slave. Yes, sir.

Alc. Adieu, then, my friends! finish your repast in joy! Be masters in my house! I will fly to the sick-bed of my father, as if I rode the wings of thought. (*Rushes out.*)

The sick-bed of Pericles!—'tis a tempting subject; but we leave it to the pencil of Landor. Our eyes must revert to the scene just closed.

Glycerium at the point of death! Maid—mistress—mother—deserted—plague-struck—breathing her last sigh! and all within so brief an interval! Young beauty, lay the lesson to thy heart! For thy sake our homily was written—we will match it with any *first, second, third, and to conclude* that ever was delivered.

Nothing, we think, could surpass it in unction and impressiveness, except—an annular eclipse. With *that* we would beg to decline comparison. Heaven forbid, that the issue of mortal pen or mouth should seek to stand against the writing of God's finger on the skies!

We rejoice, with a chastened joy, to have beheld that great phenomenon. What a deep, expectant hush—what a soul-felt chill, came over the creation! How mutely, yet how audibly, did that darkened firmament—did Nature, with that solemn brow, proclaim a present Deity! Here and there a planetary witness peeped sparkling through the grey obscure.

Then did the startled Tatar, on his boundless wastes, gaze wildly at the justling luminaries, and fancy a sign of fated woes—*then* did the proud sceptic, rich in all knowledge but the best, admire the prescient energies of human intellect—*then* did the Christian philosopher, with glad humility, adore the steadfast order of government divine—and *then*, too, did certain be-gowned and be-banded individuals anathematize as the servants of Satan all who should prefer, for once in a century, the text of the MAKER to the annotation of his creatures! Now, for our part, seeing that the eclipse could scarcely be postponed—having been appointed for a particular hour six thousand years ago—we think the better course, in *all* places, would have been to postpone the sermon. But if there *were* assemblages of reasonable beings who made a different choice, much good may it have done them!—that's all.

ISAAC CHEEK; THE "MAN OF WAX."

CHAPTER I.

"BRIGHT was the sun, and clear that morning," when Isaac Cheek for the first time stood in the parlour of Mr Cox. In one hand he held a letter of introduction—in the other, a white hat, or, as we incline to believe, originally a black one, become white with reverend old age. Isaac stood in a most advantageous posture, his legs being adroitly disposed to hide an ignominious patch in trowsers evidently made for the wearer ere he had attained his full growth. His coat was not so much buttoned, as hauled, up to the chin, with no relief of linen, no manipulated flax to turn forth "its silver lining" on the beholder.

"Mr Cox will be with you directly," said Sarah. "Sir" was at the tip of her tongue, but a sudden glance at the visitor from head to heel made her withhold the superfluity.

Mr Cox entered the room, and seeing a biped standing reverently on the carpet, benevolently coughed to give the poor man courage, and then held forth his hand to receive the missive. Isaac, essaying a smile, trod as though he walked upon lamb's wool, and then timidly placed the letter in the hand of Cox, who, as he took it, twitched his face as though he had received a stinging-nettle. He opened the paper with the tips of his fingers,—and, his nose slightly curled as if he feared the plague from the contents, declined his rigid lids upon the writing. He read aloud:—

"My dear Cox,—The bearer of this is really a very clever fellow. Don't judge him by his husk, which you will at once perceive to be not very promising. If you can employ him in any way, *do*; for I can assure you, though outwardly a shabby dog, he is, take him altogether, a thorough-going chap—in truth, a man of wax. Yours truly,

"JOHN ROBINSON."

As Cox delivered these contents—and he trolled them over the tongue very sonorously—Isaac Cheek, with

the air of conscious worth, passed his hand around his hat, in an ostentatious but vain attempt to smooth the beaver—and when Cox repeated,—which with fine sensibility he thrice did—"a shabby dog," Isaac pulled up the collar of his coat to repel the insinuation.

"And pray, sir, what can you do?"

Isaac had not dined for the last three days; he was therefore fully justified in saying—"Any thing, sir."—No—never since the invention of speech, did man put more bowels into an answer.

"Umph!—ha!—well—just now, I happen to want a—a secretary," observed Cox, dropping himself into an easy chair.

Isaac smiled from ear to ear; and, forgetting the patch, drew himself erect, and placed his hand upon his breast.

"Were you ever in Persia?" asked Cox.

Isaac paused to recollect whether he ever had been at Ispahan. "Not yet," he at length modestly replied.

"Do you know any thing of chemistry?"

Again Isaac smiled a terrible gash in his face; and hoping that the gesture might be translated to his advantage, was silent.

"Very well: and, of course, you keep accounts?" Isaac smiled for the third time. "And you can transact foreign correspondence?" Isaac smiled, but very weakly. "German, French, Italian, a trifle of Dutch, and if you have a seasoning of Russian, why—why, all the better." Isaac bowed in acquiescence to that opinion. "For the truth is," said Cox, negligently, "I have a great deal to do with many crowned heads. Indeed, pretty nearly all of them have, in their time, passed through my hands!"

Isaac felt himself dilate, sublimed with respect.

"As for salary, Mr —; by the way, what is your name?"

"Cheek, sir—Cheek," and Isaac

again coaxed his coat closer to his chin.

"A very old name. Well, Mr Cheek, as I have said, we perfectly understand the matter of salary and—as the office is a place of highest trust, if you can produce any vouchers for your moral conduct—do you know any clergymen?—I think I may say the secretaryship is yours."

Cheek this time bowed so suddenly and so profoundly, that the door—to which he had gradually receded—open at his back, struck by the act of homage, closed with a loud report. "For my moral character, I flatter myself that—yes, sir, I think I can promise"—and here Cheek nodded his head on one side, widened his nostrils, and struck one heel against the other, with an air of the most perfect satisfaction.

"No doubt—no doubt," said the liberal Cox, apparently fully convinced by the self-assurance of Isaac. What you have said is quite sufficient—consider yourself in office. Bless me! what a head is mine! I had almost forgotten—would you run with this—I'll direct it—'tis for Miss Buckleby, and it is most particular that she should immediately have it, for in her own words, 'life and death depend on it.' Ha! Mr Cheek," continued Cox, "you cannot well comprehend the value in this little bottle. Half the wisdom of the east is concentrated within it. Talk of the elixir!"

A knock at the door prevented the probability of any such discourse; and the appearance of a grave young man in Oriental costume, called Cox up from his seat. The stranger rolled his black eye at Cheek, and seemed to summon to himself new dignity. Approaching Cox, he saluted him, *more Persicorum*, and then slowly turning up the room, squatted cross-legged upon the hearth-rug.

"You don't speak the Persian?" asked Cox doubtingly of Cheek, who, though not quite assured of his ignorance, falteringly answered—"No."

"That's a pity. A most interesting person, and one of my patients." Cox winked one eye, pointed his thumb over his left shoulder at the sitter, and added, in a tone of con-

fidence—"The sixty-ninth son of the Shah Abbas."

"And all with beards like that?" asked Cheek, admiringly.

"Ha! there's a long history attached to that beard; I assure you, it wasn't always what you now see it. His original want of beard was his misfortune. All his brothers beat him by two spans and a half; and the Shah, acutely affected by the circumstance, ordered him to be bow-strung. He was brought from Shiraz under the guns of three English frigates. When I return him to the Shah, I can't say what his gratitude may send me."

"Why, it's like a muff," said Isaac, his eye immovably fixed on the chin of the Persian; who at the moment smiled, doubtless at some sweet poetic fancy of the divine Saadi passing through his brain. "Very like a muff," iterated Isaac, confirming himself in the simile; and again the Persian smiled.

"Now, if you will run, Mr Cheek, for, as I told you, this is on life and death—if you will immediately run."

Isaac bowed, took the parcel, and quitted the room—but Isaac did not run. We doubt not nature had some dignity in her eye for Cheek, when she sent him earthwards. He was none of your lank strips of humanity, made merely to measure ground—things, whose "nerves, and arteries, and veins," are compressed in their bodies like a skein of thread in paper. No—Isaac was certainly ordained for a mace or a corkscrew; a mayor or a butler. His belly was cask-form; his arms and legs round as bottles, and by the care with which he used them, apparently as fragile. One foot ever seemed to wait a concerted signal from the other ere it followed it. He walked as though he was of the opinion of the heathen philosopher, that the whole world was like unto an egg. And this majesty of movement Isaac had indirectly cultivated at the table, in the few green seasons of his life when the luxury was open to him; truth to say, he had been a devourer from the bib: there ran a legend that in his babyhood he had killed three wet-nurses. His face more than hinted the weakness. It was not a face of flesh, but a face of jam. And

yet Isaac was recommended as "a man of wax!"

Isaac, impressed with the warning of Cox, that life and death were in the errand, pursued his way in the most philosophical spirit, showing by his face and features, that life and death were equally indifferent to him. At length, however, he arrived at — square; and having solaced himself for ten minutes at one of the corners with the syren air of a ballad singer, whistled her strain, and proceeded onward to seek the wished-for name or number. The door was opened, and a woman eagerly exclaimed—"Thank the Lord! I knew your knock."

"I bring a mixture for"—

"Heaven be praised,—yes!—come along, sir—you must give it to the dear creature yourself!" And Isaac was seized by the wrist, fairly lifted up two pair of stairs, and drawn into a bed-room, by the woman, who shouted in all but hysterical triumph, "here—here he is!"

Cheek was bewildered by the scene before him. In the lap of Miss Buckleby, the governess, lay a little girl of about six years old, clothed in holiday white and red shoes, screaming like a cat, and writhing like an eel; whilst an old woman, looking in its blue face, exclaimed with touching hypocrisy, "bless its pretty eyes," and another earnestly solicited the honour of "holding it."

"Ha!" cried an old gentleman with powdered hair, and face as smooth and shining as though made of Dresden china—"ha! Miss Buckleby, I told you it would be so—these filthy custards"—

"My dear, dear sir," exclaimed Miss Buckleby, in an affecting tone of remonstrance and a look enough to melt any heart not harder than sealing-wax—"My dear, dear sir"—

"Well—I—what I mean to say is, 'tis easy enough to get another wife, but another child"—and here the speaker paused, as if struck by some well-remembered difficulty.

"A slight attack of indigestion, sir," said Miss Buckleby, looking seraphically at Cheek, and pursing her mouth as though she were playing the flageolet—"but as the doctor has not come himself, if you will administer"—

"Do, sir—pray, lose no time,"

urged the elderly but unwrinkled gentleman.

Cheek turned his hand into his coat-pocket calmly as any automaton, drew forth the more than "elixir" delivered to him by Mr Cox, robbed it of its envelope, and a cup being presented to him, filled it from the bottle, and, taking a professional, but unmanly advantage of the sufferer, poured the sovereign antidote down its little throat. The effect of the medicine may be readily guessed from the women, a second after, crying with one loud voice—"pretty creature!"

The whole group—if we except the great operator, Cheek himself, who stood serene in power—were in a high state of grateful animation. Miss Buckleby smiled, and looked at the elderly gentleman, who gently pressed his hands together, and smiled at Miss Buckleby. At this moment of thanksgiving, a genteel young man was shown into the apartment, and apologizing for the inevitable absence of his principal, produced a phial, uncorked it, and blandly asked "for a spoon." At the words, the mouths of everybody present—save the mouth of the little girl—was opened as though at the summons of a magician.

"A spoon—what!—another draught—the child hasn't strength to bear it," exclaimed the father.

"Another draught!" echoed the young gentleman, knitting his brows, compressing his lips, and swinging round as upon a pivot in front of Cheek, no more affected by the mute challenge than the goat of Esculapius—"Another draught! I beg your pardon, sir—I was not aware that another practitioner—I'm sure, I"—and the speaker, with excited finger and thumb, endeavoured to re-cork the supplanted phial!

"What!" cried the father—"is not this gentleman an assistant of"—he could say no more, so decided was the negative look and gesture of the new visitor. "Then, sir, who are you?" and he spoke to Isaac.

"My name is Cheek," cried Isaac; and had it been Coriolanus he could not have named his name with greater dignity.

"Cheek! And who do you come from?"

"From Mr Cox."

"Cox!" shrieked Miss Buckleby, and down she fell,

—"as though that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her!"

"And who sent for you?"

"I suppose Miss Buckleby—for I was told that 'life and death' were on the errand."

"Kind creature!" exclaimed the father—"all her anxiety for my dear child—nay, Miss Buckleby," and he pressed her hand, and looked into the reviving face of the maiden—"but why send for another doctor—was not Mr Franklin enough—why should the child take?"

"Ben-Hily, Ben-Holy, Ben-Haly, Ben-Hallat's Persian Dye?" asked the young practitioner.

"Dye!" screamed the parent; "Dye!" and the doctor pointed out the Orientalism raised in the bottle.

"I perceive, a little mistake," said Cheek, with the nerve of a rhinoceros; "I am the new secretary to Mr Cox—and all our three footmen being employed, and the butler laid up with the gout, and hearing that Miss Buckleby had sent a life and death command, I volunteered to bring the—the elixir."

"Elixir! and do you know its qualities, sir?"

"No, sir," replied Cheek, evidently proud of his ignorance.

"Do you know the effect of such poison on the human stomach?"

"Poison!" groaned the father—"Poison," shrieked Miss Buckleby; "Poison," sobbed the female servants; "Poison," snorted Cheek, beginning to be moved.

"Oh, sir," and Miss Buckleby fell at the feet of the old gentleman—"tis I who am the wretch—tis I who should suffer—mine, mine is the crime."

"What crime?" and seeing Miss Buckleby on her knees, the old man was softened, and repeated in gentler tones, "what crime, Louisa?"

"Red hair, sir—red hair!" and she wrung her hands with a thrilling sense of her ignominy.

"Wretch!" he could speak no more, but recoiled horror-struck from the delinquent. Struggling for expression, he at length, in the lachrymism of extreme woe, appealed to the doctor—"An emetic, sir?"

"A constable," was the reply, and the speaker pointed out Cheek as the proper subject for a police operation.

"But my child—my child—poison—poison!" exclaimed the parent.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," said the doctor, "the elixir is perfectly innocuous. See, sir," and the gentleman applied the Persian dye to his lips.

"Are there no deadly compounds," asked the old gentleman; "no mortal drugs—no mischievous ingredients."

"Innocent as milk," was the answer; "so, Mr Cheek, this time you have escaped a jury. Oh, I assure you," and the speaker again sought to calm the paternal fears—"harmless as water. It is merely composed of—of—yes," and again and again applying it to his tongue, he enumerated the compounds of the incomparable Persian dye.

Cheek was suffered to depart; and though he had been the unknowing physician—the unconscious cause of cure, for the dye had proved efficient as antimonial wine—still, as he had not healed on the strength of a diploma, he quitted the house, not only unthanked, but threatened and reviled. Such is the gratitude of man. Nor was he for many a day forgotten in the visions of Miss Buckleby, whose all but successful attack on the widower was foiled by the untoward publication of her red hair. And then the mischance of things! That Cheek should have arrived with the dye at the very moment Mr Franklin was expected to the little girl!

But Isaac was not all desolate; he had caught some words of consolation; and thus, with steady hand and a serene face, he again knocked at the door of Mr Cox. The door was opened.

CHAPTER II.

"Are you any judge of the fine arts?" asked Cox of Cheek, as the secretary, with an improved air of self-confidence, seated himself before

his master. In truth, so leisurely had he sunk upon the cushion—so little had he respected the presence of his employer, that Cox felt it necessary

to repeat the question. "Mr Cheek, are you any judge of the fine arts?"

"Which of 'em?" asked Cheek, and this time never smiled.

"A most exquisite collection," proceeded Cox—"every statesman and celebrated pickpocket of more than a century; and then the set of murderers is, I am assured, unique. You have no friends with money, Isaac?" asked Cox, familiarly.

"Why?" said Cheek, in a tone implying a probability of so excellent an advantage. "Why?"

"My dear fellow," and Cox smiled benignantly, "there is now a fortune to be made. You have only to stoop for gold, and pick it up."

"I don't mind stooping," said Isaac, with proper worldly philosophy. "I don't mind stooping," he repeated more determinedly.

"With your talents and your address—your perfect knowledge of mankind—your fine animal spirits"—Cheek swelled like a pouter pigeon—"your invincible energy of character—you—you want but a hundred pounds!" (Alas! that such merits should want so little to be perfect!)

"Only a hundred pounds!" said Cheek, as if he spoke of as many grains of sand—"only a hundred pounds!"

"And then you might join me in the venture. I have only heard of it since you quitted me. Yes,"—and Cox spoke as though he communed with himself—"yes, it is wonderfully cheap." At length Cox descended from the clouds, and deigned to enter into particulars. An admirable collection of wax-work had been seized for rent—a kind and active friend had given him notice of the fortunate chance—the whole lot was to be had for something approaching nothing—and if some acute, enterprising person like Cheek would but join him—

"And have they got all the murderers?" asked Isaac.

"All of any reputation," was the answer; "and of course," added Cox, with a fine provident wisdom, "as others come up we can add them to the stock."

"Well then, Mr Cox, I think the sooner you and I are taken the better."

"Mr Cheek!" and Cox pushed

his chair back, as though it went on a railway. "Mr Cheek!"

In few words Isaac related the accident which had applied the dye, not to the fiery tresses of Miss Buckleby, but to the interesting intestines of her infant charge; maliciously adding, that the child was not expected to last out the night.

"Why, Mr Cheek, can such stupidity—give hair dye to a child—the Persian dye to"—

"How did I know what it was? You talked of your patients—said the mixture was on 'life and death'—I was dragged into the room—the child lay screaming—what *could* I do?"

"But did it swallow a tun, it couldn't kill it," vociferated Cox.

"That's what I said," cried Cheek. "But if the child goes off, who is to satisfy a coroner's jury? To be sure I could in my defence publish the recipe!"

"You never would be such a scoundrel!"

"Life is sweet, Mr Cox," said Isaac, and he smacked his lips, and his eyes twinkled mischief.

"The recipe! publish the recipe—make known the compounds of the inimitable dye!" and Cox spoke and looked as though he touched upon a crime hitherto not registered in the calendar of mortal guilt.—"But"—and the features of Cox were scarlet with satisfaction as he triumphantly crowed forth—"before you publish the recipe, you must know it."

Isaac spoke not, but set at Cox like a pointer; the jaw of the proprietor of the Persian dye fell as he gazed on the terribly eloquent eye of Cheek, who, with no more passion in his voice than is struck out by marrow-bone and cleaver, dissonantly enumerated all the compounds uttered by the doctor. The face of Cox changed to all colours like the face of a mandril—and his hair rose upon his head like the hair of a spitting cat.

Imagine the sweating drudge of half a century, the living mummy of a laboratory, at length glorified by the long-sought secret; see him towering among his crucibles, his retorts, his bellows, challenging a place with the gods, to whom his

"so potent art" hath raised him; mark him swelling with the consciousness of immortal strength, the sole repository of superhuman wisdom—and then imagine a subtle spy creeping from a corner, a curious dwarf who hath watched the last process, hath plucked out the heart of the mystery, and lying *perdu* at the golden moment, hath, at a single point of time, possessed himself of the slow-coming glory of an age: so looked the alchymist Cox—so looked the prying Cheek!

"And is—is the child so very bad?" at length asked Cox, trying to compose his face into a corpse-like serenity.

"I should think anybody would give a hundred pounds for my discovery," said Cheek.

"While there's life there's hope," cried the self-comforting Cox.

"Let the worst come, by selling the recipe I shall be able to fee counsel," observed Cheek.

"'Twould be a stain for ever on the Persian dye," groaned Cox. "Don't you think, Mr Cheek, that—if it would not be very inconvenient—a little journey out of town—say to Liverpool—packets start every week to America—and in case of the worst"—

"What! quit my country? Leave England!" and all the patriot rushed into the countenance of Cheek. "How could I live, sir? No; I'll wait and face a jury, even if I should be hanged."

Cox looked up, and sudden hope seemed lighted in his features. The current of his thoughts appeared in an instant changed, and clasping his right knee with his hands, and gazing with a look of patronage on Cheek, he observed, "Well, after all, perhaps it would be best."

"That I should be hanged!"

"Now I think again, 'twould be the making of the dye. Consider the advertisement."

"Even transportation might give it a lift," urged Cheek, satirically.

"A trifle like a public whipping could do it no harm," said Cox; and Cheek moved uneasily in his chair. "But, really, Mr Cheek, if you think the child cannot recover, I must immediately prepare for the increasing demand."

"You may save yourself that trou-

ble," replied Cheek, sullenly, "the child is well as I am; but for the recipe"—

"I see it, Cheek, you are the very man I need; Robinson anticipated all my wants when he sent you. Let us understand each other. As I asked before, have you any taste for the fine arts?"

"I like four meals a-day," replied Cheek, "and have a taste for any thing that will get 'em."

"Solomon's wisdom goes to nothing better," said the sensual Cox. "Well, about this collection, that accident makes a bargain." Cox was not so tedious as to state that he was the landlord of the shed where the collection was *not* exhibited. "You shall be nominally the sole proprietor."

"Nominally?" grunted Cheek.

"You have some conscience, I hope, Mr Cheek?" asked Cox, but Isaac replied not. "What I mean is, that the exhibition shall be under your name, and that the profits be equally divided between us, the half of the purchase-money being first deducted from your share." Cheek sat pondering silently; and his face became purple with thought. "Consider the advantage of the offer; and again, think of the standing it will give you in society. The sole proprietor of the original wax-work! You shall have possession of all the figures, with, as they say in Parliamentary Committees, 'power to add to their number.' Well, Mr Cheek?" and Cox waited for the *ultimatum*.

"There's my hand," said Cheek, presenting that piece of anatomy as though it were costly as the palm of Midas. "There's my hand."

"And between men of honour quite enough," cried Cox.

"I don't care much for parchment," observed Cheek; "and yet it's a necessary evil."

"True, but I can see we want no deed—we shall agree like brothers."

"And with brothers, says the Italian," and Cheek spoke with the air of a schoolmaster—"two witnesses and a notary"—

"Proverbs, Mr Cheek, proverbs are the second-hand wisdom of fools and knaves."

"Mr Cox!" and Cheek rose like a bear on its hind legs, to enquire the

particular class to which he might belong.

Fortunately for their infant contract, a knock at the door called off the attention of the parties. The Persian gentleman with the beard, not perceiving the whereabouts of

Cheek, said in good Petticoat-lane English,

"Mister Cox, here's Michael Hangelo in the passage."

"Show him in," said Cox. But it is only due to Michael Angelo that he should enter with a new Chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Cheek, who had somewhere heard the name, but knew not the precise species of creature to which it was attached, cast his eyes curiously towards the door for Michael Angelo. He saw nobody, but was startled by a sound proceeding as at first he thought from under the carpet. He looked down, and saw upon the floor something nearly three feet high; a figure that seemed as if originally formed of full dimensions, but crushed within a mould to its present dwarf deformity. There was that flesh and bone about him, that if "long drawn out," would have lengthened into a symmetrical life-guardsmen. In a word, he was a man shut in like an opera-glass. He was habited in a faded grass green coat, with buttons up to the shoulders—buttons robbed of their gold in the struggle through life; a blue velvet waistcoat, its glory somewhat obscured; drab breeches and speckled worsted stockings; in one hand he held a copper-mounted cane—with the other, he waved a hat, not unlike a decapitated sugar-loaf, bowing as though he bent before the assembled human race.

"Well, sir, I hope we have arranged this matter, so as to spare your professional feelings." Thus spoke Cox; and Michael Angelo, with the intense gratitude of a man of genius, pressed his hat to his bosom, slid his legs backwards and forwards, and bowed. "I should have been sorry to see the figures put up to public auction."

"Sir," exclaimed Michael Angelo, and his small voice rang as though it came through a glass tube—"twould have been an everlasting blot upon the age. What! Newton going by the hammer! Ravailac knocked down! Jack Shepherd bid for! To have had that glorious constellation of art scattered to the four winds of heaven! Napoleon, per-

haps, bought by the Court of Petersburg—Voltaire gone to the Pope—Joan of Arc possessed by the Grand Turk, and, though I say it, all my beautiful murderers purchased by the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden!" The tears came into the eyes of the speaker at the bare thought of such desecration.

"This gentleman," and Cox introduced Cheek, who standing up, and placing his hat before the patch, received the homage of Michael—"this gentleman, with a rare feeling towards the arts, has consented to purchase the whole collection."

"In the name of every artist in Europe—in the name of the mighty dead, sir, permit me, a humble labourer in the immortal fields of grace and beauty, to thank you for a devotion of which, I am sorry to say, the present time affords so few examples. No, sir; we are a money-scraping generation, and, as I often say to Josephine, my wife, sir, are deaf and blind to the emanations of the soft and lovely. Mr Cheek, what now, flattery apart;" and Michael took out a horn snuff-box, and tapping the lid, continued his question—"what now do you really think of my twins?"

"I have not the pleasure, sir, of knowing any of your family," replied Cheek.

"Ha! ha! I should have told you," said Cox, "that this gentleman, Mr Michael Angelo Pops, is the artist to the collection."

Cheek bowed, and Pops, full of himself, continued,— "I am not vain, Mr Cheek; no, I trust I am as free from that vice as any R. A. of the lot; by the way, sir, it's sometimes lucky to be a stone-mason, isn't it; but can the whole Academy march my twins? And yet they rob me, rob me, every year."

"Rob you!" cried Cheek, "and have you no redress?"

"No, sir, no; they change the material; I work in wax—and they commit the felony in stone. Did you ever see *my* Pitt? Well, sir, I don't like to mention names; but if I hav'n't been shamefully copied; however, I am used to these things; that makes the third prime minister stolen from me. Well, it can't be helped; but if I'd stuck to bronze, and never fallen upon wax,"—and Pops took half a handful of rappee to drive away reflection; still he returned to his injuries, exclaiming, with the look of a Diogenes—"Ha, sir! genius is nothing—wisdom is nothing—worth is nothing in this world, it's the material makes the man! A Phidias in wax isn't worth a—but, no, I won't mention names—in free-stone. Ha! it's a great curse, Mr Cheek, to be born with a sense of the beautiful; I who might have made a fortune as a tallow-chandler may starve upon wax."

"Well, Mr Pops, let us hope for better justice as the world grows wiser under the direction of Mr Cheek."

"I can see, sir, a man who knows life; now, the late proprietor, a very worthy person, was too much for abstract principles to give fair play to the show."

"What do you mean by abstract principles?" asked Cheek with the humility of a scholar.

"Why, sir, he was for giving a crowd of folks out of Greek history, and didn't pay sufficient attention to our own Newgate Calendar. He'd spare no money to get up a Cæsar, toga and all, and yet grudge the expense of a journey to Kingston to get the face of the first house-breaker of his day—that's what I call abstract principles, sir. The present wax-seeing people, sir, require excitement; their bowels are only to be come at through blood. Bless your heart, sir, my figure of Mrs Brownrigg brings showers of shillings (to be sure she wears her original nightcap), while the Venus de Medicis takes never a farthing. No, sir, no; no man who shows wax-work should indulge in abstract principles."

"There's nothing stirring of late, is there, Mr Pops? No new child with two heads—no piebald girl?" asked Cox.

"No, sir, no; Nature has been plaguy dull and monotonous of late; there was a talk of a birth in high life of a little boy with horns like an elk; but I'm afraid, sir, 'tisn't true. When will Mr Cheek take possession?"

"Immediately," replied Cox.—
"Immediately," responded Cheek.

"I need not say, Mr Pops, that we shall—I mean, that Mr Cheek will be most happy to retain your eminent services as artist to the exhibition," observed Cox; and Michael Angelo made a bow, which reduced his height to something below that of a buttock of beef.

"Shall I have the honour of accompanying Mr Cheek? I have only to call in Parker's Lane to order supper of Josephine—poor thing, she's not very well—by the way, Aaron," and the artist turned round upon the Persian with the beard—on the sixty-ninth son of the Shah Abbas, who happened to unceremoniously open the door; "by the way, Aaron, that bit of rhubarb I bought of you on Thursday in Shoreditch, turned out none of the best."

"Rhubarb!" said Cheek, looking knowingly at Cox, who raised his shoulders, sighed, smiled, and said, "Ha! Mr Cheek, the exile is sometimes reduced to melancholy shifts!" Leaving Cheek to ponder on this sorrowful truth, Cox turned up the room, and Michael Angelo proceeded to escort the new proprietor to Parker's Lane.

"You'll not take a coach?" asked Pops, promising himself that luxury. Cheek, thrusting his two hands into his pockets, replied with peculiar decision, "No!"

It was about five o'clock on a sultry afternoon in July, when Cheek arrived at the mansion of Pops in Parker's Lane. There were outward signs of the epicurean habits of the dwellers within. The door-way, strewn with pea-shells, tempted a frail sow from her proper path, the road, to dispute possession of the prize with about twenty children, who swarmed about the step, thick as bees at the mouth of a hive. Pops, who fairly disappeared among the crowd of bantlings, led the way, directing Cheek by his voice. "Never mind Betsy, she's gentle as a rabbit," said Pops, as Cheek deferen-

tially drew back from the mountain of living pork stopping the door; at length in the passage, he was about to mount the stairs, when a brindled bull-bitch, whose appearance gave the naturalist a hope that the breed was not likely to be extinct, lying at the bottom, raised her head as Cheek raised his foot—rattled a growl, exhibited two rows of teeth in splendid preservation, and her eye, kindling like a live coal, threatened sudden mischief. "Never mind her," said Pops, "she won't bite,"—but Cheek, with a lack of faith in feminine forbearance, refused to advance. Pops leapt from the stair, and valiantly holding the animal by her two ears, enabled the pusillanimous Cheek to ascend. The weather was extremely hot, and as Cheek mounted from story to story, the staircase provokingly reminded him of a corkscrew, and that, by an association of ideas, suggested ale. "Another if you please," said Pops bashfully, as Cheek paused at the fourth floor: "*only* another," cried Pops, in a tone of encouragement. Cheek turned to renew the labour, when he was fixed upon the first stair by the voice, as he considered, of a man with a confirmed cold, exclaiming—

"Go my best love; unbend you at the banquet;
Indulge in joy and laugh your cares away;
While in the bowers of great Semiramis
I dress your bed with all the sweets of nature,
And cover it as the altar of our loves;
Where I will lay me down and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes till you return."

Cheek cast an enquiring look upon Pops, and was about to speak, when another voice, with a new emphasis—but with a trifling impediment in its delivery, repeated—

"Wh-e-re I w-will l-l-ay m-e down and so-oftly mo-ourn,
B-b-ut nev-er clo-o-se my e-eyes ti-ill you re-turn."

Again Cheek looked, when Pops observed with a smile—"one of Josephine's pupils—Miss Boss—a charming girl"—and jumping at the latch of the door, made into the room, followed by Cheek, who, unseen, was fortunate enough to hear a repetition of the two lines, under the

correcting auspices of Mrs Pops. Both ladies, their backs turned to him, and the pupil following the action of the preceptress, who, with the edge of her right hand, continued to cut a perpendicular line, and faithfully in the same place, exclaimed syllable for syllable—

MRS POPS.

"Wh-e-re I w-will l-l-ay m-e down, and so-oftly mo-ourn."

MISS BOSS.

"Where I will lay me down, and softly mourn."

MRS POPS.

"B-b-ut nev-er clo-o-se my e-eyes ti-ill you re-turn."

MISS BOSS.

"But never close my eyes till you return!"

At the word "return," Mrs Pops, with handkerchief in right hand, made the "cut six," and with the vigour of a dragoon, at the same instant swinging round to "exit," with a dignity that caused three tea-cups on the mantel-piece to tremble, and brought down sundry bits of broken ceiling. In this peculiar action—and it was the distinguishing grace of all the pupils of Mrs Pops—she was rigidly followed by Miss Boss, who, unhappily too near Mr Cheek, raised her hand, as grasping her kerchief, on the word "return," and twisting to the door, brought her fist into fine energy upon the nose of the unseen guest. Had Cribb played the tragedy, the hit could not have been more effectual! Cheek fell against the door, with the weight of a stunned bull, Miss Boss clasped her hands, and made so low a curtsy, that she nearly sat upon the floor—Mrs Pops shrieked, and woke a child in the cradle, who answered the maternal note, and two boys, who at first shouted a laugh, added to the cry of pain and terror, their ears having been boxed by the mother for their unseemly merriment! To vary the tumult—a bantam hen, sitting in a triangular deal spittoon in the corner, quitted her eggs, and flying on the back of a chair, essayed her voice; the cry was taken up by her late companions in the street, and Parker's Lane rang like the poultry yard of the Ark.

"My G-god, P-pops!" were the first words, and they were spoken

by Josephine. Miss Boss, the delinquent, said nothing; but still stood with clasped hands surveying the blood-dropping nose of Cheek. She had not even sufficient presence of mind to offer him her handkerchief, but suffered it to be twitched from her by her preceptress, who liberally presented it for the use of the sufferer. Cheek took it in silence, and removed from the door: Miss Boss immediately spied her opportunity, and slipping behind her victim, lifted the latch, and having flourished her hands about in mute horror to Mrs Pops, ran down the stairs like any sylph, but was immediately followed by one of the boys, despatched by the instructress.

"I am *so* sorry," said the host, as he looked up to Cheek, swollen like a bladder—

"It won't be *very* black," said Josephine, as she descried the colour gathering about Cheek's right eye.—

"The best remedy in the world," exclaimed Pops, and jumping on a chair, he withdrew a piece of raw beef from the cage of a jay suspended from a nail; and insisted upon its immediate application to the bruise.

"I hope you're better, sir?" said Mrs Pops, her stutter becoming aggravated with her sympathy.

"What! *is* she gone?" cried Pops, looking wrathfully round like a balked despot for Miss Boss.

"She had an appointment, my dear—she had to meet"—and Josephine bowed and whispered—"she had to meet *them* in the Park, at the Theological Gardens."

"She will be *so* sorry," said Pops, comfortingly to Isaac.

"A charming girl," cried Josephine—"she is about to appear in *Statira*—I was giving her the last lesson. I'm sure she'll be happy to present the gentleman with a ticket. Do you know, Pops, the people at the 'Lane' won't let her pay unless she takes three pounds worth of tickets—and poor thing! she has no connexion for pit or boxes. But as I said, I'm sure, if this gentleman will accept,"—

"Josephine, my love," cried Pops, with the air of a man who has too long deferred a sacred duty—"Josephine, my love, Mr Cheek,—the

gentleman who has purchased 'the property.'"

Mrs Pops made a low curtsy to the new proprietor, and still nursing her infant—for, like *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs Pops at the time knew what it was "to give suck,"—she proceeded to congratulate, amidst the cries of her baby, played upon like a bagpipe by the right arm of its pacifying mother.

"I shall be home at nine to supper," said Pops; "let it be whatever you please." Josephine gave an anxious look, and timidly asked—"Lamb chops and *grass*, Michael?"

"Whatever you please," was the liberal answer; and Pops was making for the door, when his wife called him back with sudden energy. He returned to his helpmate, who commenced an admirable piece of pantomime, unfortunately lost upon the dull perceptions of Cheek. Had he been open to the passionately eloquent appeals of action, he would have understood Mrs Pops to say—"Pops, have you no money?—you perceive that Miss Boss is gone off; and although this is the third lesson she owes us, although this is the third time I have gone through *Statira* with her, she has not"—

In the midst of the motions, the little boy despatched after Miss Boss returned: sidling close to his mother, he gave her eighteen pence, and whispered, in a tone audible to Cheek,—“Now, she says she only owes you for two.” Mrs Pops took the money with the dignity of a queen; and, looking graciously down upon Pops, said—"Very well, love—at nine."

"A treasure of a woman that, sir," said Pops as he descended the staircase—"ha! sir, such a brain—a great creature, sir—a great creature."

Cheek, who was as literal as a note-of-hand, merely replied, "Very stout, indeed."

"True, sir—true;" and Michael heaved a deep sigh. "Ha! sir—but for her figure she'd bring me forty pounds a-week."

"That's a pity," said Cheek.

"How so?"

"It can't be disguised, sir; for

present taste, Mrs Pops"—(if there be faith in weights and balance she was fifteen stone)—"Mrs Pops is a little too heavy for her line."

"The tight rope or slack-wire?" asked the dull and innocent Cheek.

"Mr Cheek, I perceive, sir, that you are not theatrical?" said Pops, funningly.

"No, sir, I am not," replied Cheek, as though defending himself from an infamous aspersion. "Is Mrs Pops?"

"Some day, sir," said Pops, with an encouraging manner, "some day, sir, I'll show you the spice-box and lemon-squeezers presented to her by the turners of Tunbridge Wells. Ha! sir, her *Juliet* was a thing to keep a man awake of nights. They talk of the *Judits* and the *Belvideras* of the present time; put 'em altogether they wouldn't make half of Josephine." Cheek, at this, looked like a proselyte. "No, sir, there is so much nature about her!" Cheek looked more and more convinced. "And then, sir, she is so devoted to her art: She has such an intense love for the profession, that though banished from the stage herself—and, by-the-by, I have seen women of as grand a scale, but without her soul, sir—still, she has won me to consent to her giving lessons."

"To furnish ready-made actresses?" observed Cheek, with rare acuteness.

"To bring 'em out, sir,—to teach them nature—to show them the established way of developing the passions: in fact, to put young ladies up to all sorts of stage business.

You should hear her give a lesson in elocution,—in"—(for Cheek looked puzzled)—"in the proper mode of delivering prose and verse."

"But," said Cheek, her stutter still beating in his ears, "but, hasn't she an impediment that?"—

"None, sir—none that has ever been observed. Her pupils have all done wonders. Some Sunday, Mr Cheek, I'll walk with you in the Park, and point out their carriages to you."

"Bless me! she must find it very profitable," remarked Cheek, with an eye to business.

"She might, sir, if she was not so particular; but the fact is, if Josephine has any fault, it is that of excessive prudery. 'Talent, my love,' she always says to her young ladies, 'talent, my love, may do a great deal upon the stage,—but, with London managers, there is nothing—nothing like private character.' Now, sir, you saw Miss Boss?"

Cheek's lips became rigid as a horse-shoe at the question, and passing his knuckles tenderly across his nose, he replied—"Saw her, and felt her."

Pops, magnanimously waiving the injuries of his neighbour, continued, with no allusion to Isaac's nose—"An excellent person, sir; a good, virtuous, discreet girl; and, as my wife informs me, an admirable breeches figure."

"Breeches?" exclaimed Cheek; but further enquiry on his part was prevented by Michael Angelo, who suddenly stopt in front of a house, saying—"This is the place, sir."

CHAPTER IV.

The artist, with a dignified waving of the hand, laconically, but proudly observed—"Here we are, sir."

A great moral lesson is taught by wax-work. Pops evidently spoke as if assured of such influence. Certain we are, there is no show so worthy the twelve-pence of a philosopher. Orators and pickpockets—philanthropists and cut-throats—swindlers and stale arithmeticians here shoulder one another, and almost seem to plead a common right to their respective callings. Here is a

king eternally opening Parliament—there a minister looking perpetually wise—there a celebrated orator, always about to rival Demosthenes, but never doing so—there a council of potentates and warriors, met to discuss peace, with no likelihood of concluding the deliberation—and patriots always about to sacrifice themselves for the good of their country, without moving a finger for that purpose. A show of wax-work is a fine exhibition of human intentions. And yet, however cunningly fashioned, the figures appear to be

the handiwork of death, anticipating or commemorating the image set up.

"And what figure is that? Bless me it's alive!" asked and exclaimed Cheek, as a young creature of about sixteen turned full upon him.

"Eleanor, my dear, you may go home; there'll be nothing more to-night," said Pops to the girl, taking no note of the words of Isaac. The girl—a meek, intelligent, young thing—smiled sweetly upon the dwarf, bent to Cheek, tied her bonnet-strings, and glided silently as a shadow away.

"Your daughter?" asked Cheek.

"Dear, no! Poor thing—poor thing! You saw where she was standing? She knows nothing of the matter, and never shall!"

"What matter?"

"Why, sir, it's a long story; and it isn't as pleasing as a fairy tale. Well, sir, you see that figure?"

"That in the frieze jacket and leather-cap?" said Cheek.

"The same. Well, sir, you must know that poor Eleanor—she's been, I may say, as good as my own child these eleven years"—

"What, does she live with your family?"

"She's quiet and contented, and wants little—gives no trouble—takes up no room;—and then so trustworthy—she takes the money here, sir, and is true, sir—true as arithmetic. Josephine and she quarrel a little sometimes—that is, Josephine quarrels, for Eleanor says nothing."

"But who is she—where did she come from?" asked Cheek, with, for him, extraordinary interest.

"Why, sir, if you'll promise to be secret, I'll tell you. Eleanor is!"

"Good evening," Mr Pops, said a languid voice, issuing from a dark pale gentleman, until the previous moment absorbed in the contemplation of one of the figures. "Good evening, Mr Pops," and the speaker relapsed into profound meditation.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Pops of Isaac in a whisper, standing upon his toes to waft the query softly upwards. Cheek looked towards the visitor, then down upon Pops, and shook his head. "A great man—comes here very often—in-deed, he's on our free-list."

"An editor, perhaps?" guessed Cheek.

"Not in the least," replied Pops. "I'll introduce you to him—I will, upon my life," asseverated the artist, big with the honour he was about to bestow. Michael softly approached the great man, followed by Cheek. "Hem!—hem! an extraordinary person, that," said Pops, diffidently opening the conversation, and pointing to the figure of Mrs Brownrigg (in her original night-cap), the figure that had stolen the heart, and eyes, and thoughts of the gentleman on the free-list; who made no reply. Pops ventured to speculate that it was impossible to make any thing of her.

"A most difficult subject to handle. But yet, I think, with proper treatment," said the visitor, "I think"—

"Well, for my part, I should think such a person past doing any thing for," said Cheek, with virtuous disgust of the coal-hole murderer.

"There would be a difficulty,—but, yes, she might be managed."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Cheek, with energetic horror.

"Perhaps, sir, you are not aware of my treatment of such characters?" asked the gentleman with ill-disguised pride. "Perhaps—I say perhaps, you have not heard how I managed with"—and here the speaker ran over a list of most celebrated highwaymen, sheep-stealers, and house-breakers—"you are not aware, perhaps, what I have made of them?" and the gentleman again cast his eyes upon Mrs Brownrigg, and again was silent.

"Now do you know who he is?" asked Pops in a half-breath, his eyes all in a glitter.

"I perceive," replied the sagacious Cheek. "I perceive—keeper of the Penitentiary."

"Lord love you, no! Why, it's the great author—the great writer of plays, Mr Victor Nogo!" exclaimed Michael Angelo, with kindred admiration of a brother artist.

"Humph!"—and Mr Nogo, rapt by the subject, communed with his spirit, almost wholly unconscious of the presence of his hearers—"Yes, it may—it shall be done; I

see the capability of great effects. Ha! '*an illuminated view of the Coal-hole, with the moon rising on the bodies of the victims!*' And then—ha!—yes—'*An awful storm—the coals suddenly ignited by a flash of lightning—the Coal-hole entered by firemen, and providential discovery of the bodies!*' There's three electrical effects—let me see—'*Miraculous recovery of one of the apprentices, who, at the critical moment, produces the whip in court, and thus supplies the only required link of evidence!*' Capital, and then—I have it—'*Procession to Tyburn, with the real Jack Ketch, engaged, at a great expense, for the run of the drama; and the last dying speech of Mrs Brownrigg, to orchestral accompaniments; the cart to be drawn from under her feet amidst a—A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS!*' Why, I see it—the thing is done;" and the poet made in his note-book hasty memoranda of the aspirations of his muse. "And now for the title"—and Nogo vigorously scratched his head, still no title came; he scratched again—again—and then he plucked the brilliant thought away. "I have it"—and he wrote it down, and the letters beamed to the fancy of the domestic bard like a cluster of diamonds—"I have it—'*THE BLOOD STAINED COAL-SACK! OR, FORTY MURDERS IN FIVE MINUTES!*'"—And Mr Nogo clasped the book, and thrust it into his pocket, with the triumphant air of a magician who hath caught and bound to his service some under-working Puck. In very truth, the mysterious note-book was hardly of less power than the potent tome of the Italian necromancer—

"Trassene un libro, e mostrò grande effetto;

Che legger non finì la prima faccia,
Che uscir fa un spirto in forma di valletto
E gli comanda quanto vuol che faccia!"

Yea, Nogo's common-place book was a book of "great effects." Genii of the mountain, the flood, and the mine—devils with tails and horns of various lengths—dwarfs, giants, griffins, hippopotami—variegated vultures and huge sky-blue spiders—all lay within its leaves, ready, at the motion of the master, to produce "a great effect!"

"What, sir!—I see you have it!"

said Pops, having watched the divine furor of the poet, the return of the book to his pocket, and the gleam of satisfaction that irradiated his countenance—"Yes, I'm sure you have it; we may shortly expect something—eh, sir?" and Michael Angelo smiled, anticipating the glory.

"Why, yes; I may say it's done. Though, in this piece, I shall not sacrifice myself to language, I shall keep my eye upon effect. Yes, I flatter myself I know what the public likes. There are dramatists, to be sure"—and Nogo turned to Cheek—"who do prettily enough with words; but then none of them have any effects."

"I have always heard it was a poor business," said Cheek, understanding effects in the spirit of a broker.

"Now, I am not vain; but I *do* think I know what an audience is made of—yes, I may say, I can successfully reduce a drama to the meanest understanding. By the way, Mr Pops, you never saw the gilt inkstand gratefully presented to me by Mr Blaze, of the New Cut, the celebrated maker of blue lights and red fire. Now, if such things ar'n't triumphs of the drama, I should like to know *what are?*"

"There's no mistake in silver-gilt," said the tangible Cheek.

"If that isn't genius, I know nothing about it," magisterially concluded Pops. "Speaking of genius, Mr Nogo, I am afraid you never saw any of Josephine's pupils. Ha! you should hear some of them read."

"I didn't know she kept a school," said the author.

"Not exactly a school; though many of the nobility have pressed her to open an academy for the art, and teach comedy and tragedy, at so much by the quarter—opera, pantomime, and dancing to be paid for as extras. And she ought to do it—she ought; but the truth is—and I am sorry to be compelled to own it—the truth is, Josephine is too modest. Ha! sir, diffident worth may live on dead flies in a garret; whilst confident pretence—but I say nothing. By the way, have you heard that Miss Sappho, since she has retired from the stage, teaches elocution and passion in all their branches? Absolutely has half-a-guinea a lesson

for teaching young ladies how to repeat their part of the marriage service with the proper hysterics. Half a guinea a lesson! Ha, sir! you should have heard Mrs Pops repeat the marriage service!"

"Pray, did *you* ever hear her?" asked Cheek of Pops; who stared, fluttered, and, after some difficulty, laughed at the strange blunder of the querist.

"But, as I said, sir—diffident worth"—Pops, however, spoke to the dreaming; for Mr Nogo stood in a trance. Pops repeated the words—"But, as I said, sir—diffident worth"—

"I beg your pardon"—and Nogo started into speech—"I beg your pardon; but it will make the bill stronger, and will add materially to the interest of the piece—could you lend us the authentic night-cap?"

"I have no doubt, sir, that—that"—

"Thank you," quickly replied the author, taking the benefit of Michael's doubt, and hastily quitting the premises.

"A great man, sir—a very great man—knows the public taste, sir—and helps to make what he knows," said the eulogistic Pops to Cheek, who had turned round, and with fixed eyes stared on the figure in the frieze jacket and leather cap.

"And now about that girl," said Cheek—

"Well, sir; you see, Eleanor—bless me! why, what's the matter?"—

and Pops, again interrupted in his projected narrative, turned to the son of the Shah Abbas—to the Persian rhubarb-dealer—who hastily entered the place; and, in a few words, informed the new proprietor and artist that Mr Cox required their instant attendance at his house on business.

"What can it be?" asked Pops.

"I thinks—I thinks"—and Aaron rubbed his hands with the glee of an ogre—"I thinks it's a new murder."

"A new murder!" ejaculated Cheek, with a look of timidity.

"And there's pork-chops for supper," added the Persian.

"Let us go directly," said Cheek, "it may be very important."

"I shouldn't wonder if he wants us to travel for a new subject," said Pops.

"You've hit it," said the foreigner, with a good knowledge of our idiom.

"Another murder!" exclaimed Pops.

"And pork-chops for supper!" added Cheek; and, with these words, they quitted the show-room, and betook themselves to the house of Mr Cox, who, in truth, had projected a provincial pilgrimage of business for the artist and the proprietor.

But a new chapter must be allotted to the commencement of the eventful wanderings of the man—or rather of the *men* of wax.

WRAXALL'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS.

ANECDOTES of public men and things will have a charm as long as man has curiosity. It is now not worth our while to assign the reasons of this universal interest, it is enough for us that it exists, and we think that we shall gratify our readers, by giving some fragments of this most amusing order of human recollections from one of the most amusing of its hoarders, since the days of the memorable Boswell. The late Sir Nathaniel Wraxall has just given to the world, through the hands of posterity, another *fasciculus* of his memoranda on the age through which he glided with such a propensity for telling all he knew, and hearing all that he could learn. But his former volumes had brought him a good deal into ill odour, with that very influential portion of the world, which much more regards posthumous reputation than living honesty. The consequence was, that Sir Nathaniel had scarcely thrown his first illumination over the mouldering characters of politicians and beauties past and gone, than an indignant cry was sent from every corner of fashion, and the unlucky enlightener was sent to Coventry at once. In some instances the infliction was of a more solid nature, and an action brought by Count Woronzow for an imputation on his diplomatic delicacy, involving a charge on that immaculate sovereign the Empress Catherine, was followed by a sentence which consigned the writer to the King's Bench for a six months' imprisonment, with the addition of L.500 fine. However, to do justice to both parties in this instance, it was shown on the trial, that the libel was wholly destitute of malicious intention; and Count Woronzow took an active part in soliciting the Government to remit both the imprisonment and the fine. He at length succeeded. But undoubtedly other personages were not so easily appeased. A shower of prosecutions was threatened. A perpetual sharpshooting of critiques, epigrams, and innuendos was kept up

on his sensibilities, the great rival reviews, agreeing but in the ruthless resolve to exterminate the unlucky gossip, attacked him in front and rear. Their twin tomahawks which had so often swung over each other's head, were now conjoined to scalp the knight.

Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Thus warned, the original passion could not be extinguished, but its hazards were provided for. He went on collecting with the same avidity, perhaps with greater, more resolute, or even more angry avidity, than before, but he wisely reserved its public indulgence for the time when the most timid authorship is entitled to defy all the vindictiveness of man. When the knight should at length close his career was the time appointed by him for telling his opinion of the world. He has here told it in three volumes, various and desultory, but sometimes keen, probably often derived from those secret and true sources which open themselves, as by instinct, to the native-born, indefatigable anecdote-hunter, and to none other, and always animated, fluent, and amusing. It has been too much the custom to laugh at Wraxall and his early volumes; but he was no common man. All his works, even to his history, show the skill of a dexterous mind, a happy seizure of the important idea, and not unfrequently, an eloquence of expression that might have placed him above many a much more assuming contemporary. We shall glance generally through the work, selecting such fragments as seem most illustrative of persons, or characteristic of the time; previously, however, we hold it due to this writer's personal credit to give the testimony of a remarkably competent witness. A few days after Sir Nathaniel's sentence, in the case of Count Woronzow, he received the following note from the late Sir George Osborn, a well-known name about the court, an equerry to George the Third for

forty years, and a man of character and fortune. "I have your *first* edition here, and have perused it again with much attention. I pledge my name, that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct. You are imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of our time, and as interesting as Clarendon."

Public life has now so utterly degenerated into brawling and brutality, that to read the annals of the last century is like a sudden plunge into romance. This is the day of the Humes, the O'Connells, and the Gullys. And what more can be said of national degradation? We are aware of the propensities of Whiggism, since the origin that Johnson gave to this disturbing spirit. But the Whigs of the last century, at least, were gentlemen. The public eye was not insulted by the rude, truculent, deformed visage of the rabble reformers. If the manners were relaxed, they were not loaded with the additional vileness of Jacobin filth and Jacobin ferocity. The Duchess of Devonshire, the gay and graceful leader of fashion, and the queen of the Foxites, came first into celebrity in the memorable Westminster election of 1784. A strong effort had been made to turn out Fox. The election, according to the habit of those times, had already continued nearly a month, and though the ministerial candidate, Sir Cecil Wray, had a small majority, Fox was at his last gasp. The party were instantly driven to new resources, and the Duchess of Devonshire restored the fates of the Whig champion. This remarkable woman is sketched by the writer's practised hand. "Her personal charms constituted her smallest pretensions to universal admiration. Nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regularity of features, and faultless formation of shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment; in her irresistible manners, and in the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, yet, had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. She resembled the portrait of Sarah Jennings, the celebrated Duchess of

Marlborough, from whom she was lineally descended in the fourth degree. She possessed an ardent temper, a cultivated understanding, a taste for poetry and the fine arts, and much sensibility, not exempt perhaps from vanity and coquetry. To her mother, the Dowager Countess Spenser, she was attached with more than common filial affection. Nor did she display less attachment to her sister, Lady Duncannon. Her heart might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life.

The husband of this fine woman was not possessed of those qualities which might be presumed most likely to teach her a preference for domestic life. At seventeen! she was married to William Duke of Devonshire. "His constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic. His figure was tall and manly, yet not animated or graceful. He seemed to be incapable of any strong emotion, and destitute of all energy or activity of mind." To administer emotion to this indolence of soul and body, the Duke tried the gaming table, and passed his evenings usually at Brookes's at whist or faro. He might much more happily as well as innocently have passed them at the plough. Yet he had his merits. Beneath so quiet an exterior he possessed a highly improved understanding; and on all disputes that arose in the club on passages of the Roman poets or historians, the appeal was commonly made to the Duke, and his opinion was regarded as final.

The Whigs, then great lords and landholders, were in possession of the means of influencing high life in the most showy manner. Devonshire House, at the top of Piccadilly, looking down on the Queen's palace, Burlington House looking down on St James's, and Carlton House equally eclipsing all the residences of fashion by the rank of its possessor and the magnificence of its decoration, were the three strongholds of the party, the three enchanted palaces where such Armidas as the Duchess were ready to captivate roving Tories, and bind even hoary statesmen in their chains. The progress of the canvass thenceforward is amusing. The en-

tire of the votes for Westminster having been exhausted, the only hope was in exciting the suburbs. The Duchess instantly ordered her equipage, and with her sister, the Countess of Duncannon, drove, polling list in hand, to the houses of the voters. Entreaty, ridicule, civilities, influence of all kinds, were lavished on those rough legislators; and the novelty of being solicited by two women of rank and of remarkable fashion took the popular taste universally. The immediate result was, that they gallantly came to the poll, and Fox, who had been a hundred behind Sir Cecil, speedily left him a hundred behind in turn. An imperfect attempt was made on the hostile side to oppose this new species of warfare by similar captivation, and Lady Salisbury was moved to awake the dying fortunes of the Government Candidate. But the effort failed; it was imitation, it was too late; and the Duchess was six-and-twenty, and Lady Salisbury thirty-four! These are reasons enough, and more than enough, for the rejection of any man from the hustings. On the 16th of May Fox was 235 a-head, and the election was over; but the high bailiff, Corbett, refused to return him, on the plea that a scrutiny had been demanded. Still the Whigs were not to be disappointed of their ovation.

The exultation of those gay times forms a strange contrast to the grim monotony of our own. Fox, after being chaired in great pomp through the streets, was finally carried into the courtyard of Carlton House. The Prince's plume was on his banners, in acknowledgment of princely partisanship. A banner, inscribed "sacred to female patriotism," recorded the services of the Duchess. The carriages of the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, each drawn by six horses, moved in the procession, and Fox's own carriage was a pile of rejoicing Whiggism. On its box and braces, and every where they could, sat Colonel North, afterwards Lord Guilford, Adam, who but a few years before had wounded the patriot in a duel, and a whole cluster of political friends, followers, and expectants. The Prince came to the balustrade before the house to cheer him, with a crowd of fa-

shionable people. Fox finished the triumph by a harangue to the mob, and they in return finished the day by a riot, an illumination, and breaking Lord Temple's windows.

But the festivities were scarcely begun. Next morning the Prince threw open his showy apartments to the nobility, and gave them a brilliant fête in the gardens, which happened to be at its height just when the King was passing through St James's Park in state to open the new Parliament. The rival interests were within a brick wall of each other, and their spirit could not have been more strongly contrasted than in their occupations. But nights and days to those graceful pursuers of pleasure and politics alike knew no intermission. On that very evening the celebrated, beautiful and witty Mrs Crewe gave a brilliant rout, in which "blue and buff" was the universal costume of both sexes. The Prince himself appeared in the party colours. At supper he toasted the fair giver of the feast, in the words, "True blue, and Mrs Crewe." The lady, not unskilfully, and with measureless applause, returned it by another,—"True blue, and all of you." The "buff and blue" were the uniform of Washington and his troops, impudently adopted by Fox to declare his hostility to the Government. The prudence of its adoption by the Prince, of course, is a satisfactory proof of the wisdom, accuracy, and patriotism of his advisers.

The feasting was not yet over. In a few days more, the Prince summoned all that was young, lovely, or dazzling by wealth or wit to an entertainment that threw all the memories of banqueting into the shade. The entertainment began at noon, continued through the night, and was prolonged into the next day. All England rang with wonder; the continent with envy. But those glittering hours were to be soon and heavily atoned, and Whiggism, in the attempt to engross the future monarch, ruined his fortune, his peace, and his popularity.

The rise of the Burrell family is curious, as an instance of sudden change and singular prosperity—the birth of mere accident. Lord Algernon Percy, second son of Sir

Hugh Smithson (Earl and Duke of Northumberland in consequence of his marriage with the Percy heiress), being of a delicate constitution, was sent to the south of France to spend the winter of 1774. At Marseilles he happened to meet the family of Mr Burrell, then simply one of the Commissioners of Excise, who was also travelling for his health. Lord Algernon fell in love with the second daughter. The pride of the Percys gave way to the desire to see the name kept alive, as the eldest son's marriage had been without offspring. The Duchess gave her reluctant consent, and from this chance dated the rise of the whole family. The new rank of Lady Algernon, with the prospect of succeeding to the head of the house, brought her sisters into fashionable life. Within three years the youngest was Duchess of Hamilton, and on the death of the Duke, was married to the Marquis of Exeter. In 1779 Earl Percy, having obtained a divorce from his Countess, married another sister. Their only brother captivated the affections of Lady Elizabeth Bertie, eldest daughter of the Duke of Ancaster. He obtained her hand, and scarcely had the marriage taken place, when her brother, the heir to the dukedom, was carried off, at three-and-twenty, by a violent illness. The Baronetcy of Willoughby of Eresby, with a great part of the Ancaster estates, fell to Lady Elizabeth, with the high feudal office of Great Chamberlain, which remains in the family; and the husband, in 1796, was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Gwydir. It renders this general good fortune more peculiar, that the three sisters were far from being distinguished by wit or beauty, whilst the eldest sister, who was strikingly handsome, was the wife of a private gentleman, Mr Bennet. Lord Algernon, in 1790, was raised by Pitt to the Earldom of Beverley.

The inveterate bitterness of Coke of Norfolk has been imputed to blundering patriotism. Its more probable motive is bruised vanity. The Cokes had once possessed the title of Leicester; and its recovery was an object that had long put the ambition of the Norfolk reformer into a state of violent anxiety. Fox

had probably promised it to him, and infinitely contaminating as the *Coalition* was, and attaching kindred vileness to every man who mingled himself in the spirit of the transaction, Coke would yet have been true to his hire. But the *Coalition* was crushed under national contempt, and the Earldom of Leicester was destined to escape the thoroughgoing dependent's clutch for ever. The title was given, in 1784, to Lord Ferrars, eldest son of Lord, afterwards Marquis Townsend. Thus fifty years or more of fretted politics were in reserve for this angry declaimer; and his wrath against the memory of George III. and Pitt was thenceforth to be equally ridiculous and inexorable. He still harangues, but the coronet is gone, it is to be hoped, until he shall have harangued his last, and bitter politics and helpless partisanship shall know him no more.

Sir James Lowther, the head of the opulent and powerful house of Lonsdale, was one of the remarkable personages of the time. Privately mingling much in the rash and heating pursuits of men of large fortune, he was a vigorous adherent of Pitt in the House of Commons. The fearlessness of his tongue often promoted strife, but he had a ready hand, and a fiery heart; and no man exhibited himself more at his ease in personal hazards. He had once been a friend of Fox, but either disgusted or injured by the arts of Opposition, he threw off the yoke and became a Tory. Pitt subsequently raised him, at one step, to the earldom; a singular instance of favour, yet so ill received by his towering ambition, that he is reported to have formed a determination to reject the dignity in the presence of the Commons, and openly abandon the Minister. He even walked into the House of Commons, after he had kissed hands at the levee for the title. What farther extravagance he would have acted there must remain problematic; for the sergeants-at-arms seized him, and regarding him as no longer a member of the House, forced him to be content with a seat under the gallery, where peers and strangers are permitted to be present. His wrath arose from finding his name the last on the roll of earls created

at that time. It soon rose in the register.

The late Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Surrey, was a *character* in that day, and in ours. He had assumed at least the externals of Protestantism, and so far might be deemed a Christian; he had taken the peerage oaths, and so far might be deemed a loyal man; and he kept himself floating in society, and so far might be regarded as not unfit for the company of gentlemen. But in private he was selfish, sensual, and licentious; and in party, headlong, ignorant, and reckless. "Nature," says Sir Nathaniel, "had not bestowed on him any of the insignia of illustrious descent; he might have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher by his dress and appearance; yet intelligence was marked in his features, which were likewise expressive of frankness and sincerity."

It is odd enough, that to this infuriate "Rights of Man" personage the Minister owed the suggestion of two productive taxes--the hair-powder and the race-horse tax. Down to the beginning of the French Revolution, all the polished world of Europe, imitating all the polished world of Africa, powdered their hair. In vain had nature given auburn or raven locks, the loveliest of all ornaments to the loveliest part of the creation; wishing to make themselves lovelier still, they loaded their locks with powder--white, brown, golden, every colour that could delight the eye of fashion and startle the eye of taste. The men followed the example, and every man was producible only in proportion as he was powdered. It is absolutely astonishing to conceive how large a portion of time, how much money, and even how considerable a share of thought were absorbed in this aboriginal contrivance for looking unnatural. To dress the hair alone occupied little less than an hour of every well-dressed man's day, and gave an excuse for passing half every well-dressed lady's day under the hands of her friseur. The friseurs themselves made a formidable population. The waste, the weariness, and the expense of time and money actually made an inroad on life; and the necessary and per-

petual attention to dress resulting from this African ornament, strongly influenced the frivolity of the age. But the French Revolution came, and powder was no more. But let justice be always done to the sans-culotte character. The absurdity of the practice was not the cause of its extinction: the French are theatrical from the cradle; and they had seen Talma adopting the raven curls of those comprehensive assertors of human liberty, who cut the throats of one-half of Rome to rob the other--virtue was thenceforth the especial dweller in a Brutus wig. The custom, too, found a congenial feeling in the infinite squalidness of young patriotism; and rabble heads, black and brown, were the natural antagonists of aristocracy and hair powder. The Duke of Bedford--the descendant of a family who pre-eminently lived on church confiscation, and the immediate successor of a man whose whole life was a struggle for public money which he had not the capacity to deserve, however he might have the avarice to keep--was the first English nobleman who displayed his curls freed from the custom of his rank and time. But let every man have his due credit: the Duke's effort for this emancipation of his curls was less from any impulse of taste, than from a magnanimous regard for the "cause of liberty all round the world." The hair-powder tax was the source of a revenue which the poor Duke, parroting the words of his masters, was in the habit of pronouncing "an unjust and unnecessary war." The powdering his four-and-twenty footmen thus contributed to swell the atrocities of his guilty country; and for the purpose of stopping the supplies, and frightening William Pitt, Francis, Duke of Bedford, ordered his lackeys to comb the powder from their locks, and contribute no longer to the criminal Exchequer. So much for the services which a great nobleman may render to the cause of freedom and the march of mind.

In 1785 the Minister had proposed to lay a tax on female servants. Lord Surrey, to whom hair-powder was by no means among the luxuries of life, and who felt himself aggrieved by the presence of any costume

cleaner than his own, made the easy sacrifice of recommending a change of the tax for one on the heads of the world of fashion. The House roared with laughter, the Minister smiled, and the Earl himself was satisfied with having shown at once his regard for the sex and his contempt of costume. But the hint was not lost; and the time was at hand when the silliest living ornament of Bond Street contributed, even with his head, to the honour of his country.

His next enterprise as a financier was in the discussions on the horse-tax. The Minister had proposed a pound on every horse that ran for a plate. Lord Surrey got up, and remonstrating on the severity of a tax which must fall on so many losers, observed, that a much fairer one would be fifty pounds on every winner of a certain sum. To his surprise, and to the great amusement of the House, Pitt instantly rose, thanked him for the suggestion, and laid on *both* taxes. In the debate which followed, one of the members, amusing himself with the Earl's wrath on the occasion, most happily applied the words to the rash adviser—

“*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold.*”

His early life was that of a Helio-gobalus, without his effeminacy. “In his youth, for at the time of which I speak he had attained his thirty-eighth year, he led a most licentious life, having passed whole nights in the streets, sleeping occasionally on a block of wood. At the Beefsteak Club, where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with him when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree, that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment. He even carried his neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed round him, they stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more

frequently than he washed himself. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, ‘Pray, my lord,’ said he, ‘did you ever try a clean shirt?’”

His extraordinary strength of constitution enabled him to bear this ruinous process for a long succession of years. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, had been addicted to the same excesses, but he yielded to the superior capacity of his son for wine. “It is a fact, that Lord Surrey, after laying his father and all the guests under the table, at the Thatched House in St James’s Street, has left the room, repaired to another festive party in the vicinage, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites. Even in the House of Commons he was not always sober; but he never attempted, like Lord Galway, to mix in the debate on those occasions. When under the dominion of wine he has asserted, that three as good Catholics sat in Lord North’s last Parliament as ever existed, Lord Nugent, Sir Thomas Gascoyne, and *himself*. Doubts were, indeed, always thrown on the sincerity of his renunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome.” The wags of the House took advantage of this, and said that his dress, a shabby blue coat, approaching to purple, was imposed on him by his priest as a *penance*. In the same style, Charles the Second said of his brother James’s ugly mistresses, that they were imposed on him as a *penance*. He never had any acknowledged children.

Fox’s dissipation, and his facility of adapting himself to the habits of the titled savage, held them together with more than the tenacity of political friendships. Even as Fox grew ashamed of his rabble alliance, Lord Surrey, then Duke of Norfolk, grew more outrageous. At a great Whig dinner, in February 1798, in the midst of revolutionary ferment in England, and just on the verge of the actual rebellion in Ireland, this foolish Duke had the effrontery to drink “The sovereign majesty of the people.” With the object of giving this absurd toast its full meaning, the orator, it is to be presumed drunk at the time, reminded the assembly

that Washington began his revolt with little more than two thousand to help him, and that the room contained little less than the number. All was received, of course, with rapture for the evening. But the next day brought more nervous thoughts, and the giver of the toast began to think that some reserve would have been wiser. Accordingly, he waited on the Duke of York, the commander-in-chief, to smooth down the wrath of royalty, and proposed, as a sign of penitence, that, in case of the menaced invasion, his regiment, the West York, might be sent to the post of danger. But the mischief was done. The Prince listened to the tardy penitent, told him that his offer should be communicated to the King, and then, with more dexterity than was usual with that single-minded man, asked him, "*A propos*, my lord, have you seen Blue-Beard?" the favourite play of the moment. The Duke of Norfolk thus found that the conversation was fairly come to an end. He was not kept long in suspense. Pitt knew nothing of tampering with any offender; the "majesty of the people" and its champion alike were forced by that high heart and vigorous hand to feel the majesty of justice; and within *two* days his Grace of Norfolk, in helpless indignation, received notice of his dismissal from both his lord-lieutenancy and his regiment! At one fell sweep his laurels, alike civil and military, were shorn away.

As years advanced, and he lost the power of gross indulgence, he grew more respectable. His daily promenades up and down St James's Street will be long remembered. His simplicity of manner, dress, and language began to operate in his favour, when they were supposed to be connected with the gravity of age, and not to have arisen from a natural tendency to vulgarism. He stooped a good deal, was fat, and totally shapeless. Yet he had some surviving energy, and would travel without stopping over half the kingdom. He still spoke in the House; but the presence of Fox was gone, and with it the spirit of his factious friend. His style was marked by the untaught vigour of strong sense, but degraded by an inveteracy of Jacobin prejudice, stamped on him

by long habit and long political adversity. If something more of a gentleman, on a throne he might have been Harry the Eighth; as Harry the Eighth under a coronet, if something less of a gentleman, might have been a Duke of Norfolk. Towards the close of his life he grew lethargic. But he signalized either his sincerity or his stubbornness by refusing to join the Liverpool Ministry of 1812, with the offer of the Garter. His successor is a Roman Catholic, and, by virtue of his hereditary office of Earl-marshal, the first who exhibited the ominous sign of a Papist sitting in the House of Lords.

In this picture-gallery the late Marquis of Abercorn makes some figure. Those who still remember that stately and courtier-like personage will recognise the sketch. His first appearance in public life was as the mover of the address on the King's speech, in 1784. "Mr John James Hamilton had then attained his thirty-fourth year. Tall, erect, and muscular in his form—thin, yet not meager—finely shaped, with an air of grace and dignity diffused over his whole person, he could not be mistaken for an ordinary man. He bore a singular resemblance to the beautiful portrait of James V. in Duke Hamilton's apartments in Holyrood House. Of a dark complexion, with very intelligent and regular features, he resembled more a Spaniard than a native of Britain, and his arrogant solemnity of manner obtained for him from Sheridan the name of "*Don Whiskerandos*," from his own farce, "*The Critic*."

Hamilton, though closely attached to Pitt, seems scarcely to have desired public office. Doubtless he might have obtained embassies, a line of employment for which his birth, figure, and abilities peculiarly fitted him. But he was presumptive heir to his uncle the Earl of Abercorn, one of the sixteen Scottish peers, then sinking under paralysis, in two years after raised to a British Viscounty, and dying in 1789. A strange and unhappy romance connected itself with the life of the new noble. He had married early, and had a large family. But he suffered himself, about this period, to be betrayed into a passion for

his cousin, Miss Cecil Hamilton, young, and of distinguished beauty. Determining to marry her when the living Lady Abercorn should set him at liberty, he exerted his influence to obtain for her the rank of an Earl's daughter. Concessions of this kind had been rare, and the King was understood to be peculiarly hostile in this instance, as the lady had four elder sisters. It was, however, accomplished. The platonic lover, within two years, was changed into the husband, by the death of his lady, and Lady Cecil Hamilton became Countess of Abercorn. But this impassioned marriage was unhappy. In a few years a separation took place, a divorce followed, and the public received another lesson of the fragile ties of high life.

Another slight record of a captivating personage, yet not wholly forgotten in London, stops us as we turn over these pages. "Among the charming women who, in 1784, adorned the court of Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz (or, more properly, the English capital, for scarcely could the queen be said to have any court), might well be accounted Lady Payne, now Lady Lavington, her husband having been created an Irish baron. A native of Vienna, Mademoiselle de Kelbel—so she was named before her marriage—then resided with the Princess Joseph Poniatowski, widow of one of the Polish King's brothers, a general in the Austrian service. Her person and manners were full of grace. At Sir Ralph's house in Grafton Street the leaders of Opposition frequently met. Erskine, having dined there one day, found himself taken ill, and left the company. On his return, enquiries were made for his health, and among the rest by Lady Payne. He gallantly wrote on a card in answer,

'Tis true, I am ill ; but I cannot complain ;

For he never knew pleasure who never knew *Payne*.'

"Sir Ralph, with whom I was well acquainted, always appeared to me a good-natured, pleasing, well-bred man. His *star* rendered him, like Sir John Iwine, Sir William Gordon, and other Knights of the Bath

of that period, a conspicuous, as well as an ornamental member of the House of Commons. But he was reported not always to treat his wife with kindness. Sheridan calling on her one morning, found her in tears, which she placed, however, to the account of her monkey, which had died an hour or two before. 'Pray write me an epitaph for him,' said she ; 'his name was Ned.' Sheridan instantly penned these lines :

'Alas, poor Ned !
My monkey's dead,
I had rather by half,
It had been Sir Ralph.'

The impromptu was impudent enough. Sheridan was probably considering at the moment how to ingratiate himself with the lady.

Erskine's promotion to the Seals was always one "of the wonders of the bar." Whiggism, however, made up for want of law, and this singularly shallow proficient in the learning of his profession, was flung up by the tide of party on the woolstack. Yet various chances combined to this success, which seemed to have been a surprise even to his Whig patrons. "If Pitt had survived eight months longer, or if, reversing the events, Fox had died in January, and Pitt in September of the same year, 1806, Erskine would probably have remained a commoner. But on the decease of the first minister, the remaining members of the Cabinet, conscious of the awful situation in which the country stood after the deplorable humiliation of Austria in the campaign of 1805, under Mack, agreed in advising the King to accept their resignation, calling, of course, Fox, Lords Grenville, and Grey to his councils. The Duke of Montrose, who was one of that Cabinet, assured me so himself, very soon after the event took place. When, however, the list of individuals selected as proper for filling the office of Chancellor was delivered to his Majesty by the new Ministers, at the head of which paper appeared Erskine's name, they were far from expecting, as one of the party declared to me, that the King would have acquiesced in the recommendation. But George III. made no objection; only observing to them, 'Remember, he is *your* Chancellor, not *mine*,' and Erskine received the

Great Seal, to the astonishment of his own political friends. The defender of Paine and of Horne Tooke could not be other than obnoxious to the King, who, if his choice had been wholly unfettered, would probably have named Pigott to the high office in question."

But few specimens of Lord North's oratory remain, though much of his wit is on record. But one fragment, the creation of a moment of manly feeling, exhibits that true power of speaking, which with a British Parliament in its days of power, must have been irresistible. Sir Richard Hill, the eccentric member for Shropshire, had violently attacked the ex-minister for his conduct of the American war. Lord North, thus unexpectedly forced into the combat, long after the subject might have been supposed dead, repelled the attack with a dignity which held the House in surprise and admiration.

"Far from deprecating the agitation of the subject, he demanded it. Denied that he had caused the calamities of the war; and called on his accusers to bring forward a circumstantial charge against him. I found, said he, the American war when I became minister. *I did not create it. On the contrary, it was the war of the country, the Parliament, and the people. But, if the gentlemen opposite think otherwise, let them come forward and accuse me. I shall not shrink—I am ready to meet, and to repel their charge. Nay, I demand it as a matter of justice. There can exist no reason now for withholding it. I am wholly unprotected. The Minister of the day has a House of Commons to accuse me, a House of Peers to try me. He is master of all the written evidence that can exist against me. And, as to parole testimony?*" (fixing his eyes on Dundas), "*almost all those individuals who were my confidential friends, in whom I reposed my secrets, are now his friends! Yet I court the enquiry. But if, when thus called upon, they do not grant it, I must insist that they do not henceforward argue upon the charge as if it were proved.*" So manly and peremptory a challenge, while it imposed silence on his accusers—for not a word of reply pro-

ceeded from any member of Administration—produced expressions of admiration of the ability, as well as the firmness which it displayed. Pitt, though only three years earlier he had harangued with vehemence against the Ministerial conductors of the war, yet remained mute. He unquestionably felt, that a Parliamentary prosecution of the Minister who carried on the contest must involve in it the culpability the Sovereign, at the head of whose Councils he now presided. In fact, George III. could no more have abandoned Lord North to the rage of his enemies, than Charles I. *ought* to have consented to the execution of Lord Strafford.

Sir Philip Francis next comes forward. He deserved to find a niche in any memorial of his day, for his personal ability, his public exertions, and even, if for nothing more, for his having been conceived capable of writing "the brilliant, though profligate political libels of Junius." Wraxall describes him at once with a faithful and an eloquent pen.

"Precisely at the same time when Scott appeared in the house as the advocate of Hastings, a much more formidable, inveterate and vigorous adversary of the Governor-general, arose among the front ranks of Opposition—Francis. After having passed several years in Bengal as a member of the Supreme Council, engaged in perpetual and violent altercations with Hastings, which terminated in a duel, in which Francis was wounded, he returned to England some years before the Governor-general; like the evil genius of Brutus, which met him again at Philippi. Nature had conferred on Francis talents such as are rarely dispensed to any individual; a vast range of ideas, a retentive memory, a classic mind, considerable command of language and energy of thought and expression, matured by time, and actuated by an inextinguishable animosity to Hastings. Francis indeed uniformly disclaimed any personal enmity to the man, reproaching only the measures of the ruler of India. But he always appeared to me, like the son of Livia, to deposit his resentments deep in his own breast, from which he drew them forth, if not augmented, at least in all their original vi-

gour and freshness. Acrimony distinguished and characterised him in every thing. Even his person, tall, thin, and scantily covered with flesh; his countenance, the lines of which were acute, intelligent, and full of meaning; the tones of his voice, sharp, yet distinct and sonorous; his very gestures, impatient and irregular, eloquently bespoke the formation of his intellect. I believe I never saw him smile.

"Francis, however inferior he was to Burke in all the flowers of diction, in the exuberance of ideas borrowed from antiquity, and in the magic of eloquence, more than once electrified the House by passages of a pathos which arrested every hearer. A beautiful specimen of his ability in this point occurred during the debates on Pitt's India Bill. One of the regulations abolished the trial by Jury for delinquents returning from India, and instituted a new tribunal for enquiring into their misdemeanours. Against such an inroad on the British constitution, Francis entered his protest in terms of equal elegance and force. 'I am not,' said he, 'an old man, yet I remember the time when such an attempt would have roused the whole country into a flame. Had the experiment been made when the illustrious statesman, the late Earl of Chatham, enjoyed a seat in this Assembly, he would have sprung from the bed of sickness, he would have solicited some friendly hand to lay him on the floor, and thence, with a monarch's voice, he would have called the whole kingdom to arms to oppose it. *But he is dead!* and has left nothing in the world that resembles him. *He is dead!* and the sense, the honour, the character, and the understanding of the nation, are dead with him!'

"Perhaps, in the whole range of Fox's, Burke's, or Sheridan's speeches, there does not occur a sentiment clothed in more simple, yet striking language, or which knocks harder at the breast than this short epitaph, if it may so be denominated, pronounced over the grave of the Earl of Chatham. The repetition of the words, 'He is dead,' was attended with the finest effect. And the reflections produced by it involuntarily attracted every eye towards

the Treasury Bench, where sat his son. I have rarely witnessed a moment when the passions were touched in a more masterly manner within the walls of the House; the impression made by it on Pitt is said to have been of the deepest kind."

That rough son of good fortune, the well-known George Rose, follows. Pitt loved to have about him men of the calibre of Rose; active and intelligent, but perfectly obedient, and perfectly subordinate officials; his own mighty genius was sufficient for all the high exigencies of the state, and requiring no direction, he brooked no rivalry. He soon shook off Thurlow's sulky ambition; he kept down Lord Grenville's pompous arrogance; and employing the aspiring briskness of Canning in the composition of paragraphs for the newspapers and epigrams on the Opposition, reigned contemptuous, alone, and inaccessible. To him the diligence, fearlessness, and indefatigable fidelity of George Rose—qualities useful everywhere—were invaluable, and they were handsomely rewarded. Rose was of course the subject of perpetual obloquy to faction. But no man cared less for the opinion of the political world; he went on with the easy scorn due to its worthlessness, and after a career of signal prosperity, during which he saw his sons making their way effectively through the paths of opulence and honour, died in a good old age.

"Having incidentally mentioned Mr Rose," says Sir Nathaniel, "I shall say a few words relative to him, and to his colleague, Mr Steele, who were joint secretaries of the Treasury, during so long a series of years, under Pitt's Administration. Both were privy counsellors; yet hardly did Hogarth's good and bad apprentices present a stronger contrast towards the evening of their lives than was offered by Rose and Steele. Rose continued to be a member of the House of Commons, holding a great as well as lucrative employment—the Treasurership of the Navy—and affording the same support to Lord Liverpool's government which, thirty years before, he had afforded to Pitt's. Among the other instances of his good fortune, are not unjustly reckoned his pos-

sessing influence over a Hampshire borough—his obtaining knighthoods and baronetcies for his friends—his marrying his eldest son to a handsome heiress, and placing the second in the lucrative clerkship of the House of Lords. In addition, Rose acquired a very enviable and extensive landed property, thus realizing almost every part of a high and permanent fortune except one—the peerage. Not that he was oblivious of that distinction, which would have set the seal to all his former acquisitions; on the contrary, his son having married, in 1796, Miss Duncomb, in whose family there had once been an earldom—Feversham—common fame asserted that he aspired to elevate his grandsons, if not his son, to a seat in the House of Lords, by procuring for his daughter-in-law the title of Baroness Feversham. Down to the present time, however, his family remain commoners. Lord Thurlowe, I believe, originally recommended him to Pitt. Indefatigable—methodical, and yet rapid—equal to, but not above, the business of the Treasury, he earned his reward by long and severe exertion. The Opposition reproached him with duplicity; and the ‘probationary odes,’ parodying the favourite air of the ‘Rose,’ assert that—

‘No rogue that goes
Is like that *Rose*,
Or scatters such deceit.’

“But I knew him well in his official capacity during at least twelve years, and I never found him deficient in honour or sincerity. I owe him this justice. It must likewise be recollected how difficult a task he had to perform, in keeping at bay yet not irritating or alienating, the crowd of ministerial claimants in both Houses of Parliament. During more than fifteen years he formed the mould on which those waves principally broke and spent their force. Rose’s countenance bore the deep impression of care diffused over every feature. All the labours and conflicts of his office might be traced in its lineaments. Not so Steele. His face rather reminded us of a Bacchus or a Silenus, from its jollity, rotundity, and good-humour, than it impressed

with ideas of ability or forethought. He was placed about Pitt by the powerful interest of the Duke of Richmond, his father being Recorder of Chichester, which city Steele represented in several Parliaments. His faculties, though good, were moderate, and would never, of themselves, have conducted him to any eminence in public life. But he rose through the gradations of office in a series of years, till he became one of the joint paymasters of the forces. On Pitt’s resignation in 1801, he continued in place under Addington. But not having satisfactorily accounted for about L.19,000 of the public money, he was called on to explain the deficiency, as Lord Holland had formerly been to a much larger amount, while holding the same employment. The sum, however, being replaced, Steele, whose social temper had procured him many friends, remained on the list of privy counsellors. But he retired into the political shade, and no longer stood prominent on the canvass, like his ancient friend Rose, who, at seventy, erect in mind and in body, possessing all his intellect, active as well as able, still took his seat on the Treasury Bench.” It may be further mentioned that Steele, who seems to have been at one time much in Pitt’s confidence, attended him as his second in the memorable duel with Tierney.

The debates were frequently enlivened by Courtenay, a sarcastic wit, who flourished for some years ineffectually on the benches of Opposition. On one occasion of Rose’s coming late into the House, when his presence had been required to assist Pitt in some financial matter, Courtenay gracefully apostrophized him.

“Quid lates dudum *Rosa*,
Effer e terris caput,
O tepentis filia coli!”

One evening Brooke Watson smartly and very unexpectedly turned the laugh against him. Watson, once a well-known City name, had been a commissary to the forces in America, and on his return had been chosen an Alderman of London, and subsequently one of the members for the City, being placed at the head of the four by a great

majority. The debate was on a bill for the prevention of smuggling. Watson stating that his constituents highly approved of the bill, "as they were professed enemies to contraband practices," Courtenay, to gratify himself with attacking a citizen and Government member, fell on the Alderman, and among other things said, "He was happy to know from such high authority the change which had taken place among the citizens of London on so important a point. For," added he, "they once lay under very invidious distinctions, scarcely a century having elapsed since a comic writer (Vau-
burgh), in one of his dramatic pieces, has introduced on the stage a City alderman, and thought proper to call him by a name characteristic of his

profession, Alderman Smuggler. I, therefore, congratulate the worthy Alderman on the conversion operated among his constituents." When Courtenay sat down, Watson, starting up, entreated the patience of the House for a single moment. "The honourable gentleman," said he, "has been severe upon me, and has alluded to a character introduced upon the stage, under the name of Alderman Smuggler, but I hope he will be pleased to remember that another of our dramatic writers (Beaumont and Fletcher) has exhibited on the stage a *Copper Captain*." The repartee was felt to be appropriate, and coming from a quarter where the House did not look for wit, produced a proportionate effect, and turned the laugh against Courtenay.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

WHY have we not as great painters in England as Raphael, Claude Lorraine, and Michael Angelo? That genius to conceive, and taste to execute great designs in the fine arts are not wanting, is obvious from the immortal works which we have produced in other departments. What modern state can compare with the nation which can boast of Shakspeare and Milton, of Gray and Thomson, of Scott and Byron, of Wordsworth and Southey, not to mention a host of others who have won the highest renown in the field of poetry? In the higher branches of music, also, in sacred oratorios, and the simplicity and pathos of pastoral or lyric song, we occupy at least a respectable place in the great republic of genius. But in painting, whether in the historical, landscape, Flemish, or portrait school, we are still decidedly inferior not only to our continental predecessors, but in some of these branches even to the artists who formerly flourished in our own country. This is a melancholy truth; we are aware it will be felt as a severe, perhaps an unjust observation, by the many men of genius who now adorn our galleries; but knowledge of error is the first step to excellence, and undeserved flattery, by relaxing the efforts

of industry, is the certain road to mediocrity.

The true test of the excellence of any production of the human mind is to be found in the estimation in which it is held long after the author's decease, and when all the adventitious circumstances which formerly threw a false lustre or unjust gloom around it have long ceased to exist. Fortune has a large share in the celebrity of every living author, whether in literature or art; the race is in the end to the swift, and the battle to the strong, but this is far from being the case in the outset, or even during the lifetime of the artist himself. The well-known anecdote of Milton selling the *Paradise Lost* for five pounds, and of Campbell being long unable to find any bookseller who would buy the *Pleasures of Hope*, are instances of the extreme inequality with which the smiles of public favour are often in the first instance dealt out to the greatest works of genius. But in painting, and especially portrait painting, chance and fashion have so large a share in the formation of public opinion on every artist's merits, especially in this country, that no opinion can be formed of what celebrity is likely to be durable till after, and long after, the artist's

death. A fashionable and beautiful woman, a statesman of celebrity, a hero of renown, sits for their picture, the likeness is happy, the original is celebrated; a few of the leading journals dwell on the merits of the picture! it becomes a matter of fashion to go and see it; a sign of taste and travelled acquirement to admire it; and very soon the artist, with perhaps no very large stock of real ability, finds himself at the head of his profession, flattered on all sides, overloaded with orders, and in his opinion at least equal to Titian or Vandyke.

Then begins, and that rapidly too, the period of decline. He comes to grudge his labour on each picture, when he knows that so many other orders are awaiting him, from which to gain greater celebrity and more extensive riches. He soon discovers that nine-tenths of the world who come to sit for their pictures, to wonder or admire, are totally unable to judge of any thing but the likeness, and he insensibly acquires the habit of throwing in as much merit as will satisfy the public, *and no more*. He finds that he gets his two or three hundred guineas, provided only that his pictures are like, equally whether they are good or bad; and thus, between the prestige of fashion, the intoxication of flattery, the love of money, and the seductions of ease, the artist, surrounded by an ignorant, wealthy, and indiscriminating body of admirers, is gradually led down from all his youthful aspirations of excellence and talents, which, if cherished and hardened in the school of severe competition, and under the eye of a public who could distinguish good works from bad, might have led, after ten years of poverty and twenty years of labour, to the highest excellence in his noble art, and descends by regular gradations through fame, fashion, wealth, and celebrity, to mediocrity and ultimate oblivion. We have no individuals in view in these remarks; we speak of the tendencies of things, not particular men. And we know not one but many artists, both in England and Scotland, who, by being chastened by reflection, and possibly chilled by early criticism, have talents at this moment adequate to render

them, after half a lifetime of laborious exertion, rivals of the greatest masters of the Italian and Flemish schools. It is not men or talents which we want, it is customs and habits, and a discerning public to form men.

Time, it is often said, makes sad havoc with a gallery of beauties. With equal truth it may be said, that it makes sad havoc with the painters of beauties. The reputation of West as an historical painter is almost extinct; even the great reputation of Sir Thomas Lawrence is sensibly declining, as his portraits cease to be the image of living beauty or celebrity, and are transformed into the gallery of the dead, where each work is estimated by its intrinsic worth. The genius and talent, the vigour and originality of Sir Joshua Reynolds, indeed stand pre-eminent, and as indications of a great mind must ever command the admiration of mankind; but considered as monuments of art, and compared with the great works of the Italian school, with Raphael, Titian, or Correggio, or with Velasquez or Murillo in the Spanish, though equal in conception, they are altogether inferior in colouring and execution. Such as they are, however, they are beyond all question at the head of the English school of historical and portrait painting. This distinctly and at once appeared at the exhibition of the works of Reynolds, West, and Lawrence, in Pall Mall some years ago. Sir Joshua stood immeasurably at the head; next came Lawrence, whose full length portrait of Kemble in the character of Hamlet showed what a glorious artist he *might* have been, while most of his other works demonstrated what he actually was, under the combined influence of fashion, high prices, and an undiscerning public. West's immense historical pieces, amidst some talent, exhibited far too much of the French opera school of painting to be worthy of being named as rivals of the great works of ancient art.

Turn to landscape painting, the branch of art in which England has been long supposed to stand unrivalled, and in which certainly a greater degree of encouragement is afforded to professional men at this time, than in the same line over all Europe be-

sides. Beautiful colourists, admirable draughtsmen, authors of undoubted genius and prolific fancy we undoubtedly have; but is there one whose works are to be compared with

“ Whate’er Lorraine light touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew ? ”

Unquestionably there is not. There is a richness, a combined generality of effect, with accuracy of detail;—in technical language, a union of breadth with finishing, which we look for in vain in any works of the present or last century. Turner! we hear our partial and enthusiastic countrymen exclaim,—Turner at least is superior to them all; in him are to be found alternately the softness and glow of Claude’s sunsets, the savage grandeur of Salvator’s conceptions, and the classic erudition of Poussin’s scenes of ruin. Most certainly it is far from our design to depreciate the wonderful originality and variety of Turner’s imagination; or to deny that the artist who could conceive the scenes in the *Liber Studiorum*, and draw the series of views in the valley of Aosta, possessed gigantic powers, capable of combating each in his own line the great masters of Italian landscape. But has he done so? Has he produced scenes which will stand the test of ages, like the Claudes in the Doria Palace at Rome, or the National Gallery in London, or the Salvators in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence? That is the point: not what could he do, but what has he done? With the highest and profoundest admiration for the powers of his mind, truth here compels the admission, that none of his works will bear a comparison with the masterpieces of these great men; and his genius is too great to descend to a competition with artists of inferior reputation.

In other living artists, the attention is forcibly arrested by Copley Fielding in London, and Thomson at Edinburgh. No one will be so bold as to deny to the former the merit of consummate delicacy in the management of the pencil; a Claudelike richness in foliage, and the happiest delineation of the varying effects of coast scenery; or to the latter a

depth of shade, vigour of conception, and strength of colouring, which place him among the most accomplished artists of the present day; but will either the one or the other stand the ordeal with Poussin, Ruysdael, Claud Lorraine, or Salvator Rosa? That is the question; and these truly eminent men will see at once in what rank we estimate their genius, when we place them in line with such compeers. And why should they not equal, nay, excel them? Why should not the wild magnificence of the Scottish lakes, or the rich finishing of the Cumberland valleys, or the savage grandeur of the coast scenery of Devonshire, inspire our painters as they have done our poets, and produce a Scott, a Wilson, or a Southey in the sister art?

Turn to the minute and Flemish school: is Great Britain equal to its continental rivals in that department? Great efforts have there unquestionably been made, and the names of Wilkie and Allan will at once occur to every one, as affording decisive evidence, that in that line at least these strictures are undeserved. Highly, however, as we estimate the admirable works of these truly original and gifted men, we yet must admit that much remains for them to do ere they attain to the highest honours of their own branch of art. In conception and drawing they are admirable; but it is breadth and generality of effect which are wanting. Masses of shade, dark colours, great surfaces of brown and black, are what we desire in their works. They have had their attention so riveted by the details which they finish with such admirable skill, that they have lost sight of the general impression of the picture. Hence their works have a partial and spotted appearance, which offers a striking contrast to the uniform effect and breadth of shade which characterise the works of Rembrandt, Teniers, and Ostade. The admirable pieces of these British artists appear excellent when seen by themselves; but place them in a gallery of old pictures in the same line: transport them to the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, the King’s Gallery at Munich, or the Flemish Room at Dresden, and the truth of this will appear at once conspicuous. Each figure is

shaded perfectly in itself; but the general massing of the whole is forgotten, and there is no one definite impression made on the mind of the spectator;—each group is well rounded in itself; but a general light and shade over the whole bunch is wanting.

It is in vain to assert, as a reason and excuse for this manifest inferiority, that we have not yet arrived at that age of national existence, or that period in the history of art when excellence naturally arises. Experience proves the reverse in every department. In truth, so far is art from advancing, like national wealth or power, to eminence by slow degrees, that it usually ascends at once by a sudden flight to the utmost excellence, and declines through a long succession of ages. Compare the marbles of Egina with those of the Parthenon; yet no long period intervened between the erection of the former in a stiff, homely style, and the formation of the latter with the incomparable ease, life, and animation, which has defied the rivalry of every succeeding age.

Look at the stiff pictures of Pietro Perregino, or the early paintings of his scholar Raphael, and you see what the art was in the youth of that wonderful man. Turn to the Assumption of Dresden, the Madonna del Foligno, or the Madonna della Sedula at Florence, and you see that painting had advanced from mediocrity to perfection in the lifetime of one individual, who died at the age thirty-seven. The immortal designs of Michael Angelo on the Sistine Chapel; the exquisite finishing of Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan, were all completed in the infancy of the art to the south of the Alps; and at a period, to the north of them, when the savage Barons of England sat in rooms strewn with rushes, and dipped their gauntlet in ink to sign deeds from inability to write. It is the same in architecture: the imposing monuments of ancient Egypt arose in the very infancy of art, with a sublimity which subsequent ages have sought in vain to imitate; and the stately piles of the Gothic Cathedrals, a vast and original step in architectural knowledge, were brought to perfection in England and France within fifty years, amidst

the bloodshed of a barbarous age, and by a race of men of whose existence and attainments history has hardly preserved a record.

Nay, what is still more striking, and tells with decisive effect upon this argument, painting, at least in one branch, had attained much greater excellence, both in England and Scotland, at a remote period, than it has since attained. Take any person moderately versed in art into a picture gallery, where modern and ancient portraits are blended together, and, neglecting the works of West, Lawrence, and Beachy, he will fix at once on the old paintings of Vandyke and Sir Peter Lely. Raeburn, of Edinburgh, will strive in vain, except in a few of his most admirable pieces, to maintain his ground against Jamieson, who flourished in Scotland two hundred years before. There is a depth of shade, a minuteness of finishing, a perfection of detail, and, at the same time, a generality of effect about these old portraits which rivets the admiration through every succeeding age. Observe that bearded old senator of Titian; the face is brought out in bold relief by a profusion of dark shadow—the thin locks of the hair, the thick curls of the beard are represented with miniature accuracy—beneath the shaggy eyebrows the dark eyes still gleam forth with the fire of talent—the rich velvet robe glistens as if the light was yet shining on its glossy surface—every vein in the hands is portrayed to the life. Draw near to that inimitable portrait by Vandyke; it is a nobleman of the seventeenth century, a compeer of Charles I. The dark curls of the hair hang down on either side of the manly but melancholy visage; handsome features, a Roman cast of countenance, an aristocratic air, bespeak the object of lady's love; armour glances beneath his rich cloak, a broad ruff surrounds his neck, a brilliant scarf adorns his breast; every object in the whole piece is finished with the pencil of the finest miniature painter, while over the whole genius has thrown the broad and uniform light of its own illumination. You are captivated by that full-length portrait of a celebrated beauty in the galaxy of Charles II.—the auburn locks, with

playful grace, descend upon the exquisite neck and shoulders; the laughing eyes, the smiling lip, the arched eyebrow, tell the coquetry of youth and beauty; the envious veil half conceals, half displays the swelling bosom; the delicate waist, clad in satin stomacher, tapers almost beyond what modern fashion can imitate or modern beauty desire; the rich Brussels lace is pourtrayed with inimitable skill on the shoulders; every fold of the satin dress still shines with the lustre of day. The drapery behind, whose dark shade brings out the figure; the rich Turkey carpet; the white satin slipper and slender ankle, resting on a velvet stool; the little lap-dog in the corner of the piece; the gorgeous jewels in the bosom, are all delineated with the skill of the greatest master of still life—it tells you that the fame of Sir Peter Lely stands on a durable foundation. After drinking down draughts of admiration at these admirable models, which stand in fresh and undecaying brilliancy on the canvass after the lapse of centuries, turn to that half-faded portrait a century younger; the colours have in great part disappeared; the dress is so grotesque, and in such an extreme of now antiquated fashion, as to excite surprise rather than admiration; the face evinces the traces of loveliness, the figure and air give unequivocal marks of no ordinary talent; but the background is unfinished; the drapery is coarse; the whole is the ghost of genius, not its finished and living offspring; it shows that Sir Joshua, with all his genius, is not destined in portrait painting to stand the test of ages. Turn next to that smiling cherub whose face shines like the sun emerging from clouds, from amidst the blue and misty atmosphere with which it is surrounded; the eyes are beautiful; the golden locks lovely; the lips seem made for love; but the whole is a brilliant sketch, not a finished picture; the figure is evanescent and misty; the background hardly distinguishable; the extremities finished by an inferior hand; an hundred years hence it will be deemed the dream of genius, not its waking monument; and the great name of Sir Thomas Lawrence will be consigned

to comparative obscurity. That illustrious man's picture of George IV. excited unqualified admiration in this country; but when it was sent as a present to the Pope, and placed beside the monuments of ancient art in the Vatican, it fell at once from its lofty pedestal, and was felt to be a third-rate production when compared to the great works of ancient days.

The defect which runs through modern paintings, and renders them unfit to bear a comparison with the masterpieces of the Italian school, is, that they are either too general or too special; in technical language, breadth or detail has too exclusively riveted the artist's attention; they want that combination of minuteness of finishing with generality of effect which characterises the scenes of nature, and is to be seen in the productions of all the artists who have risen to durable eminence in imitating her works. Draw near to that masterpiece of Claude; the sun is setting behind the bay of Naples; a golden light illuminates the horizon, which blends by imperceptible gradation with the cerulean blue of the upper part of the firmament; a rich mass of foliage overhanging the water on the right hand is projected on the glowing surface; every leaf appears on the almost insufferable brightness of the illumination behind; a ruined temple rises in shadow beneath its broad extending branches; a light breeze sweeps over the surface of the waters; the little waves rise and dance to catch the dying radiance, then sink into the shades of night; light barks seem to sport on the glittering bosom of the main; the branches of wood on the other side, gently fanned by the breath, turn their fairy ringlets to the refreshing gale; all nature seems to enjoy the delicious fragrance of the hour.

" Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea;
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?"

You are intoxicated with the beauties of this inimitable work; turn to

yonder dark and savage piles which rise up under the magic hand of Salvator. Harsh and gloomy are its features; a scene in the wilderness of rocks and woods,

"Where Nature loves to sit alone,
Majestic on her craggy throne."

In the centre of the piece a torrent issues from an obscure recess overhung with dark embowering woods, and approaching the edge of a precipice, descends in foaming volumes to the abyss beneath; blue rocks clothed with pine fill up the distant parts of the landscape; the foreground is choked with a chaos of rocks and stems; on the right is a precipice, in whose savage recesses, a scanty brushwood can hardly find space for its roots; on the left a vast tree scathed by lightning, has fallen across the stupendous masses of rock which obstruct the lower part of the valley, and compose the foreground; a bright gleam has fallen on their broad surface, and in the crevices between them, the spears and helmets of armed men tell that the den of banditti is at hand. A "brown-er horror" seems to have been thrown over the woods; a savage grandeur characterises the whole; but examine the details; look into the corners of the piece, scan the objects which lie hid to ordinary eyes under the broad masses of shade, and you will see the minuteness, the perfection of nature. The whole is sketched with the rapidity of a master's hand, but finished with the accuracy of a consummate artist's execution. Turn to that admirable piece of Ruysdael; it is a scene in the forest of Ardennes; old oaks in the front stretch their gnarled and twisted arms across the piece; in the huge bulk of their stems is to be seen the furrows and the decay of age; a profusion of ferns and weeds, finished with inimitable skill, compose the foreground. A solitary river spreads its still surface; in the middle-ground beneath, luxuriant woods, which close it in at a little distance; wild-fowl are to be seen on its banks; the long neck of the crane, the thin shanks of the heron, rise amidst the reeds which encumber its margin; a rustic path winds through this scene of solitude; and a little vista seen under the branches of the oak on

the right hand, looks out into sunshine and palings, and the cottage of man embosomed with trees. These are the immortal works of landscape painting; and widely as they differ in character and external appearances, the ruling principle which regulated the artist's thought is the same in them all. In all one prevailing thought is to be seen, one general impression was sought to be awakened, one emotion excited in the breast of the spectator; and the artist's skill consisted in the felicity with which he conceived, and the truth with which he executed that combination of objects which were calculated to unite in the production of that prevailing feeling. Painting has its laws as well as the drama; but it is not a unity of time, place, and action which is required, but of sentiment, association, and emotion.

It is the same with historical painting. Behold that exquisite Mother and Child of Raphael. Benevolence, sweetness, maternal love are radiant in her countenance; she embraces her infant with all the fondness of a mother's heart; the cherub is fondling the much loved bosom; St John is kneeling at her feet; his wild eye and camel hair garb bespeak the child of the desert; his elbows rest on her knees; he is looking up the envied smile to share; it is not a Hebrew woman, nor a Grecian woman, nor a Roman woman that is here delineated; it is woman and woman's love that is expressed in a manner which has no locality, and will speak to the end of the world to all the best, the holiest, because the earliest feelings of Man. Mark that hero who is riding on a snowy charger through the ranks of death; blood-stained ice is beneath his horse's hoofs; black volumes of smoke are blowing over his head; clad in the richest furs his attendant officers are shivering under the blasts of winter; the savage wildness of the Cossack, the stern resolution of the Russian, the enthusiastic gallantry of the Frenchman, are still portrayed in the corpses which in mingled confusion cumber the plain; but the soul of the hero, superior alike to the fury of the elements and the horrors of war, looks with mild equanimity over the ghastly scene,

and the eye of the Emperor fascinates the soul from the steadfast lustre of its gaze. It is Napoleon riding over the battlefield of Eylau, in which the genius of Le Gros has produced, untainted by the meretricious fantasy of Parisian taste, the severe simplicity of ancient art.* From this scene of horror turn to the deathbed of yonder saint, where breathes the chastened piety and divine conceptions of Domenichino. The clay is not yet deserted by its earthly tenant; the smile of hope, the radiance of faith, the sweetness of charity still linger round his expiring lips; the grief of his earthly attendants is passionate and uncontrollable; but the closing eyes of the dying saint are fixed on the choir of angels, which give, even in the hour of death, a foretaste of the joys of eternity, and from the lustre of whose heavenly glow a serene radiance is thrown over the scene of dissolution. These are the great and immortal works of art; and in all is to be seen the same principle clearly exemplified—perfection of detail combined with unity of effect and generality of expression.

It is the same, in a still more striking manner, with the works of nature. What miniature hand can ever rival the minuteness with which every leaf, every pebble, every cloud is finished; and what inspiration of genius can pour over the whole the harmonious expression with which in her brighter moments she is invested? Ascend yonder rocky eminence, on whose embattled summits the gigantic columns of former days still stand, as if imperishable amidst the revolution of ages; the setting sun throws a flood of liquid gold over the exquisite remains; every niche in the cornice, every flute in the pillars, every projection in the sculpture, stands forth as sharp as if the sun shone for the first time on the inimitable work; dim descried through the purple glow which the setting luminary throws over the distant landscape, the slopes of Hymettus catch his parting rays; gleaming through projecting moun-

tains, the gulf of Salamis is resplendent with light; while on the verge of the horizon the citadel of Corinth, the mountains of Peloponnesus, stand forth like distant giants in that sea of glory. Climb to the summit of that lofty peak, the grisly Craon, on the southern side of the valley of Aosta. It is the hour of noon; silence deep as death prevails in those lofty solitudes; not the flutter of an insect, not the wing of a bird is to be heard in the dread expanse. Right opposite, face to face with the pinnacle on which you rest, stands the hoary summit of Mont Blanc; a precipice ten thousand feet in depth, furrowed by innumerable cliffs, bristling with innumerable peaks, descends from its snow-clad heights to the glaciers of the Allée Blanche, which lies spread like a map at your feet. In still and awful solitude the monarch of the mountain rears his head into the dark blue vault of Heaven; a glittering mantle of snow covers his shoulders; the eternal granite has spread a rugged girdle round his breast; in peace and silence the summer sun sleeps on his bosom; even the thin clouds of an Italian sky hover at a distance from the resplendent throne. Drink! drink deep of the draught of admiration at the matchless spectacle; life has not a similar moment of heaven-born rapture to bestow!† Descend from the dizzy pinnacle, enter the glades of yonder aged forest, where the stems of the chestnut of primeval growth arise in wild confusion from a wilderness of rocks; darkness deep as night lies beneath this massy shade, not a ray of the sun can pierce their leafy canopy, rude crosses placed at intervals guide the traveller in the steep ascent; but far distant on the right, in the mountain above, a vista opens; a verdant plain amidst wooded cliffs is seen, the pine-trees overhang a monastic pile, and the sun of Italy shines on the towers of Vallombrosa. Turn to the beetling cliffs of that raging ocean, which foams and boils against its immovable barrier; the dark rocks stand in grim horror amidst the dri-

* This admirable painting is to be seen in the Luxembourg of Paris. When the British artists have equalled they may criticise it.

† We are not singular in this opinion. "Unquestionably," says Saussure, "the two hours I spent on the summit of the Craon, on two different occasions, were the most delicious of my life."—*Voyages aux Alpes*.

ving tempest; heaving on "its mighty swing" the billows rise, with a sound like thunder, midway up the steep; with frightful rapidity wave after wave is rolled to its foot; black rocks surmounting the eddying surge at times appear, and speedily are lost amidst the roar of waters; the clouds drive in gloomy grandeur against the heath-clad cape which breasts the storm, on whose bosom, far above the rage of the waves, stands the dark and unshaken castle of feudal power; and say if Scotland has no scenes of sublimity to exhibit, and aught in Europe exceeds in awful grandeur the northern ocean breaking on the rocks of St Abb's Head and Fast Castle. You are attracted by the blue and silvery light which swims over that lovely lake; not a breath disturbs its sweet expanse; not a dimple breaks its blue serene; pictured in the glassy mirror the mountains, the villages, the woods of its overhanging banks are given again with more than the freshness of nature; every headland and cliff on its broken amphitheatre of mountains is clothed with wood; the vine and the olive are sheltered in every nook; white and glittering villages rise in "gay theatric pride" up the almost precipitous slopes, while innumerable churches on every projecting point tell that it is the blessings of Christianity which have peopled the mountain sides with happy flocks; and bless the God of nature which gave to the world the surpassing beauty of the Lago Lugano.

Evening has spread its russet mantle, and the light of day has long ceased in the depths of yonder Alpine valley. Through overhanging woods, interspersed with detached blocks of rock, meadows shaven with more than a gardener's care, and wooden cottages bespeaking the comfort and neatness of the inhabitants, a mountain torrent brawls over its rocky bed; the sound of labour, the noise of the day has ceased; the summit of the sky is of darkest blue; the evening star is beginning to shine in the firmament; but the tops of the stupendous precipices which shut in the valley on either side are still illuminated by the ruddy glow; and far above all the pure summit of the Jungfrauhorn is resplendent with

rosy light. It is the hour of noon; the heat, the rare heat of a summer day has spread a languor over the face of Nature; its numerous wooded islands are clearly reflected in that lovely lake; each rock, each headland, each drooping birch is pictured in the expanse beneath; the rowers rest on their oars as if fearful to break the glassy surface; the yellow corn fields at the foot of the mountains, the autumnal tints of the woods above, the grey faces of rock on their shaggy sides, shine again in the watery mirror; you can reach with an oar from the picture of the hills on either side of the valley; you can touch with your hand the purple summit of the mountains;

"Each weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So pure, so fair the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair."

Whoever has seen that magical scene at such a moment will deem that the travelled Clark has not overstated its beauty when he said that a Swedish lake "excelled the lake of Locarno in Italy, and almost rivalled Loch Lomond in Scotland."

Has England no equal beauties to exhibit? Enter that remnant of Sherwood which her noble Peers still preserve with religious care in the shades of Walbeck; you there behold the genuine magnificence of the Saxon forest. With lofty growth, but not disproportioned stems, the oaks rise in surpassing grandeur; the lapse of centuries has added to their strength, but not induced their decay; ferns in wild luxuriance rise at their feet; here and there an old gnarled stem with a few branches on its top may have witnessed the chivalry of Richard and the archers of Robin Hood; but in general a dark fresh green prevails over the scene, bespeaking the glowing health and luxuriance of middle age, and occasionally the antlers of a deer appear—the fitting accompaniments of the silvan scene. Can France exhibit nothing to be placed in comparison? Ascend that wild road which leads over black and desolate piles of rock to a wilderness of crags; high as you mount, with faltering step, still higher cliffs arise on every side; the path, now shut in by enor-

mous rocks, now turning on the dizzy edge of a projecting angle, exhibits alternately the walls of a gloomy prison or the distant vistas of a savage wilderness. But stop! an impassable barrier arises; a precipice, two thousand feet in height, closes in the upper extremity of the valley, the glitter of snow is seen on its summit, the spray of cataracts dashes down its sides; the black face of the rock is furrowed by innumerable waterfalls; a continued roar is heard as you advance; a cleft in the rocks above exhibits the breach of Roland, and marks the frontier of rival kingdoms; the sublimity of the Pyrenees is concentrated in the circle of Gabarnie. Enter yonder Gothic gateway that leads between overhanging precipices to the stately forests of the Grande Chartreuse; vast trees overshadow the road; a sounding torrent roars in its rocky channel far beneath; through the openings of their thick branches are to be seen vast piles of rock, which rise to a prodigious height on either side; their white cliffs glitter in the sun; bars of pine forest intersect their breasts; their splintered pinnacles are clear defined on the dark blue vault; but on every summit the cross is to be seen; devotion has spread its sway over the wilderness; a feeling of religious awe impresses you as you advance.

*Præsentorem conspicimus Deum
Fera per juga, clivosque præruptos,
Sonantes inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.*

Has Germany no scene of equal interest to exhibit? Enter that little bark which lies moored on the edge of a verdant close-shaven meadow, beneath luxuriant beech-trees at the foot of the rocky barrier of the Konig See in the territory of Salsbourg. The sun is yet high in the heavens; you may reach the farther extremity of the lake, far up in the recesses of the mountains, before the shades of night have fallen. Its extent at first seems little larger than what would suit a fairy dell; but let us double that awful cliff that rises in impassable grandeur from the water's edge to the height of three thousand feet. What a prospect opens to the sight! Right before you lies the glorious expanse of waters, broad, still, and deep, but appearing as nothing

amidst the stupendous mountains by which it is environed; its farther extremity is lost in the obscurity which their awful shades cast around the scene; ten thousand feet of rock, or forest, or snow rise from the level surface to their pure and glittering summits; dark forests of pine clothe every ravine on their precipitous flanks; bold precipitous fronts, with bare sides, of immeasurable elevation, start forth into the water, and encircle at their feet little green meadows intersected with wood, and accessible only by water where industrious man has fixed his abode. A cloudless declining sun, as you advance, throws a delicious lustre, intermingled with shadow, over the scene; autumn has spread its richest colours over the woods which clothe the mountain sides; every headland is tinted with yellow, every forest is intermingled with fire; the unruffled surface of the lake seems almost to burn with the insufferable glow.

Switzerland! Switzerland! is your grandeur then surpassed by the rival beauties of the Tyrolese or Styrian Alps? Embark on that frail skiff, and approach the foaming abyss where the Rhine is precipitated with matchless violence down the cliffs of Schaffhausen. St Paul's would in an instant be swept away by its fury. The waters which have passed the descent are tossed in wild and seemingly frantic agitation, even at a great distance; your bark trembles and cracks as it approaches the awful gulf; down, down comes the mighty mass of waters, shaking the earth with its fall, rending the air with its spray; thunder would not be heard at its foot, embattled nations would be scattered by its force. Is this the sublimest scene in Europe, and has water borne away the palm from fire in the production of sublimity? Ascend at nightfall that black and scorched mountain, down whose sides the streams of recent lava have furrowed far and deep into the cultivation of man; you toil, you pant, as, amidst the stillness of a Neapolitan night, you painfully ascend the scorched and blackened steep. But hark! the mountain shakes, a rending sound succeeds, a report like the discharge of a thousand cannon is heard, and instantly the dark vault of heaven is filled

with innumerable stars, and as you pause at the awful spectacle, a sharp rattle on all sides announces the fall of burning projectiles for miles around. Still advance, if your courage does not fail, and you may reach the summit of the steep ascent ere another explosion. Watch! watch! the dark cone in the centre of the rugged summit, on whose sides the red embers are still glowing, begins to shake; it heaves—it bursts—a frightful volume of smoke is driven forth into heaven; right upwards does the fiery discharge spread from the gaping furnace; the pyramids would be blown into the air by its violence. A thousand rockets are bursting in the heavens—perfect stillness for a few seconds succeeds, and then on all sides is heard the roar of the falling stones over the dark and desolate slopes of the mountain.*

The reader will probably think we have revelled long enough in the glowing recollections of earlier years: but in truth these illustrations, multifarious and rhapsodical as they may appear, are not foreign to this argument. They show both the dignity and grandeur of the art which has such magnificent materials at its command; and the elevated conceptions, as well as persevering industry essential to success in its pursuits. To make a great, a truly great painter, requires as powerful and original a mind as to make a great statesman, or poet, or orator. It requires the ardent disposition, the *feu sacré*, which, early fixing its desire on great achievement, disregards all labour, endures all fatigue in its prosecution: the eye of genius, which can discern the truly grand and beautiful in all things; the industrious hand which can undergo the years of toil requisite to the skilful management of the pencil, and the combining mind which can unite a variety of separate objects in the production of one uniform emotion. The man who can do these things in their full perfection must have a mind, the rival of the greatest of his age. Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, or Titian would

have been illustrious in any line of life. Mr Pitt or Mr Burke, if greatness had in Britain been accessible by such a channel, would have made magnificent painters. Milton spoke historical pictures in the *Paradise Lost*: Thomson breathed landscape beauty in the *Seasons*: Scott burned with the soul of painting in his poetry and his prose: Byron dipped his pen in its brightest colours, in his *Oriental Fictions*: Chateaubriand poured forth all its lustre in his resplendent descriptions. Strange, that when prose and poetry, in the hands of such masters, should all but put the colours on the canvass, Painting itself, in the midst of such mighty allies should still slumber on in comparative mediocrity.

To these remarks, two illustrious exceptions exist in Martin and Danby. The authors of the *Deluge* and of the *Valley of the Upas-Tree* may well claim, even from the most enthusiastic admirer of nature, the most fervent worshipper of poetic genius, the tribute of unqualified admiration for the grandeur of the conceptions which they have brought forth. Nor is detail wanting: these great works are finished with admirable minuteness, while a gloomy grandeur breathes over the whole composition. But the imagination of these eminent men, especially Martin, grows wild and runs riot in its own luxuriance. In the surpassing magnificence of his Asiatic palaces, the countless myriads of his crowds, the gorgeous splendour of his feasts, is developed rather the boundless power of a magician, than the faithful chronicler of existing things. We feel at once that such scenes never existed: and the Fables of Ariosto or Spencer will never rival in their influence with the great bulk of mankind the simple tales in which Burns and Scott and Shakspeare have drawn characters and awakened emotions familiar and common to all mankind.

The world in general is far from being aware of the excessive labour as well as exalted imagination requisite to form a great painter. Ten years' incessant drawing from nature,

* The travelled reader will easily recognise in the preceding descriptions many scenes, only accessible during the buoyancy of youth and health, and the recollection of which, like the music of former days, is now, after the lapse of twenty years, as fresh and vivid in the author's recollection, as if they had just been visited.

and diligent application, are requisite to gain a tolerable command of the pencil: ten years more to learn the magic of colouring, and unweave the varied hues of nature's robe. The labour requisite to master these objects with consummate skill is not less than is required to form a leader in civil life or warlike achievement, to form a Peel, an Eldon, or a Wellington. It is in some degree from not being aware of the long years of preparation requisite for success in this, as in every other liberal and difficult art, that we see such numbers who never get beyond mediocrity; and such multitudes of paintings which pass muster tolerably well with the world in general, and yet bear the same proportion to the works of the great masters which the skill of an ensign or cornet in wheeling his company or squadron, does to the vast combinations of Hannibal or Napoleon, by which the destinies of the world were determined.

This language will pass with many as exaggerated or surcharged; we are persuaded it will not do so with any who have themselves practised, even in the slightest degree, or studied in the works of others this captivating art. But to its successful cultivation it is indispensable, that not merely the aim of the artists, but the taste of the public should be formed on an elevated standard; and it is here that the great difference between painting and the sister arts of poetry, oratory, and history consists, and that the chief difficulty which obstructs its successful cultivation in this country is to be found. In all these arts the taste of all persons of education is early fixed, and their ideas of perfection raised to the very highest standard by the study of the classical remains or the immortal works of modern genius. In poetry every man's soul is warmed in infancy by Virgil and Homer; in maturer years by Tasso, Racine, and Milton. In history, the pictured page of Livy, the condensed energy of Sallust, the instructive wisdom of Thucydides, the lucid narrative of Xenophon, the caustic depth of Tacitus form every mind before the glowing pages of Gibbon, the eloquent descriptions of Robertson, or the profound views of Hume form

the subject of study; Sophocles, Euripides, and Corneille in tragedy, Shakspeare and Schiller in the romantic drama, Molière and Terence in comedy, are in every person's hands who has the slightest pretensions to mental cultivation. But where are the materials for a similar early tuition to be found in painting or sculpture? Who is to place the works of Raphael and Titian and Velasquez in every school-boy's hands, to form the mind by the study of things that are excellent to a correct appreciation of modern art? Yet in what department are study and experience, and a familiarity with good models, and the advantages of early tuition so conspicuous as in the formation of taste? And is there one in a thousand of our educated classes who, when he enters upon the business of life, or is intrusted with the patronage of wealth, has the slightest acquaintance with an art, a tolerable familiarity with which can be acquired only by years of travel or diligent application?

It is here that the vast, the incalculable advantage of foreign study consists. In Italy, models of art are so common, that every one's taste is in some degree formed on the habitual study of excellence. Mediocrity will not for an instant be tolerated; and hence, in a great degree, the extinction of modern art; the national wealth is not adequate to the purchase of old and new pictures; and the ancient models drive all younger competitors out of the field. Rich as this country is in great models of art, it is not rich to any useful purpose; and the great collections in the country seats of our nobility are so scattered, or so hedged in with powdered lacqueys or cringing domestics expecting half-a-crown at every turn, that to all practical purposes of forming the public taste they do not exist. Till this grand impediment is removed, it is utterly impossible that a great school of painting can arise amongst us, because the public, whether the buyers or critics of pictures, will never be brought to distinguish a good picture from a bad one. Let every possible facility, therefore, be given to the formation of public exhibitions of old masters, to which admission,

at a trifling cost, may at all times be had. The National Gallery, in London, is a fair beginning; the Royal Institution, at Edinburgh, a creditable attempt; but every city of note in the empire must have similar establishments before any thing like a due formation of the public taste can be effected.

In all such institutions the works of the old masters and the modern paintings should be exhibited TOGETHER; the latter should on no account be removed to make way for the former. Our landscape painters should be forced to stand the competition with Holborne, Ruysdael, and Claude; our sea painters with Vandervelde and Vernet; our historical composers with Caracci, Domenichino, Guido, and Albano; our portrait painters with Titian and Vandyke. Till this is the case the marked inferiority of modern art will never become generally felt, nor the lucrative mediocrity of modern indolence ever adequately censured. Our painters must, in common estimation and to the ordinary observer, stand the competition which our poets, orators, and historians do with the great masters in their several departments of ancient days, or they will never equal the national genius in these rival arts. We are well aware that at present the merit of these old models would be little felt, that few persons would resort to them, and that the modern artists would run away with all the admiration, because they painted living people on known scenes; but by degrees a better spirit would arise, and many who went to see the portrait of a cousin or a daughter, or wonder at the staring likeness of a grandmother or a hussar, would come away with a new view of enjoyment opened in their minds, and with the doors opened to the appreciation of a Raphael or a Correggio.

This is a department in which munificent bequests might be of certain and incalculable advantage. We daily hear of vast fortunes, two and three hundred thousand pounds, left to form colleges or endow hospitals, but never of one to bestow the durable blessing on his country of a great public gallery of pictures or statues; yet the utility of the former is often doubtful or disputed.

But nothing but refinement and enjoyment, the cultivation of mind, and the improvement of manners, could result from such establishments for opening refined and elevating sources of pleasure to the people. £200,000 left to a national institution would yield £8000 a-year FOR EVER, for the purchase of pictures. Such an income, steadily and faithfully applied, would in a few generations produce the noblest gallery to the north of the Alps. It would stamp immortality on the munificent testator, and do more than all the insulated efforts of individuals to refine and purify the public taste. Moral blessings of no light character would flow from such an institution; it is a proof how far we are behind in real civilisation, amidst all our boasting of the march of intellect, that no such bequest has hitherto been made.

It is high time that, by this or some other means, the stigma of mediocrity which has so long lain on British art should be removed. We are in that stage of national existence when excellence in the fine arts might naturally be expected, in which Athens raised the matchless portico of the Parthenon, and Rome the stately dome of the Pantheon, and modern Italy gave birth to Raphael and Domenichino. Unless something is done now, and that, too, speedily, we shall arrive at the stage of the corruption of taste before we have passed through its excellence; like the Russians, we shall be rotten before we are ripe. The vast growth of opulence, the taste for gorgeous display and rich decoration, the passion for theatric spectacles, the turn of our literature and manners, all mark too clearly the approach of the corrupted era of national feeling. Now, then, is the time, before it has yet arrived, and the vigour of growing civilisation is not extinguished, to give it a refined and classic direction, and afford some ground for our boasted refinement by producing and encouraging works in the fine arts worthy of being placed beside the productions of ages, who, from being trained to emulation with greater things, are less loud in the praise of their own proficiency, and therefore have acquired the undying admiration of subsequent ages.

THE DEVIL'S DOINGS, OR WARM WORK IN WIRTEMBERG.

"Hell is empty
And all the devils are here!"
Tenpest.

For some time past there has been a tacit understanding, that whatever influence Satan might still exert in other ways, his personal visitations to this world of ours were at an end, and that though he might continue his underhand intrigues as before, yet that he was determined to keep in the background, and to act, outwardly at least, upon a decided principle of non-intervention. His last sublunary appearances indeed were very generally admitted to be discreditable; the Cock lane Ghost was a failure, and his persecution of poor Wesley, in the character of Old Jeffrey, any thing but imposing. Hence an impression had gradually been gaining ground, that though a very formidable personage during the dark ages, he was no match for the illumination of the present, and that he had fairly given way before the influence of natural philosophy, gas lamps, and the new police. Satan was, in fact, regarded as superannuated.

This view of the case was extremely exhilarating to persons of a nervous and ghostly turn of mind like ourselves; a tendency which we attribute to an early course of Mrs Radcliff's romances and the Terrific Register. It was delightful to think that we lived in times when the Gentleman in Black no longer dared to show his face in society; when churchyards, instead of yawning and breathing out contagion to the world, had so completely lost their terrors as to become the scenes of assignations; and when honest men could venture out of doors after nightfall without a thought of being tripped up by a long tail insidiously laid in their way, or a hoof "insupportably advanced," right across the road. Many waxed, in consequence, exceeding valiant on the subject; and we, who had been at one time inclined to consider the exploit of Mary the Maid of the Inn as one of the most

insane and foolhardy of exhibitions, actually caught ourselves the other day offering odds to our friend "the Gentleman with the Haunted Head," that we would at the witching time of night pluck a branch from the alder that grows in the aisle of any churchyard in the kingdom.

It was well that he did not take us at our word, for we feel now that the wager would have been lost to a dead certainty. Conceive our consternation when on opening some late importations from Germany, we found that all this apparent indifference and affectation of retirement from public life on the part of Satan was a mere *ruse*, intended to throw the world off its guard, and that at the very moment when we had conceived him to be quietly inurned in this country, the old enemy had broken out again in Wirtemberg, "twenty thousand strong," and more pestilent and unmanageable than ever.

The very titles of the works to which we refer were sufficient, as we read, to throw us into a cold sweat: "Revelations concerning the influence of the World of Spirits upon our own," by Dr Justinus Kerner. "The History of the Possessed of later Times; Contemplations from the Sphere of Cacodemoniacal and Magnetic Appearances," by Drs Kerner and Eschenmayer! In perusing these ominous titlepages, graced with the names of two German philosophers, and prefixed to three closely printed volumes of a most matter of fact appearance, we had an immediate presentiment that all our worst fears were on the point of being revived, and that the composure of mind which we had been so long struggling to attain in regard to the Devil and his works was gone for ever. If the titlepage thus excited our apprehensions, the contents of these fatal volumes more than realized them. We well remem-

Die Scherin Von Prevorst. Eröffnungen ueber das Hereinragen der Geisterwelt auf die unsrige. Von Dr Justinus Kerner.

Geschichten Besessener neuerer zeit. Beobachtungen aus dem Gebiete Kakodämonisch-Magnetischer Erscheinungen. Von Dr Justinus Kerner nebst reflexionen. Von C. A. Eschenmayer über besessensein und zauber. 1834.

ber the nervous sensation excited in our mind by the first perusal of the journals of Aubrey and Dr Dee; found where the archangel Raphael is daily volunteering medical recipes in favour of the patient,* which the Devil himself, in the character of a sick-nurse, forthwith counteracts by administering something the very reverse,—though duly labelled as the precise article ordered, and fortified with the name of the patient, and the assurance that “none are genuine except,” &c. &c.; and when the visits of spirits of health or otherwise were so much a matter of everyday occurrence, that men of business habits would make an entry of their exits and their entrances in their journals as a meteorologist would chronicle the rising or falling of the mercury in the barometer, or a merchant would enter an acceptance in his bill-book. “Anno 1670”—thus coolly does honest Aubrey make his entry—“not far from Cirencester was an apparition. Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and a melodious twang.” Doubtless the perfume was *curious* enough; the melody of the parting twang perhaps more matter of opinion; but, at any rate, to think that this alarming state of spiritual familiarity, of which we had flattered ourselves we had fairly got rid in the seventeenth century, should suddenly return upon us in the nineteenth, notwithstanding all the efforts of philosophy, was a consideration sufficient to occasion not a little nervous tremor in the best regulated minds. Now all we can say is, that all that Dee and Aubrey ever experienced—all that Sprengel, Bodinus, Delrio, or Remigius have recorded for our edification, from the middle of the fifteenth century† to the seventeenth, is thrown into the shade by the details of Drs Kerner and Eschenmayer as to the everyday doings of Satan in our own times, and as it were under our

very noses, in the respectable little villages of Prevorst and Orlach in Wirtemberg. Half the population, it would seem, is haunted by his daily presence; “the sheeted dead do squeak and gibber in the very streets:” turn where you will, black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, stand before you; by daylight or moonlight, or any kind of light, ’tis all one—there they are moping or mowing, revealing tales of long past murders, or other iniquities; and sometimes joining with a great appearance of sham devotion in family prayer. Let it not be supposed that they make their appearance only on great occasions, to disclose important occurrences, or do penance for atrocious crimes. Not at all; a payment of nine groschen, or about one shilling sterling, to the orphan descendants of some persons who have been cheated by a fraudulent settlement of accounts two centuries before, is considered just as sufficient a ground for the visit of the spiritual delinquent from the other world, as if he had robbed the poor’s box of a thousand pounds, or had gone to his account with fifty mortal murders on his head. In short, the old doctrine, that the laws of nature are only to be suspended for purposes of importance, seems by these later experiences to be completely exploded. As we proceeded with the details of all these horrors, which are here recorded with such circumstantial accuracy, we gradually lost all confidence and presence of mind; the candles, we began to be persuaded, burnt blue, a “curious perfume” of a sulphurous cast became perceptible (by no means attributable to the coals, which are the best Newcastle); and finally, when, on taking up “The History of the Possessed of our Times,” we found that Satan’s line of march, like that of the cholera, seemed to be to the westward, and that, calculating according to the mean time occupied by his past operations, his appearance in Great Britain might be anti-

* Dr Dee states distinctly that most of his recipes came from that quarter. Elias Ashmole had a MS. volume of these recipes, filling about a quire and a half of paper.

† 1484 was the date of the celebrated bull of Innocent VIII. against witchcraft, and with one rare remarkable exception, namely, the trials at Arras in 1459 (Mons-trelet, vol. iii. p. 84), all the details of witchcraft which have attracted any attention occurred subsequent to its date.

cipated towards the close of 1836, we are under the necessity of confessing that we dropt the book and fainted on the spot. When we revived a little, we attempted to console ourselves with the hope, that all these stories might be the dreams of some visionary enthusiast, or some entirely unauthenticated gossip, of no greater value than the narratives of the "Marvellous Magazine," or the apparition of poor Mrs Veal—who was cruelly evoked from the tomb by an audacious bookseller, for no other purpose than that of getting quit of a heavy edition of Drelincourt's unsaleable book upon Death. "Who," said we, "is Dr Justinus Kerner?" perhaps a *nom de guerre*—a mere apparition himself. "Who is Dr Eschenmayer?" very probably a charlatan, or a monomaniac, or a hypochondriac patient, or a gentleman lately under restraint. With the view of ascertaining this point, and not without a hope that the editors would turn out to be mere *eidola*, existing only in a typical shape—we turned up the Conversations Lexicon der Neuesten Zeit, our Vade-Mecum in all matters relating to the modern notorieties of Germany:—alas, with a result very different from that which we had fondly anticipated!

Dr Justinus we found to be a most authentic personage; a respectable poet, and still more respectable physician; the author of sundry grave and reverend medical treatises; a man of learning and science; in short, in all respects a man of vivacity and authority. With Dr Eschenmayer the case was even more decisive; for under that head we found the following certificate: "Eschenmayer (Christian Adolf), one of the most talented natural philosophers of modern times, born the 4th July, 1770, at Neuenberg, in Wirtemberg, appointed extraordinary professor of philosophy and medicine in 1811; since 1818 ordinary professor of practical philosophy in Tübingen." Then follows a most imposing list of works on natural and moral philosophy and legislation, all of which appear to have been received with approbation; and of the most practical and common sense character. Nay, so little does he appear to have been a blind and mystical believer, that we find

him bringing his natural philosophy to bear against some of the theories of animal magnetism; for one of his works, published in 1816, is entitled, "An Attempt to explain the apparent Magic of Animal Magnetism on Physiological and Physical Grounds." Thus then did the last stronghold of our incredulity give way; the narratives after all were no tales of village gossips, circulated, under the mingled inspiration of terror and strong beer, round a winter fire, but facts to the veracity of which a respectable physician, and one of the most talented of modern natural philosophers, have made affidavit in these substantial volumes.

It is chiefly, we confess, with a view to direct the attention of the public to the imminence and extent of the dangers with which it is threatened, and in the hope that by means of a cordon sanitaire of ecclesiastics, or by such other course as to Parliament in its wisdom may seem fit, the insidious plague under which our brethren of Wirtemberg have for the last five years been labouring, may be stayed on the other side of the German ocean, or averted from our shores,—that we have so far been enabled to master the feelings of awe and apprehension with which we regard these shocking details, as to present to our readers a few of these modern instances of the visible re-establishment of Satan's earthly dominion. Whether our conscientious appeal shall produce its effect in the proper quarter we know not, and greatly doubt. There may even be a few "barren spectators" who may be so hardened as to laugh at the whole matter as a piece of juggling phantasmagoria, or the crazy ravings of hypochondriac patients, recorded by not less crazy physicians and philosophers. But no matter; *die zeit bringt Rosen*; the devil will come in his own time; and how, we should like to know, will these atrocious and incurable sceptics look, when a few months hence they see the old enemy marching into the country at the head of his legions, and find a brace of evil spirits (*privates*) billeted upon them *sine die*, turning the whole house upside down, and leaving them scarcely a life to live between praying, singing, howling,

story-telling, appearing and disappearing, with an accompaniment of thunder or without; in short, making the house either too hot to hold them, or filling it with such a combination of villanous odours, by smoking assafoetida and drinking devil's elixir, that the unhappy proprietor or tenant shall be fain to abandon the premises, and to leave his intrusive guests to take their ease in his mansion as they please?

Scepticism of this hardened kind is indeed deserving of little attention or pity; nor can we pretend to say that we address these observations to that infatuated, though we hope small and insignificant class. No, we write for the intelligent mass of rational believers, who feel that the statements and reasonings of our authors are entitled to implicit respect and confidence, more particularly as coming from that country to which we are already indebted for the splendid discoveries of the divining rod and of the unfailing curative powers of animal magnetism. If these great discoveries are, as we hold them to be, now placed beyond all doubt, why should a reasonable man refuse to give credence to the testimony of those who "follow on the same side," and merely open up to us another optic glass in the great show-box of creation, through which, under the auspices of some Master Peter of the nineteenth century, we are enabled to peep into the deep perspectives of the supernatural?

The first of the works to which we have alluded is entirely occupied with the spiritual experiences of Frederica Hauffe, the spectre seer (Seherin) of Prevorst, a small village near Lowenstein, in Wirtemberg (born 1801, died in 1829). Frederica seemed to have been marked out from her childhood as the special object of supernatural influences. Even in the days of childhood, and while in the enjoyment of blooming health, she manifested a tendency towards presentiments and prophetic dreams. Different metals seemed from the first to affect her with singular impressions; the divining rod, in her hands, instantly pointed to metals and water. In her walks, even in the midst of the most cheerful feelings, a sudden sen-

sation of melancholy and chillness would come over her, particularly in churchyards or in the vicinity of graves, which seemed to announce to her the presence of invisible beings. She longed eagerly to witness the appearance of a spectre, and even at an early age was gratified with a most genuine and satisfactory apparition at midnight in the house of one of her relations with whom she was residing. She married at the age of nineteen; but her new connexion seemed only to increase her melancholy and brooding turn of mind. She wept for days on end, and for five weeks did not sleep. Her husband's residence at Kurnbach, to which she removed, situated in a gloomy and dreary part of the country, among rocks and forests, contributed still further to increase this constitutional tendency. A fever which followed her confinement, was again succeeded by hemorrhages and spasms in the breast, till her whole nervous system was thrown into a state of the most preternatural excitement. The sight of light she could not endure: the very nails in the wall affected her with a malignant influence. At this time, she began to "be aware" of a spirit, in whose lineaments she recognised those of her grandmother, who *magnetised* her every evening as she lay in bed for seven nights running. During one of these crises of magnetic sleep which followed, she announced to those who were watching her that her cure could only be effected by means of magnetism. Magnetism was accordingly resorted to, and under its influence, as might be expected, phenomena of a still more singular nature were exhibited by the patient. In a glass of water, for instance, standing upon the table, she saw, and announced beforehand, the coming of persons who did not enter the room for half-an-hour afterwards. Still its effects were found so beneficial in a palliative, if not a curative point of view, that after being subjected for some time to the magnetic course, she so far recovered her health and spirits, as to be enabled to pursue her ordinary household avocations. All the ground she had gained, however, was lost by a second confinement; the pains, the nervous excitement, the melancholy, the spiri-

tual visitations returned; her friends became persuaded that all these perplexing symptoms were the result of demoniac influence, and had recourse to a celebrated exorcist residing in the neighbourhood. If such was the case, the devil was too many for the exorcist. The effect of a green powder which he administered, was only to make the patient perform St Vitus's dance in a very outrageous manner, and to address the spectators in an entirely foreign language. The gift of tongues, indeed, we observe, is almost a universal feature in these cases of possession; the only singular circumstance being, that the language selected is always one of which the auditors cannot by possibility comprehend a single word. So completely, indeed, did the poor seer appear to be possessed of devils, that an amulet given by the exorcist, and placed upon her breast, could by no means be persuaded to abide there, but went hopping like a living being over the bed-clothes till it fell to the ground. Let it not be supposed that this was but a vision of Frederica herself. These automatic gambols of the amulet took place in the presence of several spectators, "all honourable men," to say nothing of Frederica's family, by whom trifles like these were looked upon as quite common. In this desperate state of matters, her friends, as a last resource, placed her in the hands of Dr Justinus Kerner, as the most eminent medical man in their neighbourhood.

Though Dr Kerner came at last to be fully persuaded of the terrible reality of these demoniacal visitations, he appears at first to have been so sceptical as to treat the case as one of pure nervous excitement from physiological causes, and, instead of recommending a continuation of the magnetic course which the seer, assisted by the clairvoyance of magnetic sleep had prescribed for herself, he, along with his friend Dr Off (Oaf?), recommended an ordinary course of medical treatment, and afterwards on homoeopathical principles. But here it appeared that, after all, Frederica was her own best physician: instead of growing better, she became daily worse and worse—she wasted to a shadow—till

her death would have been looked upon by her friends as a relief; but still death came not. At last, satisfied that the ordinary resources of art were inadequate to the cure, and that there was more in the case of the seer than had been dreamt of in his philosophy, Dr Kerner returned to the *ultimum remedium* of magnetism; and these volumes are occupied with a minute detail of the phenomena which occurred under this course of treatment, under which, it is gratifying to be able to state that a partial improvement in the bodily health of the seer took place. She died, indeed, notwithstanding, in three years afterwards—for even magnetism is not yet equivalent to an elixir vitæ—but the Doctor assures us, that though suffering much during that period, both mentally and corporeally, her condition was far more tolerable than when subjected to the ordinary medical remedies.

The picture which he exhibits of her appearance—her character—the strange influence exerted over her by different metallic and vegetable substances—the supernatural exercise of the senses which she enjoyed—the prophetic and curative powers which she exercised during this period of spectre-seeing, is extremely impressive, and we regret that we must pass over many of its most striking and authentic particulars, in order to exhibit, in the words of the seer herself, some of those visions, bringing with them alternately airs from heaven or blasts from hell, by which she was daily and nightly surrounded.

But some slight description of her person and peculiarities is necessary, and we prefer the words of her Platonic admirer, the doctor, to our own. "She was surrounded," says he, "by her body as by a veil; small in stature, with Oriental features; her eye had the piercing glance of a prophetess, which was increased by the deep shadow of long dark eyebrows and eyelashes. She was a flower of light which lived only on sunbeams." She was deeply and unaffectedly pious; but learning or education she had none, her prayerbook and Bible constituted her whole library. She had a poetical turn, however, and wrote verses,

as one of her critics remarks, a good deal in the style of the great original, after whom she probably drew, the good Dr Justinus himself.* All her former strange impressions seemed now to be rendered more active than ever. Minerals affected her in the strangest and most diversified ways. Rock crystal and spar gave her a pleasant sensation; platina, diamond, and Labrador spar a painful one. The flat key in music produced upon her a particular *exhilarating* effect (!); water gave her vertigo; red muscatel occasioned a confusion in the head (not an uncommon effect we believe of that fluid). Laurel had a sharp and disagreeable odour; auriculas made her gay and wakeful; belladonna held in the hand, gave her a sensation of suffocation in the throat; three glow-worms held in the hand for eight minutes brought on the magnetic sleep. In a thunder-storm, she felt the flashes before others saw them, and always in the lower part of the body. When she looked into any one's right eye, she saw behind the reflection of herself another figure, neither resembling her own nor that of the person at whom she was looking. This she thought must be (and we consider it a very ingenious conjecture) the resemblance of the inner-man. In the eye of beasts again, nothing was perceptible but a small blue flame. Like many other somnambulists, she was able to perceive distant objects in soap bubbles, or saw, through the pit of the stomach, the internal confirmation of her own body, and that of others. Her revelations in regard to the sun, the moon, the planets, and stars in general, were of the most original character. But we must hasten to her speculations as to the world of spirits.

The Seer gives the following as

the general result of her observations on the aspect, habits, and practices of spectres, and we venture to say, that, as an accurate and minute observer; it places her far above Swedenborg, Jung Stilling, or our own ghost-seers, Aubrey, Pordage, and Dr Dee. The picture has the evident truth of a sketch, if not from the life, at least from the death. It is in the grave style, no doubt, and not unlike the descriptions of Ossian, but abundantly spirited, as we are sure the extract we are about to make from the Revelations of Frederica will testify:—

“The perception of spirits is effected by the spiritual eye operating through the corporeal. I do not imagine these figures; I have no pleasure in seeing them; on the contrary, this unfortunate gift is to me a source of pain, for I am annoyed by these spirits. With many whom I see I have no intercourse; others turn to me, I speak to them, and they remain for months in communication with me. I see them at the most different times, by day or night, alone or in presence of others, and under all circumstances. I cannot escape them. Often they come before my bed and wake me, and those who have been sleeping with me dream of them, without my having mentioned their appearance. Their aspect is like a thin cloud; I never saw them cast a shadow. In summer and in moonshine I see them more clearly than in the dark. When I shut my eyes I do not see them, but I feel their presence. When my ears are stopped I hear them. They seem to operate on the nerves. (No wonder.) Their figure is like what it was in life, only grey and colourless—their *clothing* also is the same they wore in life, but colourless as a cloud.

* For the sake of our German readers we quote, as a specimen of her poetical powers, a stanza indited by her during a state of somnambulism, with the reply of the doctor.

“Wenn man böses von mir redet
Lügen glaubt und lügen spricht
Und Ihr's in den ohren flöhet
Glaubt Ihr's oder glaubt ihrs nicht.”

To which the doctor, who felt his poetical character at stake, and felt himself able to cap verses with any spirit whatever, made the following polite *impromptu* reply:—

“Uns erscheinst du gut und rein
Mögen andre anders denken;
Unserr glauben kaim nichts lenken-
Als der eigne Augenschein.”

(Did she expect that a change of raiment was to be had in Hades?) On the better, and more lucid spirits, I perceive a long clear folded garment fastened as with a girdle round the middle of the figure. Their features are like those of life, but grey, and generally melancholy and gloomy. The eyes are clear, often like fire. I never saw the hair of the head in any spirit. All the female spirits appeared in the same head-dress, a veil hanging down over the forehead and covering the hair. Their walk resembles life, but the better spirits, who are more lucid and transparent, move more lightly; the evil spirits, who are more opaque, move heavily, so that sometimes their tread was perceptible not only to me, but to others who were beside me. Their voices differ like those of men, but the tone resembles a faint breathing. They have the power of lifting and moving heavy objects, and can open and shut doors audibly. This last is often done; and that, too, by spirits who, without opening the door, might have passed through it or through the wall. (It seems singular that a spirit should prefer the commonplace course of opening a door to passing through a two-inch deal board, or a partition wall of only a foot thick. This seems to deserve reconsideration.) I never saw a spirit in the act of opening or shutting a door, but always immediately after. I cannot talk with them as I please, nor can they answer me as I will. Evil spirits are more ready to do so, but I avoid any unnecessary conversation with them. The spirits who are my most frequent visitors are those who in this life were too much attached to the world, those who did not die in the belief of redemption through Christ, or those to whose souls some earthly thought continued to cleave in dying, which now fetters them to the neighbourhood of this earth. They wish from me words of comfort and assistance through prayer.

They think that the discovery of any iniquity which oppresses their conscience will procure them rest. They might turn for aid to better and more blessed spirits, but their weight inclines them towards the race of men."

"I once asked a spirit whether people continued to grow after death (as many who had died in childhood appeared to me in a grown up shape), and he answered—Yes, when they have been separated from this earth before they are full grown. The soul gradually forms for itself a larger covering, till it has attained the utmost size it can reach here."

So much, then, for spirits in general; we shall now introduce our readers a little more particularly to some of the seer's ordinary acquaintances. We might easily appal them with the details of the first visit of the spectre of old Weiler of Lichtenberg, who had committed a murder and some swindling offences about a century before; or of Nicolaus Pfiffer, the child-murderer, who insists upon her paying a visit to the cellarage in his company, to witness the scene of his guilt; but as the incredulous might attribute these instances to the force of the seer's imagination, the spectre's not having been visible to others, though the knocking, musical tones, shuffling, and inexplicable opening of doors and windows which accompanied their exits and their entrances were heard by all her family, and as Dr Kerner assures us, in many cases, by twenty credible witnesses besides. We prefer one of those narratives in which the Doctor himself plays a prominent part, and we think our readers will admit that the one of which we give the outline is, in any view of it, a somewhat startling and singular occurrence, since it rests not merely on the statement of the Doctor, but of other official personages, who became unwittingly actors in the scene, and witnesses to its truth. This is the story of

THE PRIVATE LEDGER, OR A PLOT (NOT) DISCOVERED.

In 1826, Frederica had come to Weinberg for the benefit of Dr Kerner's advice. She had no relations there, and had never seen the

place before. Her lodging was in a small chamber on the ground floor. A large wine vault ran beneath the house in which she lived and the

larger house of the Chamberlain Fetzer, which adjoined to it. Of the appearance of the vault, and even its existence, she was ignorant; her neighbour the Chamberlain she had never seen or heard of.

Shortly afterwards, during one of the intervals of magnetic sleep, she thus suddenly addressed the doctor:—"I see that man always before me. He comes from the vault to disturb my sleep. He sits in a vault. I could point out the place; it is behind the fourth cask. His right eye squints. See, he advances. He motions to me—as if he could reveal something."

"What is this he points at? A sheet of paper, somewhat less than folio size, covered with figures. In the right hand corner is a small fold, in the left a number. Under the first numbers I can read 8 and 0. Then the writing begins with an I—but I can see no farther. This paper is hid under many other documents—it is unnoticed. Why does he annoy me thus? Why cannot he reveal it to his wife?" In this description of the squinting spirit, Dr Kerner had no difficulty in recognising the portrait of a certain deceased Herr. K . . . whose name he in mercy spares, but who had not died in the odour of sanctity, having been strongly suspected of having made quick conveyance with the assets of a commercial house, for which he had acted as clerk or bagman. The creditors, suspecting his mal-practices, were about to have his wife examined on oath as to his papers and transactions. Thus the hero of the piece was clear; but the scene of action was still to be disclosed. That too came in time.

"The paper," continued Frederica, "lies in a building about sixty yards from my bed. I see in that building a larger and a smaller chamber. In the smaller a tall man is sitting at a table and writing. Sometimes he rises, goes out, and re-enters. Beyond this room is a still larger one, with chests and a long table. The lid of the chest nearest the door is partly open. On the table lies some sort of wooden case with papers, disposed in three heaps. In the middle heap, a little beneath the middle of the heap, lies the paper of which he is in search."

After this disclosure she awoke, very weak and in great pain.

In the building thus described, the doctor recognised the *Ober-amtgericht* (superme court), of which he assures us the patient had not even seen the exterior. Though he took the whole matter at first for a mere dream, he could not resist the temptation of communicating the revelations of Frederica to the Chamberlain Fetzer, and asking him (more, he says, with a view of disproving than confirming the story) to look through the heaps of papers which she had described.

Fetzer, though concurring with the Doctor in viewing the whole as the coinage of the imagination, admitted, that at the moment when the seer had described him as seated in the small room, he had actually been so engaged, that he had occasionally gone into the adjoining room, and that he had observed the chest partially open. The papers also, lay upon the table in three heaps—but they were searched in vain—the paper they were in search of was not to be found.

Dr Kerner asked the supreme Judge H—— to be present at the next examination of the patient, which he agreed to. In the course of her magnetic sleep, she blamed the Doctor severely for not searching with sufficient care, again described the situation of the document among the papers, and told him he would find it inclosed in a wrapping of strong grey paper. The Doctor took out of his pocket an old paper upon which there were some numbers, and among others, the number 80, and told her the paper had been found at last. This, however, she immediately detected, "No," said she, "that is not the paper. I see it still in its place, and the figures upon it are far more regular than on this." She again pressed and implored them to renew the search with more care, declaring that the deceased gave her no peace from his anxiety to have this paper exhibited, which appeared in some way to be connected with his repose in the grave. Moved by her importunities, the Doctor prevailed upon the supreme Judge to make another search along with him through the papers. "This was done. In a cover,

exactly such as the seer had described, a paper, with figures and words in a man's hand, of which the first number was 80, and the first letter I, and which at the upper corner (at which I confess, a kind of shudder came over me) was folded, as if this had been done a long time ago. The words which followed the figures were, *'In my private ledger, entered.'*" The conclusion which the Doctor was disposed to draw from this was that some private ledger had been kept by the deceased, which might still be in existence, and from which his pecuniary delinquencies while he walked this earth as bagman, would be brought to light.

From the court room they returned to the patient's room, having taken care to mention the discovery of the paper to no one. They found her as usual under the influence of the magnetic sleep. "I see the man," said she "once more. He seems more tranquil; where is the paper? it must be found."

"Is it found, then?" said the Doctor; "where is it?" After a pause, as if fixing her eyes intently on something at a distance, which gave to her countenance the rigid appearance of a dead person, she exclaimed, "The papers are not all there. The first heap is gone. The others are not in their place. But strange! the paper which the man generally carries in his hand lies open above the rest. Now I am able to read it. *'In my private ledger—Entered.'* He points always to the middle of the line, as if to direct my attention to that ledger. What have I to do with the paper? Ah! I tremble to think what that poor woman (his wife) may do if she be not warned. This paper is meant to warn her. When she receives it he will be at rest."

Dr Kerner, though astonished at Frederica's thus giving the contents of a paper which she must have read, as he conceived, through the breeches-pocket of the supreme judge, where he believed it to be, was uneasy at finding that there was something of a contradiction here, since the seer spoke of the paper being still in the court-room. But conceive his mingled astonishment and satisfaction when he found that the judge, with the view of putting (apparently) both the doctor

and the patient to test, had not brought it with him, but had left it open on the court-room table, and precisely in the position which she described!

So far the piece has proceeded with increasing interest. The movement of the scene has been extremely romantic, and the attention is agreeably kept awake by the little plots and counterplots of the doctor of medicine and the doctor of law. The conclusion, however, we regret to say, is lame and impotent. Frederica, in spite of the remonstrances of Dr Kerner, would insist on an interview with the wife of the delinquent, in hopes of persuading her to give up to the creditors this mysterious private ledger, without a surrender of which it appeared that her husband could not "take the benefit" in the other world. Who could doubt that the unhappy woman would feel overcome by this visitation from the grave, and that the ledger would be made forthcoming on the spot? Not at all; the obstinate creature persisted in maintaining, that, in regard to all his *private* transactions, her husband had wisely treated her with much the same sort of confidence with which Hotspur treats Lady Percy; that she had never heard of the existence of any private ledger, and that she was ready to take her corporal oath on the subject whenever she was called upon. No doubt, however, this *may* be said, and *is* said, by the Doctor, in explanation; that the discovery of the ledger became of less consequence, from a copartnery having been established between the widow of the bagman and the company of F. . . ., for whom he had travelled, and to whom the deficiency was due. Doubtless had not the necessity for its appearance been thus superseded by an amicable arrangement, the ledger, like the fly-sheet, would have been made forthcoming in time. And so ends the mystery of the private ledger; from which, among other things, these conclusions seem to be deducible, 1st, That when a bagman pockets the discount on bills of his master's, it is not safe to make an entry of the transaction to the account of profit and loss, *even in his private ledger*. 2d, That if he makes

such an entry, he had better not leave the jotting in the waste-book from which he made it among his master's papers. 3d (And this is the most important of all), that a man who is foolish enough to do both, may still continue to escape, provided he be wise enough not to tell his wife.*

Great, it would seem, are the mysteries of this world of spirits into which we are introduced by the revelation of Frederica. We have seen in the instance above quoted, that a restless spirit obtains repose by giving his wife warning of the existence of a book which, after all, does not seem to have existed, or what is much the same thing according to the civil law maxim, never came to light. In the next we shall see another unhappy spirit, "doomed for a certain time to walk the night, and for the day confined to fast in fires," obtaining his release from sufferings, and his passport into a happier state,—for how much, think ye? As near as we can guess, according to the present state of the exchange with Germany, about one shilling sterling; which being paid by a third party to the orphan descendants of those whom he had wronged, a discharge in full is obtained from the proper spiritual quarter, and we hear no more of his wanderings within the pale of penal fires. Dr Kerner tells us gravely, and Dr Eschenmayer very indignantly, that we ought not to laugh at this, for the payment is only symbolical. It is a type, a mystery—and no more is to be said about it. To us this is quite satisfactory; we only wish to know the names of the daring heathens who could presume to laugh at it, that we might hang them up in *terrorem* to the unbelievers.

Thus runs the story. In the same year Frederica was frequently visited by an apparition in the shape of a man, whom she calls the White Spectre, and the substance of the information which he communicated,

was, 1st. That in his life he had defrauded two orphans to a great extent, and for this reason was still doomed to walk the earth. 2d. That he had lived before and after the year 1700, and that the fraud had been committed in 1714. 3d. That he had died at the age of 79. 4th. That his name on earth had been Bellon, though he now bore the name of Jamna. 5th. That he had inhabited a certain house in Weinsberg, now tenanted by two orphans.

These preliminaries being laid down, the mode in which he suggested that the seer should use her influence for his release was, that she should make payment to the two orphans above alluded to, who; it appears, were the lineal representatives of the parties defrauded, of the sum of nine three-kreutzer pieces, or nine groschen, in full of all demands. This simple plan of compounding a debt at the rate of a farthing in the pound struck even Frederica as rather singular, and scarcely consistent with fair dealing; so she ventured to ask the debtor this question, how an outstanding balance of such an extent as he had hinted to be due (for, he it observed, he had never told his debt, but let concealment like a worm in the bud prey on his pallid cheek) could probably be cleared off, either according to Cocker, or according to common sense, by a payment of nine groschen. To this the spectre, nothing daunted, replied by the following explanation of the process by which the nine groschen came to represent x , or the unknown quantity required. We quote his very words, for in matters of calculation accuracy and clearness are every thing†

"Calculate each of these groschen as a dollar, reckon the interest from and to the year 1714, adding the interest in reckoning backwards, and deducting it in reckoning forwards, then you will have both the larger and the smaller sum!" Q. E. D. And we are rather surprised to find

* We ought to mention that the narrative of the Doctor is corroborated in all points by the Chamberlain Fetzer, in a long letter published in vol. ii. of the Doctor's work, pp. 104, 105. *et seq.*

† Er antwortete. "Nehme dieser groschen jeden als einem Thaler an, rechne vorwärts und rückwärts bis auf 1714, den zins jedes Jahr rückwärts zu, und vorwärts ab. Dann hast du die grosse und auch die kleine summe."—P. 164, vol. ii.

Dr Eschenmayer, in an excess of candour, stating that he still thinks the calculation somewhat dark * (*etwas dunkel*), and that he has a suspicion that some step in this singular equation, by which a groschen is proved to be equal to any given number of dollars, must be wanting.

The whole case being now fairly before the doctor, as well as the very simple and economical remedy by which poor Bellon was to be released from his purgatorial state, he immediately set about making enquiries into the truth of the account, and here comes the extraordinary part of the story.

The name of Bellon was unknown in Weinsperg; even "the oldest inhabitant" remembered nothing of it. Dr Kerner then bethought him of applying for an examination of the registers of court; and from these he found, that a burgomaster of that name had been alive in 1700, and that his succession had been divided in 1740. The Doctor next examined the register of deaths, and found his death marked as taking place in that year at the age of seventy-nine. In the course of his examination, too, many other documents were found which established, in the first place, that he was of a very covetous and grasping disposition; and, secondly, that he had been an inhabitant of that house which was now occupied by the two orphans.

Under such circumstances it may be supposed he did not hesitate about the advance of the nine groschen. He delivered them in person to the grateful orphans, who seem to have accepted of them as a matter of course; and assured the Doctor, that they had frequently seen appearances, and heard noises in the old house, which both they and their father never doubted were to be ascribed to spirits. But the Doctor was not permitted to be a loser by this act of generosity. The groschen which he seemed to have thrown upon the waters returned to him again after many days. Nearly a year afterwards they were dropped

one by one into Frederica's chamber by an invisible hand. On all which we would merely remark, that if the story be true, very loose notions as to money matters seem to prevail in the other world; and that if such be the principles of spiritual book-keeping, we should not be much inclined to take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds.

It is one of the advantages connected with this book of Dr Kerner's, that it is not limited entirely to the sayings and doings of Frederica; he is constantly making some episodical diversion to another quarter, so as to render his work a general survey of the state of the infernal influences all over Germany. Of these by far the most singular is the account of some strange disturbances so late as 1806, in the castle of Slawensik in Silesia, belonging to the reigning Prince of Hohenlohe Neuuenstien Ingelfingen, which was burnt down by lightning in 1831, the year in which the first edition of Dr Kerner's book appeared.† The account is from the pen of Hofrath Hahn of Ingelfingen, the chief hero of these ghostly orgies, though, with the modesty of a Cæsar or a Sully, he speaks of himself and his doings, or rather sufferings, in the third person. We shall endeavour to give the substance of his narrative.

In November of the year 1806, writes the Hofrath, "after the campaign against the French, Hofrath Hahn of Oehringen was directed by the prince to go to Slawensik, there to await his return from Breslau, of which he was governor. He found at the castle Karl Kern of Kunzelsau, a cornet in the regiment of Gettkandt Hussars, who, having been taken prisoner by the French, had been liberated on his parole, and was at present, by the permission of the prince, to take up his quarters at Slawensik. Hahn and Kern having been old acquaintances, occupied one chamber in common. It was a room in the first floor, with no apartments beyond, save a small room

* P. 196.

† The resemblance between them and the strange appearances and occurrences at Woodstock, as recorded in Dr Plot's History of Oxfordshire, will at once occur to the English reader of demonology.

filled with lumber, and separated only by a wooden partition from their own. The door which communicated with the lumber room was locked. Neither in this room nor in the larger was any opening or communication with the exterior to be seen, when the doors and windows were closed. The inhabitants of the castle, besides the friends, were only two coachmen of the prince, and Hahn's servant. Neither Hahn nor Kern had the slightest belief in supernatural appearances, but, on the contrary, the utmost contempt for all stories of the kind. Hahn, in particular, had studied Fichte's philosophy till he had become a thorough materialist—a state of mind which, we are glad to find, is since altered.

The friends used to amuse themselves during the long winter evenings by reading Schiller's works, Hahn generally reading aloud. About nine o'clock, on the third evening of their residence, as they were seated alone and thus employed at a table in the middle of the room, their reading was interrupted by little pieces of plaster falling into the room. They looked at the ceiling and the walls, but no traces of any crack or injury appeared there. While talking of this unpleasant rain of plaster, and its probable cause, larger pieces began to descend, so that they were fain to take shelter in bed, much abusing the rickety state of the walls, to which they attributed this disagreeable visitation.

In the morning they were astonished at the quantity of these with which the floor was strewed, the more so as no part of the wall or ceiling appeared to be in the least injured. Occupied, however, with other matters during the day, they thought no more of the affair till next night, when the same scene was repeated, with this disagreeable variation, that the plaster, instead of falling as before into the room, was thrown with considerable violence, and one of the pieces struck Hahn. This was accompanied with heavy strokes like the sound of distant cannon shots, sometimes overhead, sometimes under the floor, so loud as to render sleep impossible. Each at first suspected that the noise was

made by the other, and it was only when both got out of bed, and the noises continued, that they were satisfied they proceeded from some other quarter. On the third evening, in addition to plaster and blows as before, a sound like that of a drum was faintly perceptible. Annoyed by these disturbances, but without the least idea of ascribing them to any supernatural source, they applied to the housekeeper, Knittel, for the keys of the rooms above and below, of which the upper was an empty room, the lower a kitchen. Hahn remained in the room, while Kern and Knittel, the son of the housekeeper, examined the other apartments. They knocked, but the sound appeared quite different from those which had disturbed their rest the two nights before. When they returned, Hahn jokingly said, "there must be a ghost at the bottom of it:" and although, on going to bed, they heard in the room a rustling as if of slippers on the floor, and sounds as if of a person crossing it, leaning on a stick, they merely laughed at their invisible tormentor, and tried to go to sleep. This, however, they found impossible, for now all the articles of furniture in the apartment, knives, forks, caps, slippers, snufflers, soap, began to fly about as the plaster had done before. The friends called in the coachman and Knittel, and all of them were witnesses to these extraordinary movements of the furniture. Tired of this perpetual annoyance, though still persuaded there was nothing supernatural in the case, they tried the effect of shifting their beds to the room above, but without success. The disturbance, the tossing about of the furniture remained as before. Nay, articles were often found flying through the room, which they were positive had been left in the chamber below. On one occasion, as Hahn was about to shave himself, the razor and soap-box, which were placed on a stand, seemed to spring off and fall at his feet. He poured some water into a bason and began to use his razor-strop. When he looked round, the bason was empty. The water was gone.

Hitherto, no shape of any kind had been visible. One evening, how-

ever, as Kern was undressing to go to bed, Hahn observed that his eyes were intently fixed upon a mirror which was placed against the side of the room. He stood gazing into it for about ten minutes, and when he left it he trembled, and appeared for a moment deadly pale. He recovered himself, however, immediately, and in reply to Hahn's question, what had agitated him, said, that in looking into the mirror, he had seen the resemblance of a white female figure, which appeared to be looking towards him, and behind whom he distinctly saw his own image in the glass. At first, he had been persuaded that he was deceived; and this was the reason why he had stood so long before the glass: but when he saw that the vision continued, and that the eyes of the apparition seemed to stare into his own, a shuddering sensation had come on him, and he left the mirror. Hahn then placed himself before the looking-glass, but saw nothing extraordinary.

To the testimony of Hahn and Kern was now added that of Captain Von Cornet and Lieutenant Magerle of the dragoon regiment of Minuci, who, on their way to join the besieging corps of Korel, passed by the castle. Magerle asked leave to pass the night in the room alone, and Von Cornet, Kern, and Hahn left him there for that purpose. Scarcely, however, had they left the room ten minutes, when they heard the Lieutenant uttering exclamations as if in passion, and were able to distinguish sounds as if some person was laying about him with a sword. They hurried to the haunted apartment; Magerle opened the door, and told them that he had no sooner been left alone than the spirit had begun to pelt him with plaster, and with the articles of furniture in the apartment, at which he had lost patience, and, half in rage half in terror, had drawn his sword, and hewed away on all sides like a madman. The other three determined to remain in the room, and accordingly they passed the remainder of the night in company; the new visitors attentively watching Hahn and Kern, in order to satisfy themselves that this phantasmagoria was not attributable to them. This was soon put beyond a doubt. The snuffers raised itself from the table,

at which none of them were sitting, and fell to the ground behind Magerle; a leaden ball struck Hahn on the forehead; a noise was heard as if some one had driven his foot through the window, and on examination, they found a beer glass dashed to pieces on the floor. The officers were now satisfied both of the reality of the disturbances, and of their being the result of some inexplicable cause; so they left the room for one where they had some better prospect of sound sleep. We must bring to a close the account of the Hofrath, which proceeds in a similar style with the details of about a month of these strange noises, after which he ceased to record them; but one incident is too singular to be omitted. One day during Hahn's temporary absence at Breslaw, Kern, who, since his adventure with the looking-glass, felt some qualms at the idea of sleeping alone in the room, directed Hahn's servant, John Reich, a man of about forty years of age, a simple but courageous creature, to sleep in his master's bed during his stay. Kern had already gone to bed, and Reich was standing in conversation with him, when both of them distinctly saw a beer-jug, which stood upon the table about five yards off, slowly raise itself from the table, and begin to discharge its contents into a drinking-glass which stood beside it. The drinking-glass was then, in like manner, lifted from the table, turned up as if by some invisible person drinking, and the contents vanished, while Reich exclaimed, shuddering, "Oh, Lord! it is swallowing it!" The same sound, as if of some one drinking, had been heard also by Kern. Not a trace was to be found upon the table of any beer having been spilt, and the glass replaced itself upon the table as softly as the jug had done. Besides the individuals already named, Hahn refers to the inspector Knetsch of Koschentin, who on one occasion had spent a night in the chamber along with them, when two table-napkins rose from the table, floated through the air, and took their places again as before, and when a handsome pipe-head of porcelain belonging to Kern had been lifted from the table and dashed to pieces against the wall. After lasting several months, the

noises and disturbances suddenly ceased, and no explanation of these singular phenomena has been attempted. "All that I have written," says the Hofrath, in conclusion, "I have seen and heard. During all these events I have possessed perfect composure; I never felt fear, nor an approach to it."

This communication from the Hofrath, which was printed at full length in the first edition of the *Scherin von Prevorst*, naturally produced a sensation, and various attempts to explain matters on natural principles were made. Some ascribed the whole to a plot of Kern, who was supposed to have played off these juggleries for the purpose of terrifying and mystifying Hahn and his companions; others adopted the simpler theory, that the whole party had been drunk every evening as a matter of course, and that the only spirits concerned in the matter were of an ardent kind. These criticisms Dr Kerner communicated to the Hofrath, who appears to be still alive and well, and who in his answer, bearing date, Ingelfingen, May, 1831, "reprobates the idea" of having been deceived by his friend Kern, who appears, from his account, to have died at Glatz shortly after these phenomena occurred, namely, in the autumn of 1807; and certainly his refutation on this point seems tolerably complete, since the very same disturbances, he maintains, continued for some time after Kern had left the castle. The other theory of intoxication he, of course, repudiates with indignation. The wine, he tells us, was too dear, and the brandy too bad to afford much room or temptation to indulgence; and the ordinary drink of all concerned was nothing more potent than small beer. In regard to a third explanation, to which Kerner alludes, namely, that Hahn himself was the true conjuror, and that his object in playing off this mummery was to obtain a removal to some other residence, he simply answers that there was no other place to which he had any chance of removal; and that if such an idea had occurred to him, he might surely have devised a simpler mode of effecting his end,—a remark in the justice of which we concur.

We might furnish our readers

with many such modern instances from Dr Kerner's book, and from the later work, "The History of the Possessed of our Times," on which we have not yet entered. But there is a great monotony, it must be confessed, in these spiritual manifestations, and the person who has encountered one visitation has a tolerable notion of all the rest. The effect of Frederica's revelations, and of the speculations of Doctors Kerner and Eschenmayer on the subject, has been, it appears, to render the propensity to spectre seeing, and the liability to demoniacal possession, absolutely epidemic in Wirtemberg. It seems to spread like a disease. Monks who had committed rape and murder in 1438—nuns of the fifteenth century who had broken their vows of chastity—millers who had hanged themselves fifteen years before—smiths who had poisoned the mothers of their illegitimate children, and so forth.

"Damned spirits all,

That in cross ways and floods have burial,"

come thronging back again into the upper air, taking possession of the bodies of unhappy patients, and through that medium cursing, blaspheming, and screaming in an unprecedented and most unpleasant manner. The volume is filled with the most extraordinary and, in some cases, terrific details of this species of possession, which really seems to bring back the days of the *Flagellum Demonum* and the *Malleus Maleficarum*. As we have said already in the outset, all this we most potently believe, and cannot but feel much indebted to the courageous Doctor Meyer, who, in opposition to the vain ridicule of the nineteenth century, has unveiled to us these mysteries of the invisible world. Ridicule, in fact, the good Doctor despises; strong in the consciousness of his own integrity, he simply answers, as in the case of the nine groschen,—"*mann lache noch so sehr, es ist dennoch wahr*" (Laugh as you please, it is true notwithstanding); and boldly maintains, that such sceptical objections only prove, as Asmodeus told Don Cleofas when he fell into a mistake as to Beelzebub's patent of precedence, that they "have no true notions of Hell."

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE, AND THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

SINCE our former article, illustrative of the rise, progress, and present condition of the cotton manufactures of the United Kingdom, a considerable quantity of information has flowed in upon us, in a shape more authentic than hitherto presented, respecting the state of the same description of industry in foreign countries. The Report of the Commission of Enquiry at Paris, in particular, leaves little of detail to be wished for on the subject of the French cotton manufacture; the rumoured intention of ministerial interference with which, by the substitution of a protective tariff for prohibitory legislation, and the anticipated possibility of competition in their home markets from this side of the water, appears to have aroused all the fears of the French manufacturers, and to have combined them, almost without exception, in one unbroken unity of opinion and of action against any change in the commercial system. This is no more than what might have been foreseen, had other than trashy economists, broken down rakes, and scheming popularity hunters presided in the direction of our industrial concerns; it is no more than the result we predicted from the commencement, from that jobbery styled the English Commission, first projected and proposed, as we gather from the letters of Baron Louis, then French Minister of Finance, by that disinterested person, Dr Bowring, for his own benefit, if not that of his country, and whose professed objects were sought to be accomplished in a mode which, however analogous to his earlier pursuits and habits, was no less degrading to the dignity, than injurious to the best interests of the empire. Travelling for orders in coffee and sugar, or woollens and cottons, is doubtless a very praiseworthy occupation in commercial life, but we may be allowed to question the fitness of its application to

the great business of a nation. There was something inexpressibly ludicrous in the mode of the Doctor's operations. The undignified spectacle was presented to the eyes of all the principal cities of France, of a traveller soliciting converts for England in the free trade line; a vagrant missionary haranguing and seeking to proselytize the sectional communities of a great nation; boasting, moreover, the sign-manual of the grand *commis* under whom he acted—that of, as our lively neighbours have it, Mons. *le poulet* Thomson; and ever and anon swagging, as at Nantes, of being no less than the “representative of Great Britain” herself, in the teeth of the caution which even *le poulet* had the discretion to insert in the letter of instructions, divesting the Commission of any diplomatic or official attributes.

It is our present purpose to select, condense, and abridge from the French report, and from other sources, such facts as may seem best calculated to serve as the basis of comparative deductions regarding the rival manufactures of the two countries, for the sake of our friends interested in manufactures directly, or making them their study from taste, or from high national considerations. Beyond a bare recapitulation of evidence we can hardly venture, in the utmost limits at our command, to stray. We shall not conclude without a reference to the Factory System, the evils of which, as if they were the discovery, are become the grand problem of the day.

In his history of the cotton manufacture, Mr Baines committed the extraordinary blunder,* adverted to in our number for March, of asserting that the “French cotton manufacture was established under the continental system of Napoleon, and, in 1810, it consumed 25,000,000 lbs. of cotton wool.” The statement is

* A blunder which has been repeated after him by other writers—amongst them, by John Fielden, Esq., M.P. for Oldham, in his recent pamphlet entitled “The Course of the Factory System.”

incorrect in all its parts; for that branch of industry is little less ancient of standing in France than in this country. According to the official accounts published under the authority of the Minister of Commerce at Paris, the importations of cotton wool were as follows, contrasted with those of England—

	FRANCE. kilogrammes.	ENGLAND. lbs.
1787,	4,466,000	23,250,268
1788,	5,439,000	20,467,436
1789,	4,760,221	32,576,023

So that, whilst the mean import of the three years was, for England, in round numbers, about 25½ millions of pounds, that of France amounted to more than 10 millions of pounds during the same period; being, in fact, a closer approximation betwixt the rival fabrics than has since, or than now exists. For, according to the last returns which have been officially published (for the latter state at least), the relative position of each was, in

	FRANCE. kilogrammes.	ENGLAND. lbs.
1833,	35,609,819	293,682,976

Thus, during the years first quoted, the cotton trade of France was nearly equal to two-fifths of that of Great Britain, whilst in 1833 it was rather better than one-fourth only. For the purpose of a fair comparison, the quantity of cotton actually entered for consumption is taken for England; France, it is well known, re-exports none in the raw state, except on the occasion of some extraordinary rise in prices, of rare occurrence, when the adventurous traders of Manchester and Liverpool have been found in the markets of Marseilles, outstripping the *lazy malle poste* bearing the regular commercial advices, and, through the potency of capital unlimited at command, have left the French spinner no more than a "beggary account" of bags and bales upon which to draw for the unvarying modicum of his weekly supplies.

So unimportant was the influence of the "continental system" of Napoleon, whose reported wonders

have misled wiser men than Mr Baines, that the importation of cotton had only reached, in

1812, to . . . 6,343,230 kils.
against an average of nearly five millions, before the "continental system" or its author were known or dreamt of. The rates of increase in twenty-three years was little more, therefore, than twenty-five per cent. Where Mr Baines got his 25 millions of pounds for 1810 it is not necessary to enquire, since the figures are obviously incorrect. The official accounts now lying before us do not comprise the returns for any intermediate year between 1789 and 1812, probably because none exist; for the tables are constructed with considerable attention to detail, and under the special superintendence of the Department of Commerce. The consumption of cotton for 1812, however, amounted in reality, as stated, to less than fourteen millions of pounds. Far other results followed the annihilation of the "continental system" when engulfed with the fortunes of its great creator. In eight years, from 1812 to 1820, the cotton manufactures of France exhibited an astonishing progression, at the rate of between 200 and 300 per cent; the absorption which was in

1812 but . . . 6,343,230 kils.

had extended in

1820 to . . . 20,203,314 -

upon which a farther advance in ten years of nearly 50 per cent is shown by the returns of

1830 . . . 29,260,433 kils.

and in the next three years upon that of about 20 per cent,

1833 . . . 35,609,819 kils.

From 1812 to 1833, both inclusive, therefore, the cotton manufacture had progressed in France from 6,343,230 to 35,609,819 kilogrammes, or in twenty-two years between 400 and 500 per cent; whilst in the twenty-two years preceding, during several of which the continental system reigned in all its glory, the ratio of increase was, as we have seen, no more than 25 per cent. Within the same number of years the weight

of cotton consumed in this country was—

1812	61,285,024 lbs.
1833	293,682,976 —

or between 300 and 400 per cent. It will of course be understood, that,

as we are not constructing a statistical table, our per-centages are given in round numbers, without reference to fractional quantities, and being cast off rapidly, must be taken as no more than approximative calculations.

Of the whole amount of cotton used up in France in 1833, say 35,609,819 kils. the manufactured exports stand in weights and values thus:

	Kils.	value	Francs.
Yarns,	117,785		647,818
Piece goods,	2,438,742		56,359,315

Forming a total of value of 57,007,133 francs, or rather more than L.2,280,000.

On this exportation premiums were paid, in the shape of drawback partly, and partly as bounty, to the extent of 1,025,358 francs, leaving the net residuum of manufactures shipped, L.2,239,000
The declared value of British cottons exported in 1833 being 18,459,000

The disproportion exhibits the more advantageously in our favour, when contrasted with the relative position of the foreign trade of each country before the war of the Revolution:

1789. Cottons exported from Great Britain,	L.1,231,537
Do. France, 21,289,000 francs, or	L.846,560

being more than two-thirds of the former, although for 1833 less than one-eighth. The comparison from 1812 to 1833, shows no very striking superiority of relative advancement on either side, although the balance inclines to that of France. The destruction of the Customhouse records by fire leaves us without official data for its admeasurement in real values; and indeed the quantities represented by the official scale is, in some respects, more convenient to our purpose. Thus, in the years

1812, France exported only	805,394 kils.
1833,	2,556,527 do.

In official values, measuring quantities,

1812, England,	L.16,517,690
1833,	46,33,7210

The ratio of comparative increase being as stated in favour of France. It would appear still more so were the respective data rendered into real values, the exported amounts on which might be found considerably to transcend the proportions thus established. It would, however, without adequate profit, occupy too large a portion of this paper to verify the fact by the requisite calculations. It may perhaps be accounted for on the ground that the weight of French exportation, and especially by her land frontier, consists of the finer and more expensive fabrics, a presumption apparently borne out by the returns. Thus, in

1833, Printed or costly fabrics, singularly enough headed <i>écrus et imprimés</i> , enter for	1,282,122 kils.
White and grey goods (<i>toiles percales et calicots, écrus et blancs</i>),	346,873
Yarns (the least costly article),	117,785

The reverse results displayed by the table of English exports is sufficiently explanatory of the differential excess of the French exported values alluded to. Of 145,194,762 lbs. of cotton shipped in the state of yarns and manufactured goods, according to Mr Burn, in

1833, Printed cloths were for	20,510,556 lbs.
Calicoes, plain, bleached, and unbleached,	41 227,997 do.
Yarns (<i>the least costly product</i>),	67,760,822 do.

Save to her colonies France supplies for external demand little beyond the most finished and highest priced descriptions of printed fabrics, more especially perhaps of printed muslins, for the excellence of which she has earned a well-founded reputation. The principal debouches for her cottons were the following:

1833—Total export of French cottons,	56,663,351 francs.
Spain, for	14,340,647 do.
French colonies,	* 7,116,745 do.
Belgium,	6,763,941 do.
United States,	5,739,955 do.
Sardinia, Kingdom of,	5,467,417 do.
Germany,	2,667,009 do.
Switzerland,	2,440,357 do.
Haiti,	1,830,089 do.
Mexico,	1,690,844 do.
Brazil,	1,212,117 do.
Naples and Sicily,	1,186,493 do.
Cuba and the other Antilles not French,	1,135,631 do.
England,	513,296 do.

In December, 1834, M. Nicolas Kæchlin, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a leading partner in the celebrated firm of Kæchlin, Freres, of Mulhausen and of Lærich in the Grand Duchy of Baden, spinners, manufacturers, printers, engravers, and machine-makers, estimated the number of spindles in all France, at 3,500,000

which, at 30 francs per spindle (a disputed calculation), gives a gross value of machinery and buildings of

105,000,000 fr. or L.4,200,000

The estimate for Great Britain of 1833 was, of spindles,

9,333,000

which, at 17s. 6d. per spindle, according to Mr Burn's calculation, shows, as the capital sunk in mills and machinery,

L.8,166,375

It is proper to add, that Mr Baines is disposed to raise the valuation, and perhaps not without foundation, to L.10,800,000. The enormous increase in both countries, but especially in this, since the period cited, has already made these figures valuable only as vouchers for past history. M. Kæchlin states, that a spinnery well established, with machinery of the newest and most improved construction, will yet cost, on the average, from 40 to 45 francs the spindle, which formerly would have stood the owner from 50 to 55. So far as Alsace is concerned, he thinks they have nothing to fear or

to envy England for in those counts of yarn which form nine-tenths of the consumption. Some spinners of that department, he adds, had visited England in the summer, preceding, and had not discovered any thing of peculiar interest, save in the finest range of counts. The number of operatives employed in spinning, he states to be from 80 to 90,000, a large proportion when compared with the number of hands, calculated at 180,000, which in this country are found sufficient to turn off thrice the quantity of work.

The wages in a French factory for all hands, are averaged by him at 1

* Mr Baines will perceive the error into which he has fallen in so positively asserting that the "larger part of these goods (cottons) is sent to the French colonies." These colonies, in fact (with Algiers not included above), absorb less than one-seventh of the whole export.

franc 30 cents per day, or six shillings and sixpence sterling per week. Mr Grey, in his evidence before the Select Committee on Manufactures and Commerce of 1833 (page 678), rated them at 5s. 8d. only. The average of the same sort of labour in England he quoted as per week, 10s. but calculated by Mr Stanway, including the power-loom weaver, so high as . . . 10s. 6d. In Alsace, and generally in France, 13 hours go to the working day, meal-

times non-included; here the limit is 69 hours per week; which, as proportionally so much more yarn is produced by fewer hands, serves to disprove one or both of M. Kæchlin's *quasi* propositions, that the labouring class is almost equally industrious as here, or the machinery not inferior. The different cost of spinning half a kilogramme of yarn (about 17½ oz.) at Manchester, Mulhausen, and Zurich, No. 30 to 35 French, is thus detailed:—

MULHAUSEN.		
Wages of operatives and clerks,	.	31 cents
Fuel, comprising lighting,	.	11
Interest of capital, and wear and tear, at 10 and 5 per cent,	.	17
General expenses, repairs, &c.	.	13
		—
		72

MANCHESTER.		
Wages,	.	56
Fuel, &c.	.	3
Interest, wear and tear, at 9 and 4 per cent,	.	11
General expenses, insurance, &c.	.	12
		—
		82

ZURICH.		
Wages,	.	30
Fuel (water power),	.	0
Interest, &c.	.	15
General charges,	.	15
		—
		60

In the latter account the charge for lights and fuel for heating the rooms is apparently overlooked, although an expense separate from, and independent of, the economy from the water power; which, however, in the shape of rent, ought also to have been allowed for. The correctness of these statements, so far as England and France are concerned, is, however, strongly impeached by the French spinners generally, and by none more so than by the partners and relatives of M. Kæchlin himself; and we may add, that upon the basis assumed (ill-grounded as that is), his deductions appear to be faultily worked out. He has evidently fallen into the error, proved indeed against him, of taking the wages paid in an English spinners for first quality and fine counts of yarn, as the point of comparison with a French mill spinning from 40 to 50^s of our numbers. From various indications, for

they are alluded to only by initials, we are almost inclined to think he has unfortunately pitched upon the eminent house of Houldsworth and Co., who undoubtedly spin the finest numbers, and the highest priced qualities of twist in this or any country, and pay as well the topmost rate of wages. The mistake is commented upon with singular severity, and by none exposed with more force than by the members of his own establishment, from active interference in which, we may observe in his behalf, he had withdrawn several years before his nomination to the Chamber of Deputies. With their counter statement, we shall point out the erroneous estimate of the factory wages of this country, which has been one grand source of his misapprehension. After showing tabularly, that upon M. N. Kæchlin's own basis the real cost of the labour would be no more than 38

cents, or something less, per the half kilogramme of yarn specified (we omit the table, not unnecessarily to overlay the subject with figures), the delegation from the Mulhausen Chamber of Commerce present the relative results, founded for Eng-

land upon the labour rates assumed by M. N. Kæchlin, and for Alsace, upon exact data derived from the spinning concern of M. N. Kæchlin, Freres, of Mulhausen, and verified by numerous documents communicated by other parties.

MANCHESTER.

	Fr.	C.
Wages per $\frac{1}{2}$ kil. No. 30 to 40 (French),	0	40
Fuel and lighting,	0	03
Interest of capital, and wear and tear,	0	11
General expenses,	0	12
	0	66
Raw cotton, in ordinary times,	1	10
Total,	1	76

MULHAUSEN.

	Fr.	C.
Wages,	0	33
Fuel and lighting,	0	09
General expenses (interest comprised),	0	35
Wear and tear, at 5 per cent per annum,	0	08 5-10ths

"To which," say the delegation, "the following disadvantages must be added, of which M. N. Kæchlin takes no account, notwithstanding their incontestable reality."

Difference upon the freight of the raw material,	0	04 1-10th
Id. on the exchange,	0	03 5-10ths
Id. of duty,	0	07 4-10ths
Id. on the internal carriage,	0	07 5-10ths

1 08

Value of the raw cotton,	1	10
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Cost price of the half kil. No. 30 to 40, in France,	2	18
in England,	1	76

Difference equal to 25 per cent on the English price,	0	42
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We are inclined to place faith in the superior exactitude of these calculations, drawn up as they are with great minuteness, and carefully collated and confirmed with a variety of other testimony. Those under whose auspices it was prepared are men of unquestionable eminence, at the head, indeed, of the department of industry treated of; nor, indeed, is M. N. Kæchlin less entitled individually to our respect; but a manufacturer many years retired from the active pursuit of business will readily be pardoned for losing sight

of those petty details which together constitute an aggregate of consequence. The *gerant* of a French company of merchants is the one sole responsible partner and conductor, to whom alone, perhaps, all the mysteries of the craft are familiar: he had long resigned that post.

It appears to us, moreover, that he has rather overstated the wages of English cotton spinning, and with him, of course, the delegation which adopted his premises. He has assumed them to stand thus:—

Spinner, per week,	38fr. or 30s. 5d.
Piecer,	10fr. or 8s. 0d.
Carders,	12fr. or 9s. 7d.
Fire and machine men (<i>manœuvres</i>),	20fr. or 16s. 0d.

From a report of the factory commissioners, we find that the average rates of 151 mills, employing 48,645 persons, in Manchester and its neighbourhood in May, 1833, are thus stated:—

Spinners, . . .	25s. 8d.
Piecers, . . .	5s. 4½d.
Carders, . . .	7s. 8d.
Engineers, firemen, mechanics, &c., . .	20s. 0d.

Under the latter head are comprehended machine makers, who are

Lille (fine yarns principally), . . .	Fr. C.	3 0 per day.
Mulhausen, . . .	2 34	„
St Quentin, . . .	1 50 to 3 0	„
Id. Country districts, . . .	1 0 to 2 0	„

The same variations between the prices of town and country occur in Great Britain, and are the first causes of many of the strikes among workmen. The greater the distance from the market, the more heavily will the charges of carriage press to and from of the raw material and the finished goods. These inconveniences have to be compensated by the superior economy of country mill sites and manual labour, the ostensible depreciation in the latter of which again is redeemed by the advantage of cheaper provisions. We have been led more particularly into these details from the interest

placed and allowed for probably by M. N. Kæchlin under the item “repairs” (reparations). Their wages are usually much higher than those of the mere firemen, for whom 16s. per week may be taken as an ample quota. Although the discrepancy between the two statements is worthy notice, yet it would be useless to found an argument upon it, because so much must necessarily depend upon the fineness and quality of the article of labour, as well as upon localities. Thus spinners are paid at

they must excite among our manufacturing friends, to whom the documents may not be so accessible or familiar, and not with a view to try rigorous conclusions ourselves, which, to be available, would demand a developement in *extenso* beyond any space at our command. To those concerned in the consequences we profess only to offer the means for facilitating enquiry. We may add, as a fact cited by M. N. Kæchlin, that a spinner of Les Vosges, whose mill is moved by water power, sent him a computation of costs of production thus:—For the ½ kilogramme—

Wages of workmen and clerks, . . .	17 cents.
Interest of capital, and wear and tear, . . .	11
General expenses, . . .	19

47

being 13 cents less than the low rates of Zurich.

There can be little question that, as the deputation of the Haut Rhin urge, the superior construction of our machinery, combined with the greater skill and industry of our operatives, enable spinners to produce more quickly and of better quality from a raw material of inferior description than is common in France. The spinneries of Alsace alone are believed to be nearly equal to sustain a competition with ours in these respects, an advantage justly ascribable there as here to the division of labour which their immense developement has rendered

practicable, through the prevalence of which each is dedicated to the fabrication of one special series of counts. As the French delegation observes:—“*Et l'on comprend aisément que l'ouvrier qui fait constamment une seule et même chose, la fait mieux et avec plus de célérité que celui dont le travail varie à chaque instant, ce qui a lieu dans la plus grande partie des filatures Françaises.*” Still, the more convenient situation of our manufacturing districts for the import of the raw and the shipment of the finished commodity, the low prices of coal, the excellence of our roads, with the abundance and economy of land and water carriage in the inte-

rior, all combine to assume a comparative superiority, even over Alsace, in all these branches of the external commerce where the extent of the fiscal or economical tax is determined by the weight. In articles of luxury, accessible only to the wealthy and of little bulk, a per centage of additional value for a more finished fabric is of little account. Over all other parts of France manufacturing, our pre-eminence must long be decided.

The serious disadvantage under which the French labour from the high prices of coal have been alluded to. This, as was natural, has forced attention to every practical means, by the strictest economy as well as by the most improved steam-engines, for reducing a charge so materially affecting prices. Their success so far is well worthy the careful imitation of our own manufacturers, by whom a saving, if only of a fractional per centage, ought not to be overlooked. There is no wise excuse for abusing the plenty with which we are blessed, for even though coal-beds will not soon be exhausted, or may, as Mr Baines, M.P., has, with due gravity, assured us, reproduce themselves, still, as the fountains of supply have latterly been thrown open to all the world, and foreign imposts have already partially and may hereafter be wholly reduced, prices are likely to be equalized eventually at home and abroad, when the present arm of our strength, which we have neglected to put forth to the utmost in season, may be weakened without power of recovering the vantage-ground. M. Kæchlin estimates that fuel enters from 4 to 5 per cent into the *sale* price of yarns No. 40 to 50 French counts in Alsace, whilst in Man-

chester he states it at most not to exceed 1 per cent.* The disproportion but a few years since was, however, still more striking—it has been so far brought down, and it is hoped may be still further. Here low pressure steam-engines are generally used, whilst in France, by working with high pressure steam-power, and exceeding care in the management of fuel, 4 kilogrammes of coal only are expended in producing 1 kil. of yarn No. 40 to 50, which in Lancashire is found to require 5 kils. The comparative cheapness, important as that is, does not atone for the waste. The 100 kils. (less than two hundred weight) of coal, which at Mulhausen cost four francs, are paid for in Manchester no more than one franc; the advantage in favour of the latter offers no apology in view of other counteracting circumstances, although it may be the cause why, as M. Kæchlin says, the English *negligent l'économie du combustible*. As a high degree of importance has been latterly attached among us to the remission of certain fractional parts of a penny duty on the raw material, a fractional saving upon coal consumed ought not to be without its interest for the spinner; nor should he disdain a lesson from a rival neighbour, even though not, on the whole, so advanced in the art as himself.

In their spinneries, loom-shops, and print-works, the house of M. M. Nic. Kæchlin, Freres, gives bread to between 4000 and 5000 workpeople; their establishments are, therefore, on the largest scale. M. N. Kæchlin, taking for basis the manufactures of Mulhausen, calculates the number of looms and weavers for all France thus:—

Cotton to be converted into tissues,	.	34,000,000 kils.
Requires of looms,	.	270,000
Of weavers,	.	325,000

* Dr Ure, with the spirit of gross exaggeration which unhappily characterises much of his work on the cotton manufacture, has ventured to assert that the French “obtain the same impulsive force with about one half the fuel” used in England. Travellers, we are told, see strange things; so long as their marvels are confined to after-dinner exhibitions, they serve perhaps their legitimate purpose of accelerating the circulation of the rosy beverage to “another good thing;” but it is a serious misfortune when the wonder is gravely committed to print, because then it loses its zest, unless indeed it be recorded in its proper place—the pages of Joe Miller. M. N. Kæchlin, as will be seen—no mean authority—reduces the Doctor’s men in buckram to one-fifth saving.

The Deputation of the Haut Rhin, however, carry the number from 350,000 to 400,000, which is probably nearer the truth. But in Mulhausen the weavers weave in loom-shops, subject to regulated hours, and an unvarying round of labour. They therefore turn off with a certain degree of exactitude a given quantity of work weekly. It is far different in the country districts of Alsace, as also in most other parts of France, where the weavers carry home the warp and weft, delivered to them by the manufacturer in town, or served out at what is here, we believe, termed a "putting out place," in villages which serve as the centres of scattered districts. This custom, since the Factory System has been extended to power-loom weaving, is

here rapidly disappearing. In such locations the work is neither so steadily adhered to, nor so productive in quantity for the given time; because the weaver is, besides, partially engaged in the labours of husbandry and the vintage, which at certain seasons absorb all his care and industry. For these reasons, it is easy to credit that the number of cotton weavers in France, where power looms do not appear to exist to any considerable extent, and no cotton is exported in the shape of yarn, will not fall very far short of 400,000. The weight of cotton yarn manufactured into piece goods was, for Great Britain in 1833, say in round numbers about 183,000,000 lbs. To work up which required, according to Mr Baines,—

Power looms,	.	.	.	.	100,000	
Hand looms,	.	.	.	.	250,000	
Total,	.	.	.	.	—	350,000
Of power loom weavers (our own estimate)					80,000	
Hand loom,	.	.	.	.	250,000	
Total,	.	.	.	.	—	330,000

In France the manufacture into tissues of 34,000,000 kilogrammes of cotton (the export in the form of twist we have shown to be the merest trifle)—

In round numbers say	.	78,000,000 lbs.
Occupies	.	270,000 looms,
And say	.	375,000 weavers.

The difference of labour performed more by the English hand weaver than the French will, from the facts we have enumerated, as well as from the more confirmed habits of industry of the former, not average less, it is supposed, than 25 per cent. The power looms, in addition, are causes sufficient to balance the extraordinary excess apparent in the immense quantity of workmanship performed in this country.

It would carry us too far to institute a comparison of weavers' wages and prices of piece goods here and in France; but, for the information of our manufacturing friends, it may be briefly stated, that M. Nic. Kæchlin averages the whole of the former

at 75 cents, equal to about sevenpence halfpenny per day, or three shillings and ninepence a-week. Selecting from the immense variety of fabrics for a discriminating classification, of which the eye of a practised manufacturer is alone qualified, the article of calico, which, in both countries, indeed in all, may be regarded as the great staple of loom production, the calculation of the same eminent *fabricant* led him (we are speaking all along of 1833, for which alone we possess French official data) to estimate the marketable value of the same kind of cloth, that is, of a three-fourth calico, 75 picks (*portées*) to an inch, quality *corsée*, thus:—

In Alsace, at 22 cents the aune—or a fraction less than	2½d.
Manchester, 22 id.	.
Switzerland, 19 id.	2d.

The aune is equal to 3 feet 11½ inches, English; the customary length of piece, or *coupe*, in Switzerland, is 58 aunes, in Alsace 34, and at Manchester 24. It is difficult, upon the given data, to reconcile this admeasurement with any description of Lancashire calicoes that we are in the least familiar with. The description seems to approximate the nearest to what is called a ¾ Blackburn 74, although it does not correspond exactly either in length or breadth with the French reduced into English measure. Assuming this, however, to be the fact, the above price is equal to five shillings and twopence for the piece of 28 yards at Mulhausen and Manchester equally. This would establish an equality in the value and in the economy of production not over grateful to the ears of our manufacturers. It must be borne in mind, however, that M. N. Kæchlin stands accused on fair grounds of rather overstating the progress and actual state of his own branch of industry; and also that the comparison is ap-

plicable to the inferior fabrics of cloth only, such as are known, we believe, as seconds and thirds, and woven by hand; for as power looms are not common in France, so the best descriptions of power loom printing cloth could scarcely be matched there at any trifling difference of price. We offer these observations, however, with the diffidence always becoming in those who presume to hazard opinions upon subjects requiring above all the practised hands of practical men. M. Henry Barbet of Rouen, himself a manufacturer, disagrees widely with M. N. Kæchlin. He rates the difference of price between France and England upon a piece of calico as ranging from thirty to forty per cent. The following calculations, he acquaints the Commission before which he was examined, are founded upon lengths, breadths, and qualities identical for the two countries, reduced into francs and French measures, and verified by samples procured from this country:—

	Fr.	Cents.	
In England, 88 picks to the inch, 35 inches broad,	0	64½	the aune.
In France, id. id.	0	95	
In England, 35 inches broad (first quality, we presume, though omitted to be stated),	0	73½	
In France, id.	1	0	

The discrepancy betwixt this estimate and that of M. Kæchlin is remarkable. It must be observed, however, that each relates to a distinct description of fabric. That of M. Barbet being of a higher quality, and more costly make, would naturally tend to increase the disproportion of cost, because here the machinery of England would bring its indisputable cheapening powers into play. The truth will probably lie between the contending statements. The power-looms in all France, if estimated by those of Alsace in 1833, would be as one in twenty of the total number of looms, thus:—

In Alsace, from 58 to 60,000 Looms.
Of which, 3,000 Power id.

It is notorious, we believe, that Mulhausen alone contains a much larger proportion than any other

town or district of the kingdom. In the united empire they entered, at the same period, for two-sevenths of the total number of looms, and were equal to two-fifths of the hand-looms.

In the article of cotton printed goods the exceeding superiority of the British printer in the more common qualities, whether as respects excellence of execution or economy of price, is deposed to equally by M. N. Kæchlin, and all the other French traders. The explanations assigned show them to be perfectly aware of the true causes of their inability to support a competition with us in foreign markets. Those descriptions of fabrics are usually finished here in vast masses, for which machine engraving, which has of late years been so greatly perfected, affords the most extensive facilities. The bolder spirit of enterprise; the existence of capital

unbounded; the comparative cheapness of dyeing materials—all improved to the utmost by the magical powers of mechanical contrivance—leave our neighbours, if we may accept their own avowal, without hope of reaching our level. There is not a printing establishment in all France capable of turning out of hand 50,000 pieces in one year—a quantity that would not be reckoned in Lancashire an affair of particular note, where there are firms, in the ordinary course of business, accomplishing four times the amount. In like manner, the largest manufactory in France can produce no more than 60,000 pieces annually of calicoes and prints; whilst we hear of manufacturers here furnishing for consumption one million of pieces a-year, and still pressing on, with gigantic aspirations, to swell out the proportion to one million and a half. In the finer sorts of prints—printed muslins, for example—the French have attained perhaps a certain superiority—not arising, as ridiculously concluded by Dr Bowring, with the usual pertness of ignorance conceited of itself, from the brighter fancy or more exquisite taste of French pattern-drawers, educated in those schools of design the results of which he so extravagantly over-rates—but from the more careful and lengthened elaboration bestowed upon the different processes, as well as probably a nicer attention to the quality of the dye-stuffs employed;—so far as taste in design and beauty of pattern, we have no hesitation in denying any pretence to superiority over our own calico-printers. Messrs Wells, Cooke, and Potter of Manchester, and Messrs Thomson, Chippendale, and Co. of Primrose, near Clitheroe, can testify perhaps from experience, that the higher classes of the school of design in this country—the first-rate artists—have proved unable to compete with those humbler brethren whose skill had been purchased by long apprenticeship, and refined by native taste for the line of art to which they had devoted themselves. The reason, and the sole reason why the same minute and patient study is not here bestowed upon the colouring matter

and in the blocking, is, that quantity of production is more looked to than excellence in the finer shades of finish. In a French printing establishment, five thousand pieces annually of this higher order of work are looked upon as a large performance; in this country the humblest printer condescends to reckon only by tens of thousands in the year, even for the choicest labours of his art. The first delivery day for the Spring or Winter season of a first-rate calico printer resembles a fair, from the concourse of buyers in the sale or show rooms; it is no uncommon thing, we believe, in one of those we have alluded to, Messrs Wells, Cooke, and Potter, to clear off, on such an occasion alone, twenty thousand pieces or more, all for the home or country trade, as it is termed, and therefore in small parcels comparatively, of high-priced and fashionable styles. Printers of cheaper and more common patterns, whether for home or foreign demand, deal, of course, in quantities much more considerable. Whilst we submit this explanation, we should not be sorry to find calico-printers, whether English or Scotch, more scrupulous in the finish and less ambitious about the quantity of their production, as was the case when the more costly branches of workmanship for home trade were monopolized by the London printers, who earned and maintained therein a reputation unequalled by all the world, until crushed by the cheaper rivalry, although less perfect execution, of Lancashire.

Professing to give no more than a sketch of the cotton manufacture of France, we must here stay our hand with a summary of conclusions, various of which have before been noticed more in detail, gleaned from a rapid inspection of the *enquête* or commission of commercial enquiry in Paris to which we have referred. The French manufacturers object to any modification of prohibition for duties, from their incapacity to meet the British under any tariff short of prohibitory. With scarcely more than the exception of M. Nic. Kæchlin, it is contended by them, that the difference of the cost of production in the two countries ranges

from 30 to 70 per cent, according to the description of goods; and that the superiority of machinery, except in Alsace, is equal to from 30 to 40 per cent; the differential amount of labour performed, individual for individual, except in Alsace, where it is not so marked, would seem to tell also from 25 to 40 per cent against France. The French manufacturer has to struggle with the dearness of coal, imported for the most part from Belgium and England, and loaded with high duties, and which, even at Mulhausen, less the economy practised in the consumption, is charged four times as much as at Manchester. The high price of iron, equally imported and burdened with fiscal exactions, is another drawback as aggravating the cost of machinery. The deficiency of capital, in part arising from the operation of injudicious laws, which, interfering with its division or appropriation upon death, deaden the desire of accumulation, and to a considerable extent damp the ardour for legitimate acquisition, is one other inconvenience. The duty on the importation of the raw

cotton being 2 per cent more than in England, can exercise little influence on home consumption, and on exportation of the manufactured article is more than compensated by the premium. The want of good internal means of transport and navigation operates as a serious disadvantage upon the rivalry of French industry; the more especially upon raw materials, such as cotton, iron, and coal, and heavy piece goods. Finally, the French operative, more vivacious though he be, finds the steady untiring habits of the English workman, as Monsieur Roman, one of the delegates from Alsace, who had travelled in England and inspected our manufactories, observed—"There is in the English operative a kind of cross of the French and German character, a mixture of the Saxon and Norman, which endows him at the same time both with assiduity and vivacity."

The separate estimates furnished by various manufacturers of the extent of the cotton trade in the different departments of France, show the following results for 1833 :—

Cotton consumed,	.	.	*37,000,000 kilos.
Number of operatives,	.	.	860,000
Of which spinners,	.	.	85,000
Weavers,	.	.	375,000
Number of spindles,	.	.	3,500,000
of looms, hand and power,	.	.	270,000
Total annual value of production of cottons,			600,000,000 francs.
Of which value of the yarn in the spun state,			170,000,000 id.
Cost of the raw cotton,			90,000,000 id.
Wages, fuel, profit, wear and tear, &c. of spinning,			80,000,000 id.
Value of factories, machinery, &c.—the dead weight			
estimated at 30 francs the spindle, †			105,000,000 id.
Weavers' wages from 30 to			35,000,000
The total, in the shape of wages and carriage, to the			
benefit of the country, exclusive of the consump-			
tion of indigenous products for the manufacture,			
is calculated at			400,000,000 id.
Profits of proprietors for the whole manufacture,			30,000,000 id.
Interest of capital,			30,000,000 id.
Dye stuffs, bleaching materials, &c.			20,000,000 id.
Depreciation of machinery,			15,000,000 id.
Repairs and renewals of id.			15,000,000 id.

* We have assumed heretofore and reasoned upon the quantity actually imported, say 35,600,000 kilogrammes, both as more convenient from its official character, and as being the quantity dwelt upon by many of the manufacturers.

† This is the estimate of M. N. Kæchlin alone; by others 40 francs per spindle is the valuation fixed.

WAGES.

	Fr.	Cents.	D.
Mean daily wages of spinners, piecers, &c. per head,	1	30	or 13
Of weavers,	0	75	or 7½
The wages of a man spinner per day, ranging from	1	23	to 3 francs.
Women spinners,	0	75	to 2 do.
Children,	0	40	to 0 60 cents
Other work people,	1	0	to 2 0
Weavers from,	0	60	to 1 25
Fine do.	1	25	to 3 0
Children,	0	25	to 0 60
Calico printers in Alsace,	1	25	to 3 0
Engravers,	1	50	to 5 0
Printers (machine) at Rouen,	6	9	to 8 0
Rentreurs do.	3	0	to 5 0

The daily duration of labour throughout France appears to be *thirteen hours*.

We cannot discharge ourselves fairly of the subject of the French cotton manufacture, without noticing the bitterness of feeling exhibited in their constant references to England by the manufacturers. On the face of every page of the documents connected with the recent enquiries in that country are to be found proofs of the persuasion that Great Britain, for her own selfish objects, was endeavouring to drag-oon France into a commercial treaty, and to found her exclusive prosperity on the ruins of French industry. The irritation is pardonable, because on our side it has been unwisely provoked. No traces of this unfriendly spirit were visible before the appointment of that commercial commission, which, on the part of Dr Bowring, who first imagined it, was no better than a plausible scheme projected as a convenient course to follow the financial enquiry job, then on the eve of turning out so miserable an abortion. Monsieur le Poulet Thomson acceded to it with a view, at the public charge, to disembarass himself of an importunate crony, and the proposition, which to Dr Bowring was an affair of salary only, was acceded to by the Government of Louis Philippe, then newly established, and trembling in the balance; as a bait with which to lure Great Britain to the steadfast and thorough-going support of the new dynasty, with the *arrière pensée* always of staving off conclusions. The ruse succeeded; for after all Mr Thomson's significant shrugs and quasi-official assurances, delivered to the Commons' House with that psalm-

singing solemnity of tone for which he will ever live in the memory of all who have had the good fortune once to hear him, behold the commission is broken up, when the farce had been spun out to the dimensions of a tragedy, without one jot of performance of all the magnificent promises we had been so lavishly cajoled with for three years that they formed the great staple of Mr Thomson's speeches—all resolved themselves into the ludicrous repetition of the *parturient montes, nascitur ridiculum mus*. This, however, was not the worst; the commission left its sting behind in France; the national commercial jealousy, long quiescent, and silently disappearing, was re-awakened and aroused into all its pristine vehemence, of which the outbreaks lie before us in almost every line of the French *enquête*. Long before the mission of Messrs Villiers and Bowring, the merchants of Bourdeaux and Lyons had been demanding of the Ministry and the Chambers a revision of the tariff, by which the prohibitions and duties on British manufactures and produce should be lowered or abolished, so as to encourage the consumption here of French silks and wines. An enlightened policy would have looked on, and left contending interests to have adjusted themselves; the départements of the Rhone and the Gironde had made out a strong case, and were rapidly enlisting public opinion in their favour against the monopoly of Normandy, Alsace, and the Ardennes, which Dr Bowring could not fail to perceive on his re-entry into Paris in 1830. He saw it, indeed, but scented no more in it

than the decent groundwork of a place for himself. The place he gained, and desperate with the non-fulfilment of promises he stood largely pledged for, and rashly vouched for by his superior at the Board of Trade, the Doctor turned crusader to enforce upon the departments the doctrines of free trade, whilst, when in Paris, he attempted to play the diplomatist with journalists, and was in ecstasies of triumph when an opposition paper was prevailed with to advocate free commercial intercourse with England. Such vulgar expedients, and so belittled a course of action, disgusted both Government and people. We happen to know that the Ministry of Louis Philippe, as well as the Monarch himself, were not slow to exhibit significant symptoms of contempt for the manœuvres, and dislike for the contriver. Whilst the manufacturers of Rouen and Mulhausen rose, as we have seen, as one man against the uncalled for interference of the foreigner, and the current of opinion, even in Lyons and Bourdeaux, which heretofore had set so strongly in favour of British interests, has become mute before the expression of public feeling, justly irritated, and national dignity and independence so egregiously trifled with. The indiscretions of the missionary attracted at length the notice even of masters at home, not celebrated for powers of second-sight. Our readers know the rest; the obnoxious actor was withdrawn from the stage—the curtain fell—and the French commercial has shared the fate of the French financial accounts commission, remembered only through some heavy items of charge in the annual budget of the Exchequer to the credit of Dr Bowring, and certain reports printed at the expense of Parliament, which are to be found not unprofitably performing the offices of waste paper in the metropolitan magazines of “mugs, mousetraps, and all other grocery,”—now enshrining a bundle of greasy dips, anon enclosing a lot of French sugar plums, perhaps of the worthy doctor’s own importation.

We arrive now to a portion of our subject, involving considerations more grave than the freaks compa-

ratively harmless of trading politicians. The Factory System, or rather its abuses, has once more been dragged into the foreground of public scrutiny, by the cruel and insidious endeavour of the President of the Trade Board to withdraw the shield which Parliamentary legislation had imperfectly forged for the safeguard of helpless children. The readers who honour our pages with their perusal cannot be unacquainted with the eventful history of Factory legislation, nor with the part which it has been our duty to take upon the Factory Question. The eyes of the late Sir Robert Peel had, so long ago as 1802, been opened to the cruel operation of machine-impelled labour upon the poor apprentices, which, at that early period, it was the custom to cart off from workhouses in distant parts into the cotton districts, pursuant to wholesale contracts with master-spinners, according to a carcass formula, at so much per head. He succeeded in the enactment of a law for the better treatment of these friendless and fatherless outcasts. Subsequently, in 1815, he renewed his benevolent endeavours to place all children employed in mills under the guardianship of the law; but notwithstanding the report of a committee, establishing many scandalous abuses, it was not until the year 1819 that he succeeded in obtaining an act, by which no child under nine years should be allowed in a cotton factory, nor, under sixteen, be subject more than twelve hours per diem. This was all he could obtain; whilst, in the calm and patient pursuit of even this pitiful pittance, this tardy surrender to the calls of outraged humanity, he was assailed, in Parliament and out, with a virulence and a rancour of which they only can appreciate all the demoniacal fury who equally were exposed to the pelting of the same pitiless storm. We have not forgotten the raging riot of the liberal tyrants of those days—for *liberals* they were—for never till then had we learned the full lesson of the possible degradation of human nature to the lowest level of the brutality of the brutes, as exhibited in the agonies of all-grasping avarice, or the probable rescue of infancy and innocence from its murderous

clutches. Some there are who then figured in the disgraceful outcry, who have passed to their last account;—may that peace, we say, be with the ashes of the dead, which, when living, they sought to deny to the tender of age and the guileless of heart. We can never with life lose the recollection, however, of scenes such as never, until these days of reform, had dishonoured a committee-room of the national assembly. The name of Phillips must ever stink in the nostrils of times present and to come, as chief in the barbarous crusade against the rights of the poor in Parliament; and even Sir George may fail to find consolation in the peerage he has long been so slavishly hunting, for the unmanly contumely and outrageous abuse, with which, under favour of his senatorial privilege, he did not scruple to insult the grey hairs and mock the spotless character—the Christian benevolence—the truly philanthropic labours of the late Mr Nathaniel Gould, when examined as a voluntary witness, and the chief leader in the glorious cause, before the committee of 1816—a man who, measured by wealth alone, the only standard which, to a man of Sir George's mental vision, is unerring, was his equal, vast as are his accumulations under the Factory system; but how infinitely his superior, when estimated by the qualities of mind that adorn, and the charities of the heart that elevate man into the veritable and reflected image of his creator.

It was on the occasion of this committee, and the act passed in 1819, that the late Mr Horner made the following observations with respect to factory apprentices:—

“These children were often sent one, two, or three hundred miles from their place of birth, separated for life from all relations, and deprived of the aid which even in their destitute situation they might derive from friends. It had been known that with a bankrupt's effects, a gang, if he might use the term, of these children had been put up to sale, and were advertised publicly, as a *part of the property*. A most atrocious instance had come before the King's Bench two years ago, in which a number of these boys, apprenticed

by a parish in London to one manufacturer, had been transferred to another, and had been found by some benevolent persons in a state of *absolute famine*. Another case, more horrible, had come to his knowledge, while on a committee up-stairs: that, not many years ago, an agreement had been made between a London parish and a Lancashire manufacturer, by which it was stipulated that with every *twenty sound* children, one *idiot* should be taken!”

The act of 1819 spread its mantle over the infant workers in cotton factories only; the searching eye of the late Mr Sadler detected, and his unwearied labour laid bare, the appalling horrors perpetrated in the woollen and linen factories. He proposed, being then a member of the legislature, as the direct and simple remedy for all ills, that every species of manufacture should be subjected to the operation of the same law, and at a later period that that law should limit the hours of labour to ten. We all know, for it is but of yesterday, how this great and good man was persecuted, ay, to death, for he fell a martyr in the cause, for the bare mention of so philanthropic a reform. The preamble of his case was declared not proven, and he was challenged to a committee. Reluctantly forced to accept, because he would have spared the exposure of fellow-traders—the exposure too of his own amiable weakness of neighbourly brotherhood, which led him to cast a veil over past enormities, whilst he provided a sure preventive against their occurrence in future; the committee was summoned, and he proved his case stronger by one thousand times, than he had chosen to state it. Being, to the disgrace of Leeds, and to the misfortune of the people of all England, excluded from the reform Parliament of 1833, Lord Ashley succeeded him in the noble and affecting office of champion of the poor—the mantle of the absent philanthropist could not have fallen upon shoulders more worthily and gracefully becoming it. His urgency became so oppressive to the callous government of that, as of the present day, that torid themselves of the reproach which his presence in the House ne-

ver failed to convey to them, recourse was had to the miserable device of scouting all the evidence given before Mr Sadler's committee as *ex parte*; the master spinners had not, it was asserted, been heard, and ultimately, a commission was appointed to hunt for more testimony. The animus in which that commission was suggested, is the best key to the characters selected to compose it, and the secret or understood instructions under which the members were expected to report. We shall say no more of them than that certain briefless and unknown barristers, with some penny-a-line police reporters were for the most part the class chosen to enquire into the grievances of his Majesty's subjects. Their progress was such as might have been anticipated. It was no better than a species of ambulatory inquisition, by which the witnesses for the poor, generally from among the poor themselves, were racked, and tortured, and browbeat in the morning, after which the familiars retired to luxuriate in the pleasures of the table with the rich oppressors. Through the strenuous exertions of the friends of the factory children, however, the iniquitous project was partially foiled, for evidence was forced on them in a mass so overwhelming, that however it might be mangled and abridged, it could not be entirely shut out. Foiled in the nefarious purposes of their mission, the commissioners were reluctantly compelled to contribute a report, which so far from invalidating, only added to the catalogue of horrors recorded by the committee of Mr Sadler. To deal justly however, it must be mentioned that some honourable men were joined in this commission who nobly disdained to ally themselves with its sinister objects. Scandalized at the gross partiality apparent in the official report of the garbled evidence, Mr Stuart, one of these conscientious men, publicly accused it and convicted its framers of the *suppressio veri*. We extract from Mr Fielden's recent pamphlet* the spirited sketch

of the unequalled atrocity laid to their charge by Mr Stuart.

In a letter to the secretary, dated 3d August, 1833, he accuses the board of having puffed their doings in the public journals; of having, in the printed report of evidence, suppressed no less than 2000 or 3000 answers to queries upon the very matter wherein the government has made its blunder, namely, the "*relays*" of children, and that, as to this matter, the "*report*" is "no more the report of the twelve persons appointed to see things with their own eyes, and to report their observations on them, than of any twelve gentlemen whom one may chance to meet in St Paul's Churchyard." He says also, "You have omitted all notice of the mass of evidence both in Scotland and in Lancashire unfavourable to your own views;" and he goes on to specify some very important evidence which they wholly suppressed, in these words:—"I therefore once more ask you, to what part of your report I am to look for any notice of the evidence, respecting the most dangerous employments, *wet flax spinning and web dressing*, to which children in factories are subjected, as communicated to you by Sir David Barry, Mr Mackintosh, and myself, and also contained in the report of the Committee on Mr Sadler's Bill. I maintain, that if we had sent you no other information than that which describes and proves the *noxious nature of those employments to the human constitution*, and suggests the remedy, that the information was not acquired at too high a price by the expense of the Commissioners sent to Scotland. Yet on this interesting subject you have hitherto in your reports and correspondence preserved inviolable silence."

Such was the conduct of these men, who, nevertheless, at the eleventh hour, made an affected display of the nicest sensibilities; they outheroed Herod with a parade of puling sensibilities, and in the race of humanity sought to distance Mr Sadler and Lord Ashley themselves. The notable discovery

* "The Curse of the Factory System," by the benevolent member for Oldham. A production which ought to be in every body's hands.

was made that the noble Lord's bill for the restriction of labour to ten hours, did not afford sufficient protection to children—was not stringent enough against over-working—and that *eight hours* was the utmost task of daily toil that ought to be inflicted on all below fourteen years of age. The Whig Cabinet became all at once infected with the same fever of sympathies as their understrappers, and adopted their conclusions; a bill was brought in in accordance, despite the warning voices of Lord Ashley, Mr Fielden, and the other tried friends of the operative community, who showed that it never could accomplish its professed intent. It was passed in the year 1833, but the day of deliverance to the factory child was postponed by it for thirty months. Its operation was graduated thus:—No child who had not completed its eleventh year was to work more than eight hours a day after the 1st March, 1834; and in the same manner, no child who had not completed its twelfth year, was to work a longer time than eight hours in a day after the 1st March, 1835, and, on the 1st March, 1836, *no child who had not completed its thirteenth year, was to work more than eight hours in the day.* Inspectors were appointed to see it rigidly carried into effect.

The measure, concocted in the vilest spirit of hypocrisy and evasion—vicious in its origin, and designedly inefficient for practical working—became finally the law of the land on the 1st of March last, when on the 9th of the same month the President of the Board of Trade—that is nine days after the law had taken effect—moved in the Commons for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the clause—the very blood and bones of the whole act of 1833—by which children who had not completed their thirteenth year were not to be worked more than eight hours in one day. Thus the only humane provision of a law bottomed in fraud and folly was to be got rid of without trial had. The pretence was, that the inspectors had all reported its utter impracticability, and that, if strictly enforced, the only result must be that the masters must discharge from their mills, and throw unprovided for upon the world,

upwards of 35,000 children under the proscribed age. Now, in looking over the reports of the inspectors, there is absolutely no proof adduced to support such an assertion; the whole argument amounts to no more than a statement of opinions with reference to prospective consequences; up to this day no battalions of children have been dismissed the factories, nor is it likely they will be, so long as trade continues so flourishing, and cotton traders are daily adding to their hoards. The second reading of Mr Thomson's bill was ably contested on the 10th of May, and after the eloquent and unanswerable protests of Lord Ashley, the Right Honourable Henry Goulburn, Messrs Fielden, Brotherton, and other friends of the factory child, to which we can do no more than refer, was carried by a majority of two, the numbers being 178 for, and 176 against it—after which Government in dismay abandoned its foul design of further persecuting the infant operative population. The division was signalized by an instance of shameless turpitude, of which one wretch alone in the whole British dominions could have been capable. Mr Daniel O'Connell had spoken on various occasions, in and out of Parliament, in behalf of the factory children; three days before the debate alluded to, he had eagerly sought Lord Ashley to assure him of his support, comprehending, of course, the whole weight of the "tail;" on the day of trial, to the indignant scorn and contempt of all men, he and they voted against him and against the infant suppliants for mercy. Our readers can be at no loss to guess the nature of the arguments by which the disgusting apostasy was gilded. The sordid Judas of these days betrayed them for gold. Three days after the traitor had fulfilled the conditions of the compact—had sealed the bond of his iniquity—a purse of L.700 from the Unitarian and Dissenting mill-owners and others, was presented to him. It had been kept back by the parties in London, charged to negotiate the vile treaty with him, until the noxious reptile had acquitted his engagement—the spoil was then claimed and surrendered.

Happily, notwithstanding this treachery, unparalleled for its baseness, we repeat Mr Thomson abandoned his offspring on a demonstration of public indignation, so decided in, but more beyond, the walls of the legislature; let us hope the flagitious attempt will be remembered against him when next Manchester is favoured with another occasion for selecting representatives sympathizing more truly with the acknowledged humanity which has ever distinguished the vast majority of its wealthy and industrious population. It is a foul blot upon its reputation to be libelled in the Commons' House by two advocates of the unchristian and revolting practice of infant slavery. The stain must be washed away, or it will be looked on as fitted rather to form a portion of the coast of Guinea than of the most civilized and mighty nation of the earth. The miserable intrigue of Mr Poulett Thomson for coating over his late abortive enterprise for reformatory the sundered bonds of the factory child, and for currying popularity by the ostentatious endeavour to induce their Royal Highnesses the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent to accept the invitation and honour the town with their presence at the grand musical festival of the year, will serve rather to exasperate the sense of insult and injury, than to bury in oblivion his defeated crusade against the dearest charities of life, and the most affecting claimants upon the affections of man. Should the illustrious ladies condescend to visit the town, we trust that Mr Condy, and their other warm-hearted advocates, will be able to arrange a

numerous deputation of the little victims destined so late to the decimating mercies of political economy, that they may list their own cause, and plead, in their own persons, to the eyes and hearts of the high-born and beauteous representative of the future majesty of the British empire, for the august protection of her whose faithful, devoted subjects they will one day become. Not even the interested energies of Mr Dyer,* the American gentleman who first brought forward and succeeded in carrying the election of Mr Poulett Thomson for Manchester, will, we trust, be found to stand him stead on the next election.

The present law for regulating infant factory labour is confessedly imperfect, and cannot, we are satisfied, be made practically to work well. It ought, however, to be duly enforced, which confessedly it never has been, in order that the decisive conviction of its inapplicability should lead to that desirable approximation of opinion, which should influence mill-owners to combine with the protectors of factory children and the adult operatives for obtaining the enactment of a declaratory measure by which one rule for the hours of toil should be uniformly decreed for all. As certain parts of the operations of manufacture must necessarily be carried on by children, it is clear that if their labour be restricted, as by the bill it now is, to eight hours, the adult workman must be disabled from continuing his branch for twelve or beyond the eight hours. The system of "relays" of children—a term of political economy, by which hu-

* Our American brethren are a shrewd race, and rarely known to labour in any cause without an eye to business. It has been stated, we believe, and, though at first denied, subsequently admitted, in a letter we have heard of, that Mr Dyer, who is an extensive machine maker, had found sufficient favour at the Board of Trade to be able to procure licenses for the exportation of prohibited machinery. We further learn, that the intimacy between the President of that Board and Mr Dyer (who is a wealthy man) has been so far improved, that it has led to a connexion of partnership between the latter and the respectable house of business of which the former was once a member, for the establishment of a machine manufactory in some part of Russia. We give the report as we have it, without vouching for its accuracy. We should like to see a return of licenses granted by the Trade Board since its present chief has figured there. Why, as in a former article we asked, does no member move for it? It would doubtless be a curious record of patriotism and disinterestedness on the one side, and gratitude on the other.

manity is degradingly assimilated with the brute creation—does not appear capable of execution. The mule or water frame must stop, if the piecer be withdrawn. The present bill, with all its imperfections, be it observed, is not the production of the friends of the factory child, but of the ministers, and wantonly as wickedly contrived to defeat the humane as wise aims of the former; fortunately the schemers had been caught with meshes of their own net. It has always been insisted upon, and irresistibly demonstrated by Lord Ashley and his colleagues in the holy undertaking, that an enactment, fixing ten hours as the maximum of labour for all, adult and infant, could alone remedy the tardily admitted abuses of the factory system, with a due regard and conciliation of the material interests of both master and operative. It is gratifying to know the progress which this truth has made among the master mill-owners. On occasion of the discussions of the question in 1833, that noble Lord could not find more than some half dozen manufacturers to partake his views; now we learn that upwards of two hundred have rallied around and besought him to persevere for the attainment of a ten hours' bill. Mr Fielden, ever foremost in deeds to redeem his words, has for some time past placed his own extensive works under the ten hours' plan, and, with all the satisfaction of a heart overflowing with benevolence, and complacently rejoicing over good performed, he declares that it works well; although his interests may partially suffer, whilst his neighbours are getting twelve hours of work at the same price that he pays for ten. For our own parts, we should prefer to see the ten hours' law accompanied with a clause restrictive also of the ages of children—that before their full age of fourteen, their employment in mills should be absolutely interdicted. Time would then be afforded for the better development of the powers of body—of the physical energies—and for educating the mind. We are no advocates for compulsory schooling after ten hours of toil and exhaustion—the mental faculties can hardly be buoyant and vigorous, when the corpo-

real are prostrate. At present, every improvement in machinery tends, and has invariably tended, to the exclusion, more and more, of the adult hands from operations which formerly could only be managed by them, but now can be equally well attended to, and at a much lower rate of wages, by children. The result threatens to be their entire exclusion from manufactures, an event that may occur in a few years, from the accelerated ratio in which population advances through a prosperous state of trade, and accompanied as that is with the invention of more finished machines for simplifying the processes of skilled labour, such as the self-acting mule of De Jongh and Roberts. It were better the full-grown workmen should be more exclusively engaged, even at a deplorable, but we hope unnecessary rate of reduced remuneration, than that this great nation should be indebted to the overburdened energies of the infant race only for its wealth and industrial greatness.

Of all the objections once urged against regulating the hours of labour, one only is now ventured to be breathed, and that is the imminent peril we stand in of foreign competition. We are not of the number of those who are disposed to undervalue the force of the appeal on that score; but of the value of this argument, so far as France, our greatest manufacturing rival, is concerned, we have furnished an array of data, in the commencement of this article, the inferences and comparisons arising out of which fall more within the province of our practical manufacturing friends than our own, and to them we may safely abandon the task. The fact is, however, that it is home and not foreign competition that lies at the root of the question. We are, with all our might, over-producing, from which arises the necessity of underselling, not foreigners, but each other. The differences of sale price are screwed either out of wages, or, what is equivalent, the substitution of the cheaper infant for the higher-priced adult labour. Mr Fielden provides us with a proof in point of the baneful effects of home competition, as reflected from our traffic with the United States.

"The Americans, during a period of eighteen years prior to 1833, could purchase in England, with the proceeds of 300 lbs. of Upland cotton, on an average of these years, only 24 pieces of 74-cloth; but, in 1833, they could purchase, with the proceeds of the same quantity of cotton, 30 pieces. And, in like manner, they could purchase 29 pieces in 1834, and 32 pieces in 1835. An increase of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

"During the eighteen years prior to 1833, the Americans could, with the proceeds of 300 lbs. of cotton, purchase only 131 lbs. of 30 hanks water twist: in 1833, 177 lbs.: in 1834, 178 lbs., and in 1835, 190 lbs. An increase of 45 per cent.

In 1828-9 . . . 365 yards, an increase of 6 per cent.

1830-1 . . . 388 . . . 12 "

1832-3 . . . 464 . . . 34 "

1834-5 . . . 564 . . . 64 "

The quality of the cotton and the cloth being the same throughout these years in every one of these different articles of manufacture.

"The five articles here selected are what are called leading articles, into which a very great proportion of the cotton imported into England is worked up; and they constitute a fair criterion of the general state of the manufacture."

We have heard it asserted that the balance thus paid to America upon what, but for our reckless race against each other, should be a fair barter trade, is equal, for the last five years, to four millions sterling. It would not appear to be the competition in America that was the cause of this. The disproportion of the costs of manufacturing is still largely in our favour, as Mr Fielden shows:—

"That the manufacturers there

"During the eighteen years prior to 1833, the Americans, with the proceeds of 300 lbs. of cotton could only purchase 86 lbs. of half-ell velveteens. In 1835, they could, for the same, purchase 136 lbs. An increase of 58 per cent.

"During the eighteen years prior to 1833, the Americans could, with the proceeds of 300 lbs. of cotton, purchase only $15\frac{3}{4}$ pieces of 28-inch 72 power-loom cloth. The average this year has been 24 pieces for the same. An increase of 53 per cent.

"In the years 1826 and 7, the Americans, with the proceeds of 300 lbs. of cotton, could purchase only 344 yards of domestic, or stout cloth.

pay 14s. 11d. wages for the work that is done in England for 10s. 6d.; or more by 42 per cent.

"That machinery in America costs double what it does in England.

"That fuel in America is also much dearer than in England, and the interest of money much higher.

"That the factory workers in America leave the factories two or three months a-year, and go to their parents."

We have not dwelt upon the barbarities practised heretofore under the factory system—we have published no new nor re-produced former irreversible evidence of the fact. We scorn to waste one word or bandy one proof more upon the ungrateful theme, dwelt on and proven in all its parts by reports of committees and hostile commissioners to the undeniable conviction of all men, save Mr Baines and Dr Ure.* The

* The Doctor has more recently made a tour in the manufacturing districts of France and Belgium, and published the results of his enquiries. The book came into our hands too late for perusal before the completion of this article. It was a mission, we have heard, undertaken at the request, and defrayed at the charge either of the mill-owners or Government, or both; but so far as we have seen, he has carefully kept the avowal of it out of sight. The Doctor is a keen hand at a job, as witness his famous experiment, and not less famous failure, on account of Government for the discovery of frauds, supposed to be committed by the sugar refiners, in producing more refined from a given quantity of raw sugar, and thus receiving a greater bounty on exportation than they were entitled to. After years of calculation and experiment, the Doctor failed to establish a case by innumerable analyses, fruitlessly continued until the *Guardian* and *Public Ledger* morning paper, by searching exposures put an extinguisher upon the attempts and the job, which the practical men were all laughing to scorn.

latter gentleman in particular has distinguished himself discredibly by his advocacy of infant slavery, and the ignorant rancour of his attacks upon its opponents.

His publication, now before us, comprises the history of a tour in the manufacturing districts in the summer and autumn of 1834, from which we gather that he visited only some large, wealthy, and well-conducted establishments, in Lancashire principally, and upon their appearance and management alone founds all his deductions. Nothing could be more unfair, and, as we believe, designedly so; the works of Messrs Grants or Messrs Ashtons are no fair criterion of the moral, social, or physical condition of the great mass of the operative population of the cotton districts, any more than they may be taken as a fair average of the perfection of the machinery generally employed. The last is as superior as the first to the relative description of objects and persons in the great mass of cotton manufactories. We know and honour quite as much as Dr Ure, who luxuriated at their hospitable boards, the undoubted philanthropy of those honourable merchants—their exceeding care for the welfare of the work people under their charge—their attention to their comforts—their watchful heed to their moral and religious education. The miseries of the factory system are there mitigated to the utmost extent that unwearied benevolence can alleviate the lot of those whose lot it is to “earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.” Far different is it, especially in the more isolated districts, with mill-owners of inferior note and wealth less abundant—and these constitute the great mass of this branch of industry—where inferiority of machinery is sought to be compensated by the exaction of longer hours of labour; where, as the speed of the ruder and more ancient engines cannot be accelerated to an equality with those of more finished and recent construction, the difference in the power of production is mercilessly wrung out of the blood and bones of the factory—the infant factory—slave, by toil prolonged beyond the faculty of human endur-

ance for any moderate term of life. In fact, however, the greater part of the atrocities of late years will be found in the woollen and linen districts of Yorkshire, to which the provisions of the acts procured by the late Sir Robert Peel and Sir John Hobhouse were not extended; the cotton factories had long been greatly improved under their operation.

We have said that the present law, whilst unrepealed, should be strictly enforced, and so we are assured it is to be for the future—for the past it has been shamefully unattended to. To show the nature and extent of the abuses even now perpetrated, it appears by a parliamentary return, that during the last year no fewer than 350 masters of mills have notwithstanding been convicted of penalties for the infringement of the act, to the amount of upwards of L.1000. By its inexorable execution, the evil, as we have before pointed out, will effect its own cure. It is for the benefit of the respectable and enlightened of the mill-masters themselves, who, we are proud to think, constitute no mean proportion of the whole body, that it should be so, since the more sordid of their class would otherwise reap a dishonourable advantage over the fair dealer, equal to a living profit upon the sale price out of the wages cost of production. We are told that the state of society is now too far advanced in civilisation, and the higher order of traders too absolutely under the control, and subject to the lash of public opinion, to render the repetition of the former atrocities of the system practicable or possible. We may be permitted to question the fact as one not sanctioned by history and experience. Human nature is essentially, and in all ages the same; in the conflict between the base passion of avarice and the admonitions of conscience, humanity, where the law interposes not the strength of its arm, is always liable to be worsted. The following extract from a Leeds paper, of Radical principles, will demonstrate the actual value in the market of the influence of public opinion, and is a melancholy commentary on the advancing spirit of the age.

"GROSS VIOLATION OF THE FACTORY
ACT AT BATLEY.

"To the Editor of the Leeds Times.

"Robert Baker, Esq. surgeon of this town, and superintendent of factories under the Factories Regulation Act, last week gave Messrs Ibbotson, Taylor, and Co. of Batley, notice to attend on Saturday last before John Ingram and John Wheatley, Esqrs., magistrates, at Dewsbury, to answer a complaint against them for violating the provisions of the act. One of the partners accordingly appeared on that day—when it was stated that 'the firm had worked five boys between twelve and fifteen years of age from six o'clock on Friday morning to four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, without allowing them any rest except at meal times, and one hour at midnight.' The work was in a shoddy-hole (or place for tearing up linen rags), where the atmosphere is so impure as to render it necessary for the workmen constantly to wear handkerchiefs tied across their mouths to keep out the innumerable particles which would otherwise be drawn into the lungs and destroy the health. For this four informations were laid. *First*—For having worked one of the boys more than twelve hours on Friday. *Second*—For having worked another of the boys before half-past five o'clock on Saturday morning. *Third*—For having worked three of the boys after half-past eight on Friday evening. *Fourth*—For having kept false time-books, the books having stated that the engine stopped working at half-past seven on Friday

evening, instead of which it had been kept going almost the whole night. The partner who attended on behalf of the firm said that the children had four hours allowed for rest, but that they had not gone to bed. He said that the firm had never done so before, and had been led to do it then in consequence of the boiler having burst a little before, the time consumed in mending which had caused them to be behindhand with their business. The magistrates convicted Messrs Taylor, Ibbotson, and Co. on all four informations, and fined them in the mitigated penalty of L.20 (L.5 for each offence), and expenses, the full penalty allowed by the act being L.80 (L.20 for each offence). At the same time the following manufacturers in Batley and the neighbourhood were brought up by Mr Baker:—Messrs Hall, Sheard, and Co. were fined L.6 and expenses for night working, and employing children under ten years of age for more than twelve hours per day.—Messrs Nussey and Co. were fined L.6 and expenses for the same offences. Messrs Ellis and Co. were fined L.15 and expenses for the same offences, and for the keeping false time-books. Messrs Sheard, Spedding, and Co. were fined L.1 and expenses for working children under ten years of age for more than twelve hours per day. Messrs John Burnley and Sons were fined L.2 and expenses for the same offences. Messrs Nussey and Clapham were fined L.3 and expenses for the same offence. Messrs Taylor and Co. were fined L.2 and expenses for the same offence."

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

No. II.

BROWN ON CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"In every enquiry into the successions of phenomena, whether of matter or of mind, there is one relation on the truth of which the enquirer always proceeds, and which he must believe therefore to be as extensive as the appearances of the material world, that come beneath his view, and the feelings of which he is conscious.

"This universal relation is that according to which events are classed in a certain order, as reciprocally causes and effects; and since the sole object of every physical investigation of the changes which nature exhibits, is the ascertainment of the particular phenomena which admit of their being ranked together, it is surely of the utmost consequence, for precision of enquiry, that he who is to prosecute it should have clear notions of the relation itself, which it is to be his labour to trace, and accurate definition of the import of the terms which he is to employ for expressing it, in every stage of his continued search."

We take these very just remarks from the introduction to a very subtle Analytical Enquiry by the late Dr Brown into the nature of the relation we are about to consider.

All the appearances which the world exhibits to our eyes are changes; all the appearances that we can notice in our minds, are changes also. But these changes are not lawless, they proceed according to constant laws. If we could trace back each appearance to the beginning of time, we should find merely an unbroken series of changes, proceeding by unaltering laws.

Dr Brown, at page eleven of his treatise, says, "The great character of all these changes is the regularity which they exhibit." We observe the varying phenomena "as they are continually taking place around us and within us." "The change which we" thus "know in

the actual circumstances observed, we believe to have taken place as often as the circumstances before were similar; and we believe, also, that it will continue to take place, as often as future circumstances shall in this respect have an exact resemblance to the present. What we thus believe is always verified by subsequent observation. The future, when it arrives, we find to be only the past under another form; or, if it seem to present to us new phenomena, we do not consider these as resulting from any altered tendencies of succession in the substances which thus appear to be varied, but only from the new circumstances in which the substances themselves have been brought together; circumstances in which, if they had existed before, we have no doubt they would have exhibited phenomena precisely the same."

These successions of phenomena, one following the other, are what are commonly called the connected series of causes and effects. It is the opinion of Dr Brown that we know them only as successions or sequences of phenomena, and only as such can conceive of them. The character which gives such sequences their importance is that they are invariable. Of two events in any such sequence, the antecedent always has been, and always will be followed by the same consequent. And this is all we know of causation.

"It is," he says in page fifteen, "this mere relation of uniform antecedence, so important and so universally believed, which appears to me to constitute all that can be philosophically meant, in the words power or causation, to whatever objects, material or spiritual, the words may be applied. If events had succeeded each other in perfect irregularity, such terms never would have been invented; but, when the successions are believed to be in regular

order, the importance of this regularity to all our wishes and plans and actions has of course led to employment of terms significant of the most valuable distinctions which we are physically able to make. We give the name of *cause* to the object which we believe to be invariable antecedent of a particular change; we give the name of *effect* reciprocally to that invariable consequent; and the relation itself, when considered abstractly, we denominate *power* in the object that is the invariable antecedent; susceptibility in the object that exhibits, in its change, the invariable consequent."

"A *cause*, therefore, in the fullest definition, which it philosophically admits, may be said to be, that which immediately precedes any change, and which, existing at any time in similar circumstances, has been always, and will be always immediately followed by a similar change."

Such, then, is the sum of Dr Brown's doctrine upon the subject. He adds in other words—

"Priority,—in the sequence observed,—and invariableness of antecedence in the past and future sequences supposed, are the elements, and the only elements, combined in the notion of a cause."

Of this he gives many illustrations—thus he says:—"We see in nature one event followed by another. The fall of a spark on gunpowder, for example, followed by the deflagration of the gunpowder, and by a peculiar tendency of our constitution, we believe that as long as all the circumstances continue the same, the sequence of events will continue the same; that the deflagration of gunpowder, for example, will be the invariable consequence of the fall of a spark on it;—in other words, we believe the gunpowder to be susceptible of deflagration on the application of a spark—and a spark to have the power of deflagrating gunpowder."

Here then, in common language we say, that the spark falling is the cause of the deflagration of the gunpowder—that the deflagration is the effect of the spark falling;—we conceive there is a power in the spark to produce that effect; and that in virtue of that power whenever the

same concurrence of circumstances precisely takes place, the same effect must again ensue.

Now the distinct and full purport of Dr Brown's doctrine, it will be observed, is this—that when we apply in this way the words cause and power, we attach no other meaning to the terms than what he has explained. By the word cause we mean no more than that in this instance, the spark falling is the event immediately prior to the explosion: including the belief that in all cases hitherto, when a spark has fallen on gunpowder (of course supposing other circumstances the same) the gunpowder has kindled: and that whenever a spark shall again so fall, the grains will again take fire. The present immediate priority, and the past and future invariable sequence of the one event upon the other, are all the ideas that the mind can have in view in speaking of the event in that instance as a cause;—and in speaking of the power in the spark to produce this effect, we mean merely to express the invariableness with which this has happened and will happen.

This is the doctrine; and the author submits it to this test:—"Let any one," he says, "ask himself what it is which he means by the term 'power,' and without contenting himself with a few phrases that signify nothing, reflect before he give his answer,—and he will find that he means nothing more, than that, in all similar circumstances, the explosion of gunpowder will be the immediate and uniform consequence of the application of a spark."

This test, indeed, is the only one to which the question can be brought. For the question does not regard causes themselves, but solely the ideas of cause, in the human mind. If, therefore, every one to whom this analysis of the idea that is in his mind when he speaks of a cause, is proposed, finds on comparing it with what passed in his mind, that this is a complete and full account of his conception, there is nothing more to be said, and the point is made good. By that sole possible test the analysis, is, in such a case, established. If, on the contrary, when this analysis is proposed, as

containing all the ideas which we annex to the word cause and power, the minds of most men cannot satisfy themselves that it is complete, but are still possessed with a strong suspicion that there is something more, which is not here accounted for—then the analysis is not yet established, and it becomes necessary to enquire, by additional examination of the subject, what that more may be.

Let us then apply the test by which Dr Brown proposes that the truth of his views shall be tried. Let us ask ourselves what we mean when we say that the spark has power to kindle the gunpowder—that the powder is susceptible of being kindled by the spark? Do we mean only that whenever they come together this will happen? Do we merely predict this simple and certain futurity?

We do not fear to say, that when we speak of a power in one substance to produce a change in another, and of a susceptibility of such change in that other, we express more than our belief that the change has taken and will take place. There is more in our mind than a conviction of the past and a foresight of the future. There is, besides this, the conception included of a fixed constitution of their nature, which determines the event—a constitution which, while it lasts, makes the event a necessary consequence of the situation in which the objects are placed. We should say then, that there are included in these terms, "power" and "susceptibility of change," two ideas which are not expressed in Dr Brown's analysis—one of necessity, and the other of a constitution of things in which that necessity is established. That these two ideas are not expressed in the terms of Dr Brown's analysis, is seen by quoting again his words—"he will find that he means nothing more than that in all similar circumstances the explosion of gunpowder will be the immediate and uniform consequence of the application of a spark."

It is certain, from the whole tenor of his work, that Dr Brown has designed to exclude the idea of necessity from his analysis.

The terms he has commonly employed to designate the elements of the idea of causation, namely, an invariable series of antecedents and consequents, are selected to express the simply historical conviction, if we may so call it, of the past, and the prophetic conviction, to use Dr Brown's own term, of the future; that he has meant to describe a view of the mind looking backwards, and looking forwards, and seeing both ways one unbroken series; that he has meant to limit the idea to this known past and this known future, excluding the collateral idea, which to many minds this unvarying series will seem to imply, namely, of a necessity, which makes it unvarying.

We have said, then, that when the power in one substance to produce a change, and the susceptibility in another to admit that change, are conceived by our minds, besides the idea of an uniform happening of the event, there is entertained by us a notion of something in the constitution of nature, in virtue of which the event takes place;—we conceive an adaptation in the one substance to produce the change, and a disposition in the nature of the other to receive it;—or, in one word, we conceive a fitness in them both for the production of the change.

Let us examine then what is the impression that will really take effect in the mind upon witnessing for the first time any such phenomenon. As for instance, the firing of gunpowder seen by one who had heard nothing of the properties of the substance before. It appears to us, that an irresistible conviction would indeed take place, but not of the kind which Dr Brown has described. For if there were two trains of powder laid, and he saw one fired, by touching it with a match, he would inevitably conclude, that the other train would fire on being touched in the same manner; and when he saw the second experiment succeed, he would derive from it no other idea than a confirmation of his first conviction. But if we could examine precisely what took place, we should find, that in this conviction there was included no act of the mind looking far back and far forward, and contemplating

the same event, as having always happened in such circumstances, and always again to happen; but we should find the mind collected in the one event witnessed, and one other immediately expected, and therefore, in the conviction that would certainly be upon it, we must look for some other circumstance than this kind of unbroken retrospect and prospect. Now, that circumstance, we conceive, could be no other than the idea immediately produced, that there was something in the nature of the substance which fitted it to kindle on being touched with fire. He would think that a property of its nature had been discovered to him, and there his mind might rest. If he had no thought that there had been gunpowder in the world before, or that the substance could be produced again, still there would have been a conviction of the strongest kind, that the spark had had power to kindle the powder, that it was the cause of the flame he had seen, though there should be no reference whatever in his mind, either to the past or the future. If we analyze in his mind the amount of his conviction, it will be found to amount simply to this, that there was in the powder such an aptitude to take fire that a spark touching it it must kindle.

If now his mind should be led to further thought—if it should be proposed to him as a question, whether he thought that gunpowder always had kindled, and always would on being so touched, he would answer, we doubt not, that he supposed it had, and would. But his reason for thinking so would be the idea, that what he had seen had shown him something of the nature of the substance; and from the knowledge he conceived himself to have obtained of its nature, he would decide on the question.

Now this element of the conception of the correlates, power and susceptibility, a fitness in each for the change produced, is what we find entirely omitted in Dr Brown's exposition of his analysis; and how important it is, will appear, if, as we conceive, the conviction that the same event has taken place, and will take place, be the consequence merely of

that strong persuasion, that an inherent property, an aptitude provided in the constitution of its nature, is made known to us.

To know this, we must, as has been justly observed, enquire of our own minds. The only test is, that every one should endeavour to examine, what is the impression made upon his mind on witnessing an appearance of a kind with which he was before unacquainted; is it simply a conviction, that it will take place again? Or is it, that he knows something more than he knew before of the substance or object in question? Is it an idea that this appearance is connected with its nature? That it arises out of it, and therefore it will take place again? We apprehend that in most instances, both impressions would be found in the mind; but the expectation would not look further forward than the next occurrence of the same; and that the ground of that expectation would be found to be the conviction immediately impressed, that there was something in the nature of the object which had determined the production of the appearance.

Leaving it to every one to answer these questions for himself, we shall now consider somewhat further, what may be comprehended under this idea of a fitness in the nature of any substance to produce, or have produced in it any particular change.

We think that if we are to understand what conception our mind forms of properties, powers, causes, in any case, as founded in the constitution of the particular object in which they are discovered, we must, in the first place, take a larger view of the subject, and consider what is that conception which we form altogether of powers, or a constitution in nature?

The belief that is impressed upon our minds from the whole experience of life, is, that we are placed in the midst of an ordered system of things, full of connexions and dependencies, of fixed and unchanging properties and natures, and of innumerable agencies, all constituted by unalterable laws. We do not enquire into these laws, perhaps, but this is the continual belief we

derive from our observation,—that every being has its own laws, its own constitution of nature, which it maintains or transmits with a persuasion, perhaps, that there are some more general powers or agencies not limited to particular bodies, but comprehending many, or perhaps all together under their influence. This is the conception of the nature of the world which the mind inevitably forms. Even though it should not be enlightened to conceive an author appointing laws, and constituting that unalterable order, still the result is the same—the full conviction of living in a world, in which, whatever change may go on in individual beings, properties and powers, and the natures of all the kinds, subsist unchanging. If we enquire in what manner that belief takes effect in the mind, it must be answered that it is the result of experience; that the experience of unchanging natures and uniform powers has compelled it to the belief that such is the character of the world.

However, there is a point of metaphysical enquiry which is anterior to such experience. For philosophy has asked what is the preparation in the human mind for such a belief? Is this merely an ultimate conviction forced upon it by uniform results? or is there, even in the very essence of the mind, and in the constitution of its intelligence, a tendency to believe in the uniformity of nature? The reply of the most enlightened philosophers is, that there is such a tendency. They conceive that there is an impressed, and it may be called an instinctive, inclination in our mind to believe that the event it has once witnessed will take place again—that it is prepared to expect the repetition. But then we conceive that this is because, as an intelligence, it is constrained to believe that what it discerns it knows. It is compelled to admit the impressions that are made upon it, as intimations of the reality of things. It is not possible to imagine intelligence that shall not conceive that the impressions which visit it, convey discovery to it of that which is—of reality—of existence. But in the very idea of knowing that which is, is included the idea of knowing it as having

fixed and defined property and nature; and we can only conceive the expectation of seeing again what it has witnessed to take place in it, by supposing that it receives, in the mere contemplation of objects, an intimation of the fixedness of their nature. There appears, then, to be a harmony in the constitution of the mind, with that of the world in which it is to have its being. The established order of all being will meet this tendency of the mind, and the intelligence that is prepared to believe in the fixedness of things, will soon be confirmed in its belief.

But it is possible, as a hypothetical case, to imagine that such a tendency in the mind might be defeated and destroyed. It is possible to imagine an intelligence endowed with this expectation, placed in a world in which the order of things was mutable—in which there were no fixed laws—where appearances succeeded appearances, and what was before it changed at every moment. In such a world, it may be asked, what effect would take place in that propensity of the mind to believe that it knows what it sees, and to expect that what takes place will take place again. In such a world, it is plain that the continued disappointment of that expectation must at last destroy the expectation itself, and the continued change without law, continually surrounding it, must, in the same manner, destroy the belief that it derived any knowledge from its perceptions, and would end in leaving it to conceive of itself as a being, to which all that took place in its impressions was a mere series of illusions.

We may say, then, that if there be, as we suppose, such a preparation in the mind to believe in the reality, and fixed property and nature of what it discerns, there is, in the constituted order of nature, a harmony with this anticipation of the intelligence—that this belief is confirmed at every moment by its experience, and that the strong and full belief which at last remains so indistinctly impressed on the mind, that all which is discovered to its observation in the universe proceeds by unchangeable laws, and by a fixed constitution of being, is the joint result of

its own inherent intellectual tendencies, and of the actual order of things in the midst of which it is placed.

It is under the full and constant impression of this great belief, which entirely occupies our minds, and from which we can at no moment escape, that we come to the contemplation of every new appearance that is presented to our sight, and that immediately that appearance is included under this universal belief, to which the whole mind is subjected. Whatever we see, our mind is carried more or less to the conception of that unchangeable nature of all things in the midst of which we live. We assign to every object or event its place in the system of existence. We conceive it as a part of that fixed order which is and must be. There is no need of a new process of reasoning to enquire whether this appearance also has its uniform law. Every thing is uniform. Fresh appearances have continually come before us, but none of them without order, and a fixed unchanging law—they have all been known but as a part of the unchangeable universe. The new appearance that presents itself cannot shake this belief, or tempt the mind to a moment's imagination, that in the midst of this unchangeable world this present event arises without a law, independently of all existing natures, and with an uncertainty whether it is ever to arise again.

In all our judgments, therefore, of new phenomena, whether they are of great magnitude and interest, or whether they are minute and unattractive, still, arising as they do among the substances of this universal nature, this first great primary belief is present to our minds more or less fully and distinctly, and determines the belief which immediately and inevitably takes place, that this too is a part of the order of nature.

Let us ask, then, what we include in that idea of the order of nature, conceived in its greatest import? Do we mean merely that we believe that there is an appointed succession of events which will take place? Or, do we believe that the world is so framed, as that one part is suited to act upon another?

One event suited to produce another? Do we believe that the beams of the sun have warmed, and will warm us? Or do we believe also that they are so adapted to the nature of our bodies, that without a change in the constitution of the universe, they must warm us? Do we believe that the trees which adorn the earth with their vegetable life have existed, and will exist, according to their kinds? or that a virtue has been imparted to the life of plants, and a conformation assigned them, by which they must draw nourishment from earth and air, and raise up generations like themselves as annually they cast their ripened fruit upon the ground? Do we merely believe that the winds have raised the waters in tempest, and will continue to do so? Or do we also conceive, that the element of water is so made, that it is agitable, and that, in the impulse of the driving air, there is a force suited to urge it into commotion? Do we believe, merely as a fact, that the blood which nourishes our bodies will nourish them while men live? Or do we believe that, in the framing of our bodies, all their parts are framed in adaptation, and that the blood, though we know not how, is fitted to circulate in its living vessels, and fitted to yield to the body vital supplies, which the body is adapted to receive?

This will be better illustrated to every mind by pursuing with any single object the changes it undergoes, and observing what is the belief or thought in the mind that accompanies the perception of those changes: as in those natural objects for example which undergo great alteration in a period that lies within our easy observation:—a plant for instance that in the course of a summer rises up from its seed, unfolds leaves and flowers, forms the seed of another year, and dies: or the insect which is disclosed from its egg, crawls, feeds itself, grows, spins the web that is to enclose its sleeping chrysalis, and then after a little term of rest, breaks forth in its airy beauty, and wings its way through the skies.—In this succession of changes, there is undoubtedly conceived, in each object, an inherent

principle of life, remaining unaltered through successive change, and determining those changes to arise: and as soon as notice has been taken of the discriminating differences between this living creature and others, this plant and others, there is a still further persuasion in the mind that in the creature and in the plant there is an essential constitution in its organization, determining to each that it shall unfold its growth after a particular manner, and no other: for instance that a known seed shall produce a plant with such leaves, such habits of growth, such a flower, and the like seed again:—that the egg of such a species will produce one caterpillar, and no other,—enveloping itself in one uniform method with its web, having one constant chrysalis, and that the beautiful creature which comes forth at the end can only be the repetition of the kind from which it proceeds.

That all these persuasions are in the mind is certain, and if it be enquired what result they include, it is simply the belief of a constitution necessarily determining that specific aggregate of appearances, and no other:—an essential constitution, involving great changes, surviving successive changes, and continuing specifically the same, till its power ceases by the withdrawing of that life, which put it in action.

Now in such instances as these, it will be observed, and in the thousand like instances which your minds may suggest,—the enquiry is not as to our knowledge, but as to our belief. The only point to be determined is this,—whether we believe simply that there is a course of events which always will take place, or whether we believe there is a constitution with which all the beings of nature are severally framed, adapted to produce them? If we believe that there is such an adaptation in the nature of things for the production of their phenomena, and that in virtue of that adaptation these events take place—then there is some other element which enters into our conception of power and susceptibility for change, than the simple, constant, or invariable sequence of events:—namely, these distinct and important ideas of fitness or adaptation, in the constitution of nature, and of a necessity in

the results, accompanying that adaptation.

To us it does appear that alike in our widest and most earnest contemplation of nature, in the most ordinary and familiar intercourse with the powers and substances with which we are at every moment conversant, and in the observation of phenomena with which we were before unacquainted, there is this constant belief in the mind of an essential adaptation in the very being and constitution of every thing which exists, to the purposes which we see it fulfil,—an adaptation in virtue of which it can and must fulfil them.

The question, however, is, as has been observed, not one that admits of being argued and demonstrated. For it is simply a direct reference to every mind, enquiring what is in its own experience of itself, contained in its own conception of the power of producing, and susceptibility of receiving change among the bodies subsisting in the universe. And therefore all that we have proposed to do, in what we have said, is to bring that enquiry in distinctive form before the mind.

There is, however, an argument to be held on this subject, independent of the appeal to individual experience. For the appeal is to the experience of mankind; whose sentiments, when they can be collected in no other way, may be inferred from that which is the indestructible evidence of the thoughts of their mind, their language.

Now the fact is, that on referring to this evidence, we are met at every step by the proof that their minds were full of thoughts which this analysis does not explain. The ideas of necessity, of inherent energy and power, of capacities subsisting in the constituted beings of the world, fill and mould the language of men. Either then they had other thoughts on these subjects, than are comprised in the expression of invariable antecedents and consequents, which we should say are terms little consonant to their ordinary expressions, rather than adapted to sum them up—or else they have filled their language with words, for which they had no archetype in their minds: a supposition plainly inadmissible.

We are far from regarding the

loose expressions of ordinary language, as evidence upon a question in philosophy, where the question is of a kind that may be remote from ordinary thought: but when the point to be decided is not of any laws of natural agency, or of any thing that could be remote from their observation and understanding, but is merely a question of the simple fact of their belief; then we think that their language, dictated as it is, and can only be, by the impressions actually subsisting in their minds, is indeed an unexceptionable argument.

Such, then, seem to be the ideas included in the notion of a power to produce change and a susceptibility of receiving change—namely, that in the framing of their nature, there is a constituted fitness to produce or receive such effects: and that in that fitness subsists the energy by which one produces the effect, the disposition by which the other receives it, and the necessity which determines the result.

We have explained the nature of Dr Brown's belief on the subject of causation as it is contained in his celebrated treatise.

In that full and most detailed enquiry, the analysis, is, as we apprehend, precisely that which we have stated: the meaning of cause and effect is strictly limited to invariable sequence; and of that adaptation in the nature of things which appears to be the most indispensable element in the conception, there is nothing intimated.

But, in the lectures of Dr Brown, after a similar exposition in several of them to that which is given in his greater work upon the subject, and in which the analysis is strictly limited to the idea of invariable antecedence, we have been much surprised to find one Lecture (81, first of the third volume), in which this very element of thought, "a fitness" in the nature of things is more than once mentioned, when he is speaking of another subject, and without reference to that analysis.

It is alike difficult to understand the exclusion of these expressions from Dr Brown's treatise, and from those lectures which treat the

same subject, and their insertion here. It is alike difficult to believe he could use these expressions inadvertently, without being aware of their force in men's minds, and to believe that in such an expression as "uniform antecedence," he could mean to include them,

If these incidental expressions, in a lecture upon another subject, are to be employed as the comment to explain what does not appear in his more elaborate treatise, we are very glad to find the views we hold of this relation coincident with those of so subtle and able an enquirer as Dr Brown. But in that case we are unable to discern the object and nature of the peculiar opinion he has laboured to establish.

For when it is said by any one that a spark has the power to kindle a train of gunpowder, what more does he mean than that in the spark and in the powder there is some hidden adaptation to produce that effect, which he cannot see; but which, if he could discern, as possibly higher intelligences may discern, the ultimate constitution of bodies, he might see the two to be necessarily connected.

This, as it appears to us, is essentially involved in our idea of cause, an acknowledgment of a connexion depending on a finer and more intimate constitution of bodies than we are able to perceive. We believe the connexion to be necessary,—we believe it to subsist by a condition laid upon created beings when they were formed,—we believe it to consist not in any thing added to existence, but in the elementary and most subtle disposition of that which exists,—to be a connexion inscrutable to our sight, and only made known in its manifestations, but possible to be discerned by such an intelligence, if any such finite intelligence there be, which can behold the minute and intimate constitution of created things.

The relation of power or causation is one of great importance from its connexion with some of the highest doctrines we can be engaged in contemplating. It is the inherent conviction of the mind that no event can take place without a cause, which impels it to go up from

the visible appearances of nature, through the supposed series of natural causes, to the great Original Cause from which it believes all things to have proceeded. Whether it be the result of experience, or of our constitution, or of both together, we are utterly unable for a moment to force our minds to the conception of an uncaused event. That we should be able to assign the specific cause of an event, is not necessary to the satisfaction of our minds; but that we should believe that for every event a cause has been, is of absolute necessity to their satisfaction, nor without it can we feel that we have any secure ground of reasoning left. It may be asked, indeed, if we are not able to discern causes, what is it that engages the enquiries of philosophy? We answer, that philosophy can ascertain certain steps in the connexion of events, which recur with uniform consequences; and is thus able to mark out to our human sight the course and order of nature, though the more subtle links of those events are placed beyond the discernment of our mind. These steps are sufficient for us. They show us order, though they do not explain it. They lead on our intelligence with irresistible force, continually divining the existence of power to which it cannot penetrate to pass on from event to event, till it finds rest only in the contemplation of that power, which, uncaused and eternal, is the source of all power, and the origin of all being.

We are not unaware that both the views delivered by Dr Brown on the subject of causation, and that which we have now stated, of a necessity subsisting in the constitution of things, have by different enquirers been held to lead to sceptical conclusions. But there are no grounds for such an opinion.

To judge the theory of Dr Brown, the whole of his reasonings must be taken together. He has stated what he conceives the notion to be which the human mind is able to form of causation; and supposes it to be that of invariable antecedence. Now the only ground upon which this doctrine can be thought to lead to a sceptical result, must be this:—that

by resolving the idea of causation or power into antecedence, the idea of power or cause, is taken away, and that with it that argument is destroyed, by which the human mind has always been led up from present existence to enquire for that power in which alone the cause of all being was to be found. But such a ground of objection to the theory of Dr Brown can only be taken upon a very partial consideration of his reasoning, and from a confusion of the ideas of other theories with his. His doctrine, entire as it is, must be viewed in its own light and consistency, and judged as a whole. The question is not, does he remove the idea of power in its ordinary acceptation? but does he give any ground for a belief that the mind is not constrained upon observing an event, to look upwards for its antecedent? To which it may be answered that it is the very basis of all his doctrine, that the mind is impelled irresistibly on perceiving any event in the natural world, to believe that it has an antecedent, and to look for it. If this is the case in the natural world, if, from every event perceived, it is carried irresistibly to apprehend an anterior event, and to that an event still anterior—then the process of the mind in enquiry, with respect to the succession of natural events is precisely the same under the notion of antecedence, and under the notion, as usually received, of causation. And let the same be followed higher—the succession of antecedents or of causations in the natural world must at last cease, and the mind is carried up by the same irresistible necessity, to conceive that event, which must have preceded all other events, the will of the Creator. This is the legitimate view of Dr Brown's argument, which places our minds upon the same footing in enquiring into the actual series of causation, as it stands on, under any other explanation of the term: it places the necessity for our belief in a Creator precisely on the same ground with the necessity of our belief in the succession of natural changes in the world. This much we have thought it necessary to say lest we should appear, in departing from the opinions of Dr Brown on

this subject, to concur in any suspicion that his doctrines led into scepticism.

With respect to the doctrine which we have stated of a necessity involved in the constitution of things, determining the events which take place in the world, it could only be considered as having such a tendency, from a misconception of the nature of the necessity intended. If there could be conceived, as some have imagined, an independent necessity in that constitution itself—such an idea is indeed the very foundation of all scepticism. But

that is an idea as distinct as possible from that of necessity which now subsists in a constitution that has been once appointed. What is here meant is that the will which has determined the present nature of things, has imposed upon them that necessity; that while this order lasts, that necessity remains; and, when the constitution is dissolved, it ceases. It appears to us not intelligible to speak of an order appointed by such a will, which does not, while it subsists, make every agency necessary that is included under it.

THE ARTS.

HINTS TO AMATEURS.

Is any other "hint" required than that which the sweet refreshing month of May is now giving to delight innocent hearts and improve taste, whether ripened or incipient, throwing around beauties so innumerable, that but to the experienced eye the sense of their order is lost in their profusion? Whilst the trees are yet bare, and the ground without verdure, and whilst for months we have been living in the artificial and conventional world of taste, we have lost our accurate knowledge and true feeling of spring. We have vague notions that the earth will be green, and will send up flowers at our feet, and clothe the boughs above us with leaves, but no love, no enthusiasm, no stirring sensibility within us accompanies our generalization: and when spring bursts upon us, it is with a fascination and surprise. It ever has still the charm of novelty, and such a novelty! coming upon the deadened senses like the vigour of health poured in upon enfeebled life, with the first fresh breeze of sunny nature, and felt in exuberance of unutterable joy. It far exceeds all remembrance, all conception. But how much does a lingering winter enable the gentle month to burst upon our view with peculiar enchantment. You are not in the least aware of the secret working of the genial influences—you are under the belief of continued winter, daylight is mellowed through a

window-blind, you fear a fire, you look into it for ideas, dream of the old masters, look through portfolios, experimentalize, theorize, practise your thousand failures, and having shut yourself up, and bewildered yourself week after week, walk forth into the fields for refreshment, with the expectation of a dingy earth and bare trees—and you stand in wonder in the midst of nature's most perfect enchantment. This is enjoyment not to be felt by those who have daily or hourly watched the coy advances of the season. You have been like a spectator in a theatre before the piece begins, wearied with all around, the unpoetical confusion; fancy-fallen, oppressed with thoughts that will not rise, but mingle and connect you with a world of jarring sounds, and unpromising aspects—suddenly the curtain is drawn up, in an instant the magic is effected. Beauty, illumination, harmony is before you, nay, not only before you, for it is around you; you are conscious of nothing else; you are in it; it is a part of you; so are you under the genial influence; your previous studies had all tended more and more to limit art, to supply a substitute for nature, to acquiesce in the conventional established by approved masters, and in the admiration of what they had culled, however your taste may have been on the whole improved, your genius has for a time been contracted, and cannot escape,

and is scarcely willing to escape from the circle in which their spell has bound it. You go forth suddenly into the fields, and are free on the instant; you are the more conscious of your freedom in proportion as the spell has left your taste more perfect. The artist is all astonishment that so much has been done by others when visiting galleries, or even working through the difficulties of the art—he thinks not then of what is left undone; it is not before his eyes or his mind. Fresh, delightful, varying nature bursts upon his sight, and his wonder is excited that so much has been left untouched. It is at such times that genius, which having had its season of severity and of check, from which it has acquired hardness and healthy vigour, like the trees that shake off the rough discipline of their master, winter, from which they have acquired an inward strength and power of production, shoots forth and enlarges itself, and makes a growth from which it will never recede; whilst there is sap within it will put forth.

There is a great illusion in respect of the distances that the spring, thus clothing and enriching all around, invariably produces. Although there is more concealment by the filling up of intercepting foliage, every scene appears to have assumed a larger and a wider range—whilst the earth was bare there was less division, the eye ran rapidly over the whole area, from the foreground to the distance; but now, wherever the eye is directed it is fascinated, and every slight movement presents a succession of beauties wonderfully varied; and as we now measure by these smaller parts, the whole appears infinitely extended. Besides which objects, such as single trees, before not striking, now wear a dignity, and assume the importance of giving a character to all about them. They throw out their ornamented branches, and so enclose and frame in pictures, and these in any tolerably fertile country are so many, and with such a diversity of cast, that we see more masters in a morning's walk than in a month's scrutiny of the fullest portfolios. Every foot of ground is tenanted with life and beauty, is a world in itself, but not to itself only, for it arrests our at-

tention, elicits our admiration of the skill, power, and beneficence of the great maker who has thus filled all space with his riches!

There is not a green nook that we may not magnify—adoration removing the common scale of measurement, till we can believe it arched in as it were by the hand of nature as a temple containing some portion of the glory of God. Fall down before the green magnificence, all ye artists and amateurs, with thankfulness, that you are gifted in a special manner to behold, and to be the priests and guardians of the mysteries of the world's beauty, and be more thankful that you are empowered to communicate them to others. Then apply to your own art what the poet applied to his—*through*

“Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.”

Whatsoever God created he “saw that it was good.” Universal beauty, then, was equal to the divine perception; and how infinite!—and not the least wonder of the creation was the making in our minds a like capacity of perception (limited indeed) to enjoy all visible, moral, and intellectual beauty. Why, then, does the querulous Cicero say, “what can seem great to him to whom eternity and the magnitude of the whole world is known?” How ready is the answer—every thing!

But to return to the fields: We are, for the first days of our enjoyment, struck with innumerable unappropriated beauties. We have never seen half of them in pictures, and in our hours of study within doors, have acquiesced in the rejection—we go out, and question our judgment. Nature is lavish, but genius modest and sparing of materials bountifully given; yet who shall say what genius may yet appropriate? Here is the lilac, pink and white, how short-lived! fragrant of the sweet bosom of May; flower and leafage so elegantly different from any other; distinct and clear is its soft green leaf, each coming forth from its own shade. Then there is that which borrows a second name from the month—the hawthorn—no longer the stiff and brambly shrub, but gracefully shooting up, and turning among the boughs

of the greater trees, and tenderly dotting with its blossoms—here half seen underneath shade, and there in light, yet, with all modesty and seeming affection, claiming kindred and joint inheritance with every tree of wood or forest. The thickets, the hedges, with their infinite varieties of every shape and colour—the wild-flower and weed, the tall green stem branching off and tufted with a white flower—the minute leafage that would hide itself in moss, and the broad-leaved weed spreading out its open palm from greensward into the path, as if it would beg charity out of mockery, wanting none,—are all these offerings to art accepted? And then when all shall retire into shade, observed the more in their purity, because shunning observation, and come forth again and sparkle in the sun—spangle themselves with dew as for some bridal festival, when the birds sing to them from the unseen orchestra.

Of all the initiated, what masters have improved from these lessons? Of some few of these things the attempts are indeed now and then made, and have been made, but, as far as I have seen, I question the judgment in the design and execution. The character is generally mistaken. It is, if it must be said, in one word—modesty. What is the attempt in art, obtruding, conspicuous, presuming, and sometimes, if that must be avoided, weak and powerless—the life, the freshness, the play, the innocence, lost in dingy and smutched particularity. Now, I own I cannot see why a better use may not be made of these rural riches, and am sure that I have seen them, when they have made the very sparkling joyfulness of the scene, and when they have, under other effect, added greatly to the solemnity and sombreness of the deepest woodland shade. There is not a weed without its character of grace, of simplicity, of elegance—nay, even of grandeur. There is a wonderful variety of them, but they are not for idle ornament; when represented gaudily and conspicuously, they are neither true, nor a picture, nor assistant to a picture, which they should ever be. Seen in themselves, separate from landscape, they are nothing to what they are in; when

appropriate to the character, as they almost always are in nature, they seem endowed with life, and seem to possess a consciousness of existence and intelligence, which pervades and is comprehended by the whole,—indeed, so far are they necessarily from what is light and gay, that they may even make solitude more awful, by impressing the idea of the presence of life, and communication of state and feeling, which unknown—unguessed by us, is of the greater mystery. I recollect once attempting to paint a very solemn subject. It arose in my mind partly from reading Wieland's *Oberon*. A lion rushes out of a wood, and destroys the horse of a knight-errant. I made it a deep wood of trees, such as would be conceived by the mind's eye, but such as mine never saw. The centre opened, to show distant mountains and entrances into the silvan abyss. Through the picture was dimly seen a river, which widening, was lost amid the gloom and stems of trees. I had put in the lion and knight in the distance—in the foreground a tiger sprung away, alarmed at an immense snake winding round a fragment of rock at the other side. Now, all this attempt was bold enough—I will not boast of its execution, but hasten to say how, by the addition of that which might have been considered likely to spoil the whole, its power was greatly increased. I raised a single red flower nearly in the middle of the scene; it just broke upon the dun water. I would rather have removed any accessory than that—the monster-snake, the lion, the tiger were powerless in comparison with it, and might all have gone. There was not an inch of the picture that did not feel its presence; it gave even a new character to the lurid clouds that hung over the mountains, now conscious of its existence.

There are some, nevertheless, who have used these weeds, and blossoms, and flowers multitudinously, and for idle ornament, which is in vile taste; and some, by too minute attempts, have vulgarized them, as Wynantz and even Orizonti, more particularly the former, who would often make the whole area of his piece scarcely more than the ill-made bed of some

vegetable vermin-dock. We want not these things anatomized like specimens for venesection. And, amateurs feminine, who are all born florists, and love flowers for their congenial purity and beauty, and would that all the world were one garden odorous and lustrous, take not advantage of this "hint" to scatter around a profusion of harebells and daffodils, nor even roses and eglantine, or your subject will be lost. You would not have it resemble a cotton print or newly-worked tapestry. And, though the poet does talk of "enamelled meads" (no bad expression), if it be not a degradation of nature to be compared in her work, which is ever thrown down with a manifest ease, as if it cost nothing in the world to make it, to a laborious process of art. That expression should direct you to imitate the texture; not the gaiety or colour, but that lucid and almost translucent substance which you sometimes see in the body of paint of the good old masters. You may conjecture that the poet when he used it had the background of one of Correggio's pictures in his eye, whose paint is like old china, and even a thousand times more brilliant, as if all the precious stones, by some lost power of alchymy, were blended into it. This caution may be unnecessary, if the compliment that Sir Thomas Lawrence paid to you be deserving—and where shall we find a better judge? He is said to have remarked, that of all his female sitters, he never had occasion to alter a single colour in their dress: who, then, will be better colourists?

We are now in May, the month of Nature and Art—they both open on the same day. This blooming, teeming earth, and the no less teeming academy, are lavish of their beauties. Hints of great value only require the collection. The Academy give their hints from the professors' chairs, and exhibit them broadly on their walls with a pride and display becoming the joint-stock company of manufactured wares. Nature could not stand the opposition, and has been driven back into the fields and woods, and hid her face under umbrageous boughs, partly for shame and partly for shelter; but whoever follows the sibyl before the winds

scatter abroad her leaves, will find much worth the gathering. "*Virginibus puerisque canto*," the chaste and happy, ignorant of gorgeous extravagances, as yet unambitious of being "rated" or overrated on the Rialto, nor have suspended old carpets out of windows, nor besmeared their canvass with Venice treacle and poppy syrup, that would make an Argus shut all his eyes in an instant—"virginibus puerisque canto," who love fragrant shade, and silver greens, and quiet lights, that steal upon the sight and into the senses, and unite with thoughts of gentleness that brighten into visions of enchantment. A rood of green earth, the veriest nook of landscape, is, to my inglorious taste, worth Babylon and Nineveh, real or imaginary; and so will I venture to mark down an item for the *Amateur's Almanac*, who should keep one for himself, in which he should note the peculiarities of every division and subdivision of the year, and catalogue trees and plants by the months; not that he should be restrained, in his more imaginative pieces, to take liberties with the seasons and their products, that is, where the subject has power to seize the whole judgment, and take from it its matter of fact and minute knowledge. Who ever thought of looking into a *Gardener's Dictionary* for Aladdin's fruit?

But still it is useful to note nice distinctions—it enlarges the stock of materials. Some know nothing of the year, but that it is winter or summer. Some have thought it useful to imprint on the minds of the younger, by the help of biscuit penates of Flora, Ceres, and Pomona, and icicled Time, that there are spring, summer, autumn, and winter. But such have a neglected sense, *the sight*, which they can scarcely be said fully to enjoy. There is great pleasure in observation; and whilst we busy ourselves with searching into the abstruse secrets of Nature, never to be disclosed, we often know little of those she chooses to tell, simply because she shows them to us of her own accord. I have, therefore, boldly ventured to note down, that May is not June; and, if that should not be satisfactory, further, that in addition to the trees and shrubs, with the

blossoms and flowers that are peculiar to it, the trees that you might suppose pretty much the same in June as in May are in fact not so. How do they differ? Not only in the green of a fresher and more tender colour, but the very leaves are in youth and inexperience, and have not acquired their proper air; they perk upwards, as if looking out upon the novelty of the world; nor have they formed themselves into communities, their proper masses; and this not for lack of numbers, for they are out like a swarm of bees, but it is their character that is sportive and wilder, and has not yet acquired the weight, the gravity that in June will bend them downward, and make them (like the rest of the creation) look to the earth for their maintenance.

It is curious to note how, as June approaches, they settle themselves into masses, and as it were know their own boughs. Sketch the same trees at the interval of a month or even less, and you will be convinced that this is true. Then, again, colour—how different is it! and in consequence, the shadows in May have not those blue, almost purple massive shadows, that set them off with such dignity from the now yellower and browner earth, and make the season so truly the very “pride and manhood of the year;” and it is then that old parks enrich the ancient ancestral halls, and look representatives without doors, as the picture gallery within, of the worthy generations that planted them, that their fame might be mutual and perpetual; and they lift their heads like peers of the land, and keep their houses, ay, and their country’s glory “bosom’d high in tufted trees.” They are like solemn monuments in the temple of nature.—Was not such Milton’s meaning of the “Monumental Oak?” Whenever I walk through an avenue of those noble ancestral trees, with their sturdy barks grey and rugged from the storms they have withstood for generations, and with their proud branches shooting within and without, as in attitudes of protection and defiance, I seem to myself to be walking through a nation’s armory, where the trunks are covered with mail and cuirass that have borne the

dust of Cressy and Agincourt, whose banners and trophies are suspended overhead. But you should see them in June if you would have this feeling perfect.

So far a few “hints” from the fields and woods, and why not one from the painting room? and it shall be contained in an invention, from which, notwithstanding its being offered, few will reap any advantage, for it is given without mystery, and only for the trouble of reading. It is a medium for painting. Artists will perhaps totally disregard it from two opposite feelings, some from disgust at experimental failures, and some from being satisfied with what they themselves use.

Professional artists (whatever they may do secretly) openly set their faces against experiments, because were they to do otherwise, they think they would proclaim a deficiency, which must depreciate their own works. And there are many who, if they secretly discover any thing good, will take care to keep it to themselves. An open, single-minded and perhaps simple amateur tells all he knows, and if he makes an experiment that seems to answer, tells it to all he meets, because he is an amateur. He is a thousand times laughed at, and can afford to join in the laugh against himself; but, nevertheless, onward he proceeds, and no one is injured by his failure, perhaps some friend is benefited, who candidly makes it an excuse for not framing his last present. The old ballad says,

“Did you never hear yet

A fool may teach a wise man wit.”

The difficulty is to get the wise men to listen to it. I do not wish particularly to be troubled with questioning visitors any more than Walter Savage Landor, Esq., who publishes to “Pencillers” that he cannot point out a better view than that which is to be seen *outside* his iron gate, or I would advertise thus, “If R. A. will call on Mr —, at —, he will hear of something to his advantage.” I cannot puff my art like the Macassar, nor caution painters, lest Claudes and Poussins rise without their manual dexterity from the attraction of their colours to each other, as ladies’ maids are

desired to wear gloves that the palms of their hands may not become hairy. Having nothing to sell, I cannot afford to keep a poet and pay for advertisements; therefore, knowing the circulation of *Maga*, I thus give my medium the chance of being a circulating medium. It is but a poor experiment of some three weeks or so, still it may deserve being put to tests, and if any sneeringly would point out the necessity of the test of time, I have only to say, that as that is a test that will put me under ground, I shall not wait for it, but said Sneerer may. Therefore, as I never may live to be an old master, such as it is, and for lack of a better, and as I cannot insure the publication of the rediscovery of Van Eyk's invention, and having perhaps excited some curiosity by this preamble, will I disclose the whole silly matter. I must first say how I came by it. A few weeks ago I was admiring a very fine landscape by Salvator Rosa, which was offered for sale; on expressing to a friend a wish to copy the picture, the owner to my surprise most kindly and liberally offered to gratify me, and accordingly sent me the picture. As I could only have it for a limited time, and not being within reach of the best materials, I set my wits to work to manage the matter as well as I could. The painting was on that peculiar Italian canvas which is all over in small squares, which I think has a good effect upon the paint. It being very large, above six feet in length, I prepared some very open canvas, with a coat or priming. I recollected discussing some years ago with a scientific friend (who ought to publish to the world his valuable discoveries), the probable reasons why colours on Chinese drawings were so fresh, and ours so subject to change. We had a specimen of the Chinese before us, and a crucible soon discovered that the white used was nothing but white lead, which on our paper turns black. My friend then suggested that their paper is made of gums, and ours of animal size, which emits a deleterious gas that totally changes the paint. To this gas we exposed the Chinese white, and it became black. I thought the experiment satisfactory, and

never forgot it. Having to make my priming I wanted a substitute for glue—for this purpose I mixed up a quantity of colour, of red lead and chalk, with starch, and added to it, mixing it all up together well with the spatula, such a quantity of linseed oil as I thought would fasten it. With this I made my priming, and painted my copy with the medium supplied by my scientific friend. The canvass was, however, bad, I must confess, and gave me a good deal of trouble, not from this mixture, but from other causes, and I was not satisfied with my copy. I determined to attempt a second; to accomplish this in time it was requisite to have something that would dry very fast—finding the ground I had made of the priming to be very firm, I thought of using the same medium for my painting, and after a few trials on a smaller scale, which were all more or less satisfactory, I began my picture thus. I had some starch made in a gelatinous state, and with the palette knife mixed up with it a quantity of nut oil—perhaps two-thirds starch—with this I painted in the sky at once—it worked very freely and pleasantly, and looked so fresh and unclogged with oily matter, that it was quite agreeable to the eye, and I could not help thinking it looked very like the Venetian method of getting in a picture, such as we find observable in Paolo Veronese. I should mention that I used no bladder colours, but with this medium mixed up all my colours in powder. I then proceeded to the darker parts of the picture, for which I used less starch, and found in the process that it was best in its less gelatinous state, and that perhaps for general use it was best to have the starch made only so strong as just to escape being gelatinous; thus as a fluid it mixed better with the oil, and the proportion equal quantities of each—it should be well mixed up with the palette knife, and it becomes whiteish or creamy in the mixing. The oil will not afterwards separate, and when it has been made an hour or two it becomes thicker and very delightful to use—rich, and upstarting from the brush, it has all the brilliancy of varnish, seems to increase the power of the deep tones, and to give a re-

markable brilliancy to the light, which I conceive may arise from the uneven surface, or granulation which the water most probably produces, and which, without being actually visible, may have its effect, that of dividing the particles of paint very minutely, which we know will have the effect of giving brilliancy—as even a white board hatched across is more brilliant than the undisturbed surface. My picture was painted—now, to what test could I put it? To that which I have long used for all others—perhaps it will be thought a rough method, but I never hurt a picture with it—even after it has been painted but a day or two. I take a quantity of common kitchen sand and water, and rub it pretty hard over it, till all greasiness is removed, and the surface like marble—I do this not only for the present advantage for proceeding, but because I conjecture that it removes that bad portion of the oil which gets to the surface, and may thereby be a great cause of the picture's looking impure, and changing. It may, in fact, effect much that time does, though time may do it too late to prevent some changes, and take up the predominance of the oil. It might have been feared that so much starch in parts, and so little oil, would not well have borne this scrubbing and washing process, but it was not in the smallest degree injured, nor have I the least reason to suppose that any mischief will be produced by the starch, but on the contrary. The only real test will be time. It may be found useful to subject it to that; for that purpose you cannot begin too soon. For lack of that proof I reason thus: The water of course evaporates, leaving only the farina and oil—what is likely to become of the farina so held? Varnishes never thoroughly dry, because they are gums, and can almost always be indented, and are very apt to become leathery in appearance when mixed with oil, and to separate and tear the part asunder; but even if it be possible to prevent this hideous cracking, the leathery look that megillups acquire is a condemnation of their use. Is there any reason that farina and oil should not become a very hard substance?

Artists and amateurs, make a few trials, and judge for yourselves.

I will add a few words upon the picture which I copied. The subject is announced as one of the pictures in the British Institution, Pall Mall. I believe that it is from the collection of the Marquis of Westminster. I hope to see it soon; in the mean time, I will remark on this, which (having copied) I can vouch for its being an original. Salvator may have painted more than one, or it may only be the same subject, differently treated. It is taken from *Æsop's* fable of the Woodman and Mercury, and painted with very great power, forcible lights and shadows. The sky is particularly bold and fine; in form and colour, and in perfect agreement of character, with the distant mountains that connect it by a gradation of half tones with the darker parts of the scene. One side of the picture is very deep and dark; you look into a wood through which is seen the stream which edges the very foreground of the picture, and out of which some of the trees are growing. There is another and a larger river beyond a park in the second distance, across which is a rocky eminence, surmounted by a town, and behind this high mountains. The figures are admirably painted and disposed. The Woodman is nearest to the foreground, and looks a simple, honest, sturdy old man; and the fallen trunks around him show his practice, strength, and prowess. Mercury is at some distance from him, in the water, and pointing to the wooden-handled hatchet which he has just taken up. Mercury is considerably more in shade, as if a deity should not be made too palpably flesh and blood, though that is not according to the notion of the heathen poets; for if their blood was ichor, it fairly gifted them with human infirmities. And perhaps Salvator never intended any such mystery. If he did, he marred it by too manifestly endowing the god with some of his least honest attributes, for a more thief-like looking personage you seldom see; and, in truth, I must confess not the most dignified. He has a very hanging aspect. His very cloak does not seem to fit him, but

is heaped confusedly over one shoulder, and flies out from the other, as if it would seek its right owner. That the arch son of Maia, the thief par excellence that made even Apollo's threats, when seeking the restoration of the cattle, turn to laughter at the additional loss of his quiver—

Viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo—

That he who cheated his mother before he was a day old, the merriest of tricksters, the born pilferer, the great progenitor or tutelary of all the Autolicuses; that he should be the rewarder of honesty, was a whimsical conceit of old Æsop's, and perhaps he meant it to show that honesty is worth putting on, though that can but shabbily be said to be a habit of honesty; or, as Shakspeare afterwards happily expressed it in recommendation—"Assume a virtue if you have it not." But there stands the god in the water, and the honest woodman is ready to receive his hatchet, and begin his work. But how does the wood look upon this? Very gloomily indeed! There is one great tree in the shade that has thrust out its branches over the very spot where the hatchet must have been picked up, as if to hide the place, and keep off intruders; and another is starting back, as though it would recede from the scene of action if it could, and its leaves have turned to a dead yellow, as the hair is said to turn white under a sudden terror; and there are some great logs and branches already cut, that, perhaps not quite dead, but desperate, put on a terrific look, and project their gaping and split mouths directly towards the woodman, who, if he were not an honest man, would be conscience-struck, and see in them (like the man in Bewick's moonlight vignette) wood demons to scare him. But he looks so decidedly as if his business were to

cut wood, that he does not want Mercury to protect him from them; and but for the hatchet would say,—
"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodres;" and there is neither knot nor gnarl that his sturdy arm cannot master. I must notice a contrivance to get rid of the effect of lines, that but for it would have been cutting and disagreeable. There are two fallen branches that intersect each other at an acute angle. Salvator has thus disposed of the difficulty. He has made the one line, that in the background, darker, the other light; and just where they intersect, he has inserted a light green leaf, which carries the eye round entirely off this sharpness. The contrivance is good, and worth remembering.

There is great simplicity both of effect and colour in this picture, which mainly contributes to its dignity. Though there are beautiful light tones, as well as extreme depths, you are not distracted from them by too great a variety of middle tints and changes of parts, and there is no display of any of the trickeries of art. There may be enough, but they are disguised; and the red ground seen throughout not only keeps all in harmony, but delights by the air of simplicity which it carries throughout. I have often compared such pictures to Handel's music for this quality of grand simplicity being kept up throughout. His music so manifestly keeps in mind one design, one character, with the same life, and free play of light, and the same strength, solemnity or dignity of shade. More ornaments have been since acquired, more dexterity and fingering of additional keys, but for me, I am happy that Handel lived before these improvements. And so I should prefer an Angel or a Cupid of Corregio, or Raphael, or Guido, to either by Bartolozzi or Cipriani.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.

PART V.

SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDIES.—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM! Had Shakspeare pondered for a lifetime to discover the most appropriate title for this enchanting play, he could have found none which so accurately and expressively embodies its poetical essence. The Winter's Tale is a happy title for the strange, gossip-like, and slenderly connected drama which paints the insane and meaningless jealousy of Leontes, the patient sufferings of Hermione, the loss and recognition of Perdita—her growth from infancy to womanhood in the course of the piece. It is such a "sad tale," fit for winter, as might be supposed to be told "by the dead and drowsy fire," to the accompaniment of a November wind without, and the deep bass of the neighbouring sea; a tale of changes and chances, in which stormy passions and wild incidents rage through the first three acts; quiet affections, and pastoral stillness reign over the fourth, when Time, in his swift passage, has slid o'er sixteen years; and the pathetic and soothing close of which, bearing upon it the impress of still wonder, "sends the hearers weeping to their beds," but with no unpleasing tears. But still more poetically and truly is the spirit of Midsummer Night's Dream expressed in its title. This is truly the shadow of a dream; such a dream as might be supposed to pass before the eye of a poet, in the glimmering twilight of a summer evening, when he abandoned himself passively to the wonder working influences of nature, when the most familiar objects of nature are seen changing their shapes to gigantic and mysterious forms, and in the dim perspective

fairy beings sailing, "with the slow motion of a summer cloud," through an atmosphere steeped in moonlight and dew. Calderon's "Life a Dream" is the Tragedy of Dreams; a work of great imagination and power, but it is characterised by those depths of wayward gloom and painful gleams of wizard splendour, those uneasy bewildering transitions, that constant feeling of insecurity and anxiety, and restraint, which accompany the dreams of suffering and pain. We follow the changing fortunes of Sigismund from the desert to the dungeon—from the dungeon to the throne—from the throne again to the dungeon—as under the influence of a spell which we would fain shake off, but cannot. All is presented to us in sad or terrible colours. "What is life," asks the sceptical and unfortunate prince, and the answer is given in these profoundly pathetic and affecting lines:*

"What is life? 'Tis but a madness.
What is life? A wild illusion,
Fleeting shadow, fond delusion;
Short-lived joy that ends in sadness,
Whose most steadfast substance seems
But the dream of other dreams."

Calderon's is like the dream of disease; in Shakspeare—"after life's fitful fever we sleep well," and enjoy the sweet and soothing dreams of youth and health. Here we meet but with the comedy of life, at most its griefs and anxieties so softened and shaded away by the lightness of the touch with which they are painted, the airy accompaniments by which they are surrounded, and the gentle irony which plays through and penetrates the whole, that they

* Que es la vida? Un frenesi;
Que es la vida? Una ilusion
Una sombra una ficcion
Y el mayor bien es pequeno.
Que toda la vida es sueno
Y los suenos sueno son.

cease to affect us with any feeling of suffering. The whole passes before us like a vision in which a thousand feelings, some pleasant, some painful, have succeeded each other with such intricate variety of combination, that as a mixture of all colours produces white, so these emotions in their restless rotation produce only a gentle and pleasureable sensation, and we rise from them as awaking to the freshness of morning, with the confused but pleasing remembrances of sleep.

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear ;
And this weak and idle theme
No more yielding than a dream.
Gentles, do us reprehend ;
If you pardon we will mend."

So says Puck in the Epilogue, and in these lines lies the secret by which the strange elements of this drama have been harmonized into a whole, of which the charm is felt to some extent by all, though in its full potency only by the imaginative. It is a poetic dream, and to be judged of by the laws of dreams. The strong painting of individual character we are not to expect in it; for it professes not to connect itself, save by the slenderest threads, with the world of reality; the beings who figure in it are shadows and symbols rather than real existences; and for the wildest intermixture of the actual with the supernatural; of the mythology of the classic times with the creations of romance—of the loves, griefs, mistakes, and jealousies of high born nobles and dames with the rudest mummeries of Athenian artisans, "hard handed men who never laboured in their minds till now;" for all this we must be prepared. A Warburton may object to this introduction of the Fairy mythology of Modern Europe among the fabulous events and superstitions of Ancient Greece; but Shakspeare sees no inconsistency or hostility between them, forming, as they do, mere decorations in a wondrous arabesque, which acknowledges not the laws of this waking and working world. He sees not why on this neutral territory or limbo of Dream, Diana may not, jointly with Titania, head the morrice-

dancers of Elves upon the yellow moonlit sands; why Oberon may not hold divided empire in these Athenian woods with antique Pan; and piping Satyrs, with cleft beel, live in kindly fellowship with Robin Goodfellow, Monsieur Mustard seed, and Cavalero Cobweb. As little can he perceive that the broadest farce, the most "palpable gross play" of rude mechanics, may not be made to blend with and cross the tangled web of love intrigue among the more tragic personages of the play, or that the fairy train may not mingle in and embroil the affairs of both. Nay, he scruples not to connect the mythology of the classic times with the most direct allusions to the court of the Maiden Queen, in the well-known passage in which Oberon describes the flower once milk white, now purple, since the bolt of Cupid had lighted on it, which had been harmlessly aimed against the bosom of the Fair Vestal throned by the West. In that region of pure imagination in which this piece hovers, he feels that there is room enough for them all; he throws himself with confidence on the sympathies of congenial imagination, and not in vain.

But fully to apprehend its charm, the reader must be endowed with a deep sensibility to the magic of nature, particularly to the sweet and fragrant twilight of a summer evening, when

"All around to rest draws nigh,
Where the grain its ears is stooping,
The o'erwearied roses drooping
In the hush of night their eye.
And the restless cypress-trees
Slumber moveless in the breeze."

It is when the moonlight sleeps upon the bank, or glitters on the dew-sprinkled leaves and flowers—when the recollections of childhood coming thronging back into our memories—and all those fancies awake, which in this dim twilight find their cradle and home—when sounds as if of fairy harps and still small voices make themselves heard, which, in the noise and bustle of the garish day, have been unheard or unheeded—when all objects around, magnified by the haze of the balmy eve, begin to flit and waver, and change into fantastic and mysterious forms—when a gentle

weariness steals over our senses, and we find ourselves as it were between sleeping and waking, with dreams beginning already to wave before the half-shut eye;—then it is alone that we can enter into the full spirit of this piece—then it is that we purpose in earnest with Theseus and Hippolyto to dream away the time, for a fortnight, “in nightly revels and new jollity”—then only do we fairly take a side in the quarrels of Oberon and Titania—we dance our ringlets with their fairy elves upon the beached margent of the sea—we follow the lovers in their mazy goblin-guided rambles through the wood where Hermia and Helena so oft “upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie”—we smile at the simple duty of the honest “rude mechanicals who work for bread upon Athenian stalls,” and here with their hard hands, have so boldly made their first assay piece in the new and delicate craft of poetry—we even sympathise with the fate of the ill-starred but eloquent Pyramus, and his truly tragic and dignified companion Thisbe; nay, if stage-manager Quince should apply to us, would be ready to take a part in the piece ourselves, at the shortest notice, though it were nothing more important than that of Wall, or the Man in the Moon!

Every thing in this beautiful aerial drama indicates one of the early offspring of the poet's fancy. It was, in fact, so far as can be ascertained, one of his juvenile productions, being supposed by Malone (apparently on very satisfactory grounds) to have been produced so early as 1594; and immediately after, the comparatively immature productions of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (1591), *The Comedy of Errors* (1592), and *Love's Labour Lost* (also in 1594.) In the two former, indeed, little of Shakspeare's peculiar turn of mind is at all visible. The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, borrowed in all its main outlines from Montemayor's *Diana*, a fashionable pastoral romance of the day, with which Shakspeare had apparently become acquainted through the early English translation of Thomas Wilson, is,

with the exception of the single comic character of Launce, a mere sketch, in which, no doubt, the germ of future poetical conceptions may be faintly traced, but from which assuredly no one, with any confidence, could have predicted the future high vocation of its author. Though containing some sweet and graceful poetry, and more distinguished than most of his later works by attention to the strict rules of versification (such as Valentine's description of his friend,* and his reflections on a solitary life†), it is undistinguished by much depth of passion or power of imagination, and, except in the comic outline to which we have alluded, by any detailed or discriminating portraiture of character. In the whole play, in truth, we perceive the hesitating and still imperfect artist, who has laid his hand somewhat bewildered upon the strings of the human heart, is afraid to press them with energy, and recoils with apprehension even from the sounds himself has made. No great advance is perceptible in the *Comedy of Errors*. By what means Shakspeare became acquainted with the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, from which, with slender variations, the *Comedy of Errors* is undoubtedly taken, is still a question which, as Sir Thomas Brown says of the “*Song the Siren's Sung*,” might admit of a wide solution,” since the only English translation which is known to have existed of the play, bearing on the titlepage the initials W. W., seems to have appeared in 1595, three years subsequent to the time at which Malone supposes the comedy of *Errors* to have been first represented. But, from whatever quarter the plot came to him, it cannot be said to have improved in his hands. The improbabilities of the plot are increased beyond endurance, and certainly with no corresponding increase of comic effect, by the multiplication of resemblances, which arises from furnishing the twin-brothers with servants who are also twin-brothers, and thus over complicating a plot already sufficiently complex and difficult to follow. In fact, the taste of Shakspeare, in this rudi-

* Act ii. sc. 4.

† Act v. sc. 4.

mental period of his dramatic apprenticeship, seems decidedly to have been a false one. He appears to have aimed at producing effect, not by that simplicity of means which is the result of consummate knowledge and command of our resources, and which he afterwards attained in such rare perfection, but by the multiplication of incidents, the accumulation of comic embarrassments, and a taste closely analogous to the principles of the Spanish school of his great contemporary, Lope de Vega.* A tinge of this remaining fondness for intricacy of plot, and for the dramatic suspense which is so easily excited and so cheaply maintained by that mazy intermixture or cross-fire of affections which is so frequent on the Spanish stage, is still perhaps sufficiently perceptible even in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but no one can fail to see that here an immense advance has been made; that a gulf lies between it and its predecessors, which only the agency of genius, working, as it always does, secretly and invisibly, could bridge over; that here for the first time the true poet comes before us in no questionable shape; and that while his youthful mind still delights to dwell rather in regions of pure fancy than to grapple with and to elevate into poetry the conditions of this our actual existence, it no longer submits to be the imitator of others, but gives room and verge for its creative powers in an airy series of pictures hanging in a half-ideal atmosphere, yet warm with all the purple light of love, and bright with the hues of innocence and the romance of youth.

It must be admitted, that, as a specimen of this drama of intrigue, where the whole plot is first artificially complicated, and then naturally and gracefully unwound, nothing, even in the best dramas of Calderon, surpasses that portion of the plot of our own Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which depicts the labyrinthine loves of Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena. It has all the apparent confusion, yet real and artful arrangement of a dance, in which the parties

are constantly changing partners, but always according to certain laws, by means of which we are assured that each will in the end be restored to the point from which they set out. They only "dance the hayes" for a time through the mazes of love, where the ballroom is a moonlight forest, and Puck acts as master of the ceremonies, to fall back again with a grace into the first position. We feel assured, however puzzling the imbroglio at first may seem, that, in the end, as Puck rather unceremoniously expresses it, "The man shall have his mare again, and all shall go well." Let us glance then at the successive figures of the dance.

Two Athenian maidens—Helena, tall and fair—Hermia, little, and a brunette, who have grown together,

"Like to a double cherry seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,"

have yielded to the power of love. Helena loves Demetrius—Hermia Lysander, and they are beloved in turn. This is the picture which the parties present at the outset—two pairs, two reciprocal attachments. But Demetrius is fickle; he becomes untrue to the fair Helena; his heart has suddenly become entangled by the duskiest charms of Hermia, and his wooing is favoured by her father. Thus the two reciprocal attachments are suddenly converted into two onesided, and one reciprocal. Helena loves Demetrius as before—Demetrius loves Hermia; Hermia loves Lysander, who loves her again, but to whose love the father is opposed. This is the second movement of the ballet. Hermia and Lysander, in order to evade "the sharp Athenian law," resolve to fly the capital. Helena betrays their intended flight to Demetrius, in hopes by this means to win back his favour; he follows them into "the wood a league beyond the town," and thither he in turn is followed by Helena. This wood has been selected by Oberon as the place of punishment of Titania for her refusal to deliver

* Lope was born in 1562; Shakspeare within two years after, in 1564.

up her Indian boy to be his henchman; he witnesses the coldness and cruelty with which Demetrius, intent only on the pursuit of Hermia, repulses the attachment of Helena; and in pity he resolves to call in the aid of "Love in idleness" to restore him to his former state of feeling.

"That herb, whose juice on sleeping eyelids laid,

Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees."

He directs Puck to anoint the eyes of the disdainful Demetrius with this balsam, that so, on awakening, Helena, who lies wearied and travel-worn by his side in the haunted forest, may be the first object that presents itself to his eyes. Puck stumbling first upon Lysander and Hermia, and thinking he has found the man, "by the Athenian garments he hath on," drops the charm upon his eyes instead of those of Demetrius. Unfortunately the first glances of Lysander on awakening, fall on Helena, who, in the pursuit of Demetrius, has wandered to the spot where Lysander and Hermia had taken shelter; and now the two original reciprocal attachments are suddenly converted in the third stage into four unrequited ones; Helena loves Demetrius, Demetrius Hermia—Hermia Lysander, Lysander Helena. Oberon chides Puck for his carelessness, and by an application of the charm to the eyes of Demetrius, for whom it was first intended, restores him to his first attachment to Helena. Thus then we have again two unrequited and one reciprocal attachment, yet with a difference from the second figure of this mazy dance; for now Hermia loves Lysander, Lysander Helena, and Helena Demetrius, by whom she is again beloved. As in a former figure of the dance, both the gentlemen were by the side of Hermia, while Helena stood alone; so now both stand by the side of Helena, and Hermia is forsaken. The application of a counter charm, through the medium of Puck, to the eyes of the enchanted Lysander, an herb

"That takes from thence all error with
his might,

And makes his eyeballs roll with wonted
sight,"

restores every thing with the most graceful and easy *dénouement* to its former state—the dance of life, not of death, is completed; and, again, as at the outset—Helena loves Demetrius, Hermia Lysander, and each is beloved in turn.

The movements of this eccentric love-dance take place round a more stationary group of buffo performers of the most singular description. Five common Athenian artisans, who have determined to distinguish themselves by an exhibition of private theatricals in honour of the wedding-day of Theseus with the Amazon queen, have chosen for their place of rehearsal the shades of the same wood, through the mazes of which these enamoured couples are thus pursuing each other at cross-purposes, and where the fairy monarch and his queen have so lately met and parted in anger. The elves now begin to take a part in the performance. Puck damns the piece, and disperses the players, by suddenly investing the chief actor with an ass's head. The first glances of Titania, as she awakes under the influence of the charm of Oberon's purple flower, fall upon the disguised Bottom, and he becomes the object of an insane adoration. With what consummate grace is the picture here disposed! In the centre sits Titania, sticking musk roses in the sleek smooth head and kissing the large ears of Bottom; Cobweb, Peas-blossom, Moth, Mustard-seed, nodding to him and doing him courtesies; and round this central fairy masque, flitting in alternate succession, the comic quadrille of Quince, Snug, Snout, and Starveling seeking their lost companion through the wood; or the grave quadrille of the enamoured lovers, now seeking, now shunning each other, in most artificial, most admired disorder. When these scattered and tangled threads of intrigue are all drawn to a point on the festival of Theseus' nuptials, the piece concludes with a triple marriage and with the broadest and boldest scenes of buffoonery—scenes in which the poet seems to have parodied, by anticipation, some of the most touching and tragic situations in his own Romeo and Juliet, a play which appeared shortly afterwards, and the germ of which probably had

already begun to be developed in his mind. It is worthy of observation, that Shakspeare does not allow the impression of broad parody to be the last feeling which he leaves upon the mind. He returns again for a moment into the key of the supernatural. When the iron tongue of midnight has told twelve, and sleep has descended equally upon the cottage of the artisan and the palace of the Duke, Oberon with his fairy train comes once more stealing in, now reconciled to Titania, to bless the bride-bed of the lovers—

“ That the issue, there create,
Ever may be fortunate,
So shall all the couples three
Ever true and loving be :
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate ;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace :
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away ;
Make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.”

Thus the whole fades and flies away like a lovely dream with the approach of morning—a dream so airy, so ethereal in its more elevated pageants—so cheerful, so sunny in its humorous features, that, on waking from it, we almost “cry to sleep again.”

It is no uncommon fault, even of distinguished poets, that having created some one striking conception of character, or exhibited some poetical aspect of life with success, they are led to repeat the same idea over and over, with merely some slight difference of external form and ornament. Were it necessary to refer to examples in support of this remark, the literature of our own day would furnish us with instances in abundance. Shakspeare alone, such is the extent of his poetical resources, and his prodigality in their use, can never be said to have repeated himself in any one of his con-

ceptions of character, or of the relations of life. Thus we have but one Hamlet, one Lear, one Brutus, one Othello, one Desdemona, one Imogen, one Cordelia ; they come but for a moment, perform their part, and disappear for ever to make way for new forms of character placed amidst other scenes, and illustrating some new truth in our complicated and mysterious nature. This observation is not less applicable to this fairy melodrame. Calderon, not content with once painting the dream of life in lurid colours in his *Vida es Sueno*, repeats the same theme in his *Todo es verdad y todo Mentira* * in a weaker and more cloudy shape. Who can doubt that Shakspeare might with ease have furnished us with many visions as enchanting as this *Midsummer Night's Dream*? But beautiful as its texture was, Shakspeare felt that in this world we had too much to do with realities to bestow an undue portion of attention upon airy visions. He has left us as a legacy one glimpse into the world of dreams which yet remains without its fellow ; but the cloud-land in which the youth dwelt is no home for the matured man,—“ He twitches his mantle blue,” and with the morrow seeks “fresh fields and pastures new.”

Turning from the intrigue of the piece to the characters, we have already said, that strong or minute developement of character would have been altogether inconsistent with the light and gossamer texture of the play. To have attempted to incorporate the strong play of passion, or the peculiar individuality of character or humour, with a fable so wild, and lying so totally beyond the confines of the visible diurnal sphere, would have been like building an edifice of marble on the unsubstantial basis of an evening cloud. All the more serious characters, therefore, are but sketches. Between Lysander and Demetrius scarcely any distinction is to be traced. In Theseus we see nothing but an imposing outside, a love for hunting, and a taste for puns and quibbles, for which the dramatic representation of the Athenian operatives affords

* The source from which Corneille borrowed his Heraclius.

ample scope. Somewhat more of discrimination is shown in the characters of Hermia and Helena; the mildness of the tall beauty, the vivacity and somewhat shrewish temper of the little brunette, qualities of which her rival does not fail to remind her in their encounter in the wood,* are brought out with a few touches of a light pencil, but so as quite sufficiently to paint to the mind's eye the difference of their possessors. Though no strong feeling of anxiety or suffering is created by the crosses to which the lovers are subjected; though we follow their footsteps with a secret assurance, that all these misconceptions and mislikings, these instances of fickleness, these words of reproach, these acts of ungentleness, are but the perplexing dream of a night, and to disappear with the to-morrow, there is yet a gentle air of softened earnestness and qualified reality spread over them sufficient to create a mild interest in their fate. All the pensive and desponding thoughts, for instance, which cloud and overshadow young and loving hearts, when they first begin to encounter difficulties, and to awake to the conviction that love, so far from being omnipotent, is in this life checked or overborne by a thousand contingencies and calamities, are summed up with the most pensive and pathetic beauty in those lines of Lysander's, which who that has read them can forget?

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffed in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say—behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!"

"So fares it with the lovely in

this world," says Schiller; borrowing the thought, and almost the words of our own Shakspeare, and placing them in the mouth of the bereaved daughter of Wallenstein, when she learns the vanishing of all her dreams of hope; and that the youthful hero, who, on the threshold of life,

"Had hailed her like an angel newly lighted,

When first she crossed it with a maiden fear,"

has been trampled to death under the hard hoofs of horses in the skirmish at Neustadt, and now lies a cold and lifeless heap in his laurel covered coffin in the cloister of St Catherine.

And now to glance at the supernatural beings of the piece, whose tiny passions and jealousies are made to mingle so oddly with the love passages of mortals. Horn's remarks on this subject are, on the whole, so good, that, though the passage is a long one, and in some parts a little fantastic (as in the best he is), we hope it will be found no unpleasant reading.

"The lovers," says he,† "have to contend not only with the severe father Ægeus, with the warlike Duke Theseus, and with the charm of love itself, but even the world of spirits mingles in the fray—no *ghostly* world of spirits, but a gay, fluttering race of beings, clothed with tenderest flesh and bone, which, compassionating the sufferings of love, would fain help the sufferers, but who with all good intentions act, in a manner, half blindly, so that for a time their interference only makes the evil worse. For this, indeed, Oberon the Elfin monarch is himself in a great measure answerable, since he ought never to have intrusted the management of these tender love affairs to the joyous and reckless spirit Puck. No better agent could be found, where the task is but to clap an ass's head upon Bottom; but his talent fails him when he is called on to distinguish a loving from an unloving Athenian youth. This may no doubt be said for Oberon, that he is at that moment too much occupied with his own concerns to be able to do more than to send assistance, and

* Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray—
My legs are longer though to run away.—*Act iii. Scene 2.*

† Vol. iv. p. 202.

every one knows what comes of it, when the servant does the master's business.

"These private concerns of the Elfin King, are not, it is true, very important. He has had a quarrel with his wife, the fair Titania, because she will not surrender to him the son of a deceased Indian princess, her friend, to be his henchman. For the boy himself he cares not much, for he calls him 'a little *changeling* boy,' but he has commanded, and he has been disobeyed: and the very thought that Titania can refuse obedience in any thing, is enough to occasion him annoyance. Through this misunderstanding between the royal pair, blight and distemperature have fallen on wood and plain, on ploughman and ox.

—————'The green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard,
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
The crows are fatted with the murrain
flock.'

"The very seasons seem to have altered.

—————'Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer
buds

Is as in mockery set. The spring, the
summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter
change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed
world,
By their increase, now knows not which
is which,
And this same progeny of evils comes
From their debate, from their dissension.'

To all this Titania could put an end: she has but to surrender her Indian *protégé*; but that point cannot be so easily yielded; and, in truth, if the boy resembles his mother, of whose wild gambols the Queen presents so picturesque a sketch,* it must be admitted it must have gone hard with her to part with so interesting a page. In any view the object of the strife seems not altogether unworthy of the importance attached to him, and the strife itself is so steeped in all the colours of poetry, that we look on as witnesses with delight.

"But is not the punishment to which the poor Elfin Queen is subjected for her denial something too harsh? Is it not too bad to be condemned to fall in love with an unlicked cub, who, to make the matter worse, believes himself to be witty? So it may appear, and yet it is not so. Her attachment to him is but an evil dream, —the source of infinite delight to us—the strangest, in fact, which is dreamt in all this visionary drama; and to such dreams as a punishment the fairest and the most amiable, so soon as they abandon their sex's best ornament, 'loving obedience,' are exposed. Fortunately they are momentary; and after the feeling of annoyance that one should ever have had such a dream, follows the perception of its comic features, and the ridicule of one's self.

"In order, however, fully to enjoy this Oberon and Titania, this Puck, Mustard-seed, Pease-blossom, Cobweb, and so forth, some things must first be put upon their right footing. It would seem that an overweening fondness for 'the gods of Greece,' which for a time was regarded as an indispensable poetical accompaniment, had somewhat impaired our knowledge and our love of our own modern and domestic mythology. We leave these Grecian deities and demi-gods in all their beauty and attraction, in all their majesty of action and repose—we leave them, we say, in all honour; but we ask whether they have not found fit substitutes among ourselves, and we answer our own question in the affirmative. Learn only to know those Elves and Erles, those Undines and Gnomes—those spirits of fire and air—those nut-brown maidens, who, concealed in thickets, lure on the hunter—those alps and goblins, those nixies and wood-nymphs, which appear in so many of our early heroic or later popular songs, and you will be disposed to moderate your lamentations over the vanished Eldorado of Grecian fable. All of us have indeed heard of these, but most with but half an ear, for this laboriously learned mythology of Greece had anticipated them, and had left too

* In the passage in act ii. scene 2:

"His mother was a votress of my order,
And in the spiced Indian air by night
Full often hath she gossiped by my side," &c.

little room for them in the memory and the imagination. And yet it needed only such poems as the Erlking and the Fisher,* to open to us at once a prospect into the treasures of this rich and romantic world.

"It happens, therefore, often enough that we form a false conception as to the true poetic character of many of these beings, airy and fantastic indeed, but marked by a sufficiently clear and palpable individuality. We Germans in particular are apt to be led astray by that craving for 'the elevated,' which we everywhere aim at, and with which we find it so difficult to dispense. And even if we do dispense with this supposed requisite, we either draw the outlines of their characters too close and narrow, or leave them misty and undefined. Thus, for example, our conception of the fairies has long been that of mere ethereal beings leading the moonlight dance, and to whom nothing is permitted beyond the most delicate raillery, and the sweetest and most refined language.

We forget that a sphere so narrow as this to which we attempt to confine them, must soon become monotonous and wearisome both to them and to ourselves. Their real sphere must be a wider one; they dance indeed, they tease mortals with their tiny and playful tricks, but their power extends farther; their realm is the whole world of dreams, and in particular, that wide world of dreams inspired by passion and sense, which acknowledges no other laws but that of fancy, and to which Oberon himself, not less than his subaltern spirits, owes allegiance."

The confidence of Shakspeare in the inherent and indestructibly poetical character of this melodrama (for such in the higher and better sense of the term it is), is shown by the introduction of what is commonly considered an interlude, but which in truth is quite as much an essential part of the piece as the fairy scenes or the cross purposes of the lovers, namely, the low comedy of the burlesque drama represented by the Athenian artisans. Poetry and theatricals being in this piping time of marriages and festivity the order of the day, the taste has spread like a fancy for reform, vote by ballot,

or any other popular epidemic, to the lowest classes; and moved by love of fame and the hope of "sixpence a-day for life"—(for Flute protests that the Duke would have deserved hanging if he had paid Pyramus with less)—they have boldly ventured into the tragic field: *In properties* they feel they are rather scanty: for, their scenery, they candidly confess, they must borrow from the great storehouse of mother Nature—to present Moonshine, they "must leave a casement of the great chamber window where they play open;" but to balance this, they have boundless confidence in themselves and in the indulgence of the audience. A man with some rough-cast about him shall present Wall, even the difficult problem of depicting the Man in the Moon is in their eyes (for we have no doubt they thoroughly despised, if they heard them, the hypercritical objections of Theseus and Demetrius) most satisfactory solved. Most honest pain-taking creatures they seem to be; they set about this as about any other bespoke piece of work wherein the credit of their craft was concerned, less indeed from pure love than from example, but with a magnanimous feeling, as some of our own cross-legged *artists* observed in a late crisis, when a collision took place with their journeymen, that the eyes of the whole world were upon them. It is this honest downright simplicity in all their proceedings which makes us annoyed, in the course of the final representation, by the sneers and sarcasms of Demetrius, who, lolling at his ease in his cushioned chair, smiles superior at what had cost those hard-working artists the hardest of all labour—that of the brain. It is thus that we feel almost mortified by the dry observation of Hippolyta—"This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard;" and recomforted by the answer of Theseus—"The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse if imagination mend them." How beautifully, how unobtrusively does Shakspeare turn the homeliest circumstance of this sort into the subject of some true and touching reflection. Theseus judges of this caricature tragedy not by the result, but by the

* Two beautiful and well-known ballads of Goethe.

intention; he seems to feel by anticipation the truth of Dr Johnson's observation, that no one who tenders his all, be it ever so insignificant, likes to have it rejected, and so he accepts with courtly kindness the burlesque offering of the poor operatives in the complimentary sense in which it was intended. He pays no heed to the protestations of Philostrate, that "the play is nothing—nothing in the world!" but with the good feeling of a man acknowledging the kindness of his fellow-men, answers:—

"I will hear that play:

For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not
merit—

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,

In least speak most to my capacity."

Of the comic characters who are introduced into this wild masque, Bottom is the one who is sketched (for, after all, it is but a sketch) with the most careful outline. He has all the swagger of an accomplished prentice—is obviously a knowing fellow in the shops and streets of Athens—if he has not heard the chimes at midnight, he has seen the sun rise often enough upon his potations—is a favourite with the Hetairæ of the Piræus, as Shallow was with the bona-robas of the Strand; and, presuming upon his admitted superiority as a wit and a man about town, is desirous to engross, if possible, all the available parts of the drama at once. Not content with *leading* in the part of Pyramus, he would fain have the lion's *share* also. He insists on doubling it, even with that part, to the great discomfiture of poor Snug, to whom, as a sort of outcast, which no other person was likely to wish for or even accept, the part of the lion had been assigned; and who, with a commendable distrust of his own powers, had at first moved the previous question, whether the lion's part were written, as he was slow of study, and who, having received the satisfactory answer that it might be performed *extempore*, as it was "nothing but roaring," has at last, "pressed by hunger and

desire of friends," been on the point of accepting the part. Bottom evidently throughout considers himself as the star of the company. He sets at nought the authority of Quince, who, in the first instance, had taken upon himself, we know not on what qualification, the important duties of stage-manager, but who is soon taught, like every other manager, the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to in the person of him who legislates for others, and the impossibility of adjusting the role of the "premier amoureux" to his own satisfaction, where he has to deal with an amateur performer. This easy self-confidence and perfect self-satisfaction is still more strikingly visible after his metamorphosis. Poor Quince, Snout, Flute, or Starveling would have given way entirely under the unexpected circumstance of becoming all at once the favoured minion of the Fairy Queen. Not so Bottom: never did weaver more gracefully or naturally reconcile himself to his fate. With as much ease as Don Quixote persuaded himself that he was the cynosure of the eyes, not only of Altisidora, but of some twenty others beside, does the gracious Bottom seriously incline to accept the homage of Titania and her attendant spirits. He accepts with the most easy indifference the caresses of the Elfin Queen—assigns to Peas-blossom the high office of scratching his head—grants to Cobweb letters of marque against the red-hipped humble-bees—then despatches Monsieur Cobweb to assist Peas-blossom in his difficult commission—and concludes by expressing the strongest desire towards a bottle of good hay—"Sweet hay, that hath no fellow." The moral of all which appears to be this, that a mixture of sheer stupidity and vanity will carry the possessor comfortably through all failures and difficulties.

A genuine "Bully Bottom," who has been "translated," as Quince has it, cares not for such rubs; he simply turns upon his side, and goes to sleep, exclaiming,—“Let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.”

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCL.

AUGUST, 1836.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XL.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are few places more every way disagreeable for a residence than London during the autumnal months. The social stir and animation that rendered it so delightful in the spring have died away into comparative silence; the grass grows in the West-end squares; the city looks disconsolate, like an Irish clergyman on tithing-day; Pall Mall is all but deserted; scarce a pretty or a gay face is to be seen in the Parks, or a bag and wig in Chancery Lane, or a patriot in Parliament Street; the Exhibition rooms are closed; the theatre contains, perhaps, but a dozen bald-heads in the pit, and about as many white pocket-handkerchiefs in the dress-boxes; there is no one to gossip with at the clubs or hotels; the jarvey sleeps without fear of interruption on his coach-box; the cab-man, standing on the sun-scorched pavement at the door of a gin-shop, looks restless and perplexed, like a cat in a strange kitchen; and if you chance to stumble against an old friend at the turning of a street, he gives you the cut direct, quite annoyed to think you should have recognised in him that unfashionable animal—the last man! Then the hydrophobia panic!—"Think of that, Master Brooke!" No sooner does the dog-days set in, than some crazy cur makes a point of snatching a hasty mouthful from the calf of an elderly gentleman.

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THE newspapers are all instantly in arms about the catastrophe. Nervous folks—for we are all nervous nowadays—walk about shuddering with apprehension, and glancing every now and then at their uneasy legs; while reports are every where prevalent that "not less than sixteen married men have within the last week eschewed all liquids, and barked themselves to death, leaving each a wife and six small children behind him." I say nothing of minor miseries, such as the infectious hypochondriasm of the tradesman who has nothing to do but stand with a pen behind his ear at his shop-door, or the melancholy "lodgings to let" in every quarter of the town; for my object is not to weary my reader's patience, or distress his nerves, by a prolix recapitulation of grievances, but simply to make good my assertion, that of all places in the world, few or none are so detestable as London in autumn.

SUCH being my view of the matter, I always make a point of quitting town when the first hydrophobic paragraph appears in the papers. If one will not take a shrewd hint, one deserves to suffer. My excursions are various—sometimes confined to England, and sometimes extending over the Continent. This year, perhaps, I go to Paris, for the purpose of seeing Louis Philippe shot at, which usually occurs once a-week in that sprightly skirmage-

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loving metropolis; and the next I rest satisfied with a stroll among the wilds of Dartmoor (a pet place of mine), or the more imposing Welsh Alps. And here let me assure you, my gentle Cockney, that a ramble among these last is a very different thing from a ramble among the Hampstead highlands. Primrose Hill is scarcely so high or so steep as Snowdon; nor can I take it on my conscience to assert that the pass at Kentishtown, which leads you into Pancras Vale, is at all to be compared with that at Beddgelert. But perhaps I am partial.

To resume. My excursion last year was to Wales. I had heard much from old Cambridge friends touching this famous region; so, one fine morning in June, I packed up a few shirts in my carpet bag, together with some artificial flies, a Walton's Angler, and a few well-thumbed numbers of Blackwood, containing "Hints for the Holidays," and "Christopher in his Sporting-Jacket," and thus appropriately equipped, set off for Swansea, where, without halting longer than a day, I hired one of those eccentric vehicles, called "flies," which, in the fulness of time, brought me in a disjointed condition to Llandilo, a small town situated in the heart of the vale of Towy.

The scenery in this neighbourhood possesses a world of recommendations. You have the Black Mountains glooming on the horizon; Grongar Hills, Carricksawthy Common, and the ruins of Wynevor within a stone's throw of you; and the haunted Cerrig-Cennan Castle within the easy distance of five miles. Then, if you have any taste for thunder-storms, and the atmosphere should be that way disposed, you have the finest possible opportunity of enjoying them in perfection among the mountain ranges of Llynn-y-van. In London a burly-burly of this sort is a very safe, tame, commonplace affair—a uniform failure, and most discreditable to the dignity of the elements engaged in it. The thunder, its voice deadened by the eternal fog, grows faintly like a drowsy lion; the lightning contents itself with merely killing an Irishman or two, or throwing a few old women into fits; while a small bolt, perhaps, scarcely big-

ger than a crab-apple, drops down through the sky-light into a tailor's shop, for no other reason apparently than to "create a sensation" among the apprentices, and furnish the newspapers with a hysterical paragraph. Such, in nine cases out of ten, is a Cockney thunder-storm. But in Wales, among the mountains, it is a very different affair. There the thunder vindicates its full claims to sublimity, roaring and rattling among the craggy heights with a sound as if ten thousand brazen chariots were at one and the same moment clattering along the floor of heaven; while the blue, arrowy lightning digs gashes in the stern forehead of the precipice, compared with which a cart-rut were a mere wrinkle; or splits asunder immense fragments of overhanging granite, and sends them crashing down into the astonished tarn beneath. Then the frenzied rain, with the rush of the torrent, which but an hour before was a bashful rivulet, silver-lining the side of some sunny upland! Away, away it goes, scampering faster than ever poet scampered from a bailiff; bounding deliriously from rock to rock; swallowing bridges at a gulp; playing the very devil with trees, brick-walls, and pigsties; and subjecting whole villages to the ceremony of an undesired baptism.

But though pleasant enough in their way, thunder-storms have their weak points. It is awkward to get wet through, with never a house within six miles of you,—to have the hot lightning flashing across your eyes, and the thunder threatening the tympanum of your auriculars,—and, still more embarrassing, to be blown over a precipice while leaning forward to recover your eloped castor. I once witnessed a magnificent tempest among the congenial wilds of Llynn-y-van; but, lover of the sublime as I am, I have not the slightest desire to witness another. Enough is as good as a feast, and I am naturally moderate in my appetites.

Another recommendation of the Vale of Towy—to say nothing of its being the most classic spot in Wales, if Dyer and Twm Sion Catti (the Bard and the Brigand) can make it so—is the unrivalled excellence of its fly-fishing. The natives will tell

you that you have nothing more to do than just throw in your line, and pull out sewen or salmon—which you please. I cannot say I found it so. Deuce a fish ever rose to my fly; I never even got so much as a nibble; and yet I have seen a grinning, bare-legged urchin, hardly reaching up to my watch-chain, pull out, with only a worm at the end of a pin-hook, a fine, spanking sewen, which but the moment before had been coquetting with my fly, and making me believe—the rascal!—that he was going to bolt it. This convinces me that it is not skill, but luck, that is required in angling, else I should certainly have exhausted the river.

I very soon, therefore, got tired of fly-fishing—for one does not like to be the constant butt and laughing-stock of the finny tribe—and laying aside my angling apparatus, devoted myself, like Dr Syntax, to searching out the most picturesque glens and waterfalls, castles, and mountains of the district. I misquoted Dyer in the “thrush-grove” at Grongar Hill; explored the Robber’s cave fast by the cataract springs of Towy; watched the fishermen paddling in their coracles across Tally Pool, and got ducked in attempting ditto; and then having seen all that was to be seen in the neighbourhood, crossed the Black Mountains in the direction of the distant Brecon, and ensconced myself in the snug little village of Plasswynnock.

The locality of this hamlet pleased me exceedingly. It was as quiet and retired and unassuming as a patriotic Patlander, lying far away from the beaten tract of tourists at the edge of a lonely moor, and consisted of one straggling, winding street, with a yew-shaded churchyard in its rear, crowded with trophies of the local apothecary’s skill, hard by which stood an isolated, old-fashioned, little public-house—the landlord called it a hotel!—entitled the Castle. At this *auberge* I took up my headquarters, and, as I had done before at Llandilo, occupied myself with strolling about the neighbourhood, and filling my sketch-book with drawings of its most silvan, out-of-the-way bits of landscape.

One evening, on my return home to Plasswynnock from an excursion

which I had taken across the moor, I chanced to light on a small, solitary ruin, consisting of but a few brick walls. This ruin, which was scarcely more than a mile distant from the village, was perched on the brow of a table-land, forming a gradual slope in front, which had once, no doubt, been a garden or paddock, but was now in the last stage of decay. I have been familiar with ruins from childhood—I was brought up under the shadow of the old, crumbling walls of Reading Abbey—yet I know not that I ever saw one which more impressed me with a stern sense of desolation than this. A sentiment breathed out from its dead brick walls deeper than any which even the monastic relics of Tintern Abbey had called up in my mind. There the picturesque helps to relieve and mellow one’s sense of melancholy; but here all was decay and death in its most bald, squalid, undisguised, and homely form. Castellated and monastic ruins are abundant throughout Wales; but this was the first family mansion, or manor-house, in that condition I had yet met with.

Singular, said I, as I paced its confined interior, that so plain, unassuming a domicile should have been allowed to become so utter a wreck, without an effort being made to preserve it. Castles and monasteries, we all know, run to seed quite as a matter of course; indeed they seem built for no other purpose than to serve the turn of the novelist and landscape-painter; for in the first place, their vast extent prevents their being fitly kept up; and secondly, their owners having usually been of that class whose rank and connexions have forced them to take a leading part in the civil broils of the period, they have of necessity risen or fallen—and in the game of war, few rise the winners with the party to which they had attached themselves. But this could scarcely have been the case in the instance before me. The house had belonged to no powerful turbulent noble, but evidently to some one in the peaceful, middle walks of life—probably the great man of the village—some convivial, sporting Welsh squire, the very last person to sacrifice his interests to his ambition. Yet was it swept

wholly to destruction, and with it, most likely, the family who had once called it their own!

My curiosity being strongly excited on this subject, I no sooner returned to "mine inn," than I summoned the landlord thereof, stated the particulars of my discovery, and demanded explanation at his hands. This was ungrudgingly afforded me. The house in question, said Boniface, had been in a dilapidated state ever since the year 1770—though it was not at that period in the hopeless condition in which it now was—and the family to whom it had belonged (the Lords of the Manor) had, as I anticipated, wholly past away, with-

out leaving any other trace of their existence, than a few mouldering brick walls. In answer to my further enquiries, the man acquainted me with all the circumstances connected with the decay of the manor-house, just as he had heard them detailed a hundred times by his respected parent, who had long since gone to the place appointed for all publicans. As this "Tale of my Landlord" strongly interested me, I took notes of it at the time, and from those notes have composed the subjoined narrative, which I have told in my own manner, though without materially altering the substance of honest Boniface's communication.

CHAPTER II.

It was late on a summer evening, in the year 1783, when the father of the present landlord owned the tavern to which I have alluded in the foregoing chapter, that a stranger, fatigued apparently with a long day's journey, entered the snug, well-sanded little coffee-room, and requesting to be shown into a private apartment, ordered supper and a bed. He was a man whom an expert physiognomist would have guessed to be about forty-three years of age, though on a first superficial glance he seemed considerably older, for his shoulders were slightly bent, his hair grey, the fire of his dark eye something quenched, and his lofty forehead full of wrinkles. Altogether he appeared like one on whom grief had laid her heaviest hand, but who had not surrendered himself to her domination without a fierce struggle.

Struck with his reserved and commanding air, the landlord ushered him, with one of his profoundest obeisances, into his own private room, and then hurried off to get ready the best supper his establishment afforded—a superfluous task, for the stranger, possibly from ill health, or what was more likely, from over-fatigue, did but sorry justice to the tender white pullet and the delicious *curryw*; but just picking a few mouthfuls, and drinking a small glass of ale, rose from table, and summoned Boniface into his presence.

"I suppose," said he, "I can have accommodation here for a few nights, till I have completed some arrange-

ments that I am about to form for my future residence in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes sure, sir," replied the delighted landlord, "and the best of every thing—a capital bed, fish, flesh, fowl, and such ale!—ah, sir, I'll be bound you haven't tasted the like for many a day; a hogshead of it, which I keep expressly for such gentlefolks as you, was brewed when the last Mr Glendoverly went abroad, now near eighteen years since."

"Glendoverly!" enquired the stranger, "and pray, who may he be?"

"Oh, the gentleman that owned the old Manor-House that you see to your right on entering the village."

"I marked it particularly; it is a fine building; what a pity it is in such a ruinous condition!"

"That's what we all say, but there's no help for it."

"Why so; is it not inhabited?"

"Yes, there's an old woman in it who lives rent free, just for the purpose of keeping it tidy, in case any one should be disposed to purchase it. Evans, our attorney, to whose father the last owner sold it, is constantly endeavouring to get rid of it, for he cannot afford to live in it himself, or even make such repairs as would render it habitable."

"You say the last owner. Is he dead, then?"

"Yes; we heard that he died abroad some ten or a dozen years since.—But, Lord bless me, sir, you have not drank your ale! Well, I

never—Pray, do taste it: my wife calls it meat and drink too, and she's a first-rate judge."

"I should be happy to do justice to your ale, my friend, but really I am so fatigued that I have wholly lost my appetite. Let my room, therefore, be got ready for my reception.—And harkee, Mr Landlord," added the stranger, in a grave, stern tone, "be sure you do not let me be disturbed on any pretence whatever. When wearied, as I am just now, I am apt to be restless at night; so if you should hear me stirring about my chamber, you will know the reason."

"Oh certainly, sir. But if you'd try this little specific,"—here the landlord pointed to the *cuvru*, "I'd answer for your sleeping like a top."

"Enough, enough, sir," said the stranger, impatiently; "go and do as I have desired you, and above all do not forget my warning." And so saying, he motioned the man from the room.

Having seen his guest snugly ensconced in his dormitory, the landlord went into the kitchen, where his wife sat expecting him, and informed her of the stranger's orders, which, as might have been anticipated, set both on the *qui vive*.

"And pray what sort of a person may he be?" enquired the landlady, applying the jug to her lips.

"Why, a half-proudish, half-civilish sort of a body—but quite the gentleman, though he does not take to my good ale. However, if he pays well for it—and I'm sure he must have money, he orders one about so—I'm not the man to quarrel with his tastes."

"Nor I. But, for all that, David, it's as well to keep a sharp look-out—there's many a fine-dressed man with never a shilling in his pocket."

"Right, dame; but the stranger's none of that sort, I'll swear, for he talks of coming to live among us."

"Why, that certainly alters the case, David, and we can't be too civil to him, although he is such a queer body as to talk of walking about his room at night, merely because he is knocked up with fatigue."

In this sort of conversation between the good dame and her yoke-fellow time wore away, until at

length the black, tall kitchen clock striking eleven, and all being silent in the stranger's chamber, the couple gave up all further idea of watching, and marched off to bed.

Scarcely, however, had they got into their first nap, when they were roused by a quick tread in the chamber beside them, which was that wherein the stranger slept. The landlord was the first to hear the noise, and instantly jumping out of bed, ran to the door, where he stood listening in a perfect fever of curiosity. For some minutes he heard nothing more than tramp—tramp—tramp across the floor, but presently there was a deep groan, followed by a piercing scream. Hastily awaking his wife, Boniface proceeded to dress himself; but before either could complete their toilet, another scream, louder than the former, rung through the house, and in less than ten minutes the whole establishment, headed by the landlord, and tailed by the landlady, were halting at the stranger's door, uncertain whether to recede or advance. As, however, the groans still continued, and the poor man seemed in great pain, it was voted, *nem. con.*, that the door, which was but on the latch, should be opened; which was accordingly done, and the whole picturesque party poured, like a torrent, into the room.

And here they witnessed a spectacle that might have appalled far bolder spirits. In the centre of the floor stood the stranger, who, it was manifest, had never undressed, with his arms extended, as if waving off some blasting object, his eyes fixed, his teeth clenched, his white, shivering lips apart, and his whole air and countenance that of a demoniac. For a brief space he appeared unconscious of the presence of the intruders; but no sooner did he recognise them, than, as if by magic, he became instantly cool and collected, and, darting a fierce look on the landlord, asked him how he had dared disobey his injunctions; and, without waiting for his reply, rushed to the door for the purpose of ejecting the party, who, misinterpreting his abrupt movement, and taking for granted that he was a lunatic thirsting for their blood, did not wait to offer explanation or apology, but hurried, with a devil-take-

the-hindmost unceremoniousness, to the staircase, down which they all plunged headlong, while the stranger, without deigning to take the slightest notice of their situation, coolly locked his door, and retired to rest.

The next morning when he came down to breakfast, the first thing he did was to ring for the landlord, and seeing the poor man's embarrassment, at once turned the conversation on the subject of the preceding night's interruption, observing, with a forced effort at indifference—"Doubtless you must have fancied my behaviour strange last night; but I warned you how liable I was to affections of this nature, and you should have been advised. The truth is, I was labouring under a violent spasmodic attack, to which I have been subject for years, and which always affects me according to the greater or less degree of fatigue I have undergone."

"Well, come now, I am heartily glad to hear this," replied honest David, brightening up, "for, to say the truth, sir, my wife and myself had almost begun to think"—

"Sir, I beg in future you will confine your thoughts to your own affairs, and leave me to think of mine." Then, putting on a more affable manner, the stranger added,—
"You told me yesterday that a Mr Evans was now in possession of the Manor-House; I shall be glad to have some talk with him on the subject, for as my health requires mountain air and strict seclusion, I do not see that I can do better than occupy the house in question."

"Occupy?" said Boniface, "why there are scarcely four habitable rooms in the whole building!"

"No matter for that, I require but little accommodation, for I am an old traveller, and have slept many a night on the bare ground before now."

"Hem, a military man, I guess," thought the landlord—"Well, just as your honour pleases."

"Exactly so, my good friend, and as I am an enemy to all unnecessary delays, we will settle this matter at once. Be good enough, therefore, to inform Mr Evans that I shall be glad to see him here this evening, and mean time I will just take a stroll out and inspect this ruin;" and ac-

cordingly, after despatching a hasty breakfast, the stranger sauntered away in the direction of the Manor-House.

The morning was one that might have inspired even a stockjobber; the air was fresh and perfumed with the breath of a thousand wild-flowers; the dews were steaming up from the valleys; the clouds rolling off like smoke from the mountains; birds singing; cattle lowing; ploughmen whistling merrily as they went slouching home to their breakfasts, with their coats flung across their shoulders, and their swarthy hands passed ever and anon across their dripping brows; in a word, the spirit of universal cheerfulness lay soft and sunny upon earth. But the stranger seemed in no mood to enjoy the freshness and laughter of this mercurial morning; by him the sights and sounds of nature were unheeded; and he pursued his way, alone and thoughtfully, pausing only for an instant to kiss the ruddy cheek of a fine little boy who stood barefooted, at a cottage-door, playfully mocking the blythe tones of a black-bird that hung above him in a wicker cage.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought the stranger to the Manor-House, when, after halting to examine the building, as if to ascertain whether it were still fit to be tenanted, he hastened up the gradual hill that sloped downwards to the road in front, and tapping lightly at the parlour window—for the door had neither bell nor knocker—an old woman who was seated there at breakfast, came forth and gave him admittance.

The interior of the building did not belie the account which the landlord had given of it. The hall was a place of call for the four winds of heaven; the floors, which were only half covered with a coarse, ragged drugget, creaked beneath the lightest tread; the windows were hung with dusty cobwebs, decked, like an anatomical museum, with innumerable skeletons of flies and spiders long since defunct; and the doors, whose hinges were rustier than the shield of Martinus Scriblerus, shook, when clapped to, like a fat man in the cholic. Nor was the garden in the rear in much better condition. Weeds usurped the

place of flowers, and the rank grass grew even among the interstices of the paved stones in the yard; while a ditch, half mud half water, its surface dotted with tadpoles, went crawling and stinking along at a snail's pace, dividing the garden from a patchy, half shaven meadow, on which a lean donkey, itself a ruin, was with difficulty picking up a subsistence.

The stranger, who was close followed by the old woman, surveyed this spectacle of decay with the painful interest it was so well calculated to excite, in a heart accessible only to the more sombre feelings—these feelings being not a little increased by the loquacity of the ancient dame, which he in vain endeavoured to repress. When he had sufficiently inspected the lower part of the house, he ascended a “most musical, most melancholy” staircase which brought him to the head of a gallery, along which ran a suite of four tolerably sized rooms. Pausing at the nearest of these, his attendant thinking of course that he wished to enter, drew a bunch of keys from her pocket, and before he was aware of her design, flung the door open. This apartment was, if possible, in a still worse plight than even the lower ones, for the walls were dripping with damp, and full of cracks and crevices; the curtains, eaten into a thousand holes by moths, were silvered all over with their powdery plumage; and in the hearth, upon a few shavings, lay the corpse of a skinny, gray-whiskered rat, who had evidently died of that malady to which Grub Street is so peculiarly liable.

The stranger's eyes no sooner travelled over this room, than a violent shuddering came over him, and he instantly passed on, saying in a husky tone of voice, while he buttoned up his coat, “Shut the door, woman; the air of this apartment is quite chilling.”

“And no wonder, sir, for we seldom enter it. Indeed, I do not suppose that the door has been opened a dozen times since the death of Mr Glendovery. Ah, sir, that was a sad business. Only think of a young gentleman dying of apoplexy, just when he was about to get married. Sad case, sir; war'nt it?”

While the old woman was thus

indulging her love of gossip, the stranger on whom, as an invalid, the death-like chill of the Manor-House, had operated with injurious effect, hurried away from her down stairs, and without waiting to be shown the more habitable parts of the building, made the best of his way back to the village.

In the evening, after dinner, Mr Evans introduced himself. He was an off-hand, familiar young fellow, one of those officious busy-bodies who, negligent of their own, are constantly prying into other people's affairs. He had been bred an attorney, which had sharpened a naturally acute intellect, but having been left a small competency by his father, just enough to enable him to take rank among the magnates of the village, he had abandoned his legal pursuits, for that more congenial one of prowling about the neighbourhood, and acquainting himself with the name, fortune, connexions, and so forth of every new comer. Yet though possessed by the demon of inquisitiveness, Evans was not without his redeeming points. He was frank, social, good-natured, and full of that tenacious bull-dog courage, which, with the majority, stands its possessor in the stead of nobler qualities. Moreover, he piqued himself on being “a sturdy Briton,” one who stood up for the independence of his order, and had no idea of acknowledging a superior. His one favourite aphorism was, “an honest man's the noblest work of God,” which our sensitive publican never heard, without shifting about uneasily in his seat, and casting a sort of half-repentant glance at the scores on his slate, which hung above the kitchen door. In person, Evans was broad and bull-necked, with legs of the solidity of mile-stones, a nose that turned up like a fish-hook, and red, raw hands like a carrot.

Such a man was scarcely likely to render himself acceptable to one so reserved and haughty as the stranger, who accordingly took a dislike to him at the very first glance. However, as he bid fair to serve his turn, he concealed his disgust, and at once entered upon the subject that had brought them together, by proposing forthwith to take up his abode at the Manor-House, to which the other, —though not without some surprise

at the suddenness of the resolution—unhesitatingly acceded; and the bargain being struck, the stranger was the very next day put into possession of the house, his travelling apparatus sent on to him from Swansea, and what few repairs and arti-

cles of furniture he wanted, supplied to him by the auctioneer of Plasswynnock—your auctioneer in a sequestered Welsh village being always that most ordinary and commonplace of characters, a “universal genius.”

CHAPTER III.

The stranger had now been nearly a month resident at the Manor-House, but so secluded were his habits, that little more was known of him than on the first day when he made his appearance in the village. The curiosity of the gossips was in consequence strongly excited, and frequent and searching were the questions put to his one female domestic by the landlord of the Castle; but though quite willing enough, the girl was unable to answer them; for during the day she saw little or nothing of her master, and at twilight, when she had set forth his scanty repast, she was invariably ejected, like the maid-servants from Comodore Truncheon's garrison.

Two facts, however, were ascertained—first, that his name was Dwarrys; and secondly, that though not rich, he was by no means deficient in the inestimable gifts of the pocket. But beyond these points, the village could ascertain nothing—a disappointment which it took as much to heart as if a grievous insult had been put upon it. “Who is this Great Unknown?” was now the incessant cry of the coterie at the Castle. In vain Evans set every engine to work to fathom the momentous mystery; in vain waylaid the stranger (for so I shall continue to call him) in his outgoings and his incomings; in vain called at the Manor-House, under the pretence of suggesting such repairs as might be necessary for his better accommodation; and, on one occasion, went the extreme length of inviting him to dinner; his familiar advances were always coldly repulsed—an affront to his self-love which inspired him with an absolute hatred for the stranger.

Nor was this aversion confined to him alone. The whole village, more or less, partook of it, and in the bitterness of baffled curiosity, came to the conclusion that the stranger was no other than some broken-down

roué, who had eloped from his creditors. Some even went so far as to assert that he was a felon broke loose from jail; while the sexton, who was a firm believer in supernatural existences, hinted his suspicions that he was a direct importation from Tophet. Ah, how severe is the penalty those must pay who affect to be above their neighbours! There is nothing society so much resents as this. Crime may be forgiven, but not want of sympathy. To win the world's esteem, one must walk side by side with it, give in to its caprices, and view it from its own level; to stand coldly aloof, or look down on it from the fancied elevation of one's own mind, is to mortify its self-conceit, and become the object of its special hostility.

Mean time, according to the best accounts that could be collected, the stranger's health fast declined. Yet he adopted no precautions to improve it, but let Nature take her course, careless apparently whether that course might tend. His sole amusement consisted in rambling by day about the most secluded spots in the district; and at nightfall, when the red lights were gleaming from the cottage windows, and the smith's anvil was silent, and the children's glad voices were hushed in sleep, he would sit for hours among the tombs in the churchyard, which few cared to pass after the bat had once commenced his circling flight round the greyspire.

I have said that the neighbourhood was remarkable for its picturesque beauty. It was so, in a high degree, but one spot in particular, about two miles distant from the village, was unsurpassed in quiet unassuming loveliness by any scene in the principality. This was a small emerald-green valley, hemmed close round by sloping hills, which, in the summer season, shone a waving sea of golden blossoms, musical with bees, and redolent of perfume.

Right through the centre of this little Tempe, lapsed a pebbly brook-let with a clear tinkling sound, spanned by a wooden bridge, and turning a mill at the head of the valley, where stood one grey moss-topped cottage, with a honeysuckle porch in front, opening on a small strip of a garden that served the double purpose of ornament and utility, one half being full of flowers, and the other of vegetables. Solitude lay on this sequestered nook like a dream; it was a resting-place for a troubled imagination—so still, so fresh, so cheerful!—and here accordingly the stranger would often come, and, as well as a nature which knew no May-day would permit, surrender himself up to that calm subdued spirit of meditation which is so apt to steal over the mind, even when plunged in the depths of affliction. Here, in the mellow flush of evening, he would be seen by the miller and his young family on their return home reclined on the fresh sward by the brook, sometimes lost in placid reverie, but oftener wandering to and fro in that restless moody state which bespeaks a soul struggling to recover that peace which is gone for ever.

One day, when the stranger was leaning over the bridge gazing towards the airy far-stretching uplands that sentinelled this Arcadian valley, he was startled by a lively whistle, and looking round, discovered Evans with a fly-rod in his hand close at his elbow.

"Fine day this, Mr Dwarrys," said the attorney, with his usual blunt familiarity. The stranger coldly bowed, but made no answer. "I do not know whether you are fond of fly-fishing," continued the persevering attorney; "but if so, you are welcome to a throw with my rod; the sewen rise uncommonly well hereabouts." And he handed over his rod to the stranger, who, however, refused to take it, saying,—“I thank you, sir; but I am no angler.”

"Indeed!—bumph—sorry for that—nothing like fishing to kill an idle hour or so."

"Very likely, to those who have nothing better to do with themselves," replied the stranger, with a sneer; at the same time moving away from the bridge.

In an instant the attorney was after him.

"I beg pardon, Mr Dwarrys; but —"

"But what, sir!" said the stranger, turning sharp round on him; "my time is precious, and I have no desire to waste it in idle gossip."

"I was merely going to observe, that as I was walking your way, perhaps we might walk together."

"Sir," replied the stranger, with difficulty suppressing the inclination he felt to knock down the busy-body, "I can partly guess your motive for making this uncalled-for offer, and beg leave to decline it. You and I have met oftener than one at least of us desires; and if such annoyance is persisted in, I shall find some method for putting a stop to it. This neighbourhood is quite wide enough for both, so there is no occasion for one to be constantly intruding himself into the other's presence. Good morning, sir; I wish you success in your sport."

"The proud insolent upstart!" said the attorney, stung to the quick by this cavalier behaviour. "So he declines all my civilities—and with contempt, too! Well, he is the first who ever did so with impunity. Haughty as he is, I'll soon bring him to his level, or my name's not—. Damn this fly! it falls with such a splash into the water, that not a sewen will rise to it—and he thinks he has baffled me!—Good, but we'll soon see who is the shrewder of the two." And hastily putting up his tackle, the attorney marched home, sputtering all the way like a roasted potato.

CHAPTER IV.

"And so the stranger refuses to have any thing to say to you?" asked the landlord of Evans, as the latter gentleman concluded his account of the above interview, while seated one evening, in company with some

of the magnates of the village, in the private room of the Castle; "can't say I think the better of him for giving himself such airs; but what can you expect from a man who has never once ordered a bottle of my

ale since he's been at the Manor-House?"

"Yes, and what's worse than that," observed the apothecary, with an expression of face as bitter as his own physic, "though he's dying by inches, as any one may see who looks at him, not a single summons have I yet had from him. But he's mad, poor gentleman, which accounts for all."

"Not a doubt of it," rejoined Boniface, "for to say nothing of his extraordinary conduct here one night, I'm told he scarcely touches a mouthful from sunrise to sunset."

"Frightful!" chimed in the curate, an oily little man, round as a beer barrel, with a hot copper nose and broad, moony face that hung out a flag of defiance to care; "there is evidently something preying on his mind, for lights are often seen in his room at a time when all decent folks should be a-bed; and then he looks so black when one happens to meet him!—just for all the world, Doctor, like one of your patients after a week's physicking."

"Uncommon odd!" observed the landlord, shaking his head mysteriously.

"But that's not all," resumed the curate, "for many a night has he been seen sitting alone upon a grave in the churchyard; and once, as I myself was passing the Manor-House on my way home after supping with the auctioneer, I heard such groans proceeding from the apartment which he inhabits, that if I had not luckily bethought me of a prayer or two, I'm convinced I should have died of fright. As it was, I was so shaken with agitation that when I got home I could scarcely stand."

"Are you quite sure it was from agitation?" slyly interposed the apothecary; "there are many things besides fear which will account for a man's inability to stand after supper."

"Poor gentleman," said the compassionate landlady, "I've no doubt he's lost his wife, for nothing else could affect him so."

Her husband looked as if he thought there were many more serious calamities in life than the loss of a wife, but as, like the best of us, he was considerably under the sway of the petticoat, he did not give utterance to his thoughts.

While this conversation was going forward, the attorney remained in a state of sulky reverie, but the instant the curate talked of the churchyard he was all attention.

"I cannot conceive," he said, "what the fellow can want there. No good, I'll swear."

"Perhaps he's a resurrectionist," hinted the apothecary; "the *Caermarthen Journal* says they're very much abroad just now."

"I should not wonder," said Evans, "he looks exactly like one."

At this instant a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Hark," said the landlord, "what noise is that? Pray God it be not the stranger come to!"

Before he could complete the sentence the door was thrown violently back on its hinges, and in rushed the sexton, pale as a ghost, and spotted from head to foot with dirt, who dropping into a chair, roared out with the lungs of a Boanerges, "Oh Lord, oh Lord, I've seen the Devil!"

"The Devil!" faltered the landlord, "my stars, only think!"

"And, pray, where did you meet him?" asked Evans, laughing.

"In the churchyard; he started up from behind a tomb at the very moment as I was passing."

"Hah! indeed!" replied the attorney, with singular earnestness, "and what did he say? What was he doing?"

The sexton, so soon as he had regained his composure by a hearty draught of *curru*, hastened to gratify the company's curiosity; and in order that I may do the same with my readers, it is necessary that I go back a few hours in my narrative.

There had been a fair held that morning in the neighbouring little town of Llanurth, at which the sexton, who was also a bit of a farmer, had attended for the purpose of disposing of some of his farm-yard stock. Having accomplished the sale greatly to his satisfaction, he was about returning home, when he chanced to meet an old friend who lived within a stone's throw of the town, and who insisted on his finishing the evening with him, to which the sexton, having a few spare hours on hand, readily acceded. As is usual on such occasions, the *curru*,

to say nothing of the supplemental punch bowl, flew rapidly from hand to hand; and the conversation, after shifting about like a weathercock in April, at length settled down into a discussion on the well-accredited apparition of the "man without the head" (no very rare phenomenon), who had been again seen by deaf Dick, the drunken cobbler, among the ruins of Cerrig-cennan Castle. At the period to which this tale refers, the lower classes of Welsh were notorious for their faith in these local hobgoblinisms; and none more so than the sexton, who accordingly swallowed his friend's story with all the zeal of a devotee, repaying him with others of a like character, until the dropping of the sun behind the biforked Brecon Van warned him that it was time to return home.

The first part of his road lay through some low meadows to the rear of Llanurth, but the last and by far the largest portion across a wild tract of moor, which was seldom or never traversed after sunset. Now the worthy grave-digger, who was something of the timidest, had an instinctive horror of a solitary trip over a waste like this at such an hour, which the legends he had been listening to contributed not a little to strengthen, so he pursued his way across it with the same misgivings with which a schoolboy crosses a churchyard when the wind is at work among the tombs; striving to pluck up confidence by whistling a few bars of a sprightly tune, and halting every now and then to see if he could discover any belated traveller like himself, on whose company he might fasten himself. But all was perfect solitude—all too was silence, except the faint sluggish trickling of an unseen stream, or the moaning of the breeze over the unsheltered desert.

By the time that he had accomplished a third of his distance, the torches which sunset had lit up in the west, one by one went out, and the moor lay, far and wide, a black frowning mass before him; while the few stunted trees and masses of rock that were scattered sparingly about it, took strange and exaggerated forms in the gloom. As the good man hurried on his road, he chanced

to stumble up against one of these dwarf oaks whose lower branches projected over the pathway; and fancying in his bewilderment that it was neither more nor less than a hobgoblin—peradventure the man without the head—who had started up to waylay him, he began, in the true professional spirit, to mutter the first words of the burial service; but finding that no further opposition was offered, he forced a faint laugh at his own weakness, and sped on, thumping his breast, and pulling his hat desperately over his brows, as if to say "Who's afraid?"

Scarcely, however, had he screwed his courage to the sticking point, when he saw, about thirty yards before him, a dim, moving light—one of those *ignes fatui* which are so often seen playing on the surface of marshy grounds; but which, as a matter of course, he mistook for a corpse-candle eloped from a churchyard, for the express purpose of giving him a friendly hint that his hour was come. The faint rustling of the wind among the reeds that fringed this morass went far to confirm his conjecture, for, in his prepared ear, it sounded exactly like the whispering of unearthly voices. Here was a predicament! What should he do? How should he escape it? To go forward, would be to rush on his doom; to wait till the moon should rise—the guardian moon before whose blessed radiance all Welsh spirits make a point of vanishing—would be to wait for hours, chilled to the bone, and ague-stricken by the unwholesome dews; and as for going back and stopping out all night at Llanurth—what would his wife say? and as this idea flashed across the sexton's addled brains, there arose with it the vision of a lean, wizen-faced, shrewish old woman, seated alone, with looks as black as the night, by a cottage window at a supper table, on which lay, covered up between two plates, some eggs and bacon, quite spoiled—having been fried a full hour since—together with a hearth-broom, which the erysipelas-tempered dame, as ever and anon she turned her sleepy eyes towards the clock, clutched in a fist evidently accustomed to wield such a weapon with formidable effect.

This domestic vision terrified the

perplexed sexton nearly as much as the warning light before him; even now, in fancy, he felt the hearth-broom anointing his shoulders, while, to consummate his sufferings, he found that the track which he had been hitherto pursuing was no longer discernible. The case being thus desperate, he allowed himself no further time for consideration, but struck off at once to the left—a direction which he knew could not take him very far out of his road—the moor being already more than half passed—and would enable him to steer clear of that ghastly glimmer which the Welsh peasant holds in such superstitious horror. Unfortunately, however, this new track, after leading him through many a shallow marsh, and steep rugged hollow, brought him out on the highest part of the moor—a long table-land, in the centre of which stood a gibbet, whereon hung the skeleton of a smuggler who had long since been hung in chains. As the sexton, who was now perfectly acquainted with his locality, heard the sullen creak of the dry bones swinging in the wind, a new horror came over him; he made sure—so ever active and versatile is the imagination of fear—that the murderer's ghost was pursuing him, and this giving the last quickening impulse to his excited nerves, he bounded off at a desperate full gallop, never once daring to halt or look behind him, lest he might see the white shining skeleton face grinning over his shoulder.

Away like the wind he flew, slapdash through brook, and fen, and ditch—ascending here, descending there—while the crafty mountain raven flew screaming above his head, with its dismal “cureq, cureq, cureq,” as if it anticipated its prey, till he reached the edge of the moor, which led him past one or two intervening meadows into his own

churchyard, at the entrance of the village. Here, one would suppose, the sexton would have felt quite at home; but no—his speed had increased his nervous apprehensions, and he rattled along the old avenue of yews with the swiftness of a hunted hare, stumbling over graves, and knocking his shins against headstones, with a most irreverent feeling towards the *genius loci*. And now he is in the very middle of the churchyard, when suddenly, just as he is passing a particular tomb, “a gigantic figure, robed in a velvet pall, with horns on his head, flaming saucer eyes, and smelling strongly of sulphur”—so ran the good man's own account—started up, and stood full in his path. He had had no previous notice of this apparition—had heard no sound—it seemed to rise up at once out of the earth; and feeling persuaded, therefore, that it was the devil, he rushed roaring into the Castle, as being the nearest place of refuge he could find.

“Very odd!” said the landlord, handing over the jug of *cwrrw* to the sexton, by way of indemnifying him for his sufferings.

“Very,” rejoined the attorney; who nevertheless had a pretty strong suspicion as to who was the apparition.

Scarcely had the dissyllable escaped his lips, when a dark figure passed across the window near where the gossips were seated. The shadow no sooner caught the sexton's eye, than turning towards it he exclaimed, relapsing into his former terrors, “There he is—there he is again.” The company all started to their legs and rushed to the window, just in time to see a tall black form, shrouded from head to foot in a mantle, sweep by it. The attorney recognised the figure in an instant. It was the stranger!

CHAPTER V.

About a week afterwards, Evans happened to be passing the churchyard, on his return home from a morning walk, when just as he reached the swing gate that leads into it, he caught sight of the sexton, who was digging a grave close

beside the spot where he had been so much startled by “the saucer eyes” and sulphurous exhalations of the stranger. Now, the attorney, as I have hinted before, was not the man to miss the opportunity of a quarter of an hour's gossip, so he

forthwith joined the sexton, and after rallying him on his late panic—a sore subject, for the marks of the hearth-broom were yet visible on the good man's shoulders—and asking him if he had heard any more news about “the old misanthrope of the Manor-House,” said, “You seem hard worked Master Thomas.”

“Yes,” replied the sexton, “I have a good eight feet job before me. You remember Farmer Lewis, who lived up by the turnpike?”

“What, is he gone at last? Well, he's been a long time making up his mind about it.”

“Died last week.”

“By the visitation of the Doctor, no doubt,” observed the attorney, with a knowing wink of his eye.

—“He, he, he! Like enough.”

“But what does he want with an eight feet grave, hey, Master Thomas?” enquired Evans.

“That's his widow's look-out. The old girl has given me orders to dig the grave as deep as possible, lest the resurrection men should have him up again;” and humming a brisk air, the sexton resumed his labours.

“I say, Master Thomas,” continued the attorney, after watching his companion in silence for a few minutes, “ar'n't you digging too near that next grave?”

“Not a bit of it. Do you think I am no judge of distance? Besides, only look at the churchyard, and tell me where there's an inch of room to spare. Too near, indeed! Shows how much you know about grave-digging.”

But Evans was right; for, after having dug to the depth of six feet and upwards, the sexton's spade went crashing against the side of the coffin in the adjacent grave, burst open its rotten boards, and sent the skull of its tenant right into the open space.

“Bravo!” said the attorney; “I told you I was right.”

The mortified sexton made no reply, but stooped to pick up the skull; and glad of an opportunity to change the subject of conversation, said, “Well, of all the skulls I ever yet had dealings with, never did I handle such a heavy one as

this. What a thick head its owner must have had.”

“Ay, that's a malady very common hereabouts,” replied the attorney; “and pray, who was its owner?”

“I suppose you'll find his name on the tomb-stone.”

“You're right,” said Evans; “here, it is—Hugh Glendoverly, *obit* A.D. 1770, *at* 25.” Glendoverly—Glendoverly!” he added, after a moment's pause; “why, that's the name of the young squire who lived up at the Manor-House, and was found dead of apoplexy one morning, as I have heard my father say.”

“Yes, sure,” rejoined the sexton, “you ought to recollect the story well, for it was your father that purchased the house of the squire's brother; I'm sure I remember the young gentleman's death, for his was one of the first graves I ever dug. Ah, I can't dig now as I could then;” and he looked at his shrunken hands, and sighed.

“Give me the skull,” said Evans. “Very heavy, certainly”—tossing it up as if it were a cricket ball—“uncommon heavy; but, halloo, halloo!—I say, Master Thomas, what, in God's name, is this? Why, here's a long rusty nail dropped out of the ear.”

“A what?” asked the sexton gaping with astonishment like a stranded haddock.

“A nail, man—a nail, half as long as a carving-knife. No wonder the skull felt so weighty. Men are not born with nails in their ears—are they, Tom?”

“Not that I know of,” replied the sexton, who interpreted every thing that was said to him in the most literal matter-of-fact spirit.

“Then, depend on it, there's been foul play here. But I see it all!”—added Evans, in a hurried voice, as a sudden thought struck him—“I see it all, Master Thomas. One brother died—the other went instantly abroad, supposed to have died there—perhaps not. Perhaps he may be living at this very moment; and if so, he would be just about the stranger's age. Singular, this never struck me before! I ought to have suspected something wrong, from the fellow's fondness for that old house

—his constant visits to the churchyard, his gloom, his temper, and, above all, his dislike to associate with honest folks. However, I'm satisfied now!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astounded gravedigger, "who'd have thought it? But, do you really think there's murder in the case?"

"Certain of it, Master Thomas. But no matter; for the present, mum's the word.—Good-by. The affair will be cleared up soon.—A proud sulky brute!—but I have him in my clutches now;" and so saying, Evans restored the nail to its hiding-place, and putting the skull into his pocket, hurried off, while the sexton remained behind, standing, not "like the statue that enchants the world," but leaning half-stupified on his spade, like one who is himself enchanted.

That same evening a slow firm step ascended the crazy staircase of the Manor-House. The stranger, who had heard the hall door—which was usually left merely on the latch after sunset, it being by day that he most apprehended the visits of his officious neighbours—open and shut again with a clang that rung through the whole building, at first imagined that it was the servant taking her departure for the night, but soon the footsteps drew nearer, and ere he could recover from his surprise at such an unexpected intrusion, the door flew wide open, and the attorney stood before him.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the stranger, advancing towards the intruder with a haughty menacing aspect; "What means this visit? Have I not already warned you?"

"Softly—softly," replied the unabashed attorney, casting a shrewd glance at his tenant's emaciated figure; "I am not the man to be frightened by a few hard words. My errand here is one of justice. Mark me, sir, of justice—and, storm and bluster as you may, you shall not prevent me from discharging my duty. No, no, Mr Glendovery."

"Glendovery!" faltered the stranger, quailing beneath the searching gaze of Evans; "what do you mean, sir? My name is Dwarrys."

"I care not what it is now. My business concerns what it was eighteen years ago. Doubtless, sir, you

remember that about that period your"——

"I do—I do," said the conscience-stricken man, flinging his clenched hands above his head, and staggering as if he had been shot; "he died a natural death. Who dares say he did not?"

"I said nothing about a natural death, sir."

"No—no; nor I either. But my thoughts are troubled. I scarce know what I am saying."

"I can account for your agitation, Mr Glendovery," said the attorney, with an ironical smile.

"Villain! repeat but that word again, and, by the God above us, I lay you dead at my feet." And, snatching up a pistol from the table, the stranger presented it at the attorney's head.—"Now, sir," he added; "dare but to breathe but one syllable of that detested name again, and I send this bullet through your skull."

"Hah, indeed!" exclaimed Evans, at the same time drawing out the skull from his pocket, and holding it up full in the stranger's face—"fire, then! It will not be your first murder!"

A loud piercing yell burst from the stranger, as he beheld this ghastly memento. The pistol dropped from him, and staggering to the table, he buried his face in his hands, and groaned as if his every limb and muscle were convulsed and quivering on the rack.

"So!" muttered Evans to himself, as he beheld this spectacle of heart-rending agony—"so! that shaft has struck home, I think. He will scarcely raise his head again;—no, pride has got a fall, and a devil of a fall it is. But, mercy on us! who could have supposed such a thing possible? A murderer! The murderer of his own brother!—Horrible! Yet, curse me if I can help feeling for him after all," continued the good-natured fellow, as, his first burst of exultation having subsided, a kindlier spirit came over him; "I hated him while he affected the superior, and treated me as if I were so much dirt beneath his feet; but now that he is helpless and in my power—now that one word from me can clap the hangman's rope about his neck, curse me if I think I shall be able to bring

myself to pronounce it. Were he in sound health, I would do so without a moment's hesitation; but he is dying—dying as fast as man can die; broken-hearted, too, and suffering the torments of the damned; and I'm not the man to shorten the few hours he has left him. I know, I feel—I ought to act otherwise, but I was always a soft-natured fool;” then, addressing himself to the stranger, he added, “Mr Glen—Dwarrys, I mean—Pray sir, be composed; it is ill grieving for what can't be remedied. Poor fellow, he hears me not; well, it can't be helped—but, from my soul, I pity him.”

It is easy to pity those who no longer have it in their power to affect our interests, or wound our self-love. In the majority of cases, pity is but contempt with its sharp edge taken off—a flattering conviction of our strength and our adversary's weakness; of our triumph, and his humiliation.

“Pity!” said the stranger, harping on Evans's last words, and staring wildly about him, “who talks of pity? Pity for a convicted murderer! Nay, never start, man, as if you had only just now discovered that I was an assassin. Could you not see ‘fratricide’ branded on my brow? Why, my own glass has shown it to me daily these eighteen years past!”

As he said these words, his eye happened to fall on the yellow mouldering skull which Evans still retained in his hand. “Hah!” he continued, “that fiend's face again! Grinning, too, and from malice! Away with it, sir, away; the very sight chills me to the bone;” and wresting it from the attorney's grasp, he dashed it on the floor, and with the frenzied rage of one possessed, ground it to atoms beneath his tread.

But this paroxysm was too violent to last long; and in a few minutes, as if ashamed of such an outbreak in the presence of the man whom of all others he had most detested, he observed in a more placid tone, with something of his usual hauteur, “I am not apt to be thus unmannered, Mr Evans, but your discovery of the dreadful secret which I had hoped would have been buried with me in that grave to which I am fast hastening, has called up recollections which it maddens me even to think

of. I ask not when, or by what means, you made this discovery; enough for me to know that you have made it, and that in revenge for fancied affronts, you have resolved on denouncing me to the world. Speak, sir, is it not so?”

“Such was my intention,” said the attorney, “but—but—nay, d—n it, what's the use of mincing matters—in one word, then, Mr Glen—Dwarrys, I mean—I am at this moment in, what you call, a predicament. Duty pulls me one way, humanity another. Duty says, ‘give him to justice;’ humanity, ‘leave him to himself, for his days are already numbered;’ and I much fear—that is to say, I am quite positive, that humanity will get the better of me.”

While the attorney thus spoke, the stranger kept his eye fixed on him with an expression of mixed surprise and distrust. At length, after a pause, during which he walked up and down the room, as if he were endeavouring to force himself to some decisive line of conduct, he said, “I appreciate your forbearance, sir, and will prove to you that I am not wholly unworthy of it. As yet you know but one part of my secret—the nature of the crime committed; you are yet to learn the extent of the provocation received. Listen then to what I am going to say. Return to this house to-morrow night, when I will acquaint you, fully and unreservedly, with the whole sad story of my life—’twill be a dreadful task, but what penance is too severe for a wretch like me?—that after my death, should you ever recall me to your mind, you may remember me as one who, great as was his crime, deserved rather your compassion than abhorrence. Will you agree to my proposal?”

The attorney hesitated, for the stranger's manner, especially the emphatic, and half-sneering way in which he pronounced the word “compassion,” struck him with distrust.

“What, are you afraid?” exclaimed the stranger, mistaking the cause of his hesitation.

“No,” replied Evans, indignantly, “I never yet feared mortal man, least of all, a”—then checking him-

self, he added, "I will agree to your proposal."

"And you will swear till to-morrow night to preserve the strictest secrecy?"

"I will."

"Then farewell, sir, till to-morrow night."

"I don't half like his manner," said Evans, as he closed the hall door, "for there's a something in the wild glare of his eyes that convinces

me he's half-cracked at times. Well, I must be on my guard; these moon-struck fellows have all the craft of the devil about them. Egad, if he's no care for his own life, I have for mine; so caution's the word. Let me see; how shall I proceed? I have it," he added, after a brief interval of cogitation; "now, if he means me foul play he shall find I am his match. One must not suffer for one's good-nature."

CHAPTER VI.

But a few hours had elapsed since the circumstances mentioned in the last chapter, yet what a change had that brief period wrought in the stranger's appearance! His cheeks were drawn in; his white, clammy forehead seemed as though the impress of the grave were on it; there was a strange, unnatural light in his dilated eye; and his voice trembled from suppressed emotion. Evans found him, as before, seated alone at a table, on which a lamp barely emitted glimmer enough to show the cheerless condition of the half-furnished apartment. As he entered, the stranger rose, and grasping him by the arm, said, "Are we alone in this house?"

"Yes."

"And no one tracked you here, nor knows aught of the subject of our last night's conference?"

"I have not breathed a syllable about it to a single human being."

"I thought I heard a footstep on the lawn under the window," said the stranger—so apprehensive an ear has conscience.

"'Tis merely the wind; the night threatens a storm."

"Then 'tis the fitter for me to say what I have to say. Now listen," continued the stranger, "and be your feelings what they may, be sure you do not interrupt me. Should you see me excited—maddened even with the recollections you have yourself called up—take no heed, for the fit will soon pass off," and so saying, with a determined effort at self-composure, the stranger commenced as follows:—

"My name, as you have but too truly surmised, is Glendoverly, and

I was born in this very house. My mother died in giving me birth. I have been told that she was a cold, reserved, imperious woman; and that I resembled her as closely in character as in countenance—a circumstance to which I attribute my father's early dislike to me, for his marriage having been one of convenience, not love, was consequently a most unhappy one. My oldest recollections can carry me back to no one act of kindness shown me by my father, who lavished all his affections on my elder brother—a jovial, mettlesome young fellow, cast, like himself, in the rudest mould, and as selfish as those are apt to be, who from their very cradle have recognised no will but their own.

"In due time we were both sent to school at Caermarthen, where my brother soon became a favourite, for commonplace joined with animal spirits is ever popular. He was foremost in every frolic, and I was rendered perpetually uneasy by the comparisons which our play-mates were always instituting between him and me. I could not—say rather, I would not—join in their pursuits; I could not sympathize or exchange minds with them; but lived moodily apart in a world of my own, like a hermit in his lone cell, conscious of possessing faculties superior to the herd with whom I was daily brought into contact. These faculties I invigorated by hard study, though my reading, sooth to say, was desultory, and chiefly of that sort which quickens the fancy and calls forth the passions, rather than feeds or disciplines the judgment. Yet even study, which you

would suppose would have been my blessing, proved only an added source of annoyance. My school-master, like most provincial pedagogues, was a conceited ignoramus—a mixture of the pedant, the despot, and the sycophant, who had no notion of boys presuming to get on without his help, or acquire other knowledge than he could furnish them with; consequently he was always venting his spleen in contemptuous allusions to my genius, which he did with the greater relish, from having accidentally made the discovery that my brother was the favourite son.

“The first serious shock my feelings ever received was on my return home for the midsummer holidays. The excitement of the journey, and the utter change of scene from the dull discipline of a school, to the comparative freedom of home, had kindled all my more social feelings; and when I entered my father’s presence, it was with my heart in my eyes, and my hands eagerly stretched out to receive his cordial grasp. And how was I welcomed? Not with positive unkindness, but worse—far worse—with quiet apathy. He coldly held out his hand, with the expression of a hope that “school had improved my temper;” while for my brother he reserved his warmest greetings—his sunniest smiles. Well do I remember the bitterness of that moment! I quitted the room with affected unconcern, but no sooner did I reach my chamber, than all my pride gave way, and I burst into a passion of tears. When we met again at dinner, I endeavoured to appear indifferent, as if my feelings had sustained no blow; but the very effort only rendered me more embarrassed; and that which was sheer sensibility, was of course attributed to sulkiness. Ah, if parents would but bear in mind that they never check a generous feeling in their children but they quicken the growth of a bad one, how much shame and guilt, and anguish, would human nature be spared!

“About the period of my nineteenth year my father died, and true to his predilections, left his whole fortune—which, by the by, was not much—to my elder brother. Here was a blow to all my prospects!

True, my father had expressed a wish in his will that a decent provision should be made for me; but this was optional with my brother; and I could not therefore but feel that I was become that most abject of animals—a poor relation, without the means of rescuing myself from my condition. My education could not avail me. It was any thing but practical; but even had it been otherwise, so completely had my own moody nature, aggravated by the neglect of those who should have been my best friends, built up a wall of circumvallation between me and general society, that I had not the remotest possibility of being able to avail myself of such acquirements as I possessed.

“A few months after my father’s death, the whole internal economy of our household was changed. The old man, with all his faults, had always been hospitable, but experience had taught him to temper discretion with liberality. With my brother, it was otherwise. He was a reckless spendthrift. The house was now filled with fellows after his own heart—strollers, poachers, small farmers, and the like—brawny, hard-drinking, bullet-headed vagabonds, who aped the vices of the squirearchy, without imbibing a tithe of their redeeming qualities. I would not herd with creeping things like these, and constant were the disputes between my brother and myself in consequence. I was too proud—he said, in his coarse, blustering manner,—I thought myself too good for them, whereas there was not one among them all who was not twice as rich—aye, and twice as clever too as myself. What was I fit for? Could I throw a line, or spear an otter—or shoe my own horse—or make my own flies? Not a bit of it. Why then did I give myself such airs?

“Led by this example, my brother’s companions made a point of treating me, not with downright insult—for the ruffians had just tact enough to see that there was a strong spice of the devil in my nature—but with petty, indirect incivilities, till one evening, when, contrary to my wont, I was seated at table with them, one of the squad, half-drunk, insulted me so grossly, that I rose from my seat, and felled the brute to

earth. The whole party was of course in arms. My brother stormed and swore, but satisfied with my revenge, I let him sputter on as he pleased, and next day the thing was passed off as a drunken frolic, though not without increasing the estrangement between Hugh and myself.

"A circumstance occurred about this time that deepened that estrangement to hatred, at least on my part. During my school-days, I had formed one of those fanciful attachments, which boys are so apt to give way to, for a young girl, the only daughter and heiress of a widow of some property at Caermarthen, who had been acquainted with my mother, and at whose house I was a welcome guest whenever a half-holiday allowed me to visit there. This acquaintance I kept up long after my final return home, and would often cheer my flagging spirits by looking forward to a union with Charlotte Lewis, whose mother, if she did not absolutely favour, did not disapprove my advances. But my father's will soon dispelled this dream, for no sooner did Mrs Lewis, who was a shrewd, worldly woman, become acquainted with it, than she gradually weaned her daughter from my society. My brother had some suspicion of this, but never dreamed of substituting himself, until the embarrassments in which he was now plunged, compelled him to turn his thoughts to matrimony.

"Such was his position, when, at a race-ball at Caermarthen, he happened to meet Charlotte Lewis, whom he had not seen since he left school. He was struck with her beauty, fascinated by her sprightliness; and being received by the mother as elder brothers usually are on such occasions, proposed at once, and was accepted. Did the weight of my indignation fall on the girl for this act of arch coquetry? No; her loss I could have borne, for I had long since found out that she was a mere simpering boarding school automaton—one of those pretty patterns of commonplace, who dance, sing, paint flowers in albums, and languish over the sugary sentimentalities of love tales to convince themselves that they have a heart,—but I could not bear my brother's triumph. It was here the shaft rankled.

Again he stood between me and the sunshine. Was it not enough that he had stripped me of my fortune, but he must make even hope itself a bankrupt? Gentler natures might put up with such repeated provocations, but I would not; and in the frenzy of my wrath vowed a deadly revenge. Bear witness, ye moving limbs, who nightly in the thick darkness make your visible presence felt, how sternly I have kept my word!

"All was now arranged for the marriage, which was to take place within the week. My brother was in high spirits at the idea—so much as to bear himself with something like courtesy towards me; and I, duly to keep up appearances, met his advances half way. We had always indeed managed to keep our differences a secret from the neighbourhood—he from sheer indifference, and I from that habit of dissimulation which a long course of ill treatment had taught me; and I was now to reap the benefit of my reserve.

"The evening but one preceding the wedding, as I was seated alone in the drawing-room, my brother burst in, flushed with wine, full of wild glee, but at the same time in that feverish, unbalanced state of mind, which the slightest contradiction is sufficient to stimulate to fury.

"'Huzza, huzza!' said he, drawing his chair to the table; 'give me joy, brother; all's right—the lawyers have settled every thing, and in two days Charlotte Lewis will be—now, don't look so savage, Ned. If the girl prefers me to you, it's not my fault; besides, we can't have every thing our own way, you know'—and he eyed me, as I imagined, with a sneer of deliberate malice.

"I was stung to the quick by his look, but made no reply.

"'Come, come, Ned; don't be jealous, but try, for once in your life, to put on a smiling face. Let us see if a glass of wine won't cheer you. Come, you shall drink my health,—not a word—by God you shall; I'll have no sulks to-night.'

"In vain I remonstrated, by telling him that he had already had more than enough; he would take no excuse—so to prevent exposing

myself by a premature quarrel, I gave in to his caprices.

"No sooner had the servant placed the wine on the table, than my brother drank off two glasses in rapid succession; and then pushing the bottle towards me, said, 'Now, Ned, my boy, fill up—no heel-taps; I know you're a sly dog, but—capital! that's well toss'd off; so, fill again,—to the brim—to the brim, for I'm going to propose a toast.'

"'And I am ready to do every justice to it, provided,' I added—for I half apprehended its import—'it be nothing objectionable.'

"'Objectionable! Who talks of objection here? Am I not master in my own house?' and putting on an air of drunken authority, he rose from his seat, and holding up his bumper, exclaimed, 'Charlotte Lewis!'

"'Damn her,' said I, indignantly turning down my glass; 'never!'

"'Why, you—you—you—beggar!' roared my brother, trembling and stuttering with rage; 'do you refuse?'

"'Hah, beggar! Is it come to this?'

"'Yes, beggar! Are you not dependent on me for every thing you have in the world, even to the very coat on your back?'

"'Mean, blustering poltroon, is it for you to boast of the advantages which luck alone has given you? Had our common father done justice to us both, you would never have dared to offer me this insult. But beware, brother, it is easier to raise the devil than to allay him.'

"'What, do you threaten too? Take that,' and staggering across the table, the ruffian aimed a blow at my head, which for the moment almost stunned me.

"My first impulse was to rush on him and tear him to atoms—for I felt as if he would have been a mere reed in my grasp—but in an instant I had recovered my self-possession, and giving him a look that pierced him even through the thick fencings of his drunkenness, left the apartment, as tranquilly to all external appearance as if no dispute had taken place between us.

"Night was now drawing on—a black, sultry night, charged with storm—a night when the murderer

wakes to count the leaden hours, while conscience thunders in his ear like the trump of doom. How the wind sang through the old walnut-trees! The owl too kept whooping from the grey belfry, and as I paced alone across the lawn, methought I heard a brother's death-knell in her whoop. Did I strive to dispel this idea? Not so. I hugged it to my bosom with all the force of a conviction. To be scorned—pitied—treated as a menial—trampled on as a beggar—ay, 'beggar' was the very phrase he used!—struck too—a Glendoverly struck, and by his own?—but no, it cannot be, for he is already dead. 'Poor fellow,' I added, with bitter irony, anticipating my revenge, 'how still he lies! Fie, brother, bestir yourself; your bride is at the altar. Alas, he hears me not! That blow has struck home to more hearts than one.'

"As I re-entered the house, I met one of the servants, who, struck I suppose with my air, said, 'What ails you, Master Edward?'

"'Nothing—nothing,' I replied carelessly, 'but poor Hugh, I fear, will ail something to-morrow, for I never saw him so intoxicated.'

"'Ay, the old story; I have just left him fast asleep on the sofa; pity he did not take your advice, and let well alone; one would have thought his last attack of apoplexy would have made him more cautious; but, I say, wern't you both quarrelling a short while since?'

"'Quarrelling! No! laughing—shouting—singing—Oh, we had a rare half hour of it.'

"'Yes, that I'll be sworn you had; but I must not stay gossiping here, for I've got to go down to the farrier's about your brother's bay colt; so, good-night, Master Ned, good-night,' and off went the old man.

"No sooner was he gone, than I crept up into my own room, where the very first object on which my eyes fell—as I live, sir, 'tis the fact!—was a long, sharp-pointed nail which lay glittering in the middle of the floor—the portrait of my grandfather which it had upheld having been taken down by my desire that very morning, in order that the dusty frame might be cleaned. The instant I caught sight of this nail, I stood as one spell-bound. How

came it there? who placed it there? No matter; there it was. The devil never deserts his friends at a pinch.

"A murder was once perpetrated in Cornwall by similar means. 'Twas years since I had read the narrative, but now it flashed vividly across my recollection with all its details, even down to the minute circumstance of the assassin's knocking off the brass head of the nail, for the more effectual purpose of concealment.

"'Twas a bright idea, but crime is ever fertile in expedients.

"Hark, what sound is that? Fool, 'tis but the wind; and crawling, meekly, slowly, step by step—as a beggar should do—with my head turned, now to one side, and now to the other, I stooped, and picked up the nail. It had a strange feel, and as I pressed its sharp point against my finger, I felt as if I were dallying with the fangs of a viper.

"The hammer which had dislodged the instrument from the wall, still lay on one of the chairs. 'Why, this is better still,' said I, and clutching it with a hurried grasp, while at the same time, like my prototype in guilt, I knocked off the brass-head of the nail, I hid both beneath my coat, and stole down stairs into the room where Hugh still lay sleeping. A lamp stood on the table, lighting up his flushed features. I moved towards the sofa, firm of purpose, yet trembling, nevertheless, like an aspen-leaf, when, just as I was within a yard of my victim, I heard voices at the door, and flew instantly for concealment behind the long flowing curtains.

"'Had we not better wake him?' said one of the servants; 'he may have another fit else,' at the same time laying his hand on the door-handle.

"'No,' said another, 'he does not like to be disturbed; better let him wake at his own hour,' and so saying, the speakers retired in the direction of the kitchen.

"I waited till I had heard the last sound of their retreating tread, and then emerging from my hiding-place, bent over the sleeper's body. All was now hushed as death, except the mouse shrilly shrieking behind the wainscot; and as I gazed on the doomed man buried in such deep repose, the recollection of the still

deeper one in which I was about to plunge him, struck to my heart, and, for the moment, I half repented of my design. But that taunt—that blow too—that cursed blow—no, no, these were stains only to be wiped out by blood.

"While I thus stood, resolute, yet still procrastinating, my victim happened to mutter in a scornful tone of voice, blended with laughter, the word 'beggar.'

"This taunt extinguished the last lingering spark of pity in my breast. I was now no longer a man, but a demon. Do you see me glaring, like a hungry tiger, on my victim? Do you see me steal crouching towards him? Now, now, I am stooping right above his head. The nail is at his ear! Hark, do you not hear the fierce, sudden strokes of the hammer—how the sharp iron goes crashing and grinding through the skull, right into the very centre of the brain? 'Twas bravely done; was it not? And how he stared! My God, how he stared! A hideous convulsion shook him from head to foot; the blood surged upwards to his eyes—his lips—his brow—his ears—everywhere but to that one, well-concealed little wound that let out life; he heaved a long, thrilling sigh; then lay stretched a corpse before me!

"And *here*, in this very room, where we now sit face to face—at this very hour—nay, in this very spot," continued the murderer, a strange expression of half-smothered fright whitening his countenance, "was that deed perpetrated! Can you wonder, then, that I do constant penance here?" Then, breaking into an hysterical laugh—"Penance! hah! hah! Well may hell's vaults ring with laughter at such mockery!

"No sooner was my revenge consummated, than all the stormy passions of my nature at once subsided, and remorse usurped their place. Oh, the horror of those returning moments of humanity! I slunk up stairs to bed, but not to sleep—no, not to sleep; my imagination was on the rack; my brain whirled round like a mill-wheel; I felt that I was on the verge of madness.

"In this state, with a burning sense of suffocation besides, as if some bony, skeleton fingers were clutch-

ing at my throat, I flew for relief to the window. But this only aggravated my torments. Ghastly shapes seemed careering in mid-air; the atmosphere smelt of blood; and a voice, heard far above the sounding, organ-like roll of the thunder, demanded my brother at my hands. Conscience-stricken I returned to my couch, where I lay cowering beneath the clothes, wishing each hour might be my last. Once in my agony I clasped my hands in prayer, but scarcely had I muttered a few indistinct words, when a low mocking laugh rung in my ear, and close beside me stood — my brother! What, was I indeed no murderer? I looked again. The shape was gone. Gone! Oh no; brothers should stick close to each other, and mine never quits—ah, 'tis there again! Away, pale shade, away!" And staring wildly about him, the stranger waved off some form that seemed hovering at his elbow.

Evans was too much shocked to say a word. The murderer's narrative seemed absolutely to have frozen his blood.

"Mr Glendovery," he at length stammered out, "for God's sake, sir, be"——

"Glendovery! Who calls Glendovery? My name is Cain. Look here—here"—dashing his double fists against his forehead—"see, the name is written here, traced in burning characters by God's own hand"——

"Pray, sir, I entreat—I implore you, be composed"——

"Again! that voice again! Ah! too well I know that voice! I have heard it in the still moonlight; amid storm and calm; by day and night; on land and sea; and yet once more—oh, my brain—my brain!"

The wretched man here made a pause, his self-control, which, with the stern energy peculiar to his character, he had managed to keep in tolerable check up to this moment, having now wholly deserted him. He covered his face with his spread hands, while his fingers worked, and his shoulders heaved, as if under the influence of an epileptic fit. In a briefer space, however, than would have been supposed the convulsion passed off, and motioning Evans—who was again beginning to offer consolation—to silence, he resumed, in a more tranquil tone, as follows:—

CHAPTER VII.

"I pass by the discovery, with all the circumstances connected with it, of my brother's death: enough to state that it was attributed to apoplexy, brought on by habitual intemperance, and that the bitter agony I testified on the occasion was charitably laid to the score of my fraternal affection.

"On the day after the funeral, at which, had the slightest suspicion existed, I should infallibly have betrayed myself, I sent for your father, and on the pretext that excess of grief would not allow me to continue longer in a scene fraught with such heart-rending recollections, I disposed of the Manor-House and the few remaining acres attached to it for little more than half their value, and just waiting till the transfer was completed, posted off for the metropolis, with the firm intention of never again setting foot in the principality.

"Arrived in London, I plunged into every species of dissipation. But in vain. Nothing had power to allay the settled fever of my mind. In the midst of society I was perpetually haunted by an apprehension of discovery; not a random glance was directed towards me but I fancied a shrewd significance lurked beneath it; the laugh and the jest rung in my ears like an insult; reserve alarmed me; frankness seemed a snare to draw me out; in short, I felt safe only when alone,—yet, when alone, I was most miserable, for then the spectre Memory came stalking forth among the haunted ruins of my mind; and hope, fancy, feeling, all that lends sunshine to life, and wings to time, drooped and died beneath her frown.

"Thus restless and despair-stricken, I flew for refuge to travel; but after wandering over a considerable portion of the Continent, and still

finding no respite from remorse, I gave up all further idea of struggling with my destiny, and settled on the banks of the Lake of Constance.

"Here, for three long monotonous years, I lived the life of a solitary. Society was offered me, but I rejected the proffered boon with disgust, preferring rather the companionship of my own thoughts, cheerless as these were, and dark as was the cloud they threw around my prospects. Occasionally, in my more tranquil moments, which, like birds of passage, visited me but for a brief space, then were again on the wing, I would beguile my solitude by study, and thus awhile divert my mind from the contemplation of that last resource of the hopeless—suicide. The time, however, was at hand when the misanthropist was to be humanized—you stare, sir, as if that, in my case, were impossible, but 'tis even so—the lost soul to be brought within the cheering influences of hope; my intellectual identity to be no longer recognisable; and the first words of kindness which I had ever heard from the lips of human being, to draw forth feelings which I scarcely knew I possessed.

"Towards the close of my third year's residence at Constance, an old French officer, with his only daughter, came to reside in the neighbourhood. They were retired, unassuming people, partial, like myself, to solitude. Many an evening I used to encounter them in my rambles along the picturesque borders of the lake, on which occasions we would exchange a few courteous commonplaces, cordial enough on the part of Colonel Delarbe, and after a time—for I was slow to admit even the most distant approach to acquaintance—by no means insincere on mine.

"It was impossible, indeed, for me not to take an interest in my new neighbours, for the father was a gentleman in the most comprehensive sense of the term; and the daughter, so far at least as appearances could help me to a conclusion, one of the gentlest and purest of her sex. How shall I describe the refined qualities of her mind, or the faultless beauty of her countenance? The latter was full of witchery in

every phase of its expression. At times I persuaded myself that she looked most lovely when most serious; but then she would smile, and shake conviction by that new fascination. Her eyes were Madonna-like in their meek character; her sunny, chestnut tresses, luxuriant as the tendrils of the vine; her figure all grace and airiness; and she had the buoyant, elastic tread of a young Dryad. And then her voice! so clear, so sweet, so like the soft breathings of a flute heard across waters on a still summer evening—even now it rings, and will ring for ever in my memory. Yet hers were not the charms that take your fancy by storm, and awe you into instant idolatry, but those rather which win their gradual way by the absence of all pretension, which to see *once* may be perhaps to forget, but to become familiar with, is ever after to enshrine in your heart of hearts.

"Reserved, ascetic as I was—hating myself, and as a necessary consequence, hating others—maddened, too, by the recollection of Charlotte Lewis, from whom I had formed my estimate of woman—still it was not in my power to keep up a repellant demeanour whenever in the course of my daily strolls I met the Delarbes. Sympathy is as great a help to friendship as to love, and there was a warmth in the manner of my neighbours that convinced me they were aware I was unhappy, and would fain render me otherwise. Yet they did not intrude their courtesies, or parade their sensibilities. It was by their looks, the tones of their voices, and the frankness of their greetings, that I discovered I held no mean place in their esteem.

"And so months rolled on, each day drawing us insensibly closer and closer together, until at length I became a visitor at their cottage. From this period I began to be an altered, though not yet a happy, man. No, happiness was still but a dim figure on the extreme horizon; but in her stead came a serene, thoughtful melancholy, for which, as it was unusual in one of my age, I felt it necessary to allege some reason. When, therefore, I became intimate with the Delarbes, I ac-

counted for my gloom, by stating that I had unfortunately killed a friend in a duel, which had entailed on me the necessity of flying the country. The colonel heard my statement with indifference, for among military men affairs of honour are almost matters of course; but his daughter, I feared, would have received it with far different feelings. But no; she was affected with the apparent intensity of my remorse; and with the usual disposition of woman to put the most generous construction on the errors of those whom they admit to their esteem, made a thousand excuses for my conduct, fully persuading herself, from what she already knew of my character—she knew, poor girl!—that I was more sinned against than sinning in the affair.

“How humanizing is the influence of a beautiful and virtuous woman! The society of Marie almost reconciled me to myself. We were constantly together, now strolling along the green, lawny slopes, bosky dells, and flower-bedropt meadows of Constance; now through its quaint, old-fashioned town; and now sailing over the ample bosom of its lake; sometimes accompanied by Colonel Delarbe, but far oftener without him, until hope, long dormant, ventured to put forth a few timid shoots in my breast, and suggest to me the probability of this sweet communion enduring through life.

“Within a short day’s journey of the Lake of Constance lie the mineral baths of Pfeffer, situated in the heart of a mountainous district, and half-way up a deep, black glen, walled in on either side by a lofty range of perpendicular rocks. These baths constitute the ‘lion’ of the neighbourhood; of course, therefore, I could not be a resident at Constance and not visit them—so it was arranged one day that the Delarbes and myself should go and explore their romantic site. We did so, and were well rewarded for our curiosity, for the bath is a strange, uncouth pile of building, hollowed out of the solid rock, chill, damp, and looking a very Tartarus in its gloom. When we had sufficiently examined this architectural pheno-

menon, we proceeded to explore the source of the mineral springs, which is an exploit by no means unaccompanied by danger, for you have first to cross a rickety bridge, and then to scramble along a plank hardly more than ten inches wide, and from five to six hundred yards in length, that runs along the edge of the precipice; below which, at an awful depth, the river goes thundering in a succession of snowy cataracts, while, above, the rocks meet overhead at a height of upwards of two hundred feet. On reaching this plank, which leads direct into the cavern whence the springs issue, Marie, who with her father was close behind, implored me not to venture farther; but I would not be prevailed on, and accordingly made my way across, while she remained on the bridge, tremblingly watching my progress. As I was returning, and was within a few feet of my companions, my brain, bewildered by the stunning sound of the water, grew dizzy; I tottered, reeled like a drunkard, and should infallibly have been precipitated headlong into the Acherontic abyss, had not the intrepid girl rushed forward at the hazard of her life, seized me by the arm, and drawn me safely on to the bridge.

“This heroic proof of devotedness decided my conduct, and within a month from that day Marie and I were married, on which occasion I disposed of my own cottage and removed to Colonel Delarbe’s more commodious one. And now for the first time in my life I began to get cheering glimpses of happiness. Hope, like the sun-flower, darted a golden flash of light across my path. I took new views of men and things. The very face of nature was transfigured. The wind no longer sang a dirge in my ear; the stream, as it flowed past, no longer reminded me of joys passed too, never to return; its music was now attuned to a blythe strain, and health sported, like a Naiad, on the bosom of its breezy waters. And wherefore this strange revolution in my mind? Because Love, not Despair, was the telescope through which I looked abroad upon nature. Wherever I went, this divine spirit went with me. She pillowed on my bosom at

night; she cheered me through the livelong day; she raised up the fallen humanity within me; hallowing, beautifying, and shedding a glory over all things by her presence. Oh, happy—happy days! Where are ye now, and where and what am I? Where is that radiant look which, ever when the dark hour came over me, could smile away the shadow from my brow, and fill its place with sunshine? Where are those soft pleading eyes which for thirteen years never turned towards me but in love? Where is that sweet—liquid—silvery voice; where that fairy figure, whose every attitude was the soul of grace? Gone—all gone—never to be heard or seen again save in dreams!

"I now hurry over a lapse of eight years, during which period I enjoyed as much repose of mind as was compatible with my nature, devoting my attention chiefly to the education of my only child—a fine, auburn-haired boy, fresh as the morning, and rosy as the sun-turned cheek of a peach; the very image of his mother, both in person and disposition. In this darling child far more than my own youth seemed renewed. He was the pledge of my redemption—the bow of promise hung out in heaven to warn me that the stormiest portion of my life was past. His grandfather, who died the year after my marriage, had left him a competency when he should be of age, so that I was freed from all apprehension on this score, and could look forward to the time when he should become the main stay of my declining years. Never were spirits so elastic—laugh so joyous, as this dear child's. His very footstep—ah, what music is superior to the approaching tread of one we love?—would come growing on my ear like some jocund melody, or die away, as it retreated, like a faint knell. During my daily walks, for I was an indefatigable pedestrian, he was my constant companion; and as he went bounding by my side, prattling, as this life were one long holiday, and filling my whole soul with sunshine, my very heart went down on its knees to Heaven for having vouchsafed me such a blessing. Often, for hours together, would I sit and watch him from our cottage window as he chased the butterfly across the lawn, or counted the white

shining sails upon the lake; and when in the evening he knelt down at his mother's feet, with his little hands clasped in prayer, and his laughing eyes with difficulty subdued to gravity, I began to indulge a conviction that for his dear sake I should in time be pardoned.

"One of his favourite amusements was to accompany me in my sailing-boat across the lake. To this, however, I would sometimes object, but with little effect, for he would take no denial, and I had not the heart to refuse him. Late one autumnal afternoon when he was seated beside his mother, looking over a small volume of prints which she was explaining to him, he caught sight of me from the window as I was hurrying towards the lake, and bounding out of the room before Marie could stop him, came up with me just as I reached the spot where my boat was moored. The wind being light and regular, I allowed him to accompany me, and putting up a sail, we were soon carried far into the lake. After tacking about for an hour and upwards, I was preparing to return to land, when, before I was aware of it, the sail jibed, and my boy, who was shifting his seat at the moment, lost his balance, and was precipitated into the water. In an instant I plunged after him; caught him as he was in the act of sinking for the last time, and then with difficulty regaining the boat, deposited my senseless burden at the bottom, with his head pillowed on my own coat; shook out every reef in the sail, and shot shore-ward with the speed of an arrow.

"On reaching home I sent off for a medical neighbour, by whose timely aid my darling was soon recovered; but, alas! about a week after the accident, we found his appetite begin to fail, and his laughing eye to grow dull, while a numbing leaden apathy succeeded his former vivacity.

"‘'Tis the scarlet-fever he has got,’ said the physician, in reply to my anxious enquiries; ‘nevertheless, there is no cause for apprehension; his constitution is in his favour; and in a few days, by good nursing, I have no doubt we shall bring him round.’

"Accordingly by day and night

Marie and myself held one long unbroken vigil by our child's bed-side, and never was child so patient—so grateful for our attention. Even when exhausted with pain he had still a languid smile for us; and when he saw me, overcome with apprehension, bury my head in the pillow, he would endeavour to raise himself, and flinging his arms about my neck, whisper he was sure he should soon be well.

"On the fifth day the fever had made such alarming progress that the physician warned me to prepare myself for the worst. Oh God, I could not—dared not do so. What, the pride of my manhood—the hope of my age—the main link of the chain that held me to existence—the loved and lovely boy in whose welfare two hearts were bound up;—what, this child go, and leave us behind? No, no—it could not be—I would not believe it.

"It was late in the evening, when we were keeping our usual watch by his pillow, that on waking from a short feverish doze, we saw our child's eye begin to wander. Delirium had come on him, and he no longer knew us, though even in his ravings the words 'Papa'—'Mama' were constantly on his lips. My wife was the first to mark the change, which I no sooner saw, than I flung myself on my knees beside the bed, and prayed in a paroxysm of agony that the bitter cup might pass away. 'Great God,' I cried, 'spare this child! If one must suffer, let me be the victim. I am the guilty one. On me then shower down all the vials of your wrath, but for his innocent mother's sake, spare, oh spare this child!' Vain prayer! The sluggish night crawled on—day broke—attained its meridian—and travelled westward—yet still no change. There he lay, wholly unconscious of who watched beside him, freshening his furred lips, and pressing him to their heart of hearts, as though death could never seize him in that embrace.

"The next day wore on, and still no change; but towards evening his delirium began visibly to abate, and when our medical friend called, he comforted us by the assurance, that if he had but strength enough to bear

up, he might possibly recover. In an instant—so excited had been our feelings—we sprang from despair to confidence; and in the wild glee of the moment, I insisted on Marie, who was now worn out with fatigue, taking a few hours' repose. With some reluctance she complied, and I sat up alone—no, not alone, for hope was with me, pouring balm into my troubled spirit.

"My boy, mean time, slept on, and I felt that such sweet slumber must be the harbinger of his recovery. Presently I saw him move, and the faint semblance of a smile light up his faded eye. Merciful powers! there was intelligence in his glance, and as I bent over him, the tears of gratitude dropping fast down my cheeks, he put out his pretty pouting lip, and whispered, 'Don't cry, Papa, I shall be better soon;' and then, as if the effort were too much for him, sunk again into slumber.

"Oh, what a load was lifted from my mind when I beheld this encouraging symptom! 'Come,' said I, 'I too have earned the right of a few minutes' repose; I can afford to relax a little now,' and following Marie's example, I leaned back in my chair, and slept. How pleasant was that sleep, brief though it was, and snatched from the depths of despair! I dreamed that it was a cool, fresh, spring morning, and that I was taking a walk with my darling through meadows fed by cheerful waters, on whose surface the green dragon-fly sported; and which no sooner caught the young rogue's eye, than, attracted by its glitter, he flew after it, ankle-deep in flowers, shouting and laughing with all the irrepressible glee of childhood, while the wind blew about his glossy ringlets, and health's ruddiest glow blushed on his sweet face. Proud was I to witness his happiness; proud to hear the neighbours, as we returned home to breakfast, congratulate me on his recovery; and proud—oh very proud!—to see his fine, dark, earnest eyes thank them eloquently for their kindness to 'Papa.'

"From this exhilarating dream I was roused by the loud scream of Marie. 'Edward, Edward,' she said, wringing her hands in anguish—

'look at our child! He does not stir! He does not even breathe! Can he be'—

"'Hush, hush, you silly girl, you will disturb him;' and I put my ear close to his mouth, to hear if I could catch even an indistinct respiration, while my wife rushing to the table, snatched up the candle, and held it over the features of the unawakening child. Long and earnestly she gazed; but, alas! without avail; for there was not the slightest movement; not so much as a single pulsation. He lay, like some exquisitely chiselled marble, with the ringlets thickly clustering on his wan, transparent brow; the heavy lids closed over his eyes, and a smile on his face, such as that which we see in the west, when the serene summer sun has just set. Driven to desperation by his perfect stillness, I shook him—raised up his head—called him wildly by his name. Still no stir. Still no symptom of vitality. Marie could bear this no longer; and early as was the hour,—it was but just daybreak,—hurried off for the physician. Ah, long before she returned, the truth was but too well ascertained. My child was dead! Darling—darling boy! He had died at the very moment when in dreams his father had restored him. Yes, he through whose purer nature I had trusted to make atonement to society; he whom I had so proudly reared as a hostage for my future conduct; he who had just taught me what it was to be a parent; who had almost reconciled me to myself; and who, I had hoped, would have closed my own eyes;—he, that white soul without a stain; whose eye had never looked otherwise than as his artless nature prompted—he—the happy—the beautiful—the affectionate—was gone for ever. Perhaps in his last agony he had awoke, and looked round for that heartless—heartless parent who lay indolently sleeping beside him. Perhaps he had attempted to call on my name, and stretch out his feeble arms to give me one parting embrace, but finding me not, had passed away into eternity, thinking himself deserted. And the next day was his birth-day!—Man—man, were you ever a father?

"When my wife returned with the

doctor, she found me, stretched, a raging lunatic, on the floor. I laughed—I shouted—I blasphemed—I invoked curses on myself and the whole world; and seizing the physician with the grasp of a lion, kept demanding him to surrender up my boy, till my strength failed, and I was carried senseless to bed.

"It was weeks before I fully regained my consciousness; but when I did wake, I woke an altered man. My boy was gone; I had nothing henceforth to live for. True, my wife still survived, but she could not be to me what he had once been. She could not fill up the void his loss had made in my heart. I loved her—dearly loved her—but my child was the object of my idolatry. I lived but in him. I had hope but through him. He had strengthened and confirmed all the nobler sensibilities which his mother had first called forth; and his humanizing influence removed, my old sullen habits, having no longer any thing to divert them, came back, in the fuller force that they had been so long dispelled.

"Though I strove as much as possible to repress these feelings, yet Marie soon discovered that I was a changed man, and even increased my moroseness, by the meek, but mute upbraidings of her countenance. Often I caught her in tears, returning from my boy's grave, and on these occasions—strange as it may seem—a maudlin peevishness would steal over me, just as though I were jealous of a mother's affection for her son.

"But another feeling of a far worse character now began to steal over me. With the suspicion inseparable from guilt, I took into my head that during my delirium I had revealed that awful secret which I dared not even whisper to myself. When once this idea crossed my mind, it is astonishing how deep it struck its roots there. 'How grave,' said I, 'Marie looked this morning at breakfast! Methought, when she addressed me, there was something almost of sternness in her manner. There must be some cause for this,' and thus I went on tantalizing myself, attributing that to abhorrence on my wife's part, which, had not my mind been perverted, I should have

known was the combined result of grief, and my own altered conduct towards her. Ah, when confidence between man and wife is once blighted, it never blossoms again! The transient franknesses that may spring up afterwards, are but as the scanty gleanings after the full harvest has been reaped.

"A whole year had now elapsed since my boy's death, and though still attached—how could it be otherwise?—to his mother, yet I had ceased to feel that deep, unreserved affection for her, which I had once felt. We were no longer *one*, but *two*. Never was man more wretched than I at this period, for the one bright episode in the story of my life having been brought to a close, my thoughts relapsed into their old channel, no longer dwelling with hope on the future, but ever in despair on the past. Whenever I now addressed Marie, it was with a grave—not to say a formal—air, as if I were under a perpetual fear of committing myself; and this (so it appeared to her) studied coldness soon began to have a visible effect on her health. Our medical neighbour was the first to perceive this alteration, and attributing it to the shock occasioned by our child's death, warned me that if I did not change the scene, he would not be answerable for my wife's life.

"To this I unhesitatingly assented, and as Marie embraced the proposal with equal eagerness, in the hope that it might be beneficial to us both, we let our cottage, and after visiting Switzerland, Italy, and the Low Countries, took up our abode for three years in the south of France.

"During the first year or two of our wanderings, the incessant bustle in which we lived, seldom remaining more than a month in a place, produced an evident improvement in my wife's health; but when we had come to settle at Avignon, and had returned to our usual monotonous way of living, my gloom returned too, and with it, my wife's indisposition. Yet, for a while, except in her hollow eye, and the subdued tones of her voice, once so joyous in their music, there were no outward traces of decay. The wound that was wearing her to the grave bled inwardly.

" 'Edward,' she said to me, one

evening, pressing gently my arm, 'it is useless longer to hide from you what you must too soon know. I am dying. You start, but it is even so. The shaft that pierced you, has pierced me too, and in a short time we shall know each other no more. Yet I do not bewail my lot, for circumstances, to which I need not allude more particularly, have long since forced on my mind the sad conviction that I have not only lost my child, but my husband also.'

" 'Lost me!' I replied, 'not so; I never loved you dearer than at this very moment, when you imagine me estranged from you. But grief, Marie, grief—undying grief has soured my temper, and made me seem what I am not, and never can be, my love, to you.'

"The evident sincerity with which I said this, was not without its effect on my wife, and she resumed,—'I do not blame you, Edward. Heaven knows, I acquit you of want of feeling, but oh! I fear something dreadful, of which I must know nothing, has long been preying on your mind. I ask not your confidence, but, believe me, I am not unworthy to share it.'

"I was staggered by her earnestness, and for the moment hesitated what reply to make. But soon my stern, indomitable pride decided me. Should I confess all; sink myself for ever in my wife's esteem, and perhaps break her heart by the communication? No, I would not. Be the consequences of my reserve what they might, I was resolved to preserve my character untarnished to the last.

"In pursuance of this determination I endeavoured to laugh away Marie's suspicions, but the very way in which I did so, only served to strengthen them, and she replied, 'I would fain believe you, Edward, but in spite of myself, my heart misgives me. During that dreadful illness of yours, which followed our'—

" 'Hah! What of that illness? Speak, woman. Did I say any thing? Did I confess any thing in my delirium?'

" 'No, no,' she answered evasively, 'I meant not that. You said nothing—indeed you did not. Pray, pray look more kindly on me.'

"Her manner, though it did not

altogether banish my distrust, yet for the time restored me to composure; so I contented myself with again conjuring her to dismiss all idea that I had ceased to love her, or that aught beyond grief was preying on my mind, and then turned the conversation to the state of her own health.

"She listened to me attentively, and with apparent conviction, and then, as if by mutual agreement, we dropped the subject for ever. That same week, however, her malady increased upon her, and made such rapid inroads on her strength, that at the month's end she was hardly able to leave her chamber. Bitter—most bitter—were my reflections at this moment. When I marked my wife's attenuated figure; her lustrous eye; the one burning, hectic spot—death's crimson banner—on her cheek, I felt that I was her murderer—I, who was born to be the curse of all connected with me.

"After a few months of suffering, borne with that patient, uncomplaining gentleness of which nothing could deprive her, her disorder seemed to have sustained a check, and she seized the opportunity of requesting me to return with her to Constance.

"'Edward,' she said, 'I shall never live to see another spring; let me go back then to our dear, dear lake, and be buried in the same grave with my child. 'Tis a silly fancy,' she added with a wan smile, 'but I do not think I could rest in peace elsewhere.'

"Her dying wish was complied with, and the very next day we set out on our return to the cottage, whose threshold my poor wife was never again destined to pass alive. Yet she struggled to the last with her malady, holding out hope, for my sake, when hope was not, till at length the golden bowl was broken, and she quitted her transient home to take possession of her eternal one. The evening before her death she grew perceptibly better; she even rose from her bed for the purpose, as she said, of paying a farewell visit to her child's grave; but the effort was beyond her strength; a relapse took place, and before morning her pure spirit had passed away. She died in my arms, conscious to the latest

moment of existence; her last glance fixed on me; her spectral hand clasped in mine; her last words breathing unalterable affection.

"And now all were gone! Wife—child—and with them, love—hope—happiness—all, all had passed away, and I stood in the autumn of my life as in its spring, a blighted, solitary being. My heart was leafless; the green sap in my thoughts was dried up; I was a thunder-splintered yew withering alone in a churchyard. Constance, once so loved, was henceforth hateful to me; I remained, therefore, but to witness the last rites paid to Marie, then quitted it for ever. Day was just breaking, when from a neighbouring height I turned round to take one parting glance at the spot where reposed the ashes of the only two beings I had ever loved—who had ever loved me. Bright fell the sunshine on that still churchyard; but they felt it not; henceforth 'twas deepest night with them—an eternal, dreamless sleep; the laughing voice of spring—the raging winter wind—the chirp of birds—the stir of human footsteps above their heads—sunrise with its golden pomps, and twilight with its lengthening shadows, nothing should wake them more. They were gone to that phantom world, where sense is not—nor light, nor sound—nor joy, nor grief—nor hope, nor despair! Casting my eyes in another direction, I could see my own cottage, with the early smoke ascending from its chimney; and the white sails of the fishermen glistening on the bosom of that lake which I had so often crossed with Marie and her child. 'Blessed Elysium,' said I, as the carriage slowly bore me away, 'how many happy days have I not owed to you! There, in that sequestered silvan dwelling, with the lawn sweeping down towards the water, hope first stirred within me! There I first sought repose of mind, and found it. But the charm is broken now. Dear wife, still dearer child, farewell; we have parted to meet no more, for where you have gone, I must never come,' and as this wintry conviction swept howling across my brain, my heart became ice, and I felt as if all humanity were chilled for ever within me!"

CHAPTER VIII.

When the stranger had come to an end with his narrative, he rose from his seat, and paced hurriedly up and down the room, as though he were desirous of banishing the many tender and mournful recollections it had conjured up. But for a while his efforts were fruitless. The father—the husband—got the better of the stoic and the misanthropist; he seemed choking with grief; and at last retiring to a corner at the further extremity of the room, he fairly gave himself up to his emotions, and sobbed and wept like an infant. Bursts of tenderness like these, when they break out in dark, rugged natures, like sunshine in the midst of a thunder-storm, for the moment sweep all before them. Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon and the village bells of Brientz? He was riding late one day over a battle-field, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly “those evening bells” struck up a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen; his heart was softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school-boy at Brientz; and dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and to the astonishment of Rapp, who relates the circumstance, burst into tears.—The rock was smitten, and the living waters came gushing from it.

The attorney, affected by the stranger’s anguish, was about to approach him, with a view of consoling him, after his own blunt, homely fashion, when the wretched man, roused by the sound of his tread, turned fiercely round, and indignantly brushing the tears from his eyes, said—“Resume your seat, sir, for I have yet much to tell you.”

“Not now—not now—I have heard too much already; spare yourself then, if not me; these emotions will kill you else.”

“My emotions!” replied the stranger scornfully, “you are yet but a shallow judge of character, Mr Evans. My late show of softness has, I fear, deceived you. However, be that softness what it may, re-

member, it was not I who volunteered a confession of it, but you who wrung it from me, and such being the case, you quit not this room till you have heard me to a close.”

“As you please, sir,” said the attorney, disgusted with the stranger’s inflexible pride and sternness, even while he compassionated his sufferings. Pride indeed, or rather revenge—two vices by no means uncommon in the Welsh character—were, after all, the only things of native growth in his heart. His was one of those fierce, unyielding characters, which, like the oak, defy the tempest that has left them bare and branchless. As for the gentler sensibilities, they had been so effectually kept down and trampled on during his infancy and a great portion of his manhood, that when they did strike late root in his breast, their growth, though rapid and promising while it lasted, was but brief, like that of seeds dropped on an uncongenial soil, which scarcely make their appearance above ground, ere they droop and pass away.

When both parties had resumed their places, Evans finding that the stranger, despite his well-meant hint to the contrary, was bent on making what he called, “a clean breast of it,” took the opportunity to ask him—though his voice faltered a little while he put the query—what could possibly have induced him to return to a spot fraught with so many frightful recollections.

This question startled the stranger, who was sunk in reverie. Rousing himself, however, and looking steadily at his catechist, while he pointed to the lamp on the table, he replied, “do you see that blind, predestined moth, impelled by the strange instinct of nature, upon the very death which it most dreads? Just the same instinct, or fascination—call it by what name you please—that is now luring that insect to its destruction, lured me also to this spot. Fain would I have found a grave elsewhere, but an invisible monitor was ever at my elbow, whispering in my spell-bound ear that *here* my days were destined to have an end; that detection in this sure disguise which sorrow had flung round me

was impossible; and that if I hoped for pardon, here, where the crime was committed, here must the expiation be made. And am I not hourly making this expiation? I, who in order to acquit myself with eclat"—and here the stranger laughed convulsively—"forgo even the tempting luxury of suicide? What, compared to mine, is the penance of your catholic devotee? He scourges his body, I, my soul. He, the fanatic, braves the midnight in the lone chapel before the cross—I, the murderer, brave it in the haunted home of the murdered! But enough of this," continued the desperate man, assuming an abrupt gaiety, which was even more withering than his despair; "in discoursing with my guest, I must not forget that I am his host;" and so saying, he quitted the room.

He was absent only about ten minutes, yet when he returned, his manner, and even his countenance, had undergone a startling change. His cheeks were white as those of a corpse; there was a fixed, stony stare in his eye; and his whole air was that of one in whom the promptings of a better nature have been struggling, but in vain, with some inflexible tenacity of purpose. Evans looked at him with astonishment. "Can this be the man," he thought to himself, "who but a short while since was melted to almost woman's weakness? Why he's no more like what he was, when he was telling me about his child, than I am like a goat! Well, grief plays strange tricks with us all."

Mean time, the stranger had resumed his seat at the table, and placing on it a bottle nearly full of red wine, together with two of those capacious goblets which were in fashion among the Welsh squirearchy during the last century, he filled them both with wine, and handed the smallest of the two to Evans; but as if instantly recollecting himself, he exchanged it for the larger one, saying, with a forced effort at calmness. "Take this, man, this—nay, no excuse; you are my guest, you know, and the best that I have is of course yours," and bowing with an air of studied courtesy to Evans, he emptied his own goblet at a draught.

The sudden familiarity of the stranger's manner, together with the visible trembling of his hand as he

handed the glass to the attorney, at once revived all the latter's distrust. He hesitated accordingly to follow his example—more especially when he saw, or fancied he saw, that the wine in his own goblet was of a deeper tint than that in the bottle—and he was about pleading indisposition as an excuse, when a noise, apparently in the lawn below, drew his host's attention to the window. Evans seized the favourable opportunity, and emptied his glass quietly and dexterously into the dust and ashes on the hearth, just as the stranger, satisfied that his ears had deceived him, had returned to his place.

"So," said he, looking at the emptied goblet, while his eyes gleamed with a sudden wild light like a maniac's, when his fit is coming on him, "you have done justice to the good wine, I see."

"Yes," replied the attorney, smacking his lips with well-affected relish, "and capital it is."

"Yet it is apt to disagree with some constitutions," replied the stranger, with a sneer, then raising his voice, he continued, "do you remember the old Spanish legend of the monk and the devil?"

"No," said Evans, wondering what was to come next.

"Listen, then. Confident in his own superior sagacity, the ghostly father one day took it into his head that he could fathom the character and designs of the Tempter, who had assumed the disguise of an anchorite, and taken up his abode in a lone cave near the monk's convent. 'Twas a foolish curiosity, and how, think you, was it rewarded?"

"I know not."

"Why, the Devil allowed himself to appear the dupe; lured the officious fool to his cell; and then"—

"Well, and what then?"

"*The monk was never seen alive again.*" was the reply, delivered in a low thrilling whisper, like an adder's hiss, "for the floor of that solitary cave kept well its secret, as the vaults of this house may do. Yes, fool," pursued the stranger with frantic vehemence, "meddling mischievous fool, that monk's fate is yours! It was to throw you off your guard that I revealed to you my life's tragedy, which, stamped as it was throughout with truth, I was

resolved you should never live to make public. Did you imagine that I would have betrayed that awful secret to you which I withheld from the wife of my own bosom? Surrender up my pride—my character—nay, my very life itself into your custody, if I had not made sure of my victim? I hated you from the first moment I beheld you; and I now hate you with a deadlier rancour than ever, for your knowledge of my crime, and the weakness into which you have betrayed me.”

“Mr Glendoverly,” replied Evans, calmly interrupting this frenzied burst, “I have given you no cause for such hatred. True, when I first sought you, it was with hostile feelings; but I have since heard your confession, and I pity more than I condemn.”

“Pity, wretch! I scorn your pity—I defy it—I loathe it—as I do all that wears the human form, and you worst of all, for that mean, mischievous curiosity which has forced me to wrench open the cells of memory, and expose the ghastly objects that lie there. But you shall not live to exult in your triumph. No, at this very moment death is at work within you. In the draught you but just now drained to the dregs, lurked a subtle poison which I had reserved for my own use, but which”——

“What, you confess, then?” said Evans eagerly.

“Yes, fool; but to whom? To the dead, and they tell no tales.”

“The dead!” said the attorney, starting from his seat; “not so, man of blood. Though you feel persuaded that you have perpetrated a second murder—and on him, too, who, despite his conscience, would have stood between you and the scaffold, yet your craft has for once overreached itself. The poison you designed for me now lies among those ashes.”

For an instant the stranger stood like one stupified; at length, “Hah, is it even so?” he shouted, while his red, dilated eye, kindled like a live coal; “there is then no way left but this;” and rushing on Evans, and seizing him like a tiger by the throat, he was within an ace of throttling him—so sudden had been his assault, and such energy had frenzy lent to his emaciated frame—when the man

by a desperate effort shook off his grasp, and hurrying to the window, gave a long, shrill whistle.

“Lost—irrecoverably lost—Oh God!” exclaimed the stranger, while at that moment a rush of footsteps was heard on the staircase; the door flew wide open, and the sexton and the apothecary entered the room.

“Seize that murderer,” said Evans.

The men advanced to arrest the maniac—for such he now really was, baffled revenge having given the last stunning shock to a brain already more than half shattered—but glaring on them as if his very look had power to kill, they were so shocked by the expression of his countenance, that they stood stock still, as if rooted to the ground.

“Hah! hah!” shouted the madman, pointing towards Evans, who stood in deep shadow near the door, hesitating how to act, “so you have come at last. Well, I have been a long time expecting you. They told me you were dead. But what of that? The dead can walk. Is it not so, brother? Yet wherefore that spectral look? I have not yet done the—hush, not a word—what we do, we must do quietly. Draw the curtains—draw them close—closer still, I say—how can I kill him, with that white, glittering moon looking in upon us? Now—now strike. Oh God, I dare not! That pale—pale phantom with the child in her hand, rises between me and him! See, she draws nearer—nearer—the little arms too are stretched out to—wife, child—I knew they would not die, and leave me all alone. Hah, that threatening form again? Off, fiend—I defied you living; I defy you dead,” and tossing his arms wildly above his head, the stranger staggered—fell—and when Evans and his companions, recovering their self-possession, hastened forward to raise him from the floor, they found that life was extinct. In the violence of his paroxysm, he had burst a blood-vessel.

He was buried in a remote corner of Plasswynnock church-yard, and to this hour the belated villager never passes his grave, or the Manor-House where his appalling crime was committed, without a quickening of the pulse, as if both were still haunted by his ghost.

PAST AND PRESENT.

I saw a little merry maiden,
With laughing eye and sunny hair,
And foot as free as mountain fairy,
And heart and spirit light as air ;

And hand and fancy active ever,
Devising, doing, striving still ;
Defeated oft—despairing never—
Up springing strong in hope and will.

I saw her bounding in her gladness,
On a wild heath at dewy morn,
Weaving a glistening wild-rose garland,
With clusters from the scented thorn.

I saw her singing at her needle,
And fast and well the work went on,
Till song and fingers stopt together,—
Not for sad thought of fair days gone ;

But that of fairer still, a vision
Rose to the happy creature's sight,
And to a fairy world of fancy
The mind was gone, more swift than light.

I saw her smiling in her slumber,
The blissful day-dream not gone by ;
I saw her weep : but bosom sunshine
Broke out before the tear was dry.

I saw her (" troops of friends" encircling),
Read kind good-will in many a face—
With a bright glance, that seemed exulting,
" Oh happy world !—oh pleasant place ! "

I saw a dim-eyed, dark-browed woman
Declining in the vale of years ;
Pale streaks among the dull locks gleaming,
That shaded cheeks deep worn with tears.

I saw her wand'ring in her loneliness
Among the tombs at even tide,
When Autumn's winds with hollow murmurs,
Among funereal branches sighed.

I saw the sere leaves falling round her,
When o'er the dead those dark boughs wave ;
I heard a voice—I caught a murmur,
" Oh weary world ! Oh peaceful grave ! "

I thought upon that merry maiden—
I looked upon that woman lone,
That form so buoyant—this so drooping—
(O time ! O change !)—were one—my own.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK—CONTINUED.

So this ill-fated couple were married, no one attending at the brief and cheerless ceremony but a friend of Elliott's, and the humble couple from whose house she had been married.

Elliott had commenced legal proceedings against Mr Hillary on account of his malicious prosecution. He was certain of success, and of thereby wringing from his reluctant and wicked father-in-law a very considerable sum of money—a little fortune, in his present circumstances. With a noble forbearance, however, and yielding to the entreaties of his wife, who had not lost, in her marriage, the feelings of a daughter towards her erring parent—he abandoned them; his solicitor writing, at his desire, to inform Mr Hillary of the fact that his client had determined to discontinue proceedings, though he had had the certainty of success before him—and that, for his wife's sake, he freely forgave Mr Hillary.

This letter was returned with an insolent message from Mr Hillary—and there the affair ended.

A few days after her marriage, Mrs Elliott received the following communication from Mr Jeffreys.

"MADAM,

"Mr Hillary has instructed me to apprise you, as I now do with great pain, of his unalterable determination never again to recognise you as his daughter, or receive any communication, of any description, from either your husband or yourself,—addressed either to Mr or Mrs Hillary; whom your undutiful and ungrateful conduct, he says, has separated from you for ever.

"He will allow to be forwarded to any place you may direct, whatever articles belonging to you may yet remain at Bullion House, on your sending a list of them to my office.

"Spare me the pain of a personal interview on the matter; and believe me when I unfeignedly lament being the medium of communica-

ting the intelligence contained in this letter,

"I am, Madam,

"Your humble servant,

"JONATHAN JEFFREYS.

"To Mrs Elliott."

With a trembling hand, assisted by her husband, she set down, after much hesitation, a few articles—books, dress, one or two jewels, and her little dog, Cato. Him, however, Mr Hillary had caused to be destroyed the day after he discovered her flight. The other articles were sent to her immediately; and with a bitter fit of weeping did she receive them, and read the fate of her merry little favourite, who had frisked about her to the last with sportive affection, when almost every body else scowled at and forsook her!—Thus closed for ever, as she too surely felt, all connexion and communication with her father and mother.

Elliott regarded his noble-spirited wife, as well he might, with a fondness bordering on idolatry. The vast sacrifice she had made for him overpowered him whenever he adverted to it, and inspired him, not only with the most tender and enthusiastic affection and gratitude, but with the eagerest anxiety to secure her by his own efforts at least a comfortable home. He engaged small but respectable lodgings in the Borough, to which they removed the day after their marriage; and after making desperate exertions, he had the gratification of procuring a situation as clerk in a respectable mercantile house in the City, and which he had obtained through the friendly but secret services of one of the members of the firm he had last served. His superior qualifications secured him a salary of L.90 a-year, with the promise of its increase if he continued to give satisfaction. Thus creditably settled, the troubled couple began to breathe a little more freely; and in the course of a twelvemonth,

Mrs Elliott's poignant grief first declined into melancholy, which was at length mitigated into a pensive if not cheerful resignation. She moved in her little circumscribed sphere as if she had never occupied one of splendour and affluence. How happily passed the hours they spent together in the evening after he had quitted the scene of his daily labours—he reading, or playing on his flute—which he did very beautifully, and she busily employed with her needle! How they loved their neat little parlour, as they sometimes involuntarily compared it—*she*, with the spacious and splendid apartments which had witnessed so much of her suffering at Bullion House—he, with the dreadful cells of Newgate! And their Sundays! What sweet and calm repose they brought! How she loved to walk with him after church hours in the fresh and breezy places—the Parks—though a pang occasionally shot through her heart when she observed her father's carriage—he the solitary occupant—rolling leisurely past them! The very carriage in which she and her little Cato had so often driven! But thoughts such as these seldom intruded; and when they did, only drove her closer to her husband—a *pearl* to her, indeed—if it may be not irreverently spoken—*of great price*—a price she never once regretted to have paid.

O ye fond unfortunate souls! what days of darkness were in store for you!—About eighteen months after their marriage, Mrs Elliott, after a lingering and dangerous *accouchement*, gave birth to a son—the little creature I had seen. How they consulted together about the means of apprizing Mr Hillary of the birth of his grandson—and fondly suggested to each other the *possibility* of its melting the stern stubborn resolution he had formed concerning them!—He heard of it, however, manifesting about as much emotion as he would on being told by his house-keeper of the kitting of his kitchen cat!—The long fond letter she had made such an effort to write to him, and which poor Elliott had trudged all the way to Highbury to deliver, with tremulous hand, and a beating heart, to the porter at the lodge of Bullion House, was re-

turned to them the next morning by the two-penny post, unopened! What delicious agony was it to them to look at—to hug to their bosoms—the little creature that had no friend—no relative on earth but them! How often did his eye open surprisedly upon her, when her scorching tear dropped upon his tiny face!

She had just weaned her child, and was still suffering from the effects of nursing, when there happened the first misfortune that had befallen them since their marriage. Mr Elliott was one night behind his usual hour of returning from the City—and his anxious wife's suspense was terminated by the appearance at their door of a hackney-coach, from which there stepped out a strange gentleman, who hastily knocked at the door, and returned to assist another gentleman, in lifting out the apparently inanimate figure of her husband! Pale as death, she rushed down stairs, her child in her arms, and was saved from fainting only by hearing her husband's voice, in a low tone, assuring her that he was "not much hurt"—that he had had "a slight accident." The fact was, that in attempting most imprudently to shoot across the street between two approaching vehicles, he was knocked down by the pole of one of them—a post-chaise; and when down, before the post-boy could stop, one of the horses had kicked the prostrate passenger upon his right side. The two humane gentlemen who had accompanied him home, did all in their power to assuage the terrors of Mrs Elliott. One of them ran for the medical man who fortunately lived close at hand; and he pronounced the case to be, though a serious one, and requiring great care, not attended with dangerous symptoms—at least *at present*. His patient never quitted his bed for three months; at the end of which period, his employers sent a very kind message, regretting the accident that had happened, and still more, that they felt compelled to fill up his situation in their house, as he had been now so long absent, and was likely to continue absent for a much longer time; and they at the same time paid him all the salary that was due in respect of the period during which he had been absent, and a quarter's

salary beyond it. Poor Elliott was thrown by this intelligence into a state of deep despondency, which was increased by his surgeon's continuing to use the language of caution, and assuring him—disheartening words!—that he must not think of engaging in active business for some time yet to come. It was after a sleepless night that he and his wife stepped into a hackney-coach and drove to the Bank to sell out £50 of their precious store, in order to liquidate some of the heavy expenses attendant on his long illness. Alas! what prospect was there, either of replacing what they now took, or of preserving the remainder from similar diminutions?—It was now that his admirable wife acted indeed the part of a guardian angel; soothing by her fond attentions his querulous and alarmed spirit—and, that she might do so, struggling hourly to conceal her own grievous apprehensions—her hopeless despondency. As may be supposed, it had now become necessary to practise the closest economy in order to keep themselves out of debt, and to avoid the necessity of constantly drawing upon the very moderate sum which yet stood in his name in the funds. How often, nevertheless, did the fond creature risk a chiding—and a severe one—from her husband—by secretly procuring for him some of the little delicacies recommended by their medical attendant, and of which no entreaties could ever prevail upon her to partake!

Some time after this, her husband recovered sufficiently to be able to walk out: but being peremptorily prohibited from engaging for some time to come in his old situation, or any one requiring similar efforts, he put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering to arrange the most involved merchant's accounts, &c. "with accuracy and expedition,"—at his own residence, and on such very moderate terms as soon brought him several offers of employment. He addressed himself with a natural but most imprudent eagerness to the troublesome and exhausting task he had undertaken: and the consequence was, that he purchased the opportunity of a month's labour, by a twelvemonth's incapacitation for *all* labour! A dreadful

blow this was, and borne by neither of them with their former equanimity. Mrs Elliott renewed her hopeless attempt to soften the obduracy of her father's heart. She waited for him repeatedly in the street at the hours of his quitting and returning to the City, and attempted to speak to him, but he hurried from her as from a common street-beggar. She wrote letter after letter, carrying some herself, and sending others by the post, by which latter medium all were invariably returned to her! She began to think with horror of her father's inexorable disposition—and her prayers to heaven for its interference on her behalf—or at least the faith that inspired them, became fainter and fainter.

Mr Hillary's temper had become ten times worse than before, since his daughter's departure, owing to that as well as sundry other causes. Several of his speculations in business proved to be very unfortunate, and to entail harassing consequences, which kept him constantly in a state of feverish irritability. Poor Mrs Hillary continued still a hopeless paralytic, deprived of the powers both of speech and motion: all chance, therefore, of her precious intercession was too probably for ever at an end. In vain did Mrs Elliott strive to interest several of her relatives in her behalf: they *professed* too great a dread of Mr Hillary to attempt interfering in such a delicate and dangerous matter; and *really* had a very obvious interest in continuing, if not increasing, the grievous and unnatural estrangement existing between him and his daughter. There was one of them—a Miss Gubbley, a maiden aunt, or cousin of Mrs Elliott, that had wormed herself completely into Mr Hillary's confidence, and having been once a kind of housekeeper in the establishment, now reigned supreme at Bullion Lodge: an artful, selfish, vulgar person, an object to Mrs Elliott of mingled terror and disgust. This was the being that,

'toad-like, sate squatting at the ear'

of her father, probably daily suggesting every hateful consideration that could tend to widen the breach already existing between him and his daughter. This creature, too, had poor Mrs Elliott besieged with

passionate and humiliating entreaties, till they were suddenly and finally checked by a display of such intolerable insolence and heartlessness as determined Mrs Elliott, come what would, to make no further efforts in that quarter. She returned home, on the occasion just alluded to, worn out in body and mind. A copious flood of tears accompanying her narration to her husband of what had happened, relieved her excitement; she took her child into her arms, and his playful little fingers unconsciously touching the deep responsive chords of a mother's heart, she forgot, in the ecstasy of the moment, as she folded him to her bosom, all that had occurred to make her unhappy and add to the gloom of their darkening prospects!

Closer and closer now became their retrenchments; every source of expenditure being cut off that was not absolutely indispensable. None, she told me, occasioned them a greater pang than giving up their little pew in — Church, and betaking themselves, Sunday after Sunday, to the humbler and more appropriate sittings provided in the aisle. But was this their communion and contact with poverty unfavourable to devotion? No. The serpent pride was crushed, and dared not lift his bruised head to disturb or alarm! God then drew near to the deserted couple, "weary, and heavy laden," and "cast out" by their *earthly* father! Yes—there she experienced a holy calm—a resignation—a reality in the services and duties of religion—which she had never known when sitting amid the trappings of ostentatious wealth, in the gorgeous pew of her father!

They were obliged to seek cheaper lodgings—moderate as was the rent required for those they had so long occupied—where they might practise a severer economy than they chose to exhibit in the presence of those who had known them when such sacrifices were not necessary—and which had also the advantage of being in the neighbourhood of a person who had promised Elliott occasional employment as a collector of rents, &c., as well as the balancing of his books every month. Long before his health warranted, did he undertake these severe labours, driven

to desperation by a heavy and not over-reasonable bill delivered him by his medical attendant, and of which he pressed for the payment. With an aching heart poor Elliott sold out sufficient to discharge it, and resolved at all hazards to recommence his labours; for there was left only L.70 or L.80 in the Bank—and he shuddered when he thought of it!—They had quitted these their second lodgings for those in which I found them about three months before her first visit to me, in order to be near another individual—himself an accountant, who had promised to employ Elliott frequently as a kind of deputy, or *fag*. His were the books piled before poor Elliott when first I saw him! Thus had he been engaged, to the great injury of his health, for many weeks—his own mental energy and determination flattering him with a delusive confidence in his physical vigour! Poor Mrs Elliott also had contrived, being not unacquainted with ornamental needle-work, to obtain some employment of that description. Heavy was her heart as she sat toiling beside her husband—who was busily engaged in such a manner as would not admit of their conversing together—when her thoughts wandered over the scenes of their past history, and anticipated their gloomy prospects. Was she now paying the fearful penalty of disobedience? But where was the sin she had committed in forming an honest and ardent attachment to one whom she was satisfied was every way her equal, save in wealth? How could he have a right to dictate to her heart who should be an object of its affections? To dispose of it as of an article of merchandise—Had he any right thus to consign her to perpetual misery? To unite her to a titled villain merely to gratify his weak pride and ambition—Had she not a right to resist such an attempt?—The same Scripture that has said, *children, obey your parents*, has also said, *fathers, provoke not your children to wrath*. But had she not been too precipitate—or unduly obstinate in adhering to the man her father abhorred?—Ought any thing—alas!—to have caused her to fly from her suffering mother? O, what might have been *her sufferings*! But surely nothing

could justify or extenuate the unrelenting spirit which actuated her father! And that father she knew to have acted basely—to have played the part of a devil towards the man whom he hated—perhaps, nay too probably, he was meditating some equally base and desperate scheme concerning herself! She silently appealed to God from amidst this conflict of her thoughts and feelings, and implored His forgiveness of her rash conduct. Her agonies were heightened by the consciousness that there existed reasons for self-condemnation. But she thought of—she looked at—her husband; and her heart told her, that she should act similarly were the past again to happen!

So, then, here was this virtuous unhappy couple—he declining in health just when that health was most precious, she, too, worn out with labour and anxiety, and likely—alas!—to bring another heir to wretchedness into the world, for she was considerably advanced in pregnancy—both becoming less capable of the labour which was growing, alas! daily more essential—with scarcely £40 to fall back upon in the most desperate emergency:—Such was the dreadful situation of Mr and Mrs Elliott soon after the period of my first introduction to them. It was after listening to one of the most interesting and melancholy narratives that the annals of human suffering could supply, that I secretly resolved to take upon myself the responsibility of appealing to Mr Hillary in their behalf, hoping that for the honour of humanity my efforts would not be entirely unavailing.

He had quitted Bullion House within a twelvemonth after his daughter's flight, and removed to a spacious and splendid mansion in—Square, in the neighbourhood of my residence; and where—strange coincidence!—I was requested to attend Mrs Hillary, who at length seemed approaching the close of her long-protracted sufferings. Mr Hillary had become quite an altered man since the defection of his daughter. Lord Scamp had introduced him freely into the society of persons of rank and station, who welcomed into their circles the posses-

sor of so splendid a fortune; and he found, in the incessant excitement and amusement of fashionable society, a refuge from reflection, from those "compunctious visitings of remorse" which made his solitude dreadful and insupportable. I found him just such a man as I have already had occasion to describe him; a vain, vulgar, selfish, testy, overbearing old man; one of the most difficult and dangerous persons on earth to deal with in such a negotiation as that I had so rashly, but Heaven knows with the best intentions, undertaken.

"Well, Mr Hillary," said I, entering the drawing-room, where he was standing alone, with his hands in his pockets, at the window, watching some disturbance in the square—"I am afraid I can't bring you any better news about Mrs Hillary. She weakens hourly!"

"Ah, poor creature, I see she does—indeed!" he replied sighing, quitting the window, and offering me one of the many beautiful chairs that stood in the splendid apartment. "Well, she's been a good wife to me, I must say—a *very* good wife, and I've always thought and said so." Thrusting his hands into the pockets of his ample white waistcoat, he walked up and down the room. "Well, poor soul! she's had all that money could get her, doctor, however, and she knows it—that's a comfort—but it an't *money* can keep death off, is it?"

"No, indeed, Mr Hillary; but it can mitigate some of its terrors. What a consolation will it be for you hereafter, to reflect that Mrs Hillary has had every thing your noble fortune could procure for her!"—

"Ay, and no grudging neither! I'd do ten times what I have done—what's money to me? Poor Poll, and she's going! We never had a real quarrel in our lives!" he continued, in a somewhat subdued tone. "I shall miss her when she is gone!—I shall indeed! I could find many to fill her place, if I had a mind, I'll warrant me—but I—I—poor Poll!"

* * "Yes," I said presently, in answer to some general remark he had made, "we medical men do certainly see the worst side of hu-

man life. Pain—illness—death—are bad enough of themselves—but when poverty steps in too”——

“Ay, I dare say—bad enough as you say—bad enough—a-hem!”

“I have this very day seen a mournful instance of accumulated human misery; poverty, approaching starvation, illness, distress of mind.—Ah, Mr Hillary, what a scene I witnessed yesterday!” I continued, with emotion; “a man who is well-born, who has seen better”——

“Better days—aye, exactly. Double-refined misery, as they would say in the City. By the way, what a valuable charity that is—I’m a subscriber to it—for the relief of decayed tradesmen! One feels such a pleasure in it! I dare say now—I do believe—let me see—L.200 would not cover what I get rid of one way or another in this kind of way every year—by the way, doctor, I’ll ring for tea; you’ll take a cup?” I nodded; and in a few minutes a splendid tea-service made its appearance.

“Do you know, doctor, I’ve some notion of being remembered after I’m gone, and it has often struck me that if I were to leave what I have to build an hospital, or something of that sort in this part of the town, it wouldn’t be amiss”——

“A noble ambition, sir, indeed. But, as I was observing, the poor people I saw yesterday—such misery! such fortitude!”

“Ah, yes! Proper sort of people, just the right sort, to put into—ahem!—*Hillary’s Hospital*. It don’t sound badly, does it?”

“Excellently well. But the fact is”—I observed that he was becoming rather fidgetty, but I was resolved not to be beaten from my point—“I’m going, in short, Mr Hillary, to take a liberty which nothing could warrant but”——

“You’re going to *beg*, doctor, now an’t you?” he interrupted briskly; “but the fact is, my maxim has long been never to give a farthing in charity that any one shall know of but two people: I, and the people I give to. That’s my notion of true charity; and, besides, it saves one a vast deal of trouble. But if *you* really think—if it really is a deserving case—why

—a-hem! I might perhaps—Dr —— is so well known for his charitable turn—Now an’t this the way you begin upon *all* your great patients?” he continued, with an air of supreme complacency. I bowed and smiled, humouring his vanity. “Well, in such a case—hem! hem!—I might, once in a way, break in upon my rule,” and he transferred his left hand from his waistcoat to his breeches-pocket, “so there’s a guinea for you. But don’t on any account name it to any one. Don’t, doctor. I don’t want to be talked about; and we people that are known do get so many”——

“But, Mr Hillary, surely I may tell my poor friends to whom your charity is destined, the *name* of the generous”——

“Oh, ay! Do as you please for the matter of that. Who are they? What are they? Where do they live? I’m a governor of ——.” I trembled.

“They live at present in —— Street; but I doubt, poor things, whether they can stop there much longer, for their landlady is becoming very clamorous”——

“Ah, the old story! the old story! Landlords are generally, especially the smaller sort, such tyrants, an’t they?”

“Yes, too frequently such is the case! But I was going to tell you of these poor people. They have not been married many years, and they married, very unfortunately,”—Mr Hillary, who had for some time been sitting down on the sofa, here rose and walked rather more quickly than he had been walking before—“contrary to the wishes of their family, who have forsaken them, and don’t know what their sufferings now are—how virtuous—how patient they are! And they have got a child too, that will soon, I fear, be crying for the bread it may not get.” Mr Hillary was evidently becoming disturbed. I saw that a little of the colour had fled from about his upper lip, but he said nothing, nor did he seem disposed to interrupt me. “I’m sure, by the way,” I continued, as calmly as I could, “that if I could but prevail upon their family to see them, before it is too late, that explanations might”——

“What’s the *name* of your friends,

sir?" said Mr Hillary, suddenly stopping, and standing opposite to me, with his arms almost a-kimbo and his eyes looking keenly into mine.

"Elliott, sir"—

"I—I thought as much, sir!" he replied, dashing the perspiration from his forehead; "I knew what you were driving at! D—n it, sir—I see it all! You came here to insult me,—you did, sir!" His agitation increased.

"Forgive me, Mr Hillary; I assure you"—

"No, sir! I won't hear you, sir! I've heard enough, sir! Too much, sir! You've said enough, sir, to show me what sort of a man you are, sir! D—n it, sir—it's too bad!"—

"You mistake me, Mr Hillary," said I, calmly.

"No I don't, sir, but you've curiously mistaken me, sir. If you know those people, and choose to take up their—to—to—patronise, do, sir, d—n it! if you like, and haven't any thing better to do,"—

"Forgive me, sir, if I have hurt your feelings"—

"Hurt my feelings, sir? What d'ye mean, sir? Every man hurts my feelings that insults me, sir, and you have insulted me!"

"How, sir?" I enquired, sternly, in my turn. "Oblige me, sir, by explaining these extraordinary expressions!"

"You know well enough! I see through it. But if you—really, sir—you've got a guinea of mine, sir, in your pocket. Consider it your fee for this visit; the last I'll trouble you to pay, sir!" he stuttered, almost unintelligible with fury.

I threw his guinea upon the floor, as if its touch were pollution. "Farewell, Mr Hillary," said I, deliberately, drawing on my gloves. "May your death-bed be as calm and happy as that I have this day attended up stairs for the last time."

He looked at me earnestly, as if staggered by the reflections I had suggested, and turned very pale. I bowed haughtily, and retired. As I drove home, my heated fancy struck out a scheme for shaming or terrifying the old monster I had quitted into something like pity or repentance, by attacking and exposing him in some newspaper; but by the next

morning I perceived the many objections there were to such a course. I need hardly say that I did not communicate to the Elliots the fact of my attempted intercession with Mr Hillary.

It was grievous to see the desperate but unavailing struggle made by both of them to retrieve their circumstances and provide against the expensive and trying time that was approaching. He was slaving at his account-books from morning to midnight, scarce allowing himself a few minutes for his meals; and she had become a mere fag to a fashionable milliner, undertaking all such work as could be done at her own residence, often sitting up half the night, and yet earning the merest trifle. Then she had also to look after her husband and child, for they could not afford to keep a regular attendant. Several articles of her husband's dress and her own, and almost all that belonged to the child, she often washed at night with her own hands!

As if these unfortunate people were not sufficiently afflicted already—as if any additional ingredient in their cup of sorrow were requisite—symptoms of a more grievous calamity than had yet befallen poor Elliott, began to exhibit themselves in him. His severe and incessant application, by day and night, coupled with the perpetual agitation and excitement of his nervous system, began to tell upon his eyesight. I found him, on one of my morning visits, labouring under great excitement; and on questioning him, I feared he had but too good reason for his alarm, as he described, with fearful distinctness, certain sensations and appearances which infallibly betokened, in my opinion, after examining his eyes, the presence of incipient *amaurosis* in both eyes. He spoke of deep-seated pains in the orbits—perpetual sparks and flashes of light—peculiar haloes seen around the candle—dimness of sight—and several other symptoms, which I found, on enquiry, had been for some time in existence, but he had never thought of noticing them till they forced themselves upon his startled attention.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, "spare my sight! O, spare

my sight—or what will become of me? Beggary seems to be my lot—but *blindness* to be added!" He paused, and looked the image of despair.

"Undoubtedly I should deceive you, Mr Elliott," said I, after making several further inquiries, "if I were to say that there was no danger in your case. Unfortunately, there does exist ground for apprehending that, unless you abstain, and in a great measure, from so severely taxing your eyesight as you have of late, you will run the risk of permanently injuring it."

"Oh, doctor! it is easy to talk," he exclaimed, with involuntary bitterness, "of my ceasing to use and try my sight; but how am I to do it? How am I to live?—Tell me *that*! Will money drop from the skies into my lap, or bread into the mouths of my wife and child? What is to become of us? Merciful God! and just at this time, too! My wife pregnant"—I thanked God she was not present!—"our last penny almost slipping from our hands—and I, who should be the stay and support of my family, becoming **BLIND**! Oh, God—oh, God, what frightful crimes have I committed, to be punished thus? Would I had been transported or hanged," he added suddenly, "when the old ruffian threw me into Newgate! But"—he turned ghastly pale—"if I were to die *now*, what good could it do?" At that moment the slow, heavy, wearied step of his wife was heard upon the stairs, and her entrance put an end to her husband's exclamations. I entreated him to intermit, at least for a time, his attentions to business, and prescribed some active remedies, and he promised to obey my instructions. Mrs Elliott sat beside me with a sad exhausted air, which touched me almost to tears. What a situation—what a prospect was hers! How was she to prepare for her coming confinement? How procure the most ordinary comforts—the necessary attendance? Deprived as her husband and child must be for a time of her affectionate and vigilant attentions, what was to become of them? Who supply her place? Her countenance too plainly showed that all these topics constantly agitated her mind.

A day or two after this interview I brought them the intelligence I had seen in the newspapers, of Mrs Hillary's death, which I communicated to them very carefully, fearful of the effect it might produce upon Mrs Elliott in her critical situation. She wept bitterly; but the event had been too long expected by her to occasion any violent exhibition of grief. As they lay awake that night in melancholy converse, it suddenly occurred to Mrs Elliott that the event which had just happened might afford them a last chance of regaining her father's affections, and they determined to seize the opportunity of appealing to his feelings when they were softened by his recent bereavement. The next morning the wretched couple set out on their dreary pilgrimage to ——— Square—it being agreed that Elliott should accompany her to within a door or two of her father's house, and there await the issue of her visit. With slow and trembling steps, having relinquished his arm, she approached the dreaded house, whose large windows were closed from the top to the bottom. The sight of them overcame her; and she paused for a moment, holding by the area railings.

What dark and bitter thoughts and recollections crowded in a few seconds through her mind! Here, in this great mansion, was her living—her tyrannical—her mortally-offended father; here lay the remains of her poor good mother—whom she had fled from—whose last thoughts might perhaps have been about her persecuted daughter—and that daughter was now trembling like a guilty thing before the frowning portals of her widowed, and, it might be, inexorable father. She felt very faint, and beckoning hastily to her husband, he stepped forward to support her, and led her from the door. After slowly walking round the square, she returned, as before, to the gloomy mansion of her father, ascended the steps, and, with a shaking hand, pulled the bell.

"What do you want, young woman?" enquired a servant from the area.

"I wish to see Joseph—is he at home?"—she replied, in so faint a voice, that the only word audible in

the area was that of Joseph—the porter—who had entered into her father's service in that capacity two or three years before her marriage. In a few minutes Joseph made his appearance at the hall-door, which he softly opened.

"Joseph!—Joseph! I'm very ill," she murmured, leaning against the door-post—"let me sit in your chair for a moment."

"Lord have mercy on me—my young mistress!" exclaimed Joseph, casting a hurried look behind him, as if terrified at being seen in conversation with her—and then hastily stepping forward he caught her in his arms, for she had fainted. He placed her in his great covered chair, and called one of the female servants, who brought up with her, at his request, a glass of water—taking the stranger to be some relative or friend of the porter's. He forced a little into her mouth—the maid loosened her bonnet-string, and after a few minutes she uttered a deep sigh, and her consciousness returned.

"Don't hurry yourself, Miss—Ma'am I mean," stammered the porter, in a low tone,—"You can stay here a little—I don't think anyone's stirring but us servants—you see, ma'am, though I suppose you know—my poor mistress"—She shook her head and sobbed.

"Yes, Joseph, I know it!—Did she—did she—die easily?" enquired Mrs Elliott, in a faint whisper, grasping his hand.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, in a low tone, "poor lady, she'd been so long ailing, that no doubt death wasn't any thing partic'lar to her, like—and so she went out at last like the snuff of a candle, as one might say—poor old soul!—we'd none of us—not my master even—heard the sound of her voice for months, not to say years even!"

"And my—my father—how does he?"

"Why he takes on about it, ma'am, certainly—but, you see, he's been so long expecting of it!"

"Do you think, Joseph," said Mrs Elliott, hardly able to make herself heard—"that—that my father would be *very*—very angry—if he knew I was here—would he—see me?"

"Lord, ma'am!" exclaimed the porter, alarm overspreading his features—"It's not possible!—you can't think how stern he is!—You should have heard what orders he gave us all about keeping you out of the house! I know 'tis a dreadful hard case, ma'am," he continued, wiping a tear from his eye, "and many, and many's the time we've all cried in the kitchen about—hush!" he stopped, and looked towards the stairs apprehensively—"never mind, ma'am—it's nobody! But won't you come down and sit in the housekeeper's room? I'm sure the good old soul will rather like to see you—and then, you know, you can slip out of the area gate and be gone in no time!"

"No, Joseph," replied Mrs Elliott, with as much energy as her weakness would admit of, "I will wait outside the street-door, if you think there is any danger—while you go and get this letter taken up stairs, and say I am waiting for an answer!" He took the letter, held it in his hand hesitatingly—and shook his head.

"Oh, take it, good Joseph!" said Mrs Elliott, with a look that would have softened a heart of stone—"It is only to ask for marning for my mother! I have no money to purchase any!" His eyes filled with tears.

"My poor dear young mistress!" he faltered—his lip quivered, and he paused—"It's more than my place is worth—but—I'll take it, nevertheless—that I will, come what will, ma'am! See if I don't! You see, ma'am," dropping his voice, and looking towards the staircase—"it isn't so much the old gentleman, after all, neither—but it's—it's—Miss Gubbley that I'm afraid of! It is she, in my mind, that keeps him so cruel hard against you! She has it all her own way here! You should see how she orders us servants about, ma'am—and has her eyes into every thing that's going on—But—I'll go and take the letter any how—and don't you go out of doors, unless you hear me cry—'Hem!'—on the stairs!" She promised to attend to this hint, as did also the female servant whom he left with her, and Joseph disappeared. The mention of Miss Gubbley excited the most painful and

disheartening thoughts in the mind of Mrs Elliott. Possibly it was now the design of this woman to strike a grand blow—and force herself into the place so recently vacated by poor Mrs Hillary! Mrs Elliott's heart beat fast, after she had waited for some minutes in agonizing anxiety and suspense, as she heard the footsteps of Joseph hastily descending the stairs.

"Well, Joseph,"—she whispered, looking eagerly at him.

"I can't get to see master, ma'am, though I've tried—I have indeed, ma'am! I thought it would be so! Miss Gubbley has been giving it me, ma'am—she says it will cost me my place to dare to do such an *oudacious* thing again—and I told her you was below here, ma'am, and she might see you—but she tossed her head, and said it was of a piece with all your other shameful behaviour to your poor, broken-hearted father—she did, ma'am"—Mrs Elliott began to sob bitterly—"and she wouldn't on any account whatsoever have him shocked at such a sad time as this—and that she knows it would be no use your coming"—his voice quivered—"and she says, as how"—he could hardly go on—"you should have thought of all this long ago—and that only a month ago she heard master say it was all your own fault if you came to ruin—and as you'd made your bed you must lie on it—her very words, ma'am—but she's sent you a couple of guineas, ma'am, on condition that you don't on no account trouble master again—and—and"—he continued, his tears overflowing—"I've been so bold as to make it *three*, ma'am—and I hope it's no offence, ma'am, me being but a servant," trying to force something wrapped up in paper into the hand of Mrs Elliott, who had listened motionless and in dead silence to all he had been saying.

"Joseph!"—at length she exclaimed, in a very low but distinct and solemn tone, stretching out her hands—"if you do not wish to see me die—help me, help me—to my knees!" And with his assistance, and that of the female servant, she sunk gently down upon her knees upon the floor, where he partly supported her. She slowly clasped her hands together upon her bosom, and

looked upwards—her eye was tearless, and an awful expression settled upon her motionless features. Joseph involuntarily fell upon his knees beside her, shaking like an aspen leaf—his eyes fixed instinctively upon hers—and the sobs of several of the servants, who had stolen silently to the top of the kitchen stairs, to gaze at this strange scene, were the only sounds that were audible. After having remained in this position for several minutes, she rose from her knees slowly and in silence.

"When will my mother be buried?" she presently enquired.

"Next Saturday," whispered Joseph, "at two o'clock."

"Where?"

"At St —'s, ma'am."

"Farewell, Joseph! You have been very kind," said she, rising, and moving slowly to the door.

"Won't you let me get you a little of something warm, ma'am? You do look so bad, ma'am—so pale—and I'll fetch it from down stairs in half a minute."

"No, Joseph—I am better!—and Mr Elliott is waiting for me at the outside."

"Poor gentleman!" sobbed Joseph, turning his head aside, that he might dash a tear from his eye. He strove again to force into her hand the paper containing the three guineas, but she refused.

"No, Joseph—I am very destitute, but yet—Providence will not let me starve. I cannot take it from *you*; hers I will not—I ought not!"

With this the door was opened; and with a firmer step than she had entered the house, she quitted it. Her husband, who was standing anxiously at one or two doors' distance, rushed up to her, and with tremulous and agitated tone and gestures enquired the result of her application, and placing his arm around her—for he felt how heavily she leaned against him—gently led her towards home. He listened with the calmness of despair to her narrative of what had taken place. "Then there is no hope for us *there*," he muttered through his half-closed lips.

"But there *is* hope, dearest, with Him who invites the weary and heavy laden—who seems to have

withdrawn from us, but has not forsaken us," replied his wife tenderly, and with unwonted cheerfulness in her manner—"I feel—I know—he tells me that he will not suffer us to sink in the deep waters! He heard my prayer, Henry—and he will answer it, wisely and well! Let us hasten home, dearest. Our little Henry will be uneasy, and trouble Mrs ——" Elliott listened to her in moody silence. His darkening features told not of the peace and resignation Heaven had shed into the troubled bosom of his wife, but too truly betokened the gloom and despair within. He suspected that his wife's reason was yielding to the long-continued assaults of sorrow; and thought of her approaching sufferings with an involuntary shudder, and sickened as he entered the scene of them—his wretched lodgings. She clasped their smiling child with cheerful affection to her bosom; *he* kissed him—but coldly—absently—as it were mechanically. Placing upon his forehead the silk shade which my wife had sent to him, at my request, the day before—as well to relieve his eyes, as to conceal their troubled expression, he leaned against the table at which he took his seat, and thought with perfect horror upon their circumstances.

Scarce L.20 now remained of the L.600 with which they were married; his wife's little earnings were to be of course for a while suspended; he was prohibited, at the peril of blindness, from the only species of employment he could obtain; the last ray of hope concerning Hillary's reconciliation was extinguished;—and all this when their expenses were on the eve of being doubled—or trebled—when illness—or death—

It was well for Mrs Elliott that her husband had placed that silk shade upon his forehead!

During his absence the next morning at the Ophthalmic Infirmary, whither, at my desire, he went twice a week to receive the advice of Mr —, the eminent oculist, I called and seized the opportunity of placing in Mrs Elliott's hands, with unspeakable satisfaction, the sum of L.40 which my good wife had chiefly collected among her friends; and as Mrs Elliott read, or rather attempted to read, for her eyes were filled with

tears, the affectionate note written to her by my wife, who begged that she would send her little boy to our house till she should have recovered from her confinement, she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed—"Has not God heard my prayers!—Dearest doctor! Heaven will reward you! What news for my poor heart-broken husband when he returns home from the Infirmary—weary and disheartened! * * *

"And now, doctor, shall I confide to you a plan I have formed?" said Mrs Elliott, looking earnestly at me—"Don't try to persuade me against putting it into practice; for my mind is made up, and nothing can turn me from my purpose." I looked at her with surprise. "You know we have but this one room and the little closet—for what else is it?—where we sleep; and where must my husband and child be when I am confined? Besides, we cannot, even with all your noble kindness to us, afford to have proper—the most ordinary attendance." She paused—I listened anxiously.

"So—I've been thinking—could you not?"—she hesitated, struggling with violent emotion—"could you not get me admitted"—her voice trembled—"into—the Lying-in Hospital?"—I shook my head, unable at the moment to find utterance.

"It has cost me a struggle—Providence seems, however, to have led me to the thought! I shall there be no expense to my husband—and shall have, I understand, excellent attendance."

"My poor dear madam," I faltered, "you must forgive me—but I cannot bear to think of it."—In spite of my struggles the swelling tears at length burst from my laden eyes. She buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept bitterly. "My husband can hear of me every day, and, with God's blessing upon us, perhaps in a month's time we may both meet in better health and spirits. And if—if—if it would not inconvenience Mrs — or yourself, to let my little Henry"—she could get no further, and burst again into a fit of passionate weeping. I promised her, in answer to her reiterated entreaties, after many remonstrances, that I would immediately

take steps to ensure her an admission into the Lying-in Hospital at any moment she might require it.

"But, my dear madam—your husband—Mr Elliott—depend upon it he will never hear of all this—he will never permit it—I feel perfectly certain."

"Ah, doctor—I know he would not; but he shall not know any thing about my intentions till I am safely lodged in the—the hospital. I intend to leave without his knowing where I am gone some day this week—for I feel satisfied"—she paused and trembled—"When he returns from the Infirmary on Friday he will find a letter from me, telling him all my little scheme, and may God incline him to forgive me for what I am doing. I know he loves me, however, too fondly to make me unhappy!"

The next morning my wife accompanied me to their lodgings, for the purpose of taking home with her little Elliott. A sad scene it was—but Elliott, whom his wife had easily satisfied of the prudence of thus disposing of the child during the period of her confinement, bore it manfully. He carried the child down to my carriage, and resigned him into the hands of my wife and a servant, after many fond caresses, with an air of melancholy resolution; promising to call daily and see him while on his visit at my house. I strove to console him under this temporary separation from his child, and to impress upon him the necessity of absolute quiet and repose, in order to give due effect to the very active treatment under which he had been placed for the complaint in his eyes; this I did in order to prepare him for the second stroke meditated to be inflicted upon him on the ensuing Friday by his wife, and to reconcile him, by anticipation as it were, to their brief separation. When once the decisive step had been taken, I felt satisfied that he would speedily see the propriety of it.

It was wonderful to see how Mrs Elliott, during the interval between this day and the Friday appointed for her entrance into the Lying-in Hospital, sustained her spirits. Her manner increased in tenderness towards her husband, who evinced a corresponding energy of sympathy

and affection towards her. His anxieties had been to a considerable extent allayed by the seasonable addition to his funds already spoken of; but he expressed an occasional surprise at the absence of any preparations for the event which both of them believed to be so near at hand.

On the Friday morning, about half an hour after her husband had set out for the Ophthalmic Infirmary as usual, a hackney-coach drew up to the door of his lodgings, with a female attendant, sent by my directions from the Lying-in Hospital. I also made my appearance within a few minutes of the arrival of the coach: and poor Mrs Elliott, after having carefully arranged and disposed of the few articles of her own apparel which she intended to leave behind her, and given the most anxious and repeated instructions to the woman of the house to be attentive to Mr Elliott in her absence—sat down and shed many tears as she laid upon the table a letter, carefully sealed, and addressed to her husband, containing the information of her departure and destination. When her agitation had somewhat subsided, she left the room—perhaps, she felt, *for ever*—entered into the coach, and was soon safely lodged in the Lying-in-Hospital.

The letter to her husband was as follows—for the melancholy events which will presently be narrated brought this with other documents into my possession.

"MY SWEET LOVE,

"The hour of my agony is approaching; and Providence has pointed out to me a place of refuge. I cannot, dearest Henry—I cannot think of adding to your sufferings by the sight of mine! When all is over—as I trust it will be soon, and happily—then we shall be re-united, and God grant us happier days! Oh, do not be grieved or angry, Henry, at the step I am taking. I have done it for the best—it will be for the best, depend upon it. Dr — will tell you how skilfully and kindly they treat their patients at the Lying-in Hospital, to which I am going. Oh, Henry! you are the delight of my soul! The more grief and bitterness we have seen together, sure-

ly the more do we love one another. *Oh how I love you!* How I prayed in the night while you, dearest, were sleeping—that the Almighty would bless you and our little Henry, and be merciful to *me*, for your sakes, and bring us all together again! I shall pray for you, my love—my own love! every hour that we are away! Bear up a little longer, Harry! God has not deserted us—he will not—he cannot, if we do not desert him. I leave you, dearest, my Bible and prayer-book—*oh, do read them!* Kiss my little Harry, in my name, every day. How kind are Dr —, and Mrs —! Go out and enjoy the fresh air, and do not sit fretting at home, love, nor try your eyes with reading or writing till I come back. I can hardly lay by my pen, but the coach is come for me, and I must tear myself away. Farewell, then, my dear, dear, darling Henry; but only for a little while. Your doating wife, Mary.

“P.S.—The socks I have been knitting for Harry are in the drawer near the window. You had better take them to Dr —’s to-morrow, as I forgot to send them with Harry in the bustle of his going, and he will want them. Dr — says you can come and see me every day before I am taken ill. Do come.”

I called in the evening—according to the promise I had made to Mrs Elliott—on her husband, to see how he bore the discovery of his wife’s sudden departure.

“How is Mr Elliott?” I enquired of the woman of the house, who opened the door. “Is he at home?”

“Why, yes—but he’s in a sad way, sir, indeed, about Mrs Elliott’s going. He’s eaten nothing all day.”

He was sitting at a table when I entered, with a solitary candle, and Mrs Elliott’s letter lying open before him.

“Oh! doctor, is not this worse than death?” he exclaimed. “Am I not left alone to be the prey of Satan?”

“Come, come, Mr Elliott, moderate your feelings! Learn the lesson your incomparable wife has taught you—patience and resignation.”

“It is an heavenly lesson. But can a fiend learn it?” he replied vehemently, in a tone and with an air that quite startled me. “Here I

am left alone by God and man to be the sport of devils, and I *AM!*—What curse is there that has not fallen, or is falling upon me? I feel assured,” he continued, gloomily, “that my Mary is taken from me for ever. Oh, do not tell me otherwise. I feel—I know it! I have brought ruin upon her! I have brought her to beggary by an insane, a wicked attachment! The curses of disobedience to parents are upon both of us! Yet our misery might have touched any heart except that of her fiendish father. Ah! he buries her mother to-morrow! To-morrow, then, I will be there! The earth shall not fall upon her before he looks upon me! How I will make the old man shake beside the grave he must soon drop into!”—He drew a long breath—“Let him curse me!—Curse her—Curse us both!—Curse our child! Then and there”——

“*The curse causeless shall not come,*” I interrupted.

“Ay, causeless! That’s the thing! Causeless!” He paused. “Forgive me,” he added, after a heavy sigh, resuming his usual manner; “doctor, I’ve been *raving*, and can you wonder at it? Poor Mary’s letter (here it is) has almost killed me! I have been to the place where she is, but I dared not go in to see her. Oh, doctor! *will* she be taken care of?” suddenly seizing my hand with convulsive energy.

“The very greatest care will be taken of her—the greatest skill in London will be instantly at her command in case of the slightest necessity for it—as well as every possible comfort and convenience that her situation can require. If it will be any consolation to you, I assure you I intend visiting her myself every day.”—And by these means I at length succeeded in restoring something like calmness to him. The excitement occasioned by his unexpected discovery of his wife’s absence, and its touching reason, had been aggravated by the unfavourable opinion concerning his sight which had been that morning expressed—alas, I feared, but too justly—by the able and experienced oculist under whose care he was placed. He had in much alarm heard Mr — ask him several questions respecting peculiar and secret symptoms and sen-

sations about his eyes, which he was forced to answer in the affirmative; and the alarming effect of these enquiries was not dissipated by the cautious replies of Mr — to his questions as to the chances of ultimate recovery. I assured him that nothing on earth could so effectually serve him as the cultivation of calm and composed habits of mind; for that the affection of his eyes depended almost entirely upon the condition of his nervous system. I got him to promise me that he would abandon his wild and useless purpose of attending the funeral of Mrs Hillary—said I would call upon him, accompanied by his little son, about noon the next day, and also bring him tidings concerning Mrs Elliott.

I was as good as my word; but not he. The woman of the house told me that he had left home about twelve o'clock, and did not say when he would return. He had gone to St —'s church, as I afterwards learned from him. He watched the funeral procession into the church, and placed himself in a pew which commanded a near view of that occupied by the chief mourner, Mr Hillary; who, however, never once raised his head from the handkerchief in which his countenance was buried. When the body was borne to the grave, Elliott followed, and took his place beside the grave as near Mr Hillary as the attendants and the crowd would admit of. He several times formed the determination to interrupt the service by a solemn and public appeal to Hillary on the subject of his deserted daughter—but his tongue failed him, his feelings overpowered him; and he staggered from where he stood to an adjoining tomb-stone, which he leaned against till the brief and solemn scene was concluded, and the mourners began to return. Once more, with desperate purpose, he approached the procession, and came up to Mr Hillary just as he was being assisted into the coach.

"Look at me, sir," said he, suddenly tapping Mr Hillary upon the shoulder. The old man seemed paralysed for a moment, and stared at him as if he did not know the strange intruder.

"My name is Elliott, sir—your forsaken daughter is my heart-bro-

ken—starving wife! do you relent, sir?"

"Elliott!—Keep him away—keep him away, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mr Hillary, his face full of disgust and horror; and the attendants violently dragged the intruder from the spot where he was standing, and kept him at a distance till the coach containing Mr Hillary had driven off. Elliott then returned home, which he reached about an hour after I had called. He paid me a visit in the evening, and I was glad to see him so much calmer than I had expected. He apologized with much earnestness for his breach of faith. He said he had found it impossible to resist the impulse which led him, in spite of all he had said over night, to attend the funeral; for he had persuaded himself of the more than possibility that his sudden and startling appearance at so solemn a moment might effect an alteration in Mr Hillary's feelings towards him. He gave me a full account of what had happened, and assured me with a melancholy air that he had now satisfied himself—that he had nothing to hope for further—nothing to disturb him—and he would attend to my injunctions and those of his surgical adviser at the Infirmary. He told me that he had seen Mrs Elliott about an hour before, and had left her in comparatively good spirits—but the people of the hospital had told him that her confinement was hourly expected.

"I wonder," said he, and sighed profoundly—"what effect her death would have upon Mr Hillary? Would he cast off her children—as he has cast her off? Would his hatred follow her into the grave?—Now what should *you* say, doctor?"

The matter-of-fact, not to say indifferent air, with which this very grave question was put, not a little surprised me. "Why, he must be obdurate indeed if such were to be the case,"—I answered. "I am in hopes, however, that in spite of all that has happened, he will ere long be brought to a sense of his guilt and cruelty in so long defying the dictates of conscience—the voice of nature.—When he finds himself *alone*"——

Elliott shook his head.

"It must be a thundering blow,

doctor, that would make his iron heart feel—and—that blow”—he sighed—“may come much sooner, it may be”—he shuddered, and looked at me with a wild air of apprehension.

“Let us hope for the best, however, Mr Elliott! Rely upon it, the present calmness of your inestimable wife affords grounds for the happiest expectations concerning the approaching” —

“Ah! I hope you may not be mistaken! Her former accouchement was a long and dangerous one.”

“Perhaps the very reason why her present may be an easy one!” He looked at me mournfully.

“And suppose it to be so—what a home has the poor creature to return to after her suffering! Is not that a dreary prospect?”

It was growing late, however, and presently taking an affectionate leave of his son, who had been sitting all the while on his knee overpowered with drowsiness, he left.

Mrs Elliott was taken ill on Sunday about midnight; and after a somewhat severe and protracted labour was delivered on Monday evening of a child that died a few minutes after its birth. Having directed the people at the hospital to summon me directly Mrs Elliott was taken ill, I was in attendance upon her within an hour after her illness had commenced. I sent a messenger on Monday morning to Mr Elliott, according to the promise I had given him immediately to send him the earliest information, with an entreaty that he would remain at home all day to be in readiness to receive a visit from me. He came down, however, to the hospital almost immediately after receiving my message; and walked to and fro before the institution, making anxious enquiries every ten minutes or quarter of an hour how his wife went on, and received ready and often encouraging answers. When I quitted her for the night, about an hour after her delivery, leaving her much exhausted, but, as I too confidently supposed, out of danger, I earnestly entreated Mr Elliott, who continued before the gates of the hospital in a state of the highest excitement, to return home—but in vain; and I left him with expressions of severe dis-

pleasure, assuring him that his conduct was absurd and useless—nay, criminally dangerous to himself. “What will become of your sight, Mr Elliott—pray think of that!—if you will persist in working yourself up to this dreadful pitch of nervous excitement? I do assure you that you are doing yourself every hour mischief which—which it may require months, if not years, to remedy—and is it kind to her you love—to those whom you ought to consult—whose interests are dependent upon yourself—thus to throw away the chances of recovery? Pray, Mr Elliott, listen, listen to reason, and return home!” He made me no reply, but wept, and I left, hoping that what I had said would soon produce the desired effect.

About four o'clock in the morning, I was awoke by a violent ringing of the bell and knocking at the door; and on hastily looking out of the bedroom window, beheld Mr Elliott.

“What is the matter there?” I enquired. “Is it you, Mr Elliott?”

“Oh doctor, doctor—for God’s sake come!—My wife, my wife! She’s dying! They have told me so! Come, doctor, oh come!” Though I had been exceedingly fatigued with the labours of the preceding day, this startling summons soon dissipated my drowsiness, and in less than five minutes I was by his side. We ran almost all the way to the nearest coach-stand: and on reaching the hospital, found that there existed but too much ground for apprehension; for about two o'clock very alarming symptoms of profuse hæmorrhage made their appearance; and when I reached her bed-side, a little after four o'clock, I saw, in common with the experienced resident accoucheur, who was also present, that her life was indeed trembling in the balance. While I sat watching, with feelings of melancholy interest and alarm, her snowy inanimate countenance, a tap on my shoulder from one of the female attendants attracted my eye to the door, where the chief matron of the establishment was standing. She beckoned me out of the room; and I noiselessly stepped out after her.

“The husband of this poor lady,” said Mrs——, “is in a dreadful state,

doctor, in the street. The porter has sent up word that he fears the gentleman is going mad, and will be attempting to break open the gates—that he insists upon being shown at once into his wife's room, or at least within the house! Pray oblige me, doctor, by going down and trying to pacify him! This will never do, you know—the other patients”—I hastened down stairs, and stepped quickly across the yard. My heart yearned towards the poor distracted being who stood outside the iron gates, with his arms stretched towards me through the bars.

“Oh say, is she alive? Is she alive?” he cried with a lamentable voice.

“She is, Mr Elliott—but really”—

“Oh, is she alive? Are you telling me truly? Is she indeed alive?”

“Yes, yes, Mr Elliott—but if you don't cease to make such a dreadful disturbance, your voice may reach her ear—and that would be instant death—indeed it would.”

“I will! I will—but is she indeed alive? Don't deceive me!”

“This is the way he's been going on all night;” whispered the watchman, who had just stepped up.

“Mr Elliott, I tell you, truly, in the name of God, your wife is living—and I have not given up hope of her recovery.”

“Oh Mary! Mary! Mary! Oh come to me, my Mary! You said that you would return to me.”

“Hadn't I better take him away, sir?” said the watchman. “The porter says he'll be wakening all the women in the hospital—shall I?”

“Let me stay—let me stay! I'll give you all I have in the world! I'll give you forty pounds—I will, I will,”—cried the unfortunate husband, clinging to the bars, and looking imploringly at me.

“Do not interfere—do not touch him, sir,” said I to the watchman.

“Thank you! God bless you!”—gasped the wretched sufferer, extending his hands towards mine, and wringing them convulsively; then turning to the watchman, he added, in a lower tone, the most piteous I ever heard—“Don't take me away! My wife is here; she's dying—I can't go away—but I'll not make any more noise!—Hush! hush! there is some one coming!”—A person approach-

ed from within the building, and whispering a few hurried words in my ear, retired. “Mr Elliott, shake hands with me,” said I; “Mrs Elliott is reviving! I told you I had hope!—The accoucheur has this instant sent me word that he thinks the case is taking a favourable turn.”—He sunk down suddenly on his knees in silence; then grasped my hands through the bars, and shook them convulsively. In the fervour of his frantic feeling, he turned to the watchman, grasped his hands, and shook them.

“Hush! hush!”—he gasped—“Don't speak! It will disturb her! A single sound may kill her—Ah!”—he looked with agonized apprehension at the mail-coach which that moment rattled rapidly and loudly by. At length he became so much calmer, that after pledging myself to return to him shortly, especially if any unfavourable change should take place, I withdrew, and repaired to the chamber where lay the poor unconscious creature—the subject of her husband's wild and dreadful anxieties. I found that I had not been misinformed; and though Mrs Elliott lay in the most precarious situation possible—with no sign of life in her pallid countenance, and no pulse discernible at her wrist, we had reason for believing that a favourable change had taken place. After remaining in silence by her side for about a quarter of an hour, during which she seemed asleep, I took my departure, and conveyed the delightful intelligence to the poor sufferer without, that his hopes were justified by the situation in which I had left my sweet patient. I succeeded in persuading him to accompany me home, and restoring him to a little composure: but the instant that he had swallowed a hasty cup of coffee, without waiting even to see his little boy, who was being dressed to come down as usual to breakfast, he left the house and returned to the hospital, where I found him, as before, on driving up about twelve o'clock, but walking calmly to and fro before the gates. What anguish was written in his features! But a smile passed over them—a joyful air, as he told me, before I could quit my carriage, that all was still going on well. It

was so, I ascertained; and on returning from the hospital, I almost forced him into my carriage, and drove off to his lodgings, where I stayed till he had got into bed, and had solemnly promised me to remain there till I called in the evening.

For three days Mrs Elliott continued in the most critical circumstances; during which her husband was almost every other hour at the hospital, and at length so wearied every one with his anxious and incessant inquiries, that they would hardly give him civil answers any longer. Had I not twice bled him with my own hand, and myself administered to him soothing and lowering medicines, he would certainly, I think, have gone raving mad. On the fifth day Mrs Elliott was pronounced out of danger, but continued, of course, in a very exhausted state. Her first inquiries were about her husband, then her little Henry: and on receiving a satisfactory answer, a sweet sad smile stole over her features, and her feeble fingers gently compressed mine. Before I quitted her, she asked whether her husband might be permitted to see her—I of course answered in the negative. A tear stole down her cheek, but she did not attempt to utter a syllable.

The pressure of professional engagements did not admit of my seeing Mr Elliott more than once or twice during the next week. I frequently heard of him, however, at the hospital, where he called constantly three times a-day, but had not yet been permitted to see Mrs Elliott, who was considered, and in my opinion justly, unequal to the excitement of such an interview.

The dreadful mental agony in which he had spent the last fortnight, was calculated to produce the most fatal effects upon his eyesight—of which, indeed, he seemed himself but too conscious, for every symptom of which he had complained was most fearfully aggravated. Nevertheless, I could not prevail upon him—at least, he said, for the present—to continue his visits to the Eye Infirmary. He said, with a melancholy air, that he had too many,

and very different matters to attend to—and he must postpone, for the present, all attention to his own complaints. Alas! he had many other subjects of anxiety than his own ailments! Supposing his poor wife to be restored to him, even in a moderate degree of strength and convalescence—what prospect was before them? What means remained of obtaining a livelihood? What chance was there of her inexorable old father changing his fell purpose?—Was his wife then to quit the scene of her almost mortal sufferings, only to perish before his eyes—of want—and her father wallowing in wealth?—the thought was horrible!—Elliott sat at home, alone, thinking of these things, and shuddered; he quitted his home, and wandered through the streets with vacant eye and blighted heart.—*He wandereth abroad for bread, saying where is it? He knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at his hand.**

Friday. This morning my wife called, at my suggestion, to see Mrs Elliott, accompanied by her little boy, whom I had perceived she was pining to see. I thought they might meet without affording ground for uneasiness as to the result.

“My little Harry!” exclaimed a low soft voice as my wife and child were silently ushered into the room where lay Mrs Elliott, wasted almost to a shadow, her face and hands,—said my wife—white as the lily. “Come, love—kiss me!” she faintly murmured; and my wife brought the child to the bed-side, and lifting him upon her knee, inclined his face towards his mother. She feebly placed her arm around his neck, and pressed him to her bosom.

“Let me see his face!” she whispered, removing her arm.

She gazed tenderly at him for some minutes; the child looking first at her and then at my wife with mingled fear and surprise.

“How like his father!” she murmured—“kiss me again, love!—Don’t be afraid of your poor mother, Harry!” Her eyes filled with tears. “Am I so altered?” said she to my wife, who stammered yes and no in one breath.

"Has he been a good boy?"

"Very—very"—replied my wife, turning aside her head, unable for a moment to look either mother or son in the face. Mrs Elliott perceived my wife's emotion, and her chill fingers gently grasped her hand.

"Does he say his prayers?—you've not forgotten *that*, Harry?"

The child, whose little breast was beginning to heave, shook his head, and lisped a faint—"No, mamma!"

"God bless thee, my darling!" exclaimed his mother, in a low tone, closing her eyes—"He will not desert thee—nor thy parents!—*He feeds the young ravens when they cry!*"

She paused, and the tears trembled through her almost transparent eyelids. My wife, who had with the utmost difficulty restrained her feelings, leaned over the poor sufferer, pressed her lips to her forehead, and gently taking the child with her, stepped hastily from the room. As soon as they had got into the matron's parlour, where my wife sat down for a few moments, her little companion burst into tears, and cried as if his heart would break. The matron tried to pacify him, but in vain. "I hope, ma'am," said she, to my wife, "he did not cry in this way before his mother?—Dr——and Mr——both say that she must not be agitated in any way, or they will not answer for the consequences."—At this moment I made my appearance, having called, in passing, to pay a visit to Mrs Elliott: but hearing how much her late interview had overcome her, I left, taking my wife and little Elliott—still sobbing—with me, and promising to look in, if possible, in the evening. I did do so, accordingly; and found her happily none the worse for the emotion occasioned by her first interview with her child, since her illness. She expressed herself very grateful to me for the care which she said we had evidently taken of him—"and how like he grows to his poor father!"—she added. "Oh! doctor—when may I see *him*?—Do—dear doctor—let us meet, if it be but for a moment! Oh, how I long to see him! I will not be agitated! It will do me more good than all the medicine in this building!"

"In a few days time, my dear madam, I assure you"—

"Why not to-morrow?—oh, if you knew the good that one look of his would do me—he does not look ill?" she enquired suddenly.

"He—he looks certainly rather harassed on your account; but in other respects, he is"—

"Promise me—let me see for myself; oh bring him with you!—I—I—I own I could not bear to see him *alone*—but in *your* presence—do, dear doctor! promise!—I shall sleep so sweetly to-night if you will."

Her looks—her tender murmuring voice, overcame me; and I promised to bring Mr Elliott with me some time on the morrow. I bade her good-night.

"Remember, doctor!" she whispered, as I rose to go.

"I will!"—said I, and quitted the room, already almost repenting of the rash promise I had made. But who could have resisted her?

Sweet soul! what was to become of thee? Bred up in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to have every wish gratified, every want anticipated—what kind of scene awaited thee on returning to thy humble lodgings—

"Where hopeless Anguish pours her groan,
And lonely Want retired to die?"

For was it not so? What miracle was to save them from starvation? Full of such melancholy reflections, I walked home, resolving to leave no stone unturned on their behalf, and pledging myself and wife that the forty pounds we had already collected for the Elliott's, from among our benevolent friends, should be raised to a hundred, however great might be the deficiency we made up ourselves!

Saturday. I was preparing to pay some early visits to distant patients, and arranging so as to take Mr Elliott with me on my return, which I calculated would be about two o'clock, to pay the promised visit to Mrs Elliott—when my servant brought me a handful of letters which had that moment been left by the twopenny postman. I was going to cram them all into my pocket, and read them in the carriage, when my eye was attracted by one of them

much larger than the rest, sealed with a black seal, and the address in Elliott's hand-writing. I instantly resumed my seat; and placing the other letters in my pocket, proceeded to break the seal with some trepidation,—which increased to a sickening degree when four letters fell out—all of them sealed with black, and in Elliott's hand-writing, and addressed respectively to—"Jacob Hillary, Esq."—"Mrs Elliott,"—"Henry Elliott,"—and "Dr ——" (myself). I sat for a minute or two, with this terrible array before me, scarce daring to breathe, or to trust myself with my thoughts,—when my wife entered, leading in her constant companion, little Elliott, to take their leave, as usual, before I set out for the day. The sight of "Henry Elliott," to whom one of these portentous letters was addressed, overpowered me. My wife, seeing me discomposed, was beginning to inquire the reason, when I rose, and with gentle force put her out of the room and bolted the door, hurriedly telling her that I had just received unpleasant accounts concerning one or two of my patients. With trembling hands I opened the letter which was addressed to me, and read with infinite consternation as follows :—

"When you are reading these few lines, kind doctor! I shall be sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. All will be over; there will be one wretch the less upon the earth.

"God, before whom I shall be standing face to face, while you read this letter, will, I hope, have mercy upon me, and forgive me for appearing before Him uncalled for. Amen!

"But I could not live. I felt blindness—the last curse—descending upon me—blindness and beggary. I saw my wife broken-hearted. Nothing but misery and starvation before her and her child.

"O, has she not loved me with a noble love? And yet it is thus I leave her! But she knows how through life I have returned her love, and she will hereafter find that love alone led me to take this dreadful step.

"Grievous has been the misery she has borne for my sake. I thought,

in marrying her, that I might have overcome the difficulties which threatened us—that I might have struggled successfully at least for our bread; but He ordered otherwise, and it has been in vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows.

"Why did I leave life? Because I know, as if a voice from Heaven had told me, that my death will reconcile Mary and her father. It is me alone whom he hates, and her only on my account. When I shall be gone, he will receive her to his arms, and she and my son will be happy.

"Oh, my God! that I shall never see the face of Mary again, or— But presently she will look at our son, and she will revive.

"I entreat you, as in the name of the dead—it is a voice from the grave—to be yourself the bearer of this news to Mary, when, and as you may think fit. Give her this letter, and also give, yourself, to Mr Hillary the letter which bears his dreadful name upon it. I know, I feel, that it will open his heart, and he will receive them to his arms.

"I have written also a few lines to my son. Ah, my boy, your father will be mouldered into dust before you will understand what I have written. Grieve for your unfortunate father, but do not—disown him!

"As for you, best of men, my only friend, farewell! Forgive all the trouble I have given. God reward you! You will be in my latest thoughts. I have written to you last.

"Now I have done. I am calm; the bitterness of death is past. Farewell! The grave—the darkness of death is upon my soul—but I have no fear. To-night, before this candle shall have burnt out—at midnight—Oh, Mary! Henry!—Shall we ever meet again? H. E."

I read this letter over half-a-dozen times, for every paragraph pushed the preceding one out of my memory. Then I took up mechanically and opened the letter addressed to his son. It contained a large lock of his father's hair, and the following verses,* written in a great straggling hand:—

* From the Apocrypha. Tobit, ch. iv. 2, 3, 4.

"I have wished for death: wherefore do I not call for my son?"

"My son, when I am dead, bury me; and despise not thy mother, but honour her all the days of thy life, and do that which shall please her, and grieve her not.

"Remember, my son, that she saw many dangers for thee, when thou wast in her womb; and when she is dead, bury her by me in one grave."

"Thus, on the point of death, writes thy father to his beloved son. REMEMBER! HENRY ELLIOTT."

As soon as I had somewhat recovered the shock occasioned by the perusal of these letters, I folded them all up, stepped hastily into my carriage, and, postponing all my other visits, drove off direct to the lodgings of Mr Elliott. The woman of the house was standing at the door, talking earnestly with one or two persons.

"Where is Mr Elliott?" I enquired, leaping out of the carriage.

"That's what we want to know, sir," replied the woman, very pale. "He must have gone out very late last night, sir—and hasn't been back since; for when I looked into his room this morning to ask about breakfast, it was empty."

"Did you observe any thing particular in his appearance last night?" I enquired, preparing to ascend the little staircase.

"Yes, sir, very wild-like! And about eight or nine o'clock, he comes to the top of the stairs, and calls out, 'Mrs —, did you hear that noise? Didn't you see something?' 'Lord, sir,' said I, in a taking, he spoke so sudden, 'no! there wa'n't any sound whatsoever!'—so he went into his room, and shut the door, and I never seed him since."

I hastened to his room. A candlestick, its candle burnt down to the socket, stood on the little table at which he generally sat, together with a pen or two, an inkstand, black wax, a sheet of paper, and a Bible open at the place from which he had copied the words addressed to his son. The room was apparently just as its unfortunate and frantic occupant had quitted it. I opened the table-drawer; it was full of paper which had been covered with writing, and was now torn into small fragments. One half sheet was left, full of strange incoherent expressions, apparently

forming part of a prayer, and evincing, alas! how fearfully the writer's reason was disturbed! But where was poor Elliott? What mode of death had he selected?

At first I thought of instantly advertising and describing his person, and issuing hand-bills about the neighbourhood; but at length determined to wait till the Monday's newspapers made their appearance—some one of which might contain intelligence concerning him which might direct my movements. And in the mean time—how was I to appear before Mrs Elliott, and account for my not bringing her husband?—I determined to send her a written excuse, on the score of pressing and unexpected engagements, but promising to call upon her either on Sunday or Monday. I resolved to do nothing rashly; for it glanced across my mind, as *possible*, that Elliott had not really carried into execution the dreadful intentions expressed in his letter to me, but had resorted to a stratagem only in order to terrify Mr Hillary into a reconciliation. This notion took such full possession of my heated imagination, that I at length lost sight of all the glaring improbabilities attending it. Alas, however, almost the first paragraph that fell under my hurried eye, in scanning over the papers of Monday, was the following:—

"On Saturday, about 8 o'clock in the morning, some labourers discovered the body of a man of respectable appearance, apparently about thirty years old, floating, without a hat, in the New River. It was immediately taken out of the water, but life seemed to have been for some hours extinct. One or two letters were found upon his person, but the MS. too much spread and blotted with the water to afford any clue to the identity of the unfortunate person. The body lies at the Red Boar public house, where a coroner's inquest is summoned for to-day at 12 o'clock."

I drove off to the place mentioned in the paragraph, and arrived there just as the jury was assembling. There was a considerable crowd about the doors. I sent in my card; and stating that I believed I could identify the body for which the inquest was summoned, I was allowed

to view the corpse, and ushered at once into the room where it lay.

I wish Mr Hillary could have entered that room with me, and have stood beside me, as I stepped shudderingly forward, and perceived that I was looking upon—HIS VICTIM! The body lay with its wet clothes undisturbed, just as it had been taken out of the water. The damp hair—the eyes wide open—the hands clenched, as if with the agonies of death.

Here lay the husband of Mrs Elliott—the fond object of her unconquerable love! This was he to whom she had written so tenderly on quitting him! Here lay he whom she had so sweetly consoled by almost daily messages through me! This was he to whom, with a pious confidence, she had predicted her speedy and happy return! This was the father of the sweet boy who sate prattling at my table only that morning! This—wretch! monster! fiend! this is the body of him you flung, on an infamous charge, into the dungeons of Newgate! This is the figure of him that shall HEREFTER—

I could bear it no longer, and rushed from the room in an agony! After drinking a glass of water, I recovered my self-possession sufficiently to make my appearance in the jury room; where I deposed to such facts—carefully concealing only, for Mrs Elliott and her son's sake, the causes which led to the commission of the fatal act—as satisfied the jury that the deceased had destroyed himself while in a state of mental derangement; and they returned their verdict accordingly.

After directing the immediate removal of the body to the house where Mr Elliott had lodged—the scene of so many agonies—of such intense and undeserved misery—I drove off; and, though quite unequal to the task, hurried through my round of patients, anxious to be at leisure in the evening for the performance of the solemn—the terrible duty—imposed upon me by poor Elliott—the conveying his letter to Mr Hillary, and communicating at the same time, with all the energy in my power, the awful results of his cruel, his tyrannical, his unnatural conduct. How I prayed that God would give me power to shake that old man's guilty soul!

Our dinner was sent away that day almost untouched. My wife and I interchanged but few and melancholy words; our noisy, lively, little guest was not present to disturb, by his innocent sallies, the mournful silence; for, unable to bear his presence, I had directed that he should not be brought down that day. I had written to Mrs Elliott a brief and hasty line, saying—that I had *just seen Mr Elliott!* but that it would be impossible for either of us to call upon her that day! adding, that I would certainly call upon her the day after—and—Heaven pardon the equivocation!—bring Mr Elliott, *if possible*, which I feared might be doubtful, as his eyes were under very active treatment.—

I have had to encounter in my time many, very many trying and terrible scenes; but I never approached any with so much apprehension and anxiety as the one now cast upon me. Fortifying myself with a few glasses of wine, I put poor Elliott's letter to Mr Hillary in my pocket-book, and drove off for — Square. I reached the house about eight o'clock. My servant, by my direction thundered impetuously at the door—a startling summons I intended it to be! The porter drew open the door almost before my servant had removed his hand from the knocker.

"Is Mr Hillary at home?" I enquired, stepping hurriedly from my carriage, with the fearful letter in my hand. "He is, sir," said the man, with a flurried air—"But—he—he—does not receive company, sir, since my mistress's death."

"Take my card to him, sir. My name is Dr —. I must see Mr Hillary instantly."

I waited in the hall for a few moments, and then received a message, requesting me to walk into the back drawingroom. There I saw Miss Gubbley, as the servant told me—alone, and dressed in deep mourning. What I had heard of this woman inspired me with the utmost contempt and hatred for her. What a countenance! Meanness, malice, cunning, and sycophancy seemed struggling for the ascendant in its expression.

"Pardon me, madam—my business," said I, peremptorily, "is not

with you, but with Mr Hillary. Him I must see, and immediately."

"Dr —, what is the matter?" she inquired, with mingled anger and anxiety in her countenance.

"I have a communication, madam, for Mr Hillary's private ear—I *must* see him; I insist upon seeing him immediately."

"This is strange conduct, sir—really," said Miss Gubbley, in an impudent manner, but her features becoming every moment paler and paler. "Have you not already?"

I unceremoniously pushed the malignant little parasite aside, opened the folding doors, and stepped instantly into the presence of the man I at once desired and dreaded to see. He sat on the sofa, in the attitude and with the expression of a man who had been suddenly aroused from sleep.

"Dr —!" he exclaimed, with an astonished and angry air—"Your servant, doctor! What's the meaning of all this?"

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr Hillary—especially after the unpleasant manner in which our acquaintance was terminated—but—I have a dreadful duty to perform"—pointing to the letter I held, and turning towards him its black seal. He saw it. He seemed rather startled or alarmed; motioned me, with a quick, anxious bow, to take a seat, and resumed his own. "Excuse me, Mr Hillary—but we must be alone," said I, pointing to Miss Gubbley, who had followed me with a suspicious and insolent air, exclaiming, as she stepped hastily towards Mr Hillary—"Don't suffer this conduct, sir! It's very incorrect—very, sir."

"We *must* be alone, sir," I repeated, calmly and peremptorily, "or I shall retire at once. You would never cease to repent *that*, sir:" and Mr Hillary, as if he had suddenly discovered some strange meaning in my eye, motioned the pertinacious intruder to the door, and she reluctantly obeyed. I drew my chair near Mr Hillary, who seemed, by this time, thoroughly alarmed.

"Will you read this letter, sir?" said I, handing it to him. He took it into his hand; looked first at the direction; then at the seal, and lastly at me, in silence.

"Do you know that hand-writing, sir?" I enquired.

He stammered an answer in the negative.

"Look at it, sir, again. You ought to know it—you *must* know it well." He laid down the letter; fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for his glasses; placed them with infinite trepidation upon his forehead, and again took the letter into his hands, which shook violently; and his sight was so confused with agitation, that I saw he could make nothing of it.

"It seems—it appears to be—a man's hand, sir. Whose is it? What is it about? What's the matter?" he exclaimed, looking at me over his glasses with a frightened stare.

"I have attended, sir, a coroner's inquest this morning"—The letter dropped instantly from Mr Hillary's shaking hand upon the floor; his lips slowly opened.

"The writer of that letter, sir, was found drowned on Saturday last," I continued slowly, looking steadfastly at him, and feeling myself grow paler every moment—"This day I saw the body—stretched upon a shutter at an inn. Oh, those awful eyes! That hair, matted and muddy! Those clenched hands—Horror filled my soul as I looked at all this, and thought of you!"

His lips moved, he uttered a few unintelligible sounds, and his face, suddenly bedewed with perspiration, assumed one of the most ghastly expressions that a human countenance could exhibit. I remained silent, nor did he speak; but the big drops rolled from his forehead and fell upon the floor. In the pier-glass opposite, to which my eye was attracted by seeing some moving figure reflected in it, I beheld the figure of Miss Gubbley; who having been no doubt listening at the door, could no longer subdue her terrified curiosity, and stole into the room on tip-toe, and stood terror-stricken behind my chair. Her presence seemed to restore Mr Hillary to consciousness.

"Take her away—go away—go—go"—he murmured, and I led her, unresisting, from the room, and, to be secured from her further intrusion, bolted both the doors.

"You had better read the letter, sir," said I, with a deep sigh, resu-

ming my seat; his eyes remained riveted on me.

"I—I—I—*cannot*, sir!" he stammered. A long pause ensued. "If—she—had but called"—he gasped, "but once—or sent—after her—her mother's death"—and with a long groan he leaned forward, and fell against me.

"She did call, sir. She came the day after her mother's death," said I, shaking my head sorrowfully.

"No, she didn't," he replied, suddenly looking at me with a stupefied air.

"Then her visit was cruelly *concealed* from you, sir. Poor creature, I know she called."

He rose slowly from the prostrate posture in which he had remained for the last few moments, clenched his trembling fists, and shook them with impotent anger. "Who—who," he muttered,—"*who dared—I—I—I—I'll ring the bell. I'll have all the*"—

"Would you have really received her, then, sir, if you had known of her calling?"

His lips moved, he attempted in vain to utter an answer, and sobbed violently, covering his face with his hands.

"Come, Mr Hillary, I see," said I, in a somewhat milder manner, "that the feelings of a FATHER are not utterly extinguished"—he burst into vehement weeping—"and I hope that—that—you may live to repent what you have done; to redress the wrongs you have committed! Your poor persecuted daughter, Mr Hillary, is not dead." He uttered a sudden sharp cry that alarmed me; grasped my hands, and carrying them to his lips, kissed them in a kind of ecstasy.

"Tell me—say plainly—only say—that Mary is alive"—

"Well, then, sir, your daughter is alive, but"—

He fell upon his knees, and groaned—"Oh God, I thank thee! I thank thee! How I thank thee!"

I waited till he had in some measure recovered from the ecstasy of emotion into which my words had thrown him, and assisted in loosening his shirt-collar and neck-handkerchief, which seemed to oppress him.

"Who—then"—he stammered—

"who was—*found drowned*—the coroner's inquest"—

"Her poor broken-hearted husband, sir, who will be buried at my expense in a day or two."

He covered his face again with his hands, and cried bitterly.

"This letter was written by him to you, sir; and he sent it to me only a few hours, it seems, before he destroyed himself, and commissioned me to deliver it to you. Is not his blood, sir, lying at your door?"

"Oh Lord, have mercy on me! Lord—Christ—forgive me! Lord, forgive a guilty old sinner," he groaned, sinking again on his knees, and wringing his hands. "I—I AM his murderer! I feel—I know it!"

"Shall I read to you, sir, his last words?" said I.

"Yes, but—they'll choke me. I can't bear them." He sunk back exhausted upon the sofa. I took up the letter, which had remained till then upon the floor since he had dropped it from his palsied grasp, and opening it, read with faltering accents the following:—

"For your poor dear daughter's sake, sir,—who is now a widow and a beggar, abandon your fierce and cruel resentment. I know that I am the guilty cause of all her misery. I have suffered, and paid the full penalty of my sin! And I am, when you read this, amongst the dead.

"Forgive me, father of my beloved and suffering wife! Forgive me, as I forgive you, in this solemn moment, from my heart, whatever wrongs you may have done me!

"Let my death knock loudly at your heart's door, so that it may open and take in my suffering—perishing Mary—YOUR Mary, and our unoffending little one! I know it will! Heaven tells me that my sacrifice is accepted! I die full of grief but contented, in the belief that all will be well with the dear ones I leave behind me. God incline your heart to mercy! Farewell! So prays your unhappy—guilty son-in-law,—HENRY ELLIOTT."

It was a long while before my emotion, almost blinding my eyes and choking my utterance, permitted me to conclude this melancholy letter. Mr Hillary sat all the while aghast.

"The gallows is too good for me!" he gasped; "oh, what a monster! what a wretch have I been! Ay, I'll surrender! I know I'm guilty! It's all my doing! I confess all! It was I—I was I put him in prison."—I looked darkly at him as he uttered these last words, and shook my head in silence.

"Ah! I see—I see you know it all! Come, then! Take me away! Away with me to Newgate. Any where you like. I'll plead guilty!" He attempted to rise, but sank back again into his seat.

"But—*where's Mary?*" he gasped.

"Alas," I replied, "she does not yet know that she is a widow! that her child is an orphan! She has herself, poor meek soul, been lying for many days at the gates of death, and even yet, her fate is more than doubtful!"

"Where is she? Let me know—tell me, or I shall die. Let me know where I may go and drop down at her feet, and ask her forgiveness!"

"She is in a common hospital, a lying-in hospital, sir, where she, a few days ago only, gave birth to a dead child, after enduring, for the whole time of her pregnancy, the greatest want and misery! She has worked her poor fingers to the bones, Mr Hillary—she has slaved like a common servant for her child, her husband, and herself, and yet she has hardly found bread for them!"

"Oh! stay, stay, doctor. A common hospital! My daughter—a common hospital!" repeated Mr Hillary, pressing his hand to his forehead, and staring vacantly at me.

"Yes, sir—a common hospital!—Where else could she go to? God be thanked, sir, for finding such resources, such places of refuge, for the poor and forsaken! She fled thither to escape starvation, and to avoid eating the bread scarce sufficient for her husband and her child! I have seen her enduring such misery as would have softened the heart of a fiend!—And, good God! how am I to tell her what has happened? How I shudder at the task that her dead husband has imposed upon me!—

What am I to say to her? Tell me, Mr Hillary, for I am confounded—I am in despair! How shall I break to her this frightful event?"—Mr Hillary groaned—"Pray, tell me, sir," I continued, with real sternness,

"what am I to do? How am I to face your wretched daughter in the morning! She has been unable even to see her husband for a moment since her illness. How will she bear being told that she is NEVER to see him again? I shall be almost guilty of her murder!" I paused, greatly agitated.

"Tell her—tell her—conceal the death," he gasped; "and tell her first, that all's forgiven, if she'll accept my forgiveness, and forgive me! Tell her—be sure to tell her—that my whole fortune is hers and her child's.—Surely *that*—I will make my will afresh. Every half-penny shall go to her and her child. It shall, so help me God!"

"Poor creature!" I exclaimed, bitterly, "can money heal thy broken heart?" I paused. "You may relent, Mr Hillary, and receive your unhappy daughter into your house again, but, believe me, her heart will lie in her husband's grave!"

"Doctor, doctor! You are killing me!" he exclaimed, every feature writhing under the scourgings of remorse. "Tell me! only tell me what can I do more? This house—all I have, is hers, for the rest of her life. She may turn me into the streets. I'll live on bread and water, they shall roll in gold. But, oh, where is she! where is she? I'll send the carriage instantly." He rose, as if intending to ring the bell.

"No, no, Mr Hillary; she must not be disturbed! She must remain at her present abode, under the roof of charity, where she lies—sweet being! humble and grateful among her sisters in suffering!"

"I—I'll give a thousand pounds to the charity—I will. I'll give a couple of thousands—so help me God, I will. And I'll give it in the name of a Repentant Old Sinner. Oh, I'll do every thing that a guilty wretch can do. But I *must* see my daughter! I must hear her blessed innocent lips say that she forgives me."

"Pause, sir," said I solemnly—"you know not that she will live to leave the hospital, or receive your penitent acknowledgments—that she will not die while I am telling her the horrid!"—

"What! has she yet to hear of it?" he exclaimed, looking aghast.

"I told you so, sir, some time ago."

"Oh, yes, you did—you did—but I forgot. Lord, Lord, I feel going mad!" He rose feebly from the sofa, and staggered for a moment to and fro, but his knees refused their support, and he sunk down again upon his seat, where he sat staring at me with a dull glassy eye, while I proceeded—

"Another melancholy duty remains to be performed. I think, sir, you should see his remains."

"*I see the body!*" Fright flitted over his face. "Do you wish me to drop down dead beside it, sir? I see the body? It would burst out a-bleeding directly I got into the room—for I murdered him! Oh God, forgive me! Oh spare me such a sight!"

"Well, sir, since your alarm is so great, that sad sight may be spared; but there is *one* thing you must do"—I paused; he looked at me apprehensively—"testify your repentance, sir, by following his poor remains to the grave."

"I—I—could not! It's no use frightening me thus, doctor. I—I tell you I should die—I should never return home alive. But, if you'll allow it, my carriage shall follow. I'll give orders this very night for a proper, a splendid funeral, such as is fit for—*my—my—son-in-law!* He shall be buried in my vault. No, no, that cannot be, for then"—he shuddered—"I must lie beside him! But—I cannot go to the funeral! Lord, Lord, how the crowd would stare at me! how they would hoot me! They would tear me out of the coach. No"—he trembled—"spare me that also! kind sir, spare me attending the funeral! I'll remain at home in my own room in the dark all that day upon my knees, but I cannot, nay, I will not follow him to the grave. The tolling of that bell"—his voice died away—"would kill me."

"There is yet another thing, sir. His little boy"—my voice faltered—"is living at my house; perhaps you would refuse to see him, for he is very like his wretched father."

"Oh bring him! bring him to me!" he murmured. "How I will worship him! what I will do for him! But how his murdered father will always look out of his eyes at

me! Oh my God! whither shall I go, what must I do to escape? Oh that I had died and been buried with my poor wife, the other day, before I had heard of all this!"

"You would have known—you would have heard of it *hereafter*, sir."

"Ah! that's it! I know it—I know what you mean, and I feel it's true. Yes, I shall be *damned* for what I've done. Such a wretch—how can I expect forgiveness? Oh, will you read a prayer with me? No, I'll pray myself—no."

"Pray, sir; and may your prayers be heard! And also pray that I may be able to tell safely my awful message to your daughter—that the blow may not smite her into the grave! And lastly, sir," I added, rising, and addressing him with all the emphasis and solemnity I could, "I charge you, in the name of God, to make no attempt to see your daughter, or send to her, till you see or hear from me again."

He promised to obey my injunctions, imploring me to call upon her the next day, and grasping my hand between his own with a convulsive energy, so that I could not extricate it but with some little force. As I had never once offered a syllable of sympathy throughout our interview, so I quitted his presence coldly and sternly, while he threw himself down at full length upon the sofa, and I heard without any emotion his half-choked exclamation, "Lord, Lord, what is to become of me!"

On reaching the back drawing-room, I encountered Miss Gubbley walking to and fro, excessively pale and agitated. I had uncoiled that little viper—I had plucked it from the heart into which it had crept—and so far I felt that I had not failed in that night's errand! I foresaw her speedy dismissal; and it took place within a day or two of that on which I had visited Mr Hillary.

The next day, about noon, I called at the lodgings where Elliott's remains were lying, in order that I might make a few simple arrangements for a speedy funeral.

"Oh—here's Dr——!" exclaimed the woman of the house, to a gentleman dressed in black, who, with two

others in similar habiliments, was just quitting. "These here gentlemen, sir, are come about the funeral, sir, of poor dear Mr Elliott."—I begged them to return into the house. "I presume, sir," said I, "you have been sent here by Mr Hillary's orders?"

"A—Mr Hillary did me the honour, sir, to request me to call, sir," replied the polite man of death with a low bow—"and am favoured with the expression of his wishes, sir, to spare no expense in showing his respect for the deceased. So my men have just measured the body, sir; the shell will be here to-night, sir, the leaden coffin the day after, and the two outer coffins"—

"Stop, sir—Mr Hillary is premature. He has quite mistaken my wishes, sir. I act as the executor of Mr Elliott, and Mr Hillary has no concern whatever with the burial of these remains."

He bowed with an air of mingled astonishment and mortification.

"It is my wish, and intention, sir," said I, "that this unfortunate gentleman be buried in the simplest and most private manner possible"—

"Oh, sir! but Mr Hillary's orders to me were—pardon me, sir—so *very* liberal, to do the thing in a gentlemanlike way"—

"I tell you again, sir, that Mr Hillary has nothing whatever to do with the matter, nor shall I admit of his interference. If you choose to obey *my* orders,—you will procure a plain deal coffin, a hearse and pair, and one mourning coach, and provide a grave in — churchyard—nay, open Mr Hillary's vault and bury there, if he will permit."

"I really think, sir, you'd better employ a person in the small way," said he, casting a grim look at his two attendants—"I'm not accustomed"—

"You may retire then, sir, at once," said I; and with a lofty bow the great undertaker withdrew. No!—despised, persecuted, and forsaken had poor Elliott been in his life; there should be, I resolved, no splendid mockery—no fashionable foolery

about his burial! I chose for him not the vault of Mr Hillary, but a grave in the humble churchyard of —, where the poor suicide might slumber in "penitential loneliness!"

He was buried as I wished—no one attending the funeral but myself, the proprietor of the house in which he had lived at the period of his death, and one of his early and humble acquaintance, who had been present at his marriage. I had wished to carry with us, as chief mourner, little Elliott—by way of fulfilling, as far as possible, the touching injunctions left by his father—but my wife dissuaded me from it. "Well, poor Elliott," said I, as I took my last look into his grave—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well!"

Heaven forgive the rash act which brought his days to an untimely close, and him whose cruelty and wickedness occasioned it!"

I shall not bring the reader again into the guilty and gloomy presence of Mr Hillary. His hard heart was indeed broken by the blow that poor Elliott had so recklessly struck, and whose mournful prophecy was in this respect fulfilled. Providence decreed that the declining days of the inexorable and unnatural parent should be clouded with a wretchedness that admitted of neither intermission nor alleviation, equally destitute as he was of consolation from the past, and hope from the future!

And his daughter! O disturb not the veil that has fallen over the brokenhearted!

Never again did the high and noble spirit of Mary Elliott lift itself up; for her heart lay buried in her young husband's grave,—the grave dug for him by the eager and cruel hands of her father. In vain did those hands lavishly scatter about her all the splendours and luxuries of unbounded wealth; they could never divert her cold undazzled eye from the mournful image of him whose death had purchased them; and what could she see ever beside her, in her too late repentant father, but his murderer!

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WE firmly believe that the greater number of the finest pictures that ever were painted (we mean in oil) are now in this country; but they are so scattered in private collections, that they do not tell as a whole. The British Gallery, Pall Mall, by an annual selection, furnishes constant gratification, by bringing forward treasures, many of which would otherwise be as inaccessible to the public eye as if buried in the profoundest earth. So far is well—but it is to the National Gallery we are to look for a great and more perfect permanent display of the creations of art and genius. We rejoiced exceedingly when this Gallery was founded, and must confess we feel no little disappointment that time and opportunities are allowed to pass by unimproved, with so slight or inconsiderable additions being made to the collection. We are totally ignorant of the management or any part of the working of this national scheme—and are surprised to find, that a National Gallery having been thought worthy this great country, that its pride should have been hitherto shown in such mutilated efforts. It is true, indeed, that, in extent at least, an immense structure is building, though the taste in the design is very questionable; but for this vast preparation, which is as a mountain to a mouse, according to the catalogue there are not much more than one hundred pictures—far less than the many private collections, both in town and country. And of this small number we should consider it a benefit conferred on the public, if a great portion were sunk in the Thames. It is of the utmost importance that in the formation of a National Gallery, works of mediocrity should be excluded. If the public taste is to be formed or improved thereby, let it not be distracted. It is a great point that the scholar and aspirant for fame should have nothing to unlearn; even if there must be a separation of schools, let the specimens be perfect in their kind. Ill-arranged multiplicity creates perplexity, but if it be mostly made up of medio-

crity, disgust. We are annoyed at the heterogeneous confusion of a broker's shop, and a chance excellence is vulgarized by association.

We repeat that we should not care if two-thirds of the collection were annihilated. It may please the vulgar public to see galleries of vast extent filled. They may delight in the gorgeous perspective of frames, but it is an idle and unimproving gratification. We know not what the proposed plan may be, but if it be in imitation of the Louvre and other galleries, we are persuaded it is not the best. We would give to every very celebrated master, such as Correggio, Raphael, Claude, &c., a room to himself. Their works would thus be seen, we are persuaded, to tenfold advantage. Nor indeed should we object, but on the score of the difficulty, if every deserving picture were a separate exhibition. Many of the best performances of the old masters were painted for chapels, and stood singly, and require now positions and lights similar to those for which they were originally designed. They were painted for adoration, we degrade them to furniture. But at least let there be a good selection in those that are to keep company together. It is a great offence to unsanctify saints by their juxtaposition with drolls. How disgusting is it to turn from some celestial purity of Raphael, to the degraded vulgarity of Brawer or Ostade? The injury is mutual. We trust care will be taken to avoid this common fault; and due attention to it will remove the fancied necessity of useless accumulations. From the dimensions of the building, we are to conclude that the present collection is to form but a very small part. We are therefore naturally led to enquire what means there are, and what efforts are made, to obtain works of a first-rate character? We may be wrong, but we believe that there is no certain fund. Nor are we aware that there are any number of persons of taste and knowledge in the arts commissioned either to make report or to purchase. With

extremely limited opportunities of seeing fine pictures, we have ourselves within this last twelvemonth seen pictures that would be great acquisitions for the nation, and to be purchased at no exorbitant sums. And we the more regret the stagnation, because valuable pictures, when purchased for private collections, are there frequently locked up for ever. Thus, while the private collectors are busy, the public materially suffer from inertness.

"Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes."

We fear, likewise, that the very persons to whom we would appeal for the promotion of the great national object, would be themselves competitors in the market. The love of possession may often interfere with recommendation for public purchase. We should be glad, therefore, to see a committee formed, some of the members of which should not be private purchasers; and that such strong representations should be made in Parliament, and the importance of the national undertaking so set forth, that an annual liberal sum should be voted at the disposal of a judiciously composed committee. We cannot think, even in these times of a Reformed Parliament, that a few thousand pounds per annum would be at all considered. Hundreds of thousands are little thought of to committees and commissioners of every description, for objects whose good is problematical; and we cannot think, if properly urged, that the House of Commons would deny a liberal support to a National Gallery, - from which the people would be taught, improved, and delighted. They would surely promote intellectual cultivation, and the extension of the cheapest intellectual luxury.

Picture-dealers, of which class there are many of the highest integrity, honour, and judgment, might themselves form an annual exhibition, somewhat similar to the British Institution, submitting their works for exhibition to a committee of gentlemen (not dealers) chosen by themselves. There would thus be an honourable competition with the British Institution itself; and the

finest works would thus more certainly come before the public eye, and the exertions of picture-dealers be increased by the advantages and eclat of bringing forward pictures for a National Gallery. We often hear objections made to pictures as belonging to dealers, and we believe the Institution, not admitting any such, has encouraged the prejudice. It is not an honourable prejudice, and implies too much ignorance (a suspicion arising from ignorance) in collectors themselves; as if they would not dare to judge for themselves of intrinsic merits. We think, in every point of view, an honourable competition of this kind would be highly advantageous to dealers themselves, would tend greatly to remove them from suspicion of trickeries, and by bringing their tastes to a public test, enlarge their reputation, and give confidence both to and in their judgments. We lately mentioned this scheme to a dealer, who perfectly agreed with us in opinion as to its general utility. It would dignify the pursuit, the profession, and the collection, and would open for public advantage a more fair competition between the nation and the private collector.

Although we would not object to donations and legacies to the public, we should place no greater value upon them, than as they might be the means of supplying works which might otherwise be locked up, and not come into the public market; for we can very well afford to purchase, and money would be thus well laid out, for public use and public glory. But it is very plain to see, that, now in its infancy, the National Gallery is suffering and groaning under the infliction of legacies and donations. It is very well if those who can afford so to dispose of their collections, give or bequeath them; but with the gift or bequest there should be a general understanding, and admission of a power to select, to weed, and to reject. National buildings are and ought to be too costly for mere lumber. With some good there may be much mediocrity, which it is beneath the national dignity to admit; and we are the more prompt to make these remarks, because we already

see atrocious presents, and upon a large scale, disgracing the walls. A library of any note would not retain its duplicates and inferior copies; nor should the gallery of the nation be less choice. It is better to purchase even at higher prices every picture, than to feel the permanent load of atrocious presents, which can neither be liked nor got rid of. And is not that expensive lumber for which we are obliged to build a palace? It is Egyptian darkness to erect a costly temple for deified yet contemptible monsters. It is a vulgar saying, that we "should not look a gift horse in the mouth," but it is only under supposition that if he have not a leg to stand on, he may fairly go to the dogs; but we never heard of such presents with the condition of building costly infirmaries for the incurables.

The governors of the British Institution have been donors of the most costly presents, which are at least as remarkable for their magnitude as merit—five in number. There is, however, but one which a national gallery should be ambitious to retain, and that only until they can purchase a better by the master, if they should be so fortunate as to sell it at one quarter of its cost. The *Parnegiano*, the *Vision of St Jerome*, may have been a good picture for the purpose and situation for which it was painted, and before it was painted upon, to repair the damages it received from the earthquake. It has been literally daubed over with a megillup medium, which, however well it may have looked at the time, is now blistering and cracking in a very disagreeable manner. Nor can we imagine the picture to have been painted originally of that red-brown which now pervades it, particularly the flesh of the *St John*. The *Madonna* and the *Infant Saviour* have dignity and grace. The *St John* strikes us as in a forced and unpleasant attitude; *St Jerome* as an uncouth and vulgar figure. The picture is so much injured, and is now so disagreeable, at least a great part of it, in texture and colour, that, fully acknowledging the merits of its composition, we should prefer to have constantly before us a good print to the origin-

al. Yet this cost we know not how many thousand pounds. The *Consecration of St Nicholas* is a good picture, but not a very interesting subject. As a work of art, composition, and colouring, and *chiaro-scuro*, of great merit. Of the three other donations by the governors of the British Institution, we cannot but say we should be pleased to hear of their utter destruction by flood, fire, or any means. They disgrace masters and collectors. Poor, good, vain, old man! West was a sort of male *Joanna Southcote* among certain dilettanti and religious connoisseurs. He aspired for fame upon the largest scale, and the world gave it to him without measure. Their flattery—almost adoration—was great, but the prices greater. We recollect at the time he painted these acre canvasses, the absurd infatuation of his heated admirers. As but one could get the picture, it was who should get a print. In carriages and on crutches, hobbling and hustling, did innumerable old ladies hasten to the publishers in breathless eagerness. "Am I too late?" Fortunate they who could but touch the margin of a proof! It had virtue in it; it had efficacy to make up the sinner's account, and compound for human infirmities. Take the book: the biographer is amusing. West would supersede *Raphael*, and see how easily the balloon of vanity is inflated, and rises!

"A number of gentlemen of the Society of Quakers in Philadelphia set on foot a subscription for the purpose of erecting an hospital for the sick poor in that city. Among others to whom they applied for contributions in this country, they addressed themselves to Mr West. He informed them, however, that his circumstances did not permit him to give so liberal a sum as he could wish; but if they would provide a proper place in the building, he would paint a picture for it as his subscription, which perhaps would prove of more advantage than all the money he could afford to bestow; and with this intention he began the *Christ healing the Sick*. While the work was going forward, it attracted a great deal of notice in

his rooms, and finally had the effect of inducing the Association of the British Institution to make him an offer of three thousand guineas for the picture. Mr West accepted the offer, but on condition that he should be at liberty to make a copy for the hospital at Philadelphia, and to introduce into the copy such alterations and improvements as he might think fit. This copy he also executed; and the success which attended the exhibition of it in America was so extraordinary, that the proceeds enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building for the reception of no less than thirty additional patients." Let humbug flourish for ever, as flourish it will. And so Philadelphia was robbed of this precious original, because the governors of the British Institution, like true Southcottites, ran with breathless speed to make their "wise-men's offering;" and the National Gallery is burdened for ever, under the name of a magnificent donation, with this perfection of sand, oil, and brick-dust. Let the nation have a power to sell it; then, perhaps, may it flourish again as a fit awning for the ark of a Bethel union, receive due odours of sanctification, and be weekly varnished by the celestial breathings of boatswain Smith. But, *simpereth* the oily man, "surely the composition is grand, the expression divine." Not a whit. Where there should be divine grandeur, the more divine from the union with immeasurable benevolence, there is but weakness, undignified *simpering*, affected wonder, and that repetition of hard profile for which West ever had a predilection. Kemble's nose, and a Brutus' crop, was all the notion West had of a Roman soldier; and as to his women, all we can say is, they are worthy mothers to the children they bear, and would reconcile the world to the establishment of a Malthusian nunnery.

But have not the governors been munificent in the presentation of Gainsborough's "Market Cart?" To "market" let it go, by all means; it is merely poverty on a large scale. We believe the Institution gave one thousand pounds for this rubbish, of which Gainsborough, could he

have recovered the sense and taste he had in his earlier time, would have been, and perhaps was, thoroughly ashamed. You could scarcely make so bad a choice among modern painters, though they are poor enough in landscape, as not to have had a better, far better, picture for twenty pounds. The greater part of it is the mere smearing and daubing of pigs-hair, and the leafage like clipt collections of the bristles. There was a time when Gainsborough could paint, and his unaffected little pictures have a great look of common nature; but when he found out, or fancied that fame and fortune were of easier acquirement by splashy nothings upon a large scale, and flattery told him that genius must be lifted up upon magnitude, he spared neither paint nor canvas. Gainsborough's forte was portrait; in that he stands almost unrivalled among those of his day, and in that walk he is original. He is more natural than Sir Joshua; and there is a pleasing air about most of his pictures, a suiting his background to his characters, and his colour charming. But in landscape he never did and never could mount high. A hedge, a stunted tree, a distant church, and a donkey or two, would arrest his attention; but he had no invention, no power of combination, knew nothing of composition, had no eye for fine scenery, for the real poetry of nature; and in his later time, when he smeared and scraped, scorning the work and detail, both in form and colour, of the nature before him, he made but the beggary of his genius the more conspicuous. Look at the "Market Cart," *ecce signum*. How the picture came to sell for that exorbitant sum we know not; but whoever received it might well say, with Falstaff, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds." Oh for an act of Parliament to endow the nation with the power of furthering this system of presentation! Then might all such pictures be presented to the county magistrates, to be by them again distributed, to be suspended as "signs" of government liberality to the takers-out of licenses, whereby his Majesty's so-

ber subject may be "*drunk upon the premises*" according to act of Parliament. Poor landscape! if Gainsborough's sketch-book (and what prices did not the originals fetch!) should reach foreign countries, what will strangers think of English scenery? With Moreland and Gainsborough in their hands, they must esteem us a nation of pig-butchers, and breeders of asses. Titian, Poussin, Claude, Salvator, how much labour and genius have you bestowed upon a world of connoisseurs, that can be contented to give a thousand pounds for the "Market Cart!"

Here are two more presents of the same masters, West and Gainsborough, by his late Majesty George the Fourth and Lord Farnborough! We are not at all surprised that the donors should wish to get rid of such pictures, but that the National Gallery should accept them. Some donors, indeed, appear to have had much modesty, and could not have the face to give their trash in their lifetime, and have left that disagreeable task to their executors. But here the temptation to get rid of their refuse was too strong, seeing that the nation would accept any thing, and bestow upon them the title of patrons. A Last Supper by Raphael or Da Vinci, or one of the Seven Sacraments of N. Poussin would be a present worth having. But the public are very goodnatured, indeed, to be put off with West's dirt and turmeric. And lest the catalogue should mislead you to expect some gay novelty by Gainsborough, a promenade to celebrate costume and fashion, know that his "Watering-place" is but a dingy ditch, with stained cattle, that do well to endeavour to wash themselves, though they cannot get up to their knees in the fluid, and there they stand, alike fearful to drink, or lie down, in the unpromising liquid. While the figures seem wondering at a distance, and perhaps betting, if they will dare. And this is England's melancholy pastoral. But the portrait of Ralph Schuberg, Esq., presented by the family, is a lucky present, and redeems poor Gainsborough's fame. And so the fine portrait of Lord Heathfield redeems

Sir Joshua Reynolds's fame, which sadly suffers from the presentation by the British Institution of his "Holy Family,"—the fifth donation by that body. Was ever picture more crudely, more slovenly painted? One would imagine that Sir Joshua must have sketched in some rustics, and some one suggested the conversion into a Holy Family with the intimation of a liberal purchase, and so perhaps the blubber-cheeked children were unbreeched, and a reed put in the hand to make a St John. The Country Girl is well enough; but for a Madonna! who would have thought of that?—not Sir Joshua, he never could so have originally designed it. And what painting! it is neither "fish nor flesh," and the cheeks are as topheavy as tadpoles. Yet this disagreeable picture, that one would be exceedingly sorry to have before one, cost the governors, unfinished, badly painted, and coloured as it is, we believe, no less a sum than one thousand nine hundred pounds, and is now to be suspended a public eyesore for ever. Eyes that have once beheld the Holy Families by Raphael, will turn away with disgust from this daubed vulgarity, and (if English) blush for shame that a foolish countryman should have courted a comparison with works of the utmost purity of thought and execution. And there is a present of the Banished Lord of Sir Joshua by a rev. gentleman, who, saving his reverence, must have been very glad to banish such a scamp from his presence. We know not where such lords grow, perhaps it was a prospective portrait of a new creation under the Reform mania to degrade the whole House of Lords. Viewing the picture in that light, it may be truly historical, and so well worthy a place in the National Gallery. But we would have greater respect to the reputation of so great a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds, than to take the refuse of his painting rooms, the mere experiments of his brush and colours, and perhaps attempted in sick or weary moments, as specimens of the powers of as great a genius as England has perhaps yet produced. If these are the models from which the aspirants of the English school

are to learn how fame and fortune are to be acquired, who will

"Scorn delights and live laborious days," when daubing and unmeaning slovenliness thus win the prize? National collectors should be particularly jealous of national fame, and cautiously select the very best works of native artists, and not by a hasty or too forward admission of the worst, give occasion to foreigners to scoff at British taste and British power—no, not even in the arts. We are energetic, because we positively have an affection for Sir Joshua, and would cherish his memory. We cannot forget that he painted Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and impressed the very soul of tragedy upon the canvas; nor can we forget the poetry of the background to that grand figure—Nor shall we ever forget the lovely dignity and beauty which he has doubtless faithfully bequeathed to posterity of the women of England, the mothers and grandmothers, fair, beauteous, and chaste, thereby giving the lie direct to the foul-mouthed public slanderer, whom the manliness of their sons should crush to the earth for his Satanic lie. We will never forget that Sir Joshua was the true painter of English fortitude in the picture of Lord Heathfield in this very gallery. The hero stands with that placid determination in his countenance that is almost playful in resolution; it is a feeling so fixed that he can afford to sport with it; and while he grasps the keys firmly with one hand, he touches with them the palm of the other almost sportingly, as if in his mind he were saying, "Take them if you can." No, let Sir Joshua have his due place in the temple of art.

It is because we regard his fame, that we likewise object to the two pictures of Wilkie in this Gallery; they were admired in their day, but Wilkie knows he does not now wish his reputation to rest on them. Now though the subjects of Hogarth disgust us (that is not the fault of Hogarth), in a national gallery we would not be without his "*Mariage-a-la-Mode*." Their wonderful merit must be admitted; the depth of their satire. They establish his

fame; but we wish they were, as probably they will be, in a room by themselves. And we could wish there were better specimens of Wilson, yet we would not have the Niobe removed. All the upper part of the picture, the sky and conception of the figures, is very poetical. The landscape part is too commonplace, and after Wilson's receipt for everyday practice. There is great originality in Wilson; and if he was not learned in the art of composition, he throws such an air of nature in his colouring over his defects, that we are almost insensible to them; at least they do not offend. We hope some of his best pictures will be purchased; for he stands unrivalled as yet as the English landscape painter. Whilst on the subject of English painters, we cannot but again lament the legacy system, or legacy tax upon the public, as it may be justly called. Here is Opie's staring, vulgar, hard, abominable *Troilus* and *Cressida*, bequeathed by Mr Silk. Oh what a *Cressida*!—No wonder the lover stands with his arms folded unmoved; and even *Pandarus* is a disgrace to all panders. *Cressida* walks in, like a chambermaid at an inn, with a pair of sheets over her head, and *Pandarus*, as if he were questioning their being well aired. The lover looks unconcerned, being determined never to lie in them. Are there no better things of Opie than this? There is not a respectable inn that would hang it as a sign, and certainly none could think it a favourable advertisement of "well-aired beds."

While in this vein to rate things at no more than they are worth, we will just touch upon a few pictures in the gallery that are annoying, and then enjoy the pleasure of admiration.

Here, then, is a "*Woman bathing*" by Rembrandt, so said, but nothing will make us believe that. True, he did occasionally paint ugly people, but never downright human beasts. It is hideous, nor, we confess, however dilettante may delight in their magnifying glasses, do we see any merit in it whatever, and wish it were burnt to charcoal; nor, in that case, would we, if on a jury, give a verdict against any insurance-office

that should dispute the value of the property. Decency forbid that this picture should be seen in the new gallery; if it must be hung, let it be in the darkest hole. It disgusts man, and brutalizes the idea of woman.

We are to suppose that Murillo's Boy is to be considered a fine specimen of art; for our own parts, we heartily wish Murillo had been fined for perpetuating the little ragged blackguard. But as this family now form a considerable part of the constituency of the country, and have their representatives in Parliament, we suppose it right that this young ideal should have his place in the National Gallery. We do not like either Cuyp or Both in the gallery, they are dingy and hot; a disagreeable mixture of both faults, and so is Claude's Narcissus, and that perhaps is not Claude's fault,—and his (so called) Cephalus and Procris is childish in composition, and quite dirt in colour. The Reubens landscape shows only what a dexterous hand and misdirected skill can do. When we remember Rubens' wood scene, exhibited last year in the British Institution, where the sunbeams seem awestruck and suddenly arrested as they would peer into the gloom, we are utterly at a loss to conceive in what fit the same Rubens should have painted so disagreeable a picture as that before us.

We have no feeling whatever for Carracci's and Domenichino's stiff compositionless landscapes; they appear to us perfectly unmeaning. And in Tintoretti's St George and the Dragon, we are very much tempted to take part with the latter, and wish he may devour every living thing within the frame. Though it is not without some oddity and stiffness, the martyrdom of St Peter by Giorione is so solemnly rich in colour, that we should like to see it more accurately. Rubens can scarcely be pardoned, on the score of good painting and colour, for his picture of the Romans and Sabines; it has his worst fault in its worst degree. Of some ancient eccentricities that would scarcely presume to be pictures, the less said the better. And let us now leave the "Nil admirari" strain: and we are truly thankful that there is not only what to admire, but what

will fascinate again and again and for ever. If this gallery contained nothing but the Correggios and Claudes, it would be worth its whole cost; but there are others truly worthy a national collection.

Here is Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne. It is splendid in colour, and indeed in all respects exquisitely beautiful. We refer the reader to Sir Joshua's critique. We know not which to admire most, the Bacchus, the Ariadne, or the infant satyr-god. We think the latter shows more decidedly the genius of Titian. A Bacchus or an Ariadne might have been found for him; the Infant Satyr was pure creation. The revelry of the picture is perfect. There are perhaps finer Bacchanalians than this of Nicholas Poussin—nevertheless, it is a good picture. What a perfect, lovely picture we have in the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Rembrandt. He was the true painter of mystery; and here he has given all the power of light and shade to make it perfect. It looks so true, that the very lowliness of the scene, and inartificial attitude and character of the shepherds, so take away the appearance of all art, and all attempt at display, that the divinity of the mystery impresses the mind at once, as of a real event. We much prefer this to the more highly finished picture of Rembrandt, likewise from the Angerstein collection. Here is Vandyck's portrait of Gevastius. This is not only life, but thought. You need not ask who was Gevastius? You see more than you can be told; for a while you forget the painter; you are a companion with the great scholar and critic—and finding him too deep for your scrutiny, you turn to the painter, and wonder with delight at the mechanism and skill, the exquisite colouring, all so perfect as to be unseen until your mind be filled with the character of the man, the first thing the painter thought of. We rejoice that so admirable a specimen of Vandyck, and of portrait-painting, has been secured to the country. Let us now turn to the great work of Sebastian del Piombo, "The raising of Lazarus." This was painted to rival Raphael's Transfiguration, and may, perhaps, as it has been asserted, bear marks of the hand, or mind of Michael An-

gelo; though we like not to suggest, or be conscious of, copartnerships in art. It is a disappointment, and implying too great effort to conceive the creative faculty to be otherwise than one in operation. Let Sebastian have the glory, and glory enough it is, to have imagined and executed such a picture. The mingled earthly and ghostly character, in the whole and every part of the figure of Lazarus, impresses the spectator with awe—he is instantly convinced of a present miracle. The dead is alive—yet retaining a sublimity and wonder conceived in another existence. It is no weak, faint, gradual restoration to life, but the bursting the bonds of death with instant energy. Death is not, but its mystery, and that of the world of spirits, is still co-existent with flesh and blood. Death is annihilated, but the shadow of the valley of death has passed over him, and its ghastly horror attests the miracle. When you can examine beyond the figure of Lazarus, for you are at first wholly absorbed in the miracle, you wonder at the attendants who dare to touch a being so living, yet so unearthly—but that wondrous countenance is hid from them—who could lay a finger on that cheek? no, not even on the picture, without shuddering. Objections have been made to the extensive groups of figures in the background, that they distract from the miracle. We cannot say they had such effect upon us—we saw them not—nothing but Christ and Lazarus, until a desire to see the recovered restored to the world of friends and relatives and busy life entered into our minds; then, and not till then, did we see a world prepared for him, a substantial world, with its crowd, its buildings, and nearer, dear friends and relatives to conduct him into it. With this view, the feeling of the picture is progressive; you see no more at a time than you ought, and yet is it a most perfect whole. We forget that it is a work of art; and to speak of it as such, it appears to be painted with great vigour, firmly, without visible execution, and the colouring is so appropriate throughout, that we think not of it separate from the intended effect. If it be true that this grand picture was painted to rival the

Transfiguration, Sebastian del Piombo may have purposely chosen a subject of so sombre a hue, and treated it with that dark and solemn awe, that he might not seem to have imitated Raphael, whose picture is of light and brightness. It is not possible to turn immediately from this "Raising of Lazarus" with any pleasure to lighter subjects. But you have shut your eyes—have been in vision or in dream, not quite forgetfulness, but repose has been stealing over your senses,—arise, walk a while round the rooms, and you will soon stand before the Claudes satisfied. Claude, perhaps, never painted a finer picture than the "Embarkation of St Ursula." Light and its sweetest and most pervading glow are felt, not so much on the canvass as coming from it. The composition is most elegant, the grouping of the figures just what it ought to be, and the figures themselves very graceful. There is great effect, but you think not, so much all is grace, of the labour that has produced it. You are sensible that you are viewing a perfect work of the greatest master the world ever saw, or will perhaps see in that walk of art so peculiar to himself. As an architectural and marine painter, that is, uniting sea and architecture, he stands more alone than Raphael or Michael Angelo in their historical. Who has even dared to imitate him? Look at Veron's seaports—you know at once he had not painted them but for Claude—but where is that perfect grace, that illuminated and illuminating elegance—that poetical radiance, that takes the subject upon the very utmost verge of the probable and natural? He throws back the imagination into legendary days, clothes fiction or fable with truth, blending the past in event with that which will ever be perpetual in nature; retaining only so much of formality as may belong to the legendary age. Whatever the event be he represents, you stay not a moment to question its authenticity. It is stamped for ever. If it be his own creation, it is more strong and more palpable than history; if it be history, it is convertible to what he willed by his magic pencil. The eleven thousand British virgin martyrs of Cologne have indeed for ages

been a subject of mockery and laughter; but the church that is supported by legends would do well to refer to Claude as the best advocate for the fact. We place implicit faith in Livy, and rejoice therefore with national pride in St Ursula as an English princess. The more we look, the more we wish her a safe voyage, and find our hands raised to do her homage. Nay, if any should read to us that it was Claude's intention to show that the martyrdom was past, and that the eleven thousand virgins had each their heads magically re-fastened by a silver cord, and were voyaging in their glory from some seaport of the world of Elysium, of the dreams of the departed, we should not for a moment question it, and should acknowledge a glow of daylight more glorious than our own. What is it to the spectator if one poor maiden, Undecimilla, has been, from the mere name, multiplied into eleven thousand? Poetry and history provide glasses for all eyes, and all imaginations, or those of none. Their telescopes have two ends, and there is the kaleidoscope for extraordinary occasions. Who would ever object to an artist that he repeated himself? Whoever does so sees not the little changes and varieties that still make each work one and separate from the other. Claude does not more repeat himself than Homer did, or Virgil, the latter of whom Claude so resembles in his execution. If you cannot turn to the embarkation of the Queen of Sheba as to a *new* picture, you have no right to make any turnings in your walk to the picturesque and beautiful; walk straight to the point without turning your head, and back again, and fancy you have seen Corinth and Mytelene. The slightest deviation makes a wonderful difference, whether it be in ethics or optics. The Queen of Sheba is not St Ursula; nor are water, buildings, nor figures the same. It is only a work of the same genius. Perhaps in this picture, the water, in a slight swell, is more beautiful than in that of St Ursula. That he might give it more perfect play, and set it off uninterruptedly, Claude has here removed his vessels to distance, and between the columns of the triumphant arch. The water is in perfect motion, and the varying light

upon the undulating surfaces is in most perfect illusion. The water has both distance and depth; it is a liquid substance, wrought out with wonderful truth. Liquid as it is, it is not of that transparency that shows you the canvas through it, but is to be sounded by line, and in which you may drop anchor, and ascertain the time ere it will bury itself in the sand. The figures here are exquisitely placed and painted; those conveying a trunk into a boat are surprisingly coloured. It has been said of Claude that he could not paint figures well—and absurdly said. Perhaps he was no anatomist; but they are always, when by his own hand, most perfectly in the feeling and poetry of his subjects. We never would have them by another hand. If we may venture to find any fault—and perhaps he had his reason, which we do not see—we are not quite satisfied with a figure or two he commonly places in his very foreground—neither with the figures nor their position. They are in these two pictures of the St Ursula and Queen of Sheba. The two upright lookers-on, in both instances, under the upright columns. These two pictures, and perhaps one or two more, make the National Gallery very rich in Claude. Yet his architectural-marine subjects are so transcendently fine, that possibly somewhat of the real merit of his landscapes is lost by a comparison. We know it is a fashion to proclaim Claude as the first landscape painter in the world, and that our opinion to the contrary will be considered an unpardonable heresy. But we will give reasons. What are his landscapes? Are they pastoral? They want pastoral freedom, both of country and execution; they are too dressed for pastoral. The distances are indeed perfect in painting; but they either have little union with the foregrounds, or are such as you would be content to see from a window, but have no desire to wander over. Nor is there any reason why he should not, if he pleased, substitute some other distances, or transfer from one picture to another. Then his trees, beautiful as they are as garden trees, might have been transplanted, and left, and perhaps trimmed, as ornamental; but they

have not in them that vital sap that bespeaks them indigenous. They have not about them the living power and spell, sensitiveness and communicativeness with all about them. If they bend or wave, it is without speech or hearing. Speech or hearing! Is not that an absurdity? Surely not; if you think them not endowed creatures, substances into which, as fables old imagined, humanity itself might be convertible, you cannot enjoy landscape, and will never make a true landscape painter. Again, Claude's grounds are not varied; little is left to the imagination; there is not the undulation in them that conceals in part, to create desire for discovery of beauty and repose of shade and water, and music of its falls in the dips of knolls, of all which you may have indication only. His landscapes show still a remnant of the pastry-cook; there are still the stiffness and crowding of commonplace objects, which may have been the required ornaments of a Twelfth-night cake. Their repose even is always imperfect. His foregrounds are not fit to throw yourself at your length on; they are mostly couches, barely covered clay; and you would not be safe a moment from interruption, either from cattle, or beings bent on the world's daily occupations. There is in them no idea of the right umbrageous space or leisure for the "dolce far niente," which is alone the true pastoral. He was, indeed, so aware of his deficiency this way, that he endeavours to avoid all appearance of pastoral, and to make his scenes classical; but even then it is not through the poetry of the classical. It is not the metamorphosis—not dryads, and water-nymphs, and fauns, and satyrs, by their native woods and fountains, with the antique air of nature ere the working world began. He selects the precise, the formality of history, such as his "Sinon brought prisoner to Priam," which, as a landscape, affords us not the slightest pleasure; or, if he send forth a company upon a merrymaking for dance and music, they are themselves from some town, and care little for the scenery they are in, and look not at it—but then they enjoy the atmosphere, and that he could and did

paint wonderfully. The most pleasing as a landscape in the Gallery is his "Study of Trees from Nature," as it is termed.

If not Claude, then who is the first landscape painter? Unquestionably Gaspar Poussin—a master of whose pencil the National Gallery has not one very good specimen, nor are those on the walls in very good condition. It is impossible to have a picture by his hand that has not much beauty. But his pictures are often much injured, which, had we time, we could easily account for. They have often a faded appearance, from being rubbed away in parts; and look dark, from the lights, more particularly the middle lights, having been removed. Though he painted with a full pencil, it was not with that under-body that Claude used; he showed his ground more, and employed it to be a part of his pictures. But when we see a picture fresh as he left it, the power of colour and tone is quite wonderful. Then his compositions are always perfect. They, too, are pastoral to the very poetry of painting, the freedom of his pencilling truly corresponding with the freedom of nature. Yet, if any would suppose that his pictures are mere transcripts of mountain scenery, they are little experienced in sketching from nature. There is most consummate art in their composition; none ever knew so well the principles of composition; they were so thoroughly in his mind, that he could apply them with undeviating readiness. The Gaspars in the National Gallery give but a faint idea of the master. The two that are hung high, we respect. The Abraham's Sacrifice has much beauty, but is not in the best state. The Larici is a pretty picture enough, but we have seen better of the same subject; and perhaps the best is the little picture near it, with the figure before some sheep going down a road by the wood-side.

Gaspar painted very rapidly; his works, therefore, are very numerous, and may be purchased for but a small part of the sums bestowed upon absolute trash; we have ourselves seen within these last few months half-a-dozen that might have been purchased for the price of the Gainsborough market cart. He is the first

landscape-painter the world ever produced, and yet the National Gallery is content with poor specimens. We quite longed to cater for them, and could have done so very disinterestedly, for we neither buy nor sell. Gaspar's pastoral, we said, was perfect; it is ever repose, the true *dolce far niente*. It is a green earth made for the delight and repose of man, sensible of his presence, and in sympathy with him throughout all its vegetable life. Excepting in his land storms how rarely does he disturb his scenery even with cattle, it is for his, or its own people only; sometimes a few goats are introduced, not frequently sheep, and very seldom cattle. There is another great landscape painter, of whom we believe, the gallery has no specimen—Salvator Rosa. Why is this?

We would notice more pictures; we have made many memoranda for the purpose; but remarks have run to greater length than we intended, and we fear Maga will not allow us much more space. But can we quit the gallery without noticing its very greatest treasures—those that have fixed us in one spot for hours? Treasures to which, greatly as we admire the Claudes, we look upon them as nothing. The Correggios—the country has made the best of bargains—they are worth any cost. I mean not the large heads which, however clever in composition, may have been painted by any one, but the two pictures, the Venus, Mercury, and Cupid, and the Ecce Homo. They are, indeed, two subjects most opposite, opposite as heathen love and Christian love. The one exhibited in human beauty, the other in divine sacrifice and suffering.

Take the heathen divinities. The grace and beauty of womanhood, manhood, childhood, each under the perfection of a divinity, are wonderfully distinguished; and the perfect chastity with which such a subject is invested, is at once a proof of the judgment and genius of this great master. If this picture did not display the utmost beauty in the figures, we should still think it a masterpiece of colour and *chiar'oscuro*. We are at a loss to imagine how it has been executed, or what materials have been employed to produce such force, such illumination, and such

purity of tints, and such entire harmony. The face of the Venus may not strike all alike; possibly he avoided a portrait; but we see Correggio intended that beauty should be pervading, and not the more conspicuous in the face; but there is a peculiar liquid expression about the eyes, that poets have endeavoured in words to express—the countenance is still the "*nimum lubricus aspicit*." There is no perfect female beauty without modesty—nor is it here wanting. Mercury, who was not very scrupulous, has no thought but to teach the infant; and Cupid, the arch-urchin god, has such intuitive sense of his own superior divinity, that he rather seems inwardly bent on teaching than learning; and though Mercury was a rare and merry trickster in his infancy, Cupid, you doubt not, will be a match for him. Every limb is quivering with life, delight, and infant knavery. The group, though powerfully brought out by the background, is most admirably united with it by means of the light foliage, which in most copies we have seen is omitted. And the freshness, form, colour, and execution of this foliage, and, indeed, of all the visible background, show that Correggio would have been a wonderful landscape-painter. What can we say of the other picture? We never saw pathos to equal that of the fainting Madonna. It is the very personification of grief, upon the utmost verge of mental suffering, shown even to the very hands; this figure is a most astonishing work—and the sweetness of the partially seen head of the supporting figure is perfect sympathy. We cannot say that the Christ strikes us as of equal power. Then if we look to the mechanism, and conjecture of the materials with which these works were executed, we are lost in wonder. Look at the hue of the countenance of the Madonna, the shade across the face and throat, it is surprising! There is no known material that will produce the texture, it is unlike that of any other picture, of any other master, of any time. These are the most luminous works in existence. We have heard ignorant people find fault with the extravagant purchase of these two pictures—it is in utter

ignorance that they do so. They are national treasures, for which too much could scarcely be given. Indeed, when we consider the immense value, in a national point of view, of the most exquisite works of art; their necessary scarcity, and the means this great country has more than all others of obtaining them, we would implore Parliament, and the people at large, to make strenuous exertions to enrich their country, and more permanently establish its glory and its intellectual, and consequently moral improvement, by the greatest works that may demand admiration of the world, and create a more perfect taste in the people. These wondrous works (we are speaking now only of the old masters) are the productions of less than a century and a half in time. As in every art, the men of consummate genius are few, and the lives of many of them short. The works are, therefore, limited; diamonds may be dug out of the earth, but the hands of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Claude, Poussin, will paint no more pictures. Why then should opportunities of purchase pass by unemployed? We are astonished, indeed, at the number of pictures we see—but be sure, the number of the first-rate are not so many. If some of the painters

lived to great ages, others were cut off early, and some of the best. Raphael, born in 1483, died at thirty-seven years of age. Annibal Carracci, born 1560, died at forty-nine. Paolo Veronese, born 1530, at fifty-eight. Giorgione, born 1478, at thirty-three. Rembrandt, born 1606, at sixty-eight. Velasquez, 1594, at sixty-six. Titian, indeed, lived and painted to a great age; he died at ninety-six. It is curious, that the same year, 1600, produced the greatest landscape-painters, Claude and Gaspar Poussin—the latter died at sixty-two—the former at eighty-two. Fourteen years after was born Salvator Rosa, 1614, who died aged fifty-nine. We have run over some of these dates to show the periods within which the great treasures were perfected; and that, according to the range of lives of the masters, their works must be much less numerous than from the multiplicity of pictures, every where seen, one would imagine. Every country, and England, as a nation less so than most, is now most desirous of collecting. The desire may come too late, and a time may come, and we believe will come, when prices that are now thought high will be considered ridiculously low.

ETHICS OF POLITICS.

We have lately been reading a very clever and instructive book by the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," entitled "The Statesman," without being able to perceive what grounds it can have furnished for the imputation of a satirical or covert meaning, which we had previously heard ascribed to it. Whether that its author, being already so well known, and so highly rated, in his poetical character, could not be credited for writing in sober seriousness on matters of a plain didactic nature—or whether that the indisputable truths it contains are of a class so obvious and common as to strike every reader with the impression familiarized to us in the language of 'Peach'em—

We merely advert to the fact, leaving it to be explained by the critics; and, with regard to the book itself, wide as is the field for useful practical discussions which its pages lay open to us, we mean to restrict our comment upon it to the contents of a single chapter—that having for its announced purport the "Ethics of Politics."

On this most important and delicate part of his subject, it is indeed but justice to the author to say, that he "excuses himself for treating at all, where he must necessarily treat so lightly, on the great doctrine of political morality, because there is, among the writers and thinkers of this country, such an effective opugnancy to all false doctrine on moral themes, that, even should he have fallen into error, the putting

— "so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries, That is levelled at me!"—

forth of such error would tend to bring truth into more vital activity."—"Yet, this" (he adds), "notwithstanding, he may almost say he has written this chapter with a trembling hand."

So modest an expression of doubt and diffidence is more than enough to disarm the severity of criticism, even could it be fairly said that the sentiments avowed were such as justly to incur reproach; but on the present occasion the worst that can be alleged is perhaps a degree of indistinctness which it were better not to have permitted to appear with reference to a topic on which the mind of a statesman should, above all others, be clear and explicit; while it leads to a suspicion that a certain laxity of principle has become too widely prevalent, even among the most scrupulous and high-minded official personages. Thus we are given to understand that "the rules of political morality are less ascertained and agreed upon than any other branch of philosophy"—a position which we apprehend to be no less dangerous, if it could be maintained, than strictly untenable. Again, to say that "the first principles of this philosophy are plain and definite—their application otherwise"—is, according to our conception, an opening of the door to every species of political profligacy, while it is no less false to represent that the world is divided between two classes of reasoners on the subject of this philosophy—the one consisting of those who would have the principles of private life carried *whole* into politics—the other of those who, to judge of them from their own avowed doctrines and practices, "might have been worshippers in the temple at Acro-Corinth, which was dedicated to violence and necessity"—the former set, according to this commentator, being at variance with themselves from finding their principles impracticable, while the latter "are often unable to find a footing upon any principle whatever."

Now, what we have principally to remark upon this classification is, that it wears much more the complexion of point and epigram than of sober reality. To take, for instance, the cardinal maxim of all

morality—that which prohibits "the doing of evil that good may come of it"—who would venture to express a doubt that this is a principle equally applicable in public, as in private life—to political as well as to individual morality? To talk of being guided by "the balance of consequences"—to say that nothing is evil but as it shall be found to be so upon a just estimate of that criterion—involves too gross and palpable an absurdity to merit the trouble of refutation.

"Evil, upon the balance of consequences!" And who is to hold the balance?—who shall be invested with the delicate office of pronouncing which scale preponderates? Is this the boasted moral sense which some philosophers have taken such pains to establish, and the denial of which by others is justly regarded as the reproach of their writings, and a fatal blemish to their reputation?

There is, in point of fact, no such discrepancy between the moral obligations of public and private men as the author seems to imagine; and the examples by which he has chosen to illustrate his doctrine are not at all in point. Thus, when he says that "the law of truth stands first in the code of *private* morality," how does he take upon him to show that it is not equally applicable as a rule of politics? "Suppose," says he, "this law adopted absolutely by statesmen acting in this country and in this age as members of a government—not one in ten of the measures taken by the Cabinet can win the sincere assent of every member of that cabinet. The opinions of fifteen or twenty individuals can never be uniformly concurrent." All this may be safely conceded. But how, in the name of wonder, does it tend to prove that the law of truth may be dispensed with in politics? "The law of truth would require the dissentient members not to express assent. Under this law, when the Speaker of the House of Commons bids those who are of this opinion to say 'Ay,' and those who are of the contrary opinion to say 'No,' the dissentient members of the cabinet must say 'No' accordingly." Now, with leave of Mr Taylor, this is as complete a

non-sequitur as ever was penned. What the law, not so much of political truth, as of political integrity and consistency, requires of a public man, is that he should adhere to that party in politics whose principles he in the main most approves. Particular measures are to be judged by him, not so much in themselves, and upon their own separate merits, as in respect that they are parts of a general system; and it rarely happens that they are of that marked and decided character for moral good or evil, as that a man may not conscientiously defend and support them, as parts of that system which he has adopted, even though he may have differed from the majority of his associates in the Cabinet when they were first proposed and canvassed. How, then, his saying "Ay," when the Speaker calls on him for his opinion whether it is best that such a particular measure should pass, or that the Cabinet of which he is a member should be dissolved for want of unanimity, can fairly be construed either a breach of truth or a breach of the fundamental principle of Christian morality above quoted, passes, we confess, our comprehension to discover—and, so far (at least) there is no difference—at least we are unable to discern any—between the private obligation and the public.

On the other hand, it would be easy enough to find abundance of cases in support of the contrary doctrine, namely, that there is no such distinction between private and public morality as that which this writer supposes. Let us draw our examples from the state of affairs actually existing, as that by which our position may be most familiarly and at the same time most usefully illustrated.

About six years ago, that large and influential party in the state which still rejoices in the denomination of "Whig," though now considerably reduced in numbers and importance, and possessing the title (as by lineal inheritance), though without a single remaining feature of original Whiggism, suddenly arrived at a wonderful unanimity of persuasion on a subject respecting which they had previously been very much divided in opinion—namely,

the necessity of a great organic change in the constitution, under the name of Parliamentary Reform. On that most vital point—unsettled and far from uniform as the current of opinion had been, up to that very moment, among the great leaders of the party—it may be safely assumed that the current had set the other way; and both writings and speeches may be referred to in quite sufficient abundance to establish the fact, that Reform in Parliament—at least to any great extent, or upon any broad or comprehensive principle—had not yet become the test or Shibboleth of the party. To this fact, indeed, the then recent historical works of its present leader in the House of Commons bear ample testimony; and, accordingly, long will they be remembered and cited to his confusion, whenever he is visited, for his sins, with the unhappy propensity to insist on the immutable character of the doctrines he now is obliged to advocate.

Now, such being the actual state of the case as to the recent adoption of the present political creed of the party, let us merely suppose that, in their first breathless haste after becoming invested with it, they had unanimously agreed, not only in the duty of enforcing it in the ordinary sense, as a measure of government, but of bearing down all resistance by having recourse to such means as the Acro-Corinthian mode of worship alone can sanction the use of—by awakening and embodying agitation, tumult, and eventual massacre, in the name and under the banners of the royal authority. We are putting merely a hypothetical question; but, supposing such to have been the course of proceeding had recourse to by *any* class of statesmen, should we hesitate to call it an infringement of the first and greatest of religious obligations—"a doing of evil that good may come," and fully as reprehensible and as abominable in the case of a body of statesmen as of an individual moral agent?

Again, it would be quite preposterous, and indeed most uncharitable, to call in question the sincerity of any of his Majesty's present ministers as to the professions, in which they are all unanimous, of

attachment to the ecclesiastical establishment and the principles of the monarchy; and more especially would it be so with regard to those particular members of the Cabinet who have exhibited in the whole course of their lives an even more than common devotion to the interests of religion, in which those of the state are happily so bound up as to be altogether inseparable. Now it so happens that, owing to the combined operations of the Reform Bill and of that other great measure of Catholic Emancipation which preceded, but must be considered as part and parcel of it, a considerable number of members have been added to the legislature, of some of whom the direct and avowed object is to subvert the Church Establishment, from which they are themselves aliens, and of others the design, hardly less open, to introduce Republican institutions in the place of Monarchical, and whose immediate interest, unqualified by any differences of opinion on minor points, it is to unite firmly together for the accomplishment of their respective purposes. Now *suppose*, only just suppose (for, as before, we are putting a merely hypothetical case for the sake of the argument) that the party of the ministers, finding themselves outnumbered and in danger of being outvoted by their ancient rivals, whom we will call, for the sake of distinction, the Tories, should think fit, rather than resign office, to throw themselves on the support of this combined army of Revolutionists, under the specious pretence of all classes of Reformers uniting to repel a common danger, and thus to help forward the designs of those whom they know to be leagued for the destruction of all that they profess to venerate, with utter recklessness of the consequences in which they might thus find themselves irrevocably engaged to participate. Now, in such a hypothetical case as this, should we not also say that they had incurred the deep guilt and awful responsibility arising from the violation of a divine precept, alike strictly obligatory on the consciences of men and ministers?

To revert, however, to the consideration of the question as it relates to the particular obligation of Truth

—namely, whether that principle can be regarded as in any, and if in any in what, degree less binding on a statesman than on a private individual? It does not seem to be contended that a direct falsehood, bearing, or intended to bear, the effect of deception, is at all more justifiable in the one case than in the other. On the contrary, the very rule which is so constantly appealed to as having settled, that to ascribe falsehood to another in the course of debate is unparliamentary and not to be suffered, seems to imply that there is no general recognition of the lawfulness of political lying. But if not allowable for purposes of downright deception, is there any pretence for saying that what is vulgarly denominated “a white lie,” a slight misrepresentation made to suit some immediate purpose in the way of argument, but neither intended nor calculated to produce any lasting effect on the mind of the hearer, is entitled to more favour or indulgence in political cases than it would meet with in private society? Let us answer this question by another hypothetical illustration. Nobody can have forgotten the memorable speech put by Ministers into the mouth of his Majesty at the opening of the session of 1834, wherein his Majesty was made to express the following sentiments—“I have seen with feelings of deep regret and just indignation the continuance of attempts to excite the people of Ireland to demand a repeal of the legislative union. To the practices which have been used to produce disaffection to the state, and mutual distrust and animosity between the people of the two countries, is chiefly to be attributed the spirit of insubordination which, though for the present in a great degree controlled by the power of the law, has been but too perceptible in many instances. To none more than the deluded instruments of the agitation thus perniciously excited, is the continuance of such a spirit productive of the most ruinous consequences; and the united and vigorous exertions of the loyal and well-affected, in aid of Government, are imperiously required, to put an end to a system of excitement and violence which, while it continues, is destructive of the peace

of society, and, if successful, must inevitably prove fatal to the United Kingdom."

We have cited these remarkable passages in the speech precisely as they were delivered, because there is no possibility of mistaking either their general drift and purport, or the name of the individual at whom they were more particularly levelled; and accordingly we find Mr O'Connell, in the course of the debate on the address which followed, resenting it in a speech, full of rage and defiance, upon a motion to expunge those very clauses. In further confirmation of the true drift of the document in question, if indeed it required any, we need only draw the recollection of the reader to the gross and unmitigated abuse which that gentleman continued to heap upon Ministers, in his various addresses, both spoken and written, from that time until, after Lord Grey's retirement, they became converted from the spirit of denunciation to that of mutual support and alliance. But the facts are matter of history; and no man in his senses would dream of calling either those facts, or the inferences to be drawn from them, into question, any more than of casting doubt or suspicion on the most generally known and universally accredited of all historical testimonies.

Now let us suppose the case of a nobleman—one of the most illustrious in name, and of the most deservedly popular in respect of his talents and character among those very Ministers by whom the speech was framed, and having, moreover, no mean share of the credit attached to the composition of it—and let us imagine him, at the end of two or three sessions, so far confiding in the forgetfulness of his auditors as to assure them, with reference to this very same document, that, "with regard to the speech dictated by Earl Grey's Administration, there is not the shadow of foundation for stating that the individual in question (Mr O'Connell) had been *directly or indirectly* alluded to therein,"—it is quite evident that, supposing such a declaration to be made in Parliament at the present day, by any one who had been a member of that Cabinet, it could not be made with an intent to de-

ceive or mislead by the denial of a fact which so plainly proves itself by the mere production of the document. Considering it as a wilful and deliberate falsehood, its inutility would be so obvious and palpable as at once to remove from the utterer of it the imputation of any such design. It, therefore, would necessarily have to be regarded as a mere sportive sally of the imagination, or at most as a casual flourish of the weapons of logical skill and dexterity. In private society, it will, we think, be admitted, that such a loose and random mode of dealing with the sacredness of truth would be regarded as (to use the mildest term) highly reprehensible. The question is, whether it would be held entitled to any wider degree of toleration in a public assembly, when resorted to by a statesman for political purposes? And it is a question which really answers itself, if the party propounding it will only give himself the trouble to call to mind that truth is always appealed to as the standard of political, no less than of private assertion, and that the bare imputation of a deviation from it is even more sure to be resented, and, if persisted in, of being brought to the test of mortal conflict, in the one case than in the other, in exact proportion to its greater publicity. In other words, the question answers itself by merely putting another:—Did the questioner ever hear of a party accused of falsehood in a speech uttered in Parliament defending himself by the plea of privilege—or of such a plea being admitted?

One of the most approved arts of statesman-craft, and which appears to fall in very commodiously with the general plan of Mr Taylor's "ethical" chapter, is that of repelling a charge by first wilfully misrepresenting the true nature and scope of it. Thus the Ministerial paper of the day is triumphant at the exposure by Lord John Russell of Lord Stanley's imputed falsehood, "in charging Ministers with the *adoption* of the appropriation principle under the dictation of Mr O'Connell," and of his matchless impudence in recurring a second time to the same statement, after having been, a month ago, reminded by Mr Spring Rice, of its want of truth,—the fact being

(a fact of history as undeniable as the Conquest) that the clause in question—or rather the principle of the clause—having been suspended, and virtually abandoned, by Earl Grey's Cabinet (it may be, contrary to the judgment of that section of the Cabinet to which Lord John Russell belonged), was subsequently *readopted* after the secession of those members who were most opposed to it, and as the sequel to a train of events, some of which still remain enveloped in all the darkness of a state mystery. It was this restoration, or second adoption, of the obnoxious principle to which it is palpable that Lord Stanley alluded, with the charge of its having been done under the dictation of the individual in question,—a charge to which it is equally palpable that Lord John Russell's "*triumphant*" negative affords no answer whatever, as all the world knows that this was long after the time that Lord Stanley and his colleagues had quitted the Cabinet. The stigma of *impudence* must therefore rest on other shoulders than those of Lord Stanley.

We repeat, that all these several cases which we have now put are, like those put by Mr Taylor, to be treated as merely hypothetical; but they are sufficient to prove, that no line, such as he has imagined, can, with any safety, be drawn between the obligations of public and private morality, and that his own instances are far from establishing any such distinction, since they amount merely to this, that the expediency of any public measure depends on a variety of considerations—political as well as moral,—and that it must be disposed of according to the best judgment that can be formed upon the balance of consequences. But this is a doctrine which, so far from operating as any impeachment of moral integrity, is absolutely indispensable to us as members of society; so that for a statesman, or for any private individual, to withhold his assent from every measure that is propounded until all objections are obviated, and all imperfections removed, would be no less than to stop the progress of human affairs altogether.

It was our intention to have offered some observations on the

progress of "The Collision;" and, perhaps, also some remarks on Mr O'Connell's second letter to the English people. But the former much threatened, and by some, perhaps, dreaded, event has already passed away like a tale that is told, and left no impression behind it, unless that of the utter insignificance of those who so lately predicted it as the dissolution of the entire framework of society. And as to the second—the *Letter*!—"Verbosa et grandis Epistola"—it has been recently so exposed and torn to pieces by a Parliamentary leader, whose very name it would be an act of injustice to insert in the same page that is soiled with that of the writer, as to render any further exposure no less unnecessary than it would be irksome. To treat any of the ten, or a hundred-times repeated, assertions which it contains, as arguments to be refuted, would be, in some measure, to degrade one's self to the same level. To say that "Justice to Ireland" means, in the phraseology of Mr O'Connell, the complete and entire surrender of the government of that country into the hands of the Roman Catholics—that it implies the extinction of tithes in any and in every shape—the introduction of the voluntary system into the Church, and utter subversion and demolition of the Protestant Establishment—is but to repeat what is now not only left to be inferred, but distinctly avowed, as the principle placed in opposition to that which he denominates "the gigantic, multitudinous injustice—the gross, glaring, monstrous injustice—more insufferable because sustained by cant and hypocrisy in the name of religion"—of the Protestant government.

The childish historical falsehood which represents that tithes were instituted by *Catholics*, for the purposes of *Catholic* worship—(meaning, of course, by the term *Catholic*, Roman Catholic, or Popish—for else it means nothing)—may now safely be left to any well-educated children to grapple with; and the sophistry which pretends to assimilate the case of the Irish *Catholics* to that of the Scotch Presbyterians, may be resigned, with equal security, for detection to the shrewd sense and virtuous indignation of those whom it is sought

to dishonour by the absurd comparison. Let the Irish Roman Catholics abandon the monstrous corruptions of auricular confession and clerical celibacy—let them give such tests as may be fully and implicitly relied on, of obedience to the laws, and conformity to the requisitions of civil government—let them show that not only the *numerical* majority (however large) of a generally ignorant, bigotted, and enslaved community—(enslaved, not to their legitimate rulers, but to a self-separated, and self-proclaimed irresponsible priesthood)—but the *actual* majority of the wise, and virtuous, and intelligent portion of citizens, and of those having the largest stake in the welfare of the country, by reason of the amount of their property—are with them—and then, but not till then, may Ireland be put in comparison with Scotland, in respect of what are called the demands of justice; and an argument be maintained that, in spite of the legislative union between the countries, her insular and distinct position invests her with a claim to a different system of Church Government than that which is required and cheerfully submitted to by the larger and better part of the empire.

What, therefore, we object to in Mr Taylor's ethical philosophy, is that it tends, no doubt undesignedly, to lower the standard of moral excellence in its application to that highest branch of mere human philosophy, the science of politics; and we fear that this tendency has been greatly encouraged by the lax notions of modern statesmen in matters of conscience. Hence falsehood has engendered falsehood in alarmingly rapid progression; and popular delusion has been kept up and fomented on all subjects connected with the Civil and Ecclesiastical Establishments of the country, by the most unfounded statements—statements so often repeated, and repeated in defiance of continual refutation, as to have obtained a sort of credence even in the minds of the retailers, if not of the original fabricators. The diminishing majorities of the House of Commons, and the

yet more rapid increase of the Conservative spirit manifesting itself at county elections, afford some encouragement to hope that the empire of delusion has found its limit, and that a purer and healthier tone of feeling is beginning to supersede the false impressions that have so long prevailed. The lower orders of society already are able to perceive that, with respect to the alleged abuses, and vast superfluous wealth of the church, "when," to use the emphatic words of Sir Francis Palgrave, "the people pillage the altar, they waste their own children's inheritance, they rob themselves, they destroy the most impartially democratic element which any theory of government can afford."*

Now, therefore, is the time—when the most strenuous efforts of all who are sincerely desirous of preserving the constitution in Church and State, by which England has been so long prosperously and triumphantly administered, ought to be directed to the task of rousing the guardians of the realm—those who, whether in or out of office, have the chief voice in the conduct of its affairs—from that condition of moral apathy and lukewarmness, which has been the sure fore-runner, in all nations, of a state of political degradation and thralldom. The spirit of the eclectic philosophy, which, shortly after Christianity became first invested with the character of a state religion, taught the difference of creeds to be considered as a matter of inferior importance, and under whose guidance "the most light-minded and frivolous of mankind allowed themselves to abuse the solemn subject in controversy into matter for fashionable conversation or trifling amusement,"† is, perhaps, no less a characteristic of modern statesmen than it was of the corrupt courtiers of the sons of Constantine. But the *English Church* is, as yet, untainted with the suspicion of such effeminate heresy. It (at least) has hitherto taken no deep root in her well-cultivated soil; and we can still look to her sacred lamp as possessed of sufficient potency to disperse the noxious va-

* See Introduction to the Rot. Cur. Regis, published under the directions of the Record Commission, p. xliii.

† Newman's History of the Arians of the Fourth Century, p. 284.

pours that surround it. Well, indeed, may it be said—and in the truest spirit of watchful prophecy, anxious to avert the evil which it too surely foresees as the consequence of a contrary course of destructiveness,—

“Put out the light?

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I know not where is that Promethean fire
That can thy light relume.”

—Nor are we to be put off our guard by the often repeated assurance, the even indignant assertion, of inviolable attachment to the Church, or the vehement denial of all design to weaken or subvert it, with which the most organic changes in its constitution and discipline, and the most unsparing encroachments on its revenues and privileges, are now habitually prefaced. It is *possible* even that some of these assertions may be made in good faith, and with honest intention; but we must not look with the less jealousy to the quarters from whence the proposals accompanying them derive their principal support and encouragement. There can be no safe understanding or honest compromise between the true friends of the Church and its natural and necessarily inveterate enemies. A measure affecting its vital interests, which comes to us recommended by Mr O'Connell and Mr Wilks, cannot be viewed with less suspicion because it has also obtained the sanction of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell. It is not in disparagement of those statesmen, nor from doubt of their sincerity, but in consequence of their actual position, that the suspicion arises. In plain English, no minister of the crown, who depends for his continuance in office on the support of those who seek the overthrow of the constitution in any one of its branches, can, by any possibility—let him deserve it ever so much—possess the confidence of those who are bound to defend it. We can accept no security—least of all, the mere personal security of any minister, that should induce us to recede an iota from our defensive position, so long as the servants of the crown are making common cause with its enemies. We wish not to offend or to irritate by any unfounded or even questionable

charges. We say nothing, therefore, of alliance or compact. We impute no motives. We appeal only to palpable and undeniable facts. Nay, we will go so far in avoiding the occasion of misconstruction, as to call it mere accident that has placed the present government of this great country in the most false and unnatural predicament in which the government of a country was ever placed, and in which it is utterly impossible that it should long continue without a dissolution of the whole frame-work of society. By accident, then, and by accident only, it has happened, that in almost all the great measures which, since the passing of the Reform Bill, have come under the consideration of Parliament, the party of the King's present ministers has been composed, besides their own immediate adherents, of Irish Papists, English Dissenters, and Scotch and English Radicals—all having so plainly, for their ultimate if not immediate object, the overthrow of one branch or other of the constitution, that the fact cannot admit a moment's dispute or denial. With all this support from all this variety of quarters, so far are they from having the voice of the country to rely upon as being in their power, that they can obtain only a bare majority of votes in a reformed House of Commons, and are met by an overwhelming resistance on the part of the second branch of the legislature. What then takes place? Even while we are writing, there comes a third letter from Mr O'Connell, addressed, not like his two former, to the people of England, of whose aid he evidently despairs, but to his own Irish subjects, calling on them to associate for the overthrow of the House of Lords—an object which, so announced, would, under any other King's government but the present, be surely and instantly made the ground of a prosecution by his Majesty's Attorney-General. Under present circumstances it may be more fit to regard it as an ebullition of disappointed frenzy. The same newspaper which contains this effusion in one of its columns gives room, in another, for the insertion of the letter to his constituents, announcing Mr D. W. Harvey's resignation of his seat for the borough

of Southwark, and assigning as his motive the impossibility of effecting any good without a *further reform* (amounting to absolute democracy) of the House of Commons. Now it is quite plain that ministers cannot—and in charity we will believe that they would not if they could—give their assistance to either of the revolutionary projects thus announced as being indispensable. They know—and the country also knows and feels—that the Crown, the Church, and the Peerage, are so mutually dependent, that the one cannot be removed or fundamentally altered, without the overthrow of the entire edifice—that the popular foundation already extends far beyond the original design, and even beyond the wishes of moderate and constitutional reformers, cannot be made wider except at the most imminent risk of the same consummation. They know that, even were they so traitorously disposed as we are far from believing would, under any circumstances, be found to be the case with any of them, the King, whose servants they still are, will never consent to what would, in effect, be his own abdication. They know that their pitiful majority cannot force the Crown, and that an appeal to the country will be productive of any thing rather than a reinforcement of that majority.—Ay—and even notwithstanding the temporary advantage gained by means of the English Municipal Reform Bill to the Ministerial cause. That measure is now passed and settled, and the course of proceeding connected with its adoption become matter of history; but it ought not to be even thus incidentally noticed, without the remark that few pages of history exhibit stains of greater injustice, and more glaring violations of legal and constitutional principle, than that on which this “great” achievement is inscribed. No instance perhaps can be produced from the entire volume, of a more flagrant outrage than this species of wholesale disfranchisement, for which it was admitted to be necessary to have the mock sanction of a Royal Commission, without production of a tittle of the evidence on which the report of the commissioners was founded, and in the very teeth of the unrefuted and unan-

swered opinions of the best lawyers that the Commission itself was illegal. Yet even less censurable was the conduct of the party seeking to force the measure, than the temporizing policy adopted by its opponents, on account of the fatal precedent involved in it. It is due to the character of the most eminent lawyer, and one of the most distinguished statesmen, of the present day, to record the non-concurrence of the venerable Lord Eldon in that unhappy compromise of principle, together with the known fact, that if he had not been incapacitated by an illness which attacked him on the very day after the bill was brought into the Upper House, and which has ever since disabled him from resuming his Parliamentary functions, that House would have been without the excuse that a more straightforward and honest course had not been marked out for them. They know that the country at large, even with all its advocacy of Reform, is satisfied with that measure of it which has been obtained already; because they know that all those among the supporters of Reform who honestly meant what they said, and aimed at nothing beyond it, gained every thing that they contended for, as soon as they attained the object of making the House of Commons in fact that which it previously was only in theory—a representative body, distinct from, and independent of, the other branch of the Legislature. They know that those who contemplated Reform in no other sense than this, would have sooner forfeited their existence than consented to its being made a stepping-stone to the annihilation of the other parts of the constitution, and the erection of a democratical republic on the ruins of our present limited monarchy. They know that such a result was never dreamed of by the sound and intelligent part of the community, and they consequently know that it is altogether hopeless to look for the support of the country to either of the projects announced by the new manifestoes of their two rival supporters. What is left for them, then—unless indeed the return to their common standard of these leaders of internal-division should restore to them a few more brief days or hours of feverish ex-

istence—what other alternative is left for them? The answer is obvious. We seek not for it—it is forced upon us; and this, as I before intimated, not from any other cause but the *accident* of their peculiar situation—an accident, however, be it remembered (and this is the moral of the tale), which might and would have been avoided by any statesmen who had taken for their guidance a higher and better principle than appears to have entered into the contemplation of Mr Taylor. So true is the maxim of the satirist—substituting only that higher and better principle in the place of human wisdom—

“Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia,
sed te
Nos facimus, Fortune, deam cœloque lo-
camus.”

Our ink was scarcely dry, when a singularly striking illustration of the doctrine adverted to occurred in the report of a speech at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, containing the expression of a devout wish, on the part of the speaker that a third attempt at assassinating the present French ruler—two having already failed—might prove successful. The sentiment thus expressed was, it appears, rapturously received and applauded by the assembled company—the *chairman only* (whose name it is unnecessary

to mention) having thought it prudent or decorous to interpose by a call to order. A ministerial paper, in adverting to the circumstance two evenings afterwards, assuming an equal degree of propriety, professes its *astonishment* and *disgust* at the occurrence, at the same time taking occasion to applaud the pious magnanimity which dictated the reproof, and finding it discreet to forget entirely that it was the inflammatory and incendiary language employed by the honourable chairman himself, in his opening address to the meeting, which *engendered* the *excitement* of the poor operative seconder, and on whose head, in all justice, this tempest of virtuous indignation ought accordingly to have burst, *and would have done so*, but that he commands forty votes, and sways the doctrines of the British Ministry. Should Louis-Philippe, imitating the conduct of Napoleon in the comparatively contemptible case of Petrier, demand a prosecution of this illustrious firebrand, it would cause no doubt some slight embarrassment. But do not the interests of civilized society, and of humanity, require that his Majesty's Attorney-General should, of his own suggestion, accuse the instigator of such an atrocity, without waiting to have it *demanded* of him “*Quousque tandem?*”

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE.

Of all the fine arts, architecture is the one which appears most likely to attain great and deserved eminence in these regions. We have no need of imagination to figure to ourselves what in time to come this noble art may become in this northern clime. We have only to look at the cathedrals and monasteries, which in stately magnificence, or ruined splendour, overspread the land, to be satisfied that greatness is here within the reach of our people; that it is suited to their taste, their habits, and their disposition; and that neither its cloudy sky, nor frigid atmosphere, have been able to chill the flights of great and original

genius in this department. In the other fine arts we appear to be struggling against the stream. Painting languidly contends with the *vis inertia* in its professors, arising from the experienced inability of purchasers, generally speaking, to distinguish a good work from an indifferent one. Sculpture, notwithstanding the wealth which has been lavished, and the talent which has been turned to that direction, has never yet attained to an equality with the great works of Grecian or Italian art; but architecture, in some departments, is unrivalled in the British isles. An Englishman feels mortified as he leads a foreign-

er of taste through the vast accumulation of conceit and absurdity which characterises the monuments of Westminster Abbey. He looks in vain for a gallery of British artists to satisfy an eye accustomed to the works of Claude or Carracci; but he points with exultation to the pinnacles of Lincoln, the dome of St Paul's, and prophesies, that when in the revolutions of ages all the other structures of these times shall have been swept away,—when the desolation of Nineveh shall be renewed on the site of Paris, and a vast accumulation of mounds alone indicate the mighty expanse of London,—even then Waterloo bridge will still span with undecaying solidity the floods of the Thames; and the solitary savage will pause as he beholds through the openings of the forest the stately towers of York Cathedral.

As architecture is the only one of the fine arts which seems congenial to the taste of our people, and in which the revolution of ages has produced works worthy of immortal endurance, the future cultivation of it becomes an object of the highest interest and importance. It is obvious that the final reputation of every nation depends as much, perhaps more, on the structures which they have reared as on the writings they have produced, or the conquests they have gained. If we examine with attention the nations which are sanctified in our recollections by a halo of imperishable lustre, we shall find that nothing has impressed our imaginations so strongly as the great and durable edifices which they have constructed, and which still rear their hoary heads through the obscurity of time, as if to emulate the eternity of nature, and defy the tendency to decay, which she has in general impressed on all the works of man. We read in the Bible, and are familiar from our childhood with the Assyrians and Babylonians; but even the veneration inspired by that holy record is increased when we behold the mighty structures they have reared still standing on the plain of Shinar—when, from the summit of the green mounds on the Tigris we trace the vast circumference of the walls of Nineveh, and

in the gigantic pile of the Birs-Nimrod, with its summit scathed by fire, and torrents furrowing its sides, we behold the imperishable remains of the Tower of Babel. Egypt is regarded by all nations as the common mother of knowledge and civilisation; but great as the blessings have been which she communicated to man, they would have been forgotten in the revolutions of ages, and the banks of the Nile become as obscure as those of the Quorra or the Congo, did not the stately remains of Luxor yet exist in undecaying beauty amidst the sands of the desert, and the pyramids still stand “erect and unshaken above the floods of the Nile.” Exquisite as are the poems, admirable the historians, profound the philosophers of ancient Greece, it is not from them alone that the indelible charm of Athens is derived. The grace of the Parthenon, the Pillars of Jupiter Olympus, impress our imaginations as strongly as the eloquence of Demosthenes, or the pathos of Euripides; and when the travelled scholar goes back in imagination to the classic shores, which he has visited, he thinks less of the land of Miltiades or Plato than of the white pillars of Minerva Sanium glittering in the morning sun, or the golden light of evening shedding its lovely tints on the pillars of the Acropolis. Rome, itself the mistress of the world, and whose dominion extended from the wall of Antoninus to the foot of Mont Atlas, from the shores of the Euphrates to the Atlantic Ocean, owes much of the magic of its name to the noble remains of its architectural splendour; and the traveller, as he passes under the Amphitheatre of Titus, ceases to wonder at the saying of the pilgrims,—“While the Colosseum stands, Rome shall stand;” while Rome stands, the world shall stand.”

It is the same with modern times. Ask the American traveller what it is which impressed him most with the land of his fathers when he first approached it from the Atlantic Ocean, and he will answer that it is neither its harbours nor its scenery, its rivers nor its mountains, its lakes nor its cataracts, which produced an indelible impression on

his mind. All these his own transatlantic wilds could equal or excel. It is its cathedrals and monastic remains which captivated his imagination; it is their stately piles, rising amidst the green meadows, or shady woods, with which they are surrounded, which gave a peculiar and undefined charm to English scenery, and carried him back in imagination to the Edwards and the Henrys, and the Catholic times and the age of chivalry, and gave to inanimate stone all the charm of historical lore. Let any one who has visited all that is beautiful and interesting which it contains, whether in urban magnificence or rural beauty, consider what objects are engraven on his memory in the brightest colours, and have taken their place in secret cells, never to be disturbed while life endures. He will find it is her castles and her cathedrals—her abbeys and monasteries. He will think of Fountains Abbey, raising its light and airy arches from the green and closely-shaven turf of the little valley in which it stands; and its magnificent trees almost equalling the elevation even of its lofty aisles. He will think of Tintern casting a holy air over the secluded shades of the Wye, and picture in imagination the gorgeous festoons of ivy hanging over its mouldering windows, and the leafy screen which shrouds from profane gaze the exquisite details of its tracery. He will think of Conway still as in the days of Edward, with its massive round towers and picturesque walls overhanging the captive streams of Wales; and Warwick yet standing in undecayed strength, the fit abode of the “knocker-down and putter-up of kings.” He will think of the red towers of Bothwell, surmounting the green masses of foliage which surround their base, and the close-shaven turf, which descends in rapid slope to the Clyde, and the dark-brown caverns of that classic stream at its foot; or of Castle Campbell, erect though mouldering in grey and dreary solitude, amidst the hanging forests and sounding cataracts of Caledonia; or of Kenilworth, encircled by the green meadows and stately oaks of Warwickshire, rich in ivy, and architectural

decoration, and storied association. Durham will rise up to his recollection with its gorgeous towers in the middle distance, the ancient pile of the bishop's palace in the foreground, and hanging woods in the background; or Gloucester, with the light and fairy open work of its minarets projected in the glow of an evening sky. London itself, with all its greatness, its riches, and its recollections, yields to the magic of architectural magnificence; and when the mind reverts to it at a distance, and when not distracted by particular objects of pursuit, it thinks neither of its theatres nor its opera, its parks nor its squares, its fashions nor its genius,—but of the grey and massy piles which surmount or bestride the Thames—of its granite bridges and forest of spires—of Westminster Abbey closing the scene at one extremity, and the vast dome of St Paul's, towering above clouds and smoke like a giant at the other.

Turn to the Continent. Every traveller knows the unbounded, the incalculable effect of the architectural riches with which it is stored. In truth, the impression arising from its great edifices is so powerful, it is so indelibly associated with the recollection of the places and states in which they are to be found, that it is altogether impossible to separate them. Do we hear of Venice? We instantly think of the gay and beautiful buildings which surround the Place of St Marc, and the laughing crowds which loiter on its flagged pavement, and the eastern barbaric magnificence of the church at its one extremity, and the chastened riches of architectural decoration on the three other sides. We think of the granite columns at the entrance of the Piazzetta, and the triple-storied pillars which adorn the fronts of the palaces to the great canal, and the gorgeous magnificence of the sun setting over the harbour and the church of St Georgio-Maggiore and the Redentore from the gardens of St Dominique. Do we hear of Milan? Instantly the picture of its exquisite cathedral rushes into the mind; and we see, with all the clearness of actual vision, its snow-white pinnacles, and thousands of glittering statues, rising in gay pro-

fusion into the clear blue sky of Italy. Genoa is mentioned:—We picture to ourselves the varied splendour of the view from the Lantern; and the piles of palaces, domes, and battlements which are clustered on its slopes, and the blue sea at its foot, and the castellated heights above, and the overwhelming grandeur of the Strada Balbi. Naples:—A beautiful bay arises in the mind, surrounded by precipitous mountains clad with vines and olives, dotted by churches, furrowed by torrents. Long lines of white palaces of stately elevation, with flat roofs, are seen; domes rise at intervals to break the outline; castles run far into the sea; fortresses overhang the dazzling piles; dark masses of pine and green intervals of foliage are seen among the architectural monuments. Even the recollection of the greatest capitals and most interesting historic scenes of Europe is mainly formed from the impressions of their architectural splendour. The severe simplicity of the Brandenburg Gate, the noble palace, and the imposing elevation of the Academy of Arts at Berlin, reward the traveller for the wearisome monotony of the sands of Prussia. The gigantic grandeur of the monuments of St Petersburg, the stupendous portico of the church of Cazan, the lofty pillar of Alexander, the granite quays, the rich decorations of the Admiralty and imperial palaces, the streets of columns, and long lines of pillared scenery on either bank of the Neva, befit a capital which aspires to govern half the world. Even the great name of Napoleon owes half its lustre to the truly imperial splendour of his architectural conceptions; and not only his popularity with his subjects, but his fame among strangers, rest as much now on the monuments of Paris as the conquests of his armies. The chaste simplicity of the Bourse, the lovely pillars of the Madeleine, the stupendous grandeur of the arch of Neuilly, the storied magnificence of the pillar in the Place Vendome, have done as much for his fame as the triumph of Austerlitz, the victory of Jena, or the conquest of Tilsit. Rome itself, the mistress of the world, the seat of empire alike

in arts and in arms, the first in genius, greatness, and fame, is overshadowed in our recollection by the overwhelming grandeur of St Peter's; and while its palaces and its temples, its ruins and churches, its galleries and statues, are fading under the lapse of time, its stately dome, the matchless splendour of its interior decoration, survive in our recollection in imperishable lustre, and derive fresh brightness from the length of time in which they have been treasured in the stores of memory.

Examples of this sort may show the greatness and capabilities of which this noble art is susceptible, and the extraordinary degree to which it influences the character of a nation in future ages, and the estimate in which it is held by future generations of mankind. From various causes it is fitted to produce a greater and more durable impression on mankind than either poetry, painting, or sculpture. No one can have seen the exquisite peristyle of the Madeleine, the marbled magnificence of the interior of St Peter's, or the majestic arch of Neuilly, without feeling the truth of this observation. Architecture has one immense advantage over all the other rival arts; it is more durable. Edifices of stone or marble, endure for ages; if unassailed by the fury of man, they will survive thousands of years. There is something in this feeling of durability and permanence, which adds inexpressibly to their effect, and gives to ancient monuments a storied interest which belongs to none of the other works of art. What perfection of execution in any other work of human genius can rival the impression produced by the majestic monuments of Carnac and Luxor, still standing in undecayed beauty amidst the wreck of surrounding nations; the same in this hour as when they beheld the armies of Sesostris issue from the hundred gates of Thebes, three thousand five hundred years ago? With what feelings of awe do we approach the temples of Pestum, hoary and emaciated with age; which were old when Rome was young, and witnessed the adoration of their worshippers, when the Capitol was still a desert cliff, and wild beasts formed their dens in the

caves of the Palatine? The Colosseum, with all its matchless grandeur, owes much of its solemnity to the long endurance of its gigantic walls: we recollect that they have witnessed the stately march of the Roman soldiery, and beheld the triumphs of the legions; that they have resounded with the revels of the Emperors, and been sanctified by the heroism of the martyrs; that they have survived the long night of the middle ages, and excited the veneration of the pilgrims, who flocked for a thousand years to the capital of the Faithful. In such cases, it is not a mere monument of art which we admire; it is a relic of former ages which we venerate, a remnant of the pristine world which we contemplate; and its time-worn walls are floated down the stream of Time, fraught with innumerable associations, and all the undying interest of historical recollection.

It is to this cause that much of the extraordinary interest of a great capital, if built of imperishable materials, and adorned by the monuments of successive ages, is owing. A great historic gallery rises before us: we see at the same instant the works of successive ages: a glance takes in at once the labour of a thousand years. The changes of manners, the revolutions of opinion, the fleeting objects of national desire, the varying flow of national fortunes, the triumphs of one age, the disasters of another; the struggles of freedom, the submission of slavery; the fervour of piety, the neglect of infidelity; the sway of superstition, the selfishness of corruption, all arise in durable and visible array before us. Each fleeting change has imprinted its character on some lasting monument: and they all stand in grim array, like a gallery of the dead before us, as if to testify at once, the greatness, the nothingness, the corruption, and the immortality of man. Embark on that skiff which will send you forth like an arrow into the middle of the Thames: those Gothic towers which rise above the flood, cover the bones of the Confessor and Alfred; the Henrys and the Richards of ancient times repose beneath its pavement: the antique pile which adjoins it, was the dining hall of Stephen. The majestic dome which tow-

ers above every other structure, was the contemporary of Marlborough; a spire in the distance, arises from the church, and covers the graves of the Templars: the massy arches which bestride the flood were erected amidst the fervour of gratitude to Wellington. What are those gay and glittering piles which rise under a brighter sun, and into a clearer atmosphere, on the banks of a smaller river? Yonder dark and heavy towers arose amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, and were loaded with the riches of catholic superstition; they have witnessed the march of the crusaders and the coronation of Henry IV.: that gilded dome attests the magnificence of Louis XIV., and once covered the bones of Turenne: projecting into the stream is the ancient Tour du Nesle, the theatre of licentious tragedy; that beauteous row of columns conceals the windows from whence the massacre of St Bartholomew was ordered; that red obelisk marks the spot where Louis and Marie Antoinette, and Danton and Robespierre were executed; that perfect peristyle was begun by Napoleon for the Temple of Glory, that majestic arch in the distance, was erected to the honour of the grand army. Ascend the tower of the capitol, and survey the mingled wreck of ages by which you are surrounded: you stand on the massy battlements which defied the arms of Brennus: the Roman senate-house, the palace of the Cæsars are at your feet: that vast circular tomb on the banks of the Tyber contains the ashes of Adrian: yonder stupendous dome which rises like a mountain in the west, covers the bones of St Paul; it was reared by the genius of Michael Angelo, and adorned by the pencil of Raphael: the sculptured pillars which surmount all modern edifices in their vicinity, were erected to the honour of Trajan and Antoninus, the greatest and best of the emperors: that massy pile which still survives, like the skeleton of a world, the ruin of all its contemporary structures, was reared by the captive hands of the Jews: under those arches the triumph of Aurelian, the captive Zenobia have passed. It is this astonishing and overwhelming concentration of historical interest into one focus,

this presenting of it in actual objects to the senses, which constitutes the grand, the unequalled charm of architecture, and gives to genius, in that department, a lasting hold of the admiration of mankind, which the sister arts will seek in vain to attain.

We have prefaced our remarks on British architecture with these observations, which must be familiar to every person of historical information and travelled acquirement, in order to explain the grounds on which we object to the present state of the art amongst us. That we have genius in abundance; that the national taste is strongly running in this direction; that we have wealth to overflowing, and a people who derive sensible pleasure from architectural decoration, is obvious. If any one doubts this, let him drive from Hyde-park Corner, up Regent Street, and round Regent Park; and if he is candid, he will confess, not only that Europe has not such a suite of architectural splendour to exhibit, but that even imagination can hardly outstrip the gorgeous magnificence of the spectacle. But if, after this cursory survey, we examine more in detail the structures which have passed in review, there will be much less room for national exultation. This magnificent array of pillared scenery is almost all composed of the most perishable materials: in half a century, if not renewed, it will all be levelled with the dust: to preserve its freshness and beauty requires a triennial expenditure on each front, of nearly a hundred pounds. The *tout ensemble*, as you advance, is rich and varied; but if the details of each separate edifice are examined, it will be found that many of them are in the most grotesque and barbarous taste: that, in the vain attempt to improve upon or vary the ancient orders, architectural monsters of the most shocking description have been produced; and that not one building is to be seen in the long array which a century hence will exist, or convey to future ages the magnificence of the reign of the last of the Georges. This is a melancholy consideration. Architecture is not, like the art of the upholsterer, conversant only with perishable materials; its structures are not framed of silk and damask,

of wood and worsted, like curtains and tables, and carpets: it aims, or should aim at perpetuity; and its highest object is to rear those durable monuments, which, surviving the fleeting changes of fashion, opinion, prosperity, or caprice, are destined to perpetuate, in a visible form, to future ages the magnificence or grandeur of the present. What have we done within the last half century to accomplish this object? what durable monuments has London, the capital of half the world, constructed during the period of its greatest splendour to impress mankind a thousand years hence? Has any of our monarchs found it of brick and left it of marble? Excepting the majestic bridges over the river, and perhaps the Duke of York's pillar, is there one edifice which has been constructed in the age which struck down Napoleon which will be in existence five hundred years hence? And with these exceptions, may not future generations say of this age of magnificence, as Burke did of the British sway in India, that it has left no more permanent monuments of its power than the rhinoceros or the tiger?

It is no excuse for this monstrous fragility of modern edifices to say that stone is expensive in London; that its cost precludes it from being used except in public structures; and that it is unjust to reproach people with a defect imposed upon their metropolis by the deficiencies of nature. Brick, so far from being the most perishable, is in truth the most durable of materials: witness the bricks in the Birs-Nimrod, still preserving the arrowheaded characters as entire as when they were impressed upon them at the time when the waters of the flood had only recently dried up upon the earth. Let any one look at one of the bricks from Babylon or Nineveh in the public museums, and he will at once be convinced of the eternal endurance of which that substance, when rightly formed, is capable. In truth, so far from being rejected as a perishable, brick was selected by the ancients as the most lasting of all substances: Plutarch says, that when rightly hardened, and built in proper perpendicular, it will survive the finest stone, and in fact

stand for ever. Certain it is, that the brick walls in the baths of Caracalla, the baths of Titus, and the *Thermae* of Dioclesian have withstood the decay of time and the fire of the Goths better than either the stone of the Colosseum, or the marble of the Forum of Trajan; and these imposing ruins demonstrate of what grandeur a brick building, even when constructed with little regard to ornament, but on a sufficiently great and majestic plan, is susceptible.

Besides, is London *so very poor* that it cannot afford, in this its highest period of grandeur and opulence, to bring granite or freestone or marble from its provincial quarries? Where did the Romans get the granite and marble with which they have constructed the enduring monuments of the Eternal City? Was it in the Campagna of Rome, or the mountains of Tivoli? Did not the marble come from Greece, and the granite from Upper Egypt or the quarries of Atlas? Enter the church of St Paul's beyond the walls; its three hundred and eighty columns of veined and variegated granite were all brought from the recesses of Mauritania; from places so remote that they have eluded the inquisitive eyes of modern travellers. The *verde antique*, which was brought in such quantities to Rome, that its fragments may be picked up like common stones on any of the Seven Hills, all came from quarries not far from the cataracts of the Nile, which have been only recently discovered by enterprising travellers. It was from these costly and far distant sources that the Romans drew the materials wherewith to construct their glorious capital; and is London, which sways regions of the East unknown to the eagles of the emperors—London, which concentrates within itself the commerce of the world, not able to bring stone from the mountains of Britain to perpetuate its architectural magnificence? Does not the Thames bring water carriage to the very heart of the metropolis? Within three miles of the sea, is not the finest freestone to be found in the Frith of Forth, and granite equal to the hardest Egyptian on the shores of Aberdeen? Porphyry is to be had in

abundance at Peterhead; marble of all colours in the Western Isles. With such materials and such wealth, the ancients would ere this have made London the noblest city in Christendom, and constructed monuments which a thousand years hence would attract travellers, like the Eternal City, from all parts of the civilized world. Let us not deceive ourselves—it is neither wealth nor materials which we want, but the grandeur of conception which can direct wealth to worthy objects; and the patient industry, the enduring fortitude which, setting its high resolve upon great things, can undergo the toil, and patiently await the time requisite for their developement.

Every thing now is frittered away to produce an *immediate* impression; the certain sign that nothing of *lasting* excellence will be created. Such is the frivolous and ephemeral temper of the times, that neither individuals nor public bodies have patience to wait for the lapse of the period indispensable to produce any work of durable merit; something brilliant must be produced, and that too right speedily, or the artist's reputation is at an end. Our architects must answer the demands of the public, and *work to time*, or they are speedily consigned to the garret. Mushroom rows of buildings, with brilliant stuccoed and meretricious fronts, are run up as rapidly as an order for Manchester goods is executed; the artist seems as much afraid as his employers, that, if the *season* is allowed to pass by, the taste for his production will be at an end. Hence the monstrous insufficiency and gaudy character of many of the most ornamental new streets and even public edifices in London; and hence the insane attempt, so painfully conspicuous, to vary and improve upon the Grecian orders; an attempt which will succeed when mathematicians succeed in improving upon the forms of the triangle, the circle, and the ellipse; but not till then. All this is useless, and worse than useless. It habituates the public to a gaudy and unchaste style of building, totally inconsistent with permanent merit; and wastes vast riches on the ephemeral brilliancy of a few years,

which, if applied to edifices of a simpler and more durable character, would both form the public taste, and produce works worthy of immortal endurance.

The lamentable thing is that it was not thus in former times; and that this deplorable insufficiency and haste of building has arisen for the first time in our history, at that very stage of our national progress, when a more manly style might have been anticipated; at that period of national growth, when Augustus found Rome of brick, and left it of marble. Our ancestors did not produce, indeed, long rows of pillared edifices—whited sepulchres, with a thin coating of stucco, concealing a charnel-house of brick—but they constructed works which will stand for centuries, and attract the admiration of men till time has levelled them with the dust. Witness the stately cathedrals, the work of ages, which arose in every see of Britain, all formed of durable materials, and of such extraordinary beauty, that subsequent generations have been unable to equal, far less excel them. Witness the noble castles, whose ruins are still to be seen in the green fields of merry England, and whose massy battlements, after braving the storms of six hundred years, look down with contempt on the successive generations of mushroom buildings which arise and fall at their feet. It was not thus when the towering genius of Sir Christopher Wren raised the majestic dome of St Paul's; a structure, which, if it had possessed the portico which he designed for it, would have been the most sublime edifice, so far as external form goes, that the piety of man had ever erected to the honour of his Creator. It was not thus when that beautiful church was raised, then in the obscurity of alleys, which now, in Trafalgar Square, puts to shame all the ephemeral plaster work with which it is surrounded; or when the genius of the freemasons, in the days of Henry VII., produced the unrivalled grace of his sepulchral chapel. What! are we to be seriously told that stone is so expensive that it is beyond the reach of the national resources, even for public edifices intended to stand for centuries, when

it was brought in abundance into every corner of England in the days of our Henrys and our Edwards to construct the cathedrals, and when, amidst the poverty and distraction of the Plantagenet reigns, the monks of Canterbury imported it from Normandy to construct the beautiful edifice which still covers the tomb of the Black Prince? Can the nation which could borrow a thousand millions to strike down Napoleon, not emulate the works of monks and abbots in an age when England only contained two millions of inhabitants, and the national revenue was only L.600,000 a-year? We repeat it: it is not wealth which we want; the wealth which is annually squandered in London on carriages, dogs, and horses, would speedily make it the noblest city in the universe. It is the taste to give it a right direction; the enduring spirit which can submit to present sacrifice for the sake of future excellence; the greatness of soul, which, disdaining the fleeting or ephemeral luxuries which wealth can command, fixes its aspirations on those works of a lasting character which stamp immortality upon the age in which they arose.

We often speak of the French as a gay and volatile race, incapable of steadily pursuing any object for any length of time together; fickle in their passions, fickle still in their attachments, and totally unworthy to enter the list with the sober steadfast march of the English people. Will France, however, or England, stand highest two hundred years hence, from the monuments of the age of Napoleon and Wellington which they have left? Future generations will then as now look with undiminished interest on the splendid monuments of Paris; the majestic arch of Neuilly, the imposing portico of the Pantheon, the lovely Peristyle of the Madeleine, the chaste simplicity of the Bourse, the noble pillar of Austerlitz, will attract, as now, crowds from every corner of the world to the centre of modern architectural beauty. What will London have to show, to stand in comparison? What will the conquering nation have to exhibit to rival the trophies of the vanquished? Where will our descendants, two hundred years hence, find the mo-

nument voted to Trafalgar; where the tribute of a nation's gratitude to the heroes of Waterloo? Every one of the brilliant piles from Hyde Park Corner to the Colosseum, which now attract our passing admiration, will be levelled with the dust, or stand in grim and black desolation, like the streets of Vicenza, after all the plaster and ornamental work has fallen down. The wave of fashion will have rolled in another direction; the expense of keeping up the present fronts will be felt as intolerable, and Regent Street and Park, if they exist at all, will be a frightful ghastly monument of an ephemeral age.

We are not insensible to the beauty of many of the modern edifices of London; the Post-office, St Pancras in the Fields, Marylebone Church, and, above all, the arches at Hyde Park Corner; but they are not for a moment to be put in comparison with the structures reared during the same period at Paris or St Petersburg. When we approach the portico of the church of Cazan at the latter metropolis, the sublime statue of the Czar Peter standing on its granite pedestal weighing eighteen hundred tons, or the noble pillar to Alexander, we feel as if, coming from London, we had passed from the works of pigmies to those of giants. Every thing in the English capital is neat, elegant, and sumptuous; the plaster fronts are delicately moulded; they are in general clean, and washed with a warm tint; sculpture adorns the pediments; columns and statues are to be seen in abundance; but all is on a minute Lilliputian scale in point of magnitude, and ephemeral in point of endurance; nothing indicates a people whose taste is grand and elevated either in their public or private structures. Every thing in the Russian metropolis bespeaks solidity, permanence, and majesty. Granite paves the streets; granite composes the columns; nations appear to have been employed in the construction of monuments calculated for eternal endurance. English travellers long turned into ridicule the slow progress under the Bourbon princes of the public monuments commenced by Napoleon; year after year the workmen were

to be seen chipping at the capitals, or polishing the columns. Regent Street during their slow growth rose up at once in complete lustre, and the English began to flatter themselves, that their capital was about to become the most beautiful in Europe. Now, however, the works are done! after thirty years' labour the scaffolding is removed, the workmen have disappeared, and while the plaster fronts of the English structures are already beginning to decay, or show in gaping fissures but too clearly the perishable nature of their materials, the Parisian monuments stand forth pure and brilliant in their first youth, destined to captivate mankind for thousands of years.

To these general observations on the ephemeral or perishable nature of the English monuments an exception must be made in the case of those structures which are for purposes of acknowledged *utility*, as our bridges, docks, aqueducts, canals and roads. Unquestionably the age which has produced London and Waterloo bridges, the Manchester Railway, the Caledonian Canal, the Thames Tunnel, the Menai Bridge, Pont Cysilte Aqueducts, and the West India Docks, need not fear a comparison with the public works of the same description of any other people. Grandeur of conception, durability of materials, respect for futurity, characterise all these undertakings. But it is from the very grandeur of these *useful* works, and the comparatively trifling nature of all destined to mere ornament, that we augur worst of the spirit of the age in this particular. It is evident that we want neither wealth to execute, nor genius to conceive, great works worthy of our reputation in other respects. It is the mania for what is to produce a return which paralyses all our efforts. We have become a mere race of utilitarians. Nothing is undertaken on a scale worthy either of the age or of posterity, unless it promises a good dividend. We are in truth a nation of shopkeepers. The impatience of the democratic, the selfishness of the mercantile spirit, have got possession not only of the national councils, but the public taste. The love for the great, the

future, and the excellent, has been superseded by the passion for the useful, the present, the brilliant. We have sadly degenerated from our ancestors. Our ornamental structures no longer resemble the stately castles and cathedrals of former times; but rather the towers, drawbridges, and palaces which were painted on the canvass tents of the nobility in the Polish diets, which cast a fleeting lustre over the scenes of those stormy assemblages, and when they were dispersed vanished for ever!

Mercantile habits are far from being inconsistent with the enduring and elevated spirit which produces the grand and the beautiful in the fine arts; witness the matchless glories of the Acropolis, the imposing streets of Genoa, the marble palaces of Venice, the perfection of architecture at Florence, the venerable piles of Ghent. On the contrary, when rightly directed, they are the best foundation for excellence in these departments, because they provide the wealth necessary for their construction, and at the same time induce that liberality of mind and custom of large expenditure on great objects, which are essential to success in all the higher walks of human genius. England till within these few years has been guided by an aristocracy combining the most eminent in rank, wealth, and talent; and their sway, if no longer paramount in the legislature, is at least still predominant in all the educated classes of the people. How then has it happened that a nation pre-eminent in the aristocratic turn of its habits and inclinations, and once so remarkable for the grandeur and sublimity of its public structures, should now be so deplorably superficial in its ideas in these respects, and openly proclaim itself incapable of undertaking any work which is to take five years in building? We profess ourselves unable to account for such a degradation, if it is not to be found in that parsimonious and shortsighted spirit which, for twenty years, has been increasing with the growth of popular influence amongst us, and at last produced the great convulsion of 1832. During all this time, Government was disabled from under-

taking any great or durable works (with the exception of Windsor Castle, which was defrayed from that "Godsend," the repayment of the Austrian loan) by the incessant clamour of the popular party against unnecessary expenditure, and the growing jealousy of the people at any works of magnificence on the part of their rulers. Strange to say, the popular party during all that period not only took no interest in national structures erected by Government, but rather felt an antipathy at them; they considered them as a culpable display of luxury on the part of a bankrupt establishment, and grudged every shilling laid out on works which were not peculiar to the Sovereign, but the common patrimony of the nation. Hence the long peace which followed the capture of Paris has been a complete blank as to any great or worthy architectural monument on the part of Government. But it is Government in the later stages of society which can alone originate all great edifices, and by the love for the durable and majestic thus created, influence the taste of individuals, and determine the character of private structures, or of voluntary associations of individuals. With us the master spirit has been wanting; the key-note has not been struck; and hence the insulated efforts of individuals have wasted themselves on perishable or unworthy structures, and the national taste, in an age of wealth, luxury, and refinement, has taken an entirely wrong direction.

Democratic societies are occasionally capable of rearing the most admirable monuments; but in all such cases, it will be found that, though in form a republic, the supreme power has in reality been lodged in a single individual or a few persons, whose talents, eloquence, or popular arts, have given them undisputed authority. The Republic of Athens erected the matchless peristyle of the Parthenon, the imposing gateway of the Propyleum; but it was at a period when the talents of Pericles had given him for a long course of years an unresisted authority, and when the influence of Athens was able to turn to the embellishment of their city the common treasures of

Greece at Delphi. Hence his well-known saying to one of the Grecian demagogues, who complained of the expediture, that if the people of Athens grudged the cost of the edifices, let them inscribe them with his name, and he would defray it himself. Mercantile wealth has often, as in Tyre, Carthage, and the modern Italian or Flemish cities, been the parent of architectural splendour, but in all such cases it was a proud and high-minded aristocracy who were the real rulers of the state, and practically intrusted with the direction of the affairs. A genuine democracy is at once shortsighted and selfish, stingy and rapacious; parsimonious to all other parties or objects; avaricious and rapacious for its own advantages, or the fortunes of its favourite leaders; and such a spirit is the precise reverse of the disposition required for architectural greatness, which of all other things requires most the elevated views, grandeur of conception, and durability of design, which belong to bodies whose interests and habits are detached from the shifting quicksands of popular administration, and fixed on the permanent character of aristocratic government. America, while she continues republican, will never produce any edifices worthy of being put in comparison with the cathedrals, castles, monuments, and palaces of the old world: hence the astonishment and admiration of its ingenuous citizens at the majestic edifices of that description in modern Europe. France produced none during the days of her republican frenzy; the magnificence of Paris is all to be referred to the reigns of Louis XIV. and Napoleon. During the Convention and the Directory enormous fortunes were made by the civil and military employes of the Republican Government, but nothing great or durable in the arts or public structures was attempted by the public rulers. They had plenty of fêtes, spectacles, and banners, but not one structure of lasting magnificence or utility set on foot: * like the Reform mobs in Great Britain four years ago, who overspread the land with banners, processions, and tri-

color flags; but have not yet reared one monument higher than the foundation stone, in honour of Maxima Charta, or the Father of the Reform Bill.

The unfortunate circumstance of stone or marble not being found in the neighbourhood of London has undoubtedly had a most prejudicial effect, not only on the durability, but the character of its architectural edifices. If the freestone quarries of Craigleith, near Edinburgh, had existed at Highgate or Hampstead, not only would the metropolis have been constructed of lasting materials, but their solidity and cost would have stamped a character of simplicity and grandeur upon its architecture, which constitute the only foundations of real excellence. It is impossible to construct long rows of whited sepulchres with stone: the meretricious and overloaded ornament of modern London would have been effectually varnished by the mere use of a hard material for building. There is no end to stucco frizes or statues: it is easy to cast capitals, according to "Mr Nash's positive order," in a mould, and white-wash them to resemble freestone; but it is not so easy a matter to play these antic tricks with solid masonry, or run the risk of destroying a sumptuous edifice, by the ridiculous attempt to effect innovations in the Grecian orders. If the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square had been constructed of stone, it would never have exhibited the pepper boxes and vitiated taste which makes all Englishmen blush who recollect the Louvre or the Vatican. Had Buckingham House been built, as it should have been, of freestone or marble, it would never have exhibited that overloaded ornament and unbecoming proportion which, notwithstanding much beauty of detail, render it no fit palace for the kings of England.

We are far from wishing to encourage the vanity which provincials in general, and the citizens of Edinburgh in particular, are so apt to exhibit; but we must say, that the effect of its admirable freestone is most conspicuous in the purer taste and more

* The Pantheon, though disgraced by the bones of Marat, was both begun and finished by the Bourbon dynasty.

manly character of building in the Scottish metropolis; and that two hundred years hence, not only many more, but more perfect monuments of this age will be found within its walls, than in the vast circumference of London. Where will then be the long rows of pillared scenery which now adorn Regent Street, Hyde Park, the Strand, and Regent Park? Reduced to its stone edifices, how much will London have to exhibit? Even then, however, the simpler, less ornamented, and humbler edifices of Edinburgh will be flourishing in undiminished beauty; and all the acquisitions of subsequent ages will be mingled with the structures of the present, to exhibit an united mass of architectural splendour. It is an easy matter for the citizens of London, revelling in their superior wealth and in possession of the seat of government, to deride the fourteen columns, the fragment of a mighty undertaking, on the Calton Hill. Those fourteen columns, formed on the purest and chastest model, are the same benefit to the arts and public taste which the poems of Virgil or Homer are to literature; they will exist, if not destroyed by external violence, for thousands of years, and be admired when the meretricious piles of London are reduced to heaps of their mother clay. Even now, they are the most imposing objects of the kind in Britain; they impress strangers more than any modern edifice in the island; and if the structure is completed, by the munificence of donations or bequests, on the same scale of primeval magnificence, it will give to the Scottish metropolis a distinction beyond what any capital in Europe can boast.

Much of the sublimity of this unfinished structure, as of its far-famed original on the Acropolis of Athens, is to be ascribed to the great blocks of stone of which it is composed. Those who have seen the gate of Agamemnon, at Mycenæ, in Greece, or the Cyclopiàn walls of Volterra, in Italy, will be at no loss to appreciate the immense effect of such massy blocks in the production of architectural effect. It compensates in a degree which, *a priori*, could scarcely be credited, the deficiency of height or magnitude. Stonehenge, rising like the work of giants on the solitude of

Salisbury Plain, impresses the mind with a feeling of awe beyond any edifice in Britain: the monolithic obelisks and gateways of Luxor exceed in sublimity the tenfold bulk of York cathedral. This important element of effect is totally lost in stuccoed buildings; and not only is it lost, but the public taste, habituated to the overloaded ornament and varied style of which plastic work is susceptible, becomes insensible to the severe simplicity, and imposing grandeur of earlier art.

The destruction of both houses of Parliament by fire has now afforded an opportunity of re-constructing those venerable halls on a scale suited to the riches and magnificence of the age, and in a style derived from our ancestors, adapted to the Gothic origin and time-worn buttresses of our constitution. Here, then, is an opportunity of redeeming the age from the obloquy to which it has become exposed from the gaudy attire and ephemeral character of its metropolitan edifices, and erecting at least one structure worthy of being placed beside the noble monuments of St Petersburg and Paris, in the architectural race of the nineteenth century. Let us hope that the precious opportunity will not be lost of erecting an edifice *entirely of stone*, fire-proof, and worthy of being the palace of the constitution which its authors boast of having effected so great an improvement on the old English government. Even democratic jealousy will hardly envy the grandeur of the reformed House of Commons; democratic stinginess will not grudge what is laid out on the sovereign palace of the people. Now, then, is the time to adopt a truly princely view of the subject; to erect a work on such a scale of durability as may defy alike the war of elements, the decay of time, and the madness of the people; and by rearing one simple and majestic edifice in the metropolis, gradually wean the public taste from that flimsy and overloaded style which has arisen in this country from accidental causes before the natural period of the corruption of taste, and promises, if not checked, to deprive future ages of all the legacies which they should receive from the wealth, the power, and the genius of the present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN ALPINE TRAVELLER.

No. V.

I LEFT Lyons in the afternoon about three o'clock, by the diligence, which Sanville and Company announced as being in direct correspondence with that of Aix les Bains, near Chamberry.

This route from Lyons ascends by the Rhone, and the road for many miles undulates on its right bank, but generally at such an elevation, that the vast plains of the Rhone and the Ain, bounded by the Dauphiny Alps, are overlooked; and the finely situated city of Lyons continues for a long time in sight. The bold outline of the hill, with its fortifications, buildings, and gardens, which sweeps down between the Saone and the Rhone to the termination of its promontory at the confluence of the two rivers, and the abrupt precipices on the right bank of the Saone, surmounted by the church of St Maria Fourvières, make an assemblage of objects and forms that leaves the picturesque city of Lyons almost without a rival. We passed through Mont-Lyon, and crossed the Ain, near Meximeux, on an iron-wire suspension bridge, a cheap mode of construction now extensively adopted in France, and particularly in the valley of the Rhone. Night set in soon after we crossed it—a night of delay and impatience to us, and of vexation to the conducteur—the wheel of the diligence, in some odd way, became locked on the axle and refused to turn; it was only after much flogging and swearing, in which French postillions excel, that the vehicle was dragged to a village, where we were detained for some time by a mareschal and his Cyclops, and we had not proceeded many miles from Chez Vulcan, before a laden cart, overturned in the road, barred again our proceeding. We arrived long after the usual time at the house where the passengers' supper was provided, the greater part of which, some people of the little town, living *en pension*, had devoured, not choosing, in spite of the remonstrances of the host, to wait our arrival. We were all hungry

and out of humour. It almost always happens, in such cases, that something ridiculous occurs to restore temper by producing a laugh at such vexations, but not a redeeming grin could be raised; we were sulky, and hungry, and cold. We did not reach Bellay until nine o'clock. Here, to my additional vexation, I learnt that the diligence proceeded no further, and that I was to be taken to the frontier of Savoy in a *char-a-banc*. The innkeeper assured me that the diligence from Yenne to Aix never waited for the arrival of the Lyons coach to Bellay, but always started at eight in the morning from Yenne, an hour at which the diligence party from Lyons never arrived, and therefore advised me to stay at his house for the day, and take the *char* early for Yenne the next morning. This I of course thought was untrue, and only said to detain me. I refused to enter the inn, but took a cup of coffee at the next house whilst my luggage was arranging, and then pursued my journey to the Rhone, which I had to cross immediately below the finely situated fort of Pierre Chastel. The passage-boat soon landed me in Savoy, where a slight and civil search detained me for a few minutes. A bridge will shortly be built across the Rhone at this place, and thus the dangerous and inconvenient passage by a ferry will be avoided. On proceeding to the station of the diligences, I learnt that the unprincipled Sanville and Company of Lyons had engaged to do what they had no power to perform by their diligences—travellers are sure to be detained a day at Bellay or at Yenne. It was in vain that I remonstrated with the parties connected with the diligences, and complained to the Mayor; he had no jurisdiction over the affair on the French side of the frontier, and it was there that I had been deceived. Any means of passing the Mont du Chat I was told was unavailable until the following morning, when I might proceed by diligence. On enquiry, however, I succeeded in obtaining a

horse and guide to Aix, and was glad to be clear of the knavish *entrepreneurs* of the diligences between Lyons and Aix les Bains.

The journey from Yenne to the Mont du Chat had little interest in it except as connected with the passage of Hannibal. The road to the village of Chevalu, at the western foot of the passage, had not much fitness to boast of for the route of a diligence, but across the mountains was a new and well-formed road, which led by tourniquets, admirably constructed, to the lake of Bourget. The close agreement of the character of the Mont du Chat with the events of the march of Hannibal as described by Polybius, it is impossible not to perceive. The plain round Chevalu for the encampment, the road on the borders of precipices, with still higher terraces, whence destruction could be hurled upon the materiel of an army passing below; and above these, stations accessible to a bold soldiery; which, possessed by the ruse of the Carthaginian general, led to covering the passage of his army in the contest for the first Alpine pass at which he had arrived; all these agree with the account of the events as they occurred. The scenery which opened as I ascended was very beautiful, the rich valleys, or rather plains, of the Guiers and the Rhone, wooded, cultivated, and luxuriant, spread out over an extent beyond Lyons, to the boundary formed by the mountains of Tarrare. I looked in vain for traces of the Temple of Mercury which Dr Cramer mentions as existing on the Mont du Chat, and my guide could not aid me. On reaching the brow of the pass, objects less liable to change were presented to me. The lake of Bourget lay immediately at my feet like a bright and beautiful mirror; to the south lay the plains and city of Chamberry, the Mont Granier and the range of mountains of the Grand Chartreuse; and beyond the vale of Gresivaudan the snowy chain of the Dauphiny Alps bounded the scene. Before me, and directly across the lake, was Aix les Bains, where Roman emperors came for the benefit of its hot springs, and which are still resorted to by visitors for pleasure or for health; at the head of the lake on the

left, was the Abbey of Haute Combe, formerly very rich and celebrated; and over it the hills which led by Annecy to Geneva. Such a glorious scene to gaze upon, whilst resting from the fatigue of an ascent, is rarely to be found; but one of the most striking effects on the pass arose from the precipitous slope of the mountain towards the lake; in many situations near the summit, the bank or border of the road, distant only a few feet from me, cut abruptly against the deep blue lake, of which the surface was at least 1500 feet below, and seemed as if the bank overhung it. After winding down the zig-zag road, delighted at each turn with the changing beauties of the scenery presented at each inflection of the road, I reached and struck into a path which led through orchards to the hamlet of Bourdeau, and thence down to the shores of the lake, where, I had been told, a boat might be procured to cross the lake to Aix, thus avoiding the detour by Chamberry, and enjoying a delightful passage on the tranquil waters of the lake of Bourget—so tranquil that every object was distinctly reflected from its surface. The abrupt side of the Mont du Chat rose grandly from the borders of the lake, and at its northern extremity the abbey of Haute Combe melted into the thin air which intervened. I was soon rowed over, and found on the opposite shore a man ready to take my baggage to the town, where we arrived after a short and hot walk, and rested at the pension of M. Vernat.

As I had previously visited Aix, entered its celebrated baths, and examined its triumphal arch and other Roman remains, I immediately hired a char to visit Chamberry, expressly to make a drawing of the city, as it is presented on its approach from Aix. I finished my sketch, and returned to Aix before dark.

On the following morning, the diligence to Annecy started at four instead of five o'clock, and I was left behind, which I suspected was a trick of M. Vernat. A char was ordered, and while it was getting ready, I visited the establishment of the baths, and finished my sight-seeing there, by submitting to be placed in a dark stone chamber with the door

closed upon me. I was received with laughter by persons, who, for a few seconds, I could not distinguish, owing to the darkness and steam with which the chamber was filled. When I could perceive them, by the aid of a little light transmitted through a piece of canvass above the door, I thought the place appropriately named *Enfer*, especially as a strong sulphureous smell prevailed. The patients were sitting naked, or lightly girded, on benches, and steaming off the ills their "flesh was heir to." Here, from habit, they sit for hours; to me minutes were torments, and I knocked loudly to be let out, where fifty invalids were waiting to see my escape from these infernal regions.

The drive from Aix to Annecy had nothing remarkable to arrest the attention of the traveller. The country was well cultivated and richly wooded, and the undulations of the road often presented pleasing points of view. Near Alby, in the valley of the Cheron, a very fine arch of great span has been thrown across the ravine, and deserves the delay of a few minutes for examination.

At Annecy I expected to meet a friend from Geneva, who had promised to join me there, and ramble with me in the mountains. Instead of seeing him, I received a letter, informing me of his father's illness, and the impossibility of his meeting me. After refreshment at the Hotel de Genève, I decided upon proceeding immediately to Ugine or Conflans. A cobbler, who owned a boat, undertook to row me up to Duing, and we were soon afloat, but making little more way than we should have done in a Thames lighter. The day, however, was beautiful, and I saw in passing beneath the mountains which divide the remarkable valley of Thônes from the lake, the rich slopes of many little valleys sweeping down to the water, and adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery. In one of these, a peep into Paradise, is the little commune of Menthon, with its chateau finely situated on an eminence amidst gardens and vineyards, and commanding beautiful views of the lake, whilst towering above it rose the Dent d'Alençon, one of the most striking forms in this range of mountains. Menthon

claims some interest with the Alpine traveller as the birth-place of St Bernard, the founder of the celebrated hospice which bears his name. He was born in 924, and, as his chroniclers report, displayed at a very early age so strong a desire to devote himself to the church, that he fled his home to avoid a marriage, entered the church, became Archdeacon of Aosta, subsequently preached against and extirpated the remains of paganism in the Alpine valleys, and founded the hospices of the Great and Little St Bernard. If the rigmale and romance invented by miracle-mongers be separated from his history, enough remains to prove that he was pious, devoted, benevolent, and energetic,—qualities which produced those establishments founded by him to alleviate human sufferings in Alpine regions, and which will perpetuate his name as a benefactor to mankind, when his great feat of catching and chaining the devil is forgotten.

Shortly after passing Menthon, we saw near it the largest village on the shores of the lake, Talloires, the birth-place of Bertholet, the celebrated chemist.

I landed at the hamlet of Duing, distant from Annecy about seven miles by the lake. As I had determined to reach Conflans, I did not visit the chateau, which is situated at a short distance on a promontory, with nothing picturesque as a decoy to a painter about it. As a summer residence, however, it must be very agreeable, and many visitors for short periods are there *en pension*; and an interesting account of the chateau and its neighbourhood, particularly of the valley of Thônes, is found in Bakewell's Tour in the Tarentaise. He, during his rambles in Savoy, made the chateau Duing, for a short time, his headquarters.

I procured a char in the hamlet, and drove up the road on the western shores of the lake towards Taverghes. The road was so near the level of the lake that in many places the water partly covered it. Some recent floods, however, had occasioned an unusual elevation of the water. The luxuriance of the walnut and cherry trees around the lake is remarkable; from the former a large quantity of oil is expressed, and from

the latter the kirschen-wasser of Annecy, more celebrated than that of the Black Forest, is obtained.

Faverge is about five miles from Duing, three of them still on the borders of the lake, whence a slightly rising road brought us to this manufacturing little town. Here are forges, and iron and copper works, and manufactories of silk and cotton fabrics, the Manchester of Savoy; even as early as the twelfth century it was known for its metal works, and bore then the name of Fabricarum. There are relics of a higher antiquity and distinction, even under the Romans, preserved.

The ancient Chateau of Faverge is now the silk manufactory. I ascended to its site on an eminence, and enjoyed the view down the valley to the lake, and the still more charming sight of a beautiful woman, Madame D—, the wife of the proprietor of these works.

The present road through Ugine, from Faverge to Conflans, has recently been made good for carriages, and in some places new lines have been followed; a path across the mountain leads from Faverge to Conflans in half the time necessary for the journey by the great road. I took up a companion, whom I found an intelligent man. He was going to Ugine; he was a great chasseur, and his tales of bear hunts and mountain adventures were highly interesting. Our route lay through the narrow valley of the Monthoux, bounded by rocks and forests. The air was oppressively hot, a sirocco, just as I have felt it at Naples. The day had closed upon us before we entered the valley of the Arly at Ugine, a town most favourably situated for traffic, between Faucigny, the Tarentaise, and Annecy. The inns, however, are intolerable, though the great road through it from Faverge to Conflans has been completed some time, and another road is in progress to open a good carriage communication with Sallanches and Upper Faucigny.

From Ugine, though it was dark, I proceeded to l'Hôpital Conflans, by an excellent road on the right bank of the Arly; and though it was late when I arrived at the Hôtel Royale, kept by the brothers Geny, the *Æsop* of the establishment, the elder bro-

ther, who prides himself upon his skill as a cook, soon served a most welcome supper, and the capital beds in their inn gave me undisturbed repose.

In the morning it rained too hard to enable me to start early and reach Bourg St Maurice as I had intended, and I was, therefore, induced to wait for the diligence which passes through Moutiers. Before its arrival the rain abated, and I went with M. Geny to visit the Fonderie Royale, formerly Imperial. It was built by Napoleon for smelting the silver ores from the mines in the Tarentaise. They were not at work, except in replacing some water wheels for the stamping machinery. Having determined upon returning by l'Hôpital, I left a portmanteau to the care of my hosts; and finding a place in the thing misnamed a diligence, was dragged to Moutiers, about fourteen miles, for two francs; sheltered from the rain, certainly, but otherwise acquiring a tolerable idea of the comforts of a slave ship.

In the Grand Place, in front of the Hôtel de la Poste at Moutiers, I was much amused by the appearance of a party of *soldiers*, as far as their coats could make them so—but it was the only military indication in common among them; their heads and tails were dressed each to his own taste. Four of them assumed to be officers; one, whose costume was *à la Shab*, seemed to be the chief, though he had no indication of a military character except a ramrod in his hand, with which, instead of a sword, he was attempting to manœuvre his troops, abusing them and getting saucy answers in return; some even walked off altogether, and no two of them seemed to agree how the word of command was to be obeyed. Upon enquiry, the girl of the inn told me, that they were *Les Militaires de la Ville*, preparing themselves for the "*fête patronel de notre prophet*," on the morrow.

I started in a char at five, and reached Aime in two hours, and Bourg St Maurice in two more, having rested at the former place half an hour to refresh the horse. Before arriving at the Cluse d'Haute Cour, my guide pointed out above it the church of the commune of St Jerou;

it is seen high on the left, on a table land, which he reported as rich, flat, and productive in corn, the general character of the slopes of the mountains which bound this valley. In the depth of the Cluse, formed by the base of Mount Jerou, a passage seemed to be impracticable. My guide, however, said it was possible to pass by the river when the waters were low, but that an old road, even now passable on mules, formerly existed on the left bank of the Isere, about a hundred feet above the torrent. I could look across and down upon where he said its traces remained, but without perceiving any. In such situations in the mountains, roads fall rapidly to decay if not preserved. The new road, which passes over a rock 300 or 400 feet above the torrent, was made in 1766, as recorded by a tablet cut in the rock, but all, except the date, had been chiseled out. The guide said that it formerly recorded the name of the engineer, but that the Mayor of the Commune, jealous of his fame, had ordered it to be erased. Beyond, and below the Cluse d'Haute Cour, lies the village of Centron, at the very entrance to the country which the Centrones boldly defended against Hannibal, or, rather, which they forced him to hurry through, lest the Carthaginian locusts should devour all their provisions. The guide spoke of it as a famous place in the days of the Saracens! This he probably got from enquirers after the march of Hannibal.

Finding, after my arrival at Bourg St Maurice, that it was too late to ascend the Val Isere to Tignes, I started for the Little St Bernard, with the intention of ascending the Belvedere, though with little chance of enjoying the view, owing to the cloudy state of the weather. I reached the hospice in three hours, but the object for which I ascended was obscured by clouds; and after resting there, returned and examined with care the road in relation to the passage of Hannibal. No actual observer who has visited the other conjectured passes, can doubt that this was the route of the Carthaginian army. Of the Roman road which formerly existed on the left bank of the Reclus, above the Roche-blanche, no trace remains. The wife of the

man who resides constantly at the hospice, the fine and interesting woman whom I formerly noticed there, and of whom I remarked that she was "too gentle for her rugged and exposed habitation," died about six months ago.

At the Hôtel des Voyageurs were a young Frenchman and his wife—he about thirty, a charlatan, a quack doctor, a blustering, swaggering knave, but the handsomest fellow I ever saw. He had been vending his nostrums in the fair held a few days before at Bourg; and, among other marvellous cures, restored a man to sight! Old Mayet, mine host, either believed it, or played the fellow's game by pretending to do so. The latter was probably the fact; for the next morning, as I ascended the Val Isere with a lad, a son of Mayet, he said it was all a trick, and that his father knew it.

I started early from Bourg, and passing through Scez, descended to the banks of the Isere, traversed some meadows, and thence ascending by a villainous path, reached St Foi in two hours. Soon after leaving St Foi, we reached La Thuile—a village which, last year, suffered from a dreadful conflagration; which destroyed fifty-three houses and sheds—nearly the whole village.

This valley is one of the most striking in the Alps—forests of vast pines clothe the face of almost perpendicular rocks; and in the deep gorges, the noisy rushing of the Isere is heard, as if in these solitudes its course was cheered by the sound it makes in its progress; the scene and the sound excite deep emotion; and towering over this sombre valley, rises one of the grandest mountains in the Alps from its magnitude, and one of the most beautiful from its form—its vast mass of snows and glaciers surmounted by a triangular pyramid of pure white, with its angles sharp as a geometrical model. I had seen it in my rambles from many points of view; the first time, in crossing the Bon homme—it is always a striking object—but I could never obtain a name for it upon which two persons appear to agree. Below Bourg St Maurice, it was called the mountain of Pesey—in the valley of the Doron, the Planey and Planteri—in the Val de Tignes, the Mont de

Tignes, or Mont St Foi—and in the map accompanying the “Mesure d'un arc du parallèle moyen.” By the Piedmontese and Austrian officers, it is called Mont du Chasse-quarre. Its form is instantly recognised when visible in the chain, and is never forgotten.

Before reaching the hamlet of Beveira, the path descends to the torrent, and passes beneath enormous rocks which overhang an Alpine bridge, which trembles with the force of a cataract that foams down into a black gulf, dimly seen behind and between the enormous rocks which have fallen into it. After crossing the torrent, the path rises again to a great height above the ravine, but so overhanging it, that to me it appeared impracticable to lead the mule across and down places where rifts in the rocky path, which seemed to be bottomless, were made passable by jamming rocks and stones into them.

This wild character of the valley continued, until it opened suddenly into the little plain of Tignes, rich in pasturages, with here and there spots where barley and oats were grown. My young guide advised me to go on to La Val, where he said there was an auberge; and, as it was at the foot of the Col d'Iseran, I should be able to commence my ascent, at once, in the morning.

The village of Tignes is rather large, but the houses, except the Curé's, generally very poor. I bowed to Monsieur as we passed, and leaving this little green spot, surrounded by mountains clothed with glaciers and capped with snow, soon struck into another pine forest, and passed on a ledge above another ravine, still more savage, because there was more sterility. At length we reached another opening in the valley, and the spire of the highest church-village appeared surrounded by a few houses. What was called the auberge, was a filthy miserable den; but there was a readiness to oblige, and a zeal in my service which reconciled me to the privations it threatened.

The inhabitants of this valley have little intercourse with the world. They breed cattle and make cheese—agents at stated times visit them, and when they leave their valley it is

generally by the Col d'Iseran, which leads into the valley of the Arc above Lanslebourg, or by the Col de la Large, which, by a valley opposite to Tignes, leads to Termignon and the Maurienne; Cols also communicate with the Val de Rhêmes, in the Val d'Aosta, and, by the pass of the Galese, with the Val d'Orca in Piedmont.

The Tignards, inhabitants of this wild valley, speak an almost unintelligible patois, and they are said to be uncivil and brutish to strangers. The treatment which I received from them left a different impression; my gaunt hostess was cheerful and civil. Believing herself to be a skilful *cuisinière*, she made for me some diabolical mess of kid, which I had the misfortune to see prepared, and when my *salle à manger* was ready, which I found was also to be my crib-room, bedroom would be a misnomer, I squeezed myself in between the wall and the hay, in a grange which led to it, and found that the poor woman had taken some pains to make it comfortable,—the word will not do, but in justice to her I will leave it. She praised her own skill—grinned her own approbation, and wished to wait to see me enjoy the meal and receive mine. I, however, succeeded in inducing her to go and boil me some eggs, and taking advantage of her absence, separated some bones from the mess, and sent her savoury dish behind the hay, where only the rats could discover it. The poor woman was evidently delighted with the proofs afforded by the bones on my plate of my enjoyment of what she had provided, and gave me a pat on the shoulder of encouragement upon seeing with what appetite I added half a-dozen boiled eggs, and *quantum sufficit* of tolerable bread and wine. Having engaged a mule to cross the Iseran, I found here some peasants from the Maurienne, who had to-day crossed the mountains to attend the fair to be held at Tignes. In a spot so sequestered, the assemblage of half-a-dozen strangers was an unusual affair. The men of the Valley are robust and active, their châteaux and cattle, and the chase give those who do not seek employment in the towns, occupation, but the scanty-

ness and poverty of their food, the inclemency of their country, and the fatiguing nature of nearly all their pursuits, make it difficult to reconcile such an appearance of health and strength with such privations. With the help of my guide from Bourg I was able to break down the barrier of their patois, and hold some conversation about the passes into the neighbouring valleys, but their names of places and mountains utterly bewildered my topography.

The following morning I started early with a boy, who accompanied me as my guide to Lanslebourg. We ascended the valley a little way, but not so far as Forno, the highest commune in the Val de Tignes. Before we reached this little group of huts, we turned off on the right, and began a zig-zag ascent up the mountain side. The morning spirit of the Alps was abroad, and the freshness and purity of the air which she furnished to the traveller, gave life and excitement, which must be sought to be enjoyed or even known. To this spirit of the mountains all her visitors are welcome, but though she never leaves her retirement, many of them bear away benefits which they have received from her—in health or vigour, or buoyant feelings, of which the very memory is happiness.

As we ascended, the scene which opened was magnificent; the deep valley bounded by the savage *escarpements* of surrounding mountains, especially at the head of the valley where the enormous glaciers of the Mont Iseran, across which the only path to the pass of the Galese and the Val d'Orca lay, appear to prohibit all approach. The boy pointed out other passes between the mountains which led into the Val d'Aosta, but they were only accessible to the chamois-hunter.

Half way up the mountain a cross indicated a death on the spot. My guide said that a murder had been committed there. Such a crime is of rare occurrence on this side of the Alps. On attaining the summit of the Col, an Alpine panorama was presented, which, of its class, I have

never seen rivalled. From the crest the whole range of mountains from the Iseran to the Roche-Melon lay before me,—a vast extent of glaciers and snow, amidst which upsprung a thousand pinnacles of rock and peaks of mountain. It is beyond the reach of art to paint such immensity, and it is not in the power of language to convey an idea of the impression which the scene makes upon an observer. An ocean suddenly frozen amidst the violence of a tornado is an inadequate comparison, it does not excite the idea of a giant world which seemed to lie, after convulsion, silent as death before me, shrouded and in solitude.*

It was through the difficult valley of Tignes and across the Col d'Iseran that the Vaudois, under Henri Arnaud, returned to their native valleys in 1687. I lately met with a work, called "*Nouveau Voyage d'Italie*," in which the author, who must have travelled at the time the Vaudois were returning, says, "*Vers Annecy, nous trouvâmes tout le monde dans une épouvante terrible, à cause des Vaudois. Le bruit couroit que ces pauvres bannis, étoient entrez en Savoye, du côté d'Evain; qu'ils étoient plus de deux mille, et qu'ils avoient déjà brûlé cinq ou six villages—rien de tout cela n'étoit vrai.*"

I had reached the summit in two hours from La Val, and in two hours more I descended to Bonneval in the valley of the Arc. The descent was rapid. I quickly reached the highest pasturages of the Maurienne, situated in a long open valley terminated by a gorge, above which there were a few chalets. The descent through the gorge was difficult, but it led to the lower and richer pasturages of Barthelemy and Cost, where there were numerous chalets and granges. As I sunk below the mountains which bounded the south-eastern side of the valley of the Arc, I lost the extent of the glaciers, but approached their bases where they streamed down the rifts and intervals of the opposite mountains; and carrying back the magnitude of these masses to a compari-

* Some time has past since the scene was actually present to me, but in making this extract it is recalled by my memory as one of the grandest scenes I ever saw.

son with the whole that I had seen from above, and in which these portions were scarcely distinguishable, my mind was overwhelmed with the emotion which such sublimities had excited.

After taking some wine at Bonneval in what would better bear the name of an auberge than the den at La Val, we proceeded down the valley. It was uninteresting, except for its contrast with the sterility of the regions I had left. The pastures were fine, but the mountain sides were too steep for cultivation; and where the bare rocks were not exposed, the sides were clothed with black pines. In an hour and half I reached Bessans, leaving on the left, shortly before I reached the village, the deep valley of Averole, which leads by the Col de Lautaret to the valley of Viu in Piedmont.

On entering Bessans, I was accosted in good English by a respectable-looking elderly man. He had travelled much as a courier, and now retired to his native valley to spend in quiet the earnings of an active life. In his capacity as courier he had served Lords Oxford and Montague.

On leaving Bessans, we continued to descend the valley of the Arc on the right bank of the river, until it sunk into a deep ravine; the road then ascended on the mountain-side, to La Monte, and passed over the hill, the base of which formed the right side of the ravine; thence descending again to the valley, we passed the village of Lans le Villard; and in two hours from Bessans reached my former quarters the Hôtel Royale at Lanslebourg. The dog, old Turk, was still alive, though very feeble. He and his master seemed to be awaiting each other's departure. It will be well for the old sot of an innkeeper, if he get such a respectable companion in his final journey.

I dismissed my guide and mule, and having ordered dinner to be ready by my return, walked to Termignon, to examine that part of the road where Laranza states that the Roche-Blanche of Hannibal is to be found.

The termination of the forest of pines, above the slope which sinks into the Arc, exposes the gypsum

mentioned by Saussure, and triumphantly quoted by Laranza; but none of the gypsum is in the defile, and is only seen where the valley widens, and there only in a few small patches, not readily distinguishable, and conveying no idea of a white rock. Having drawn both a plan and the scene, I returned to Lanslebourg, and ordered a mule to be ready after dinner to take me to the Mont Cenis. The mule and his master's services were engaged for two francs to take me to the barrier on the Point Culinant. By not passing it, the toll of three francs was saved—we reached it in an hour and a quarter—thence we walked to the Hôtel de la Poste, where my day's journey disposed me early to rest, after taking some tea of Mont Cenis—the flowers of the mountain—and copying from the wall of the *salle à manger* the following doggrel record of the visit and opinion of some scribbler upon glass and plaster, of the Bull family.

“Son of a happy land,
Why didst thou cross the waves?
Why, on old Europe's worn out strand,
Wander midst wrecks and graves?”

“No more through realms of night
Thus idly curious roam;
Go, bask in freedom's newborn light,
Go, seek thy native home.

R. J. T.”

The indignation of some Italian had been roused by these lines, for beneath was written,—

“Quell' Inglese che chiamo l'Italia (*realms of night*) regnè della notte è una gran bestia, e quel che dice il contrario è un bestione.”

The next morning I looked out at five o'clock; clouds were rising from Piedmont, and before six every object was concealed in mist and cloud. A visit to the Corne-Rossa, which I intended, was out of the question. I soon decided upon going on to Susa. Whilst I was at breakfast, of which the famous trout of the lake formed a principal dish, I obtained information from a respectable old guide, who had twice ascended to the Corne-Rossa with botanists and engineers. He denied that the plains of Italy could be seen thence, and furnished me with some valuable information upon this question, in which I have much interest-

ed myself. I left as early as I could, lest the rain should set in heavily. We soon passed the Grand Croix, descended to the plain of St Nicolas, and came to the head of the Valley of Novalese. Here the old and new roads separate, and it was striking to observe the course of the Cenisella, the river from the Mont Cenis, in its rapid descent. It starts from nearly the same level at the extremity of the plain of St Nicolas, but, before the traveller by the new road has reached Bard, scarcely two miles, he sees the foaming torrent pursuing its course by the old road thousands of feet below him.

The clouds concealed the Roche-melon; but though all above us was enveloped, the scene in the valley of Novalese below was finely seen when viewed throughout its extent to Susa; though, seeing the entire height of Roche-melon is essential to receiving a true impression of the height above and depth below the observer, as he descends by the new road. Between Molaret and the Casa de Ricovero, No. 1, there are galleries cut in the roadside, to which travellers can retreat as places of refuge, in a part of the road exposed to avalanches. Near this spot the first view of the valley of the Doria Baltea, or Coombe of Susa, is obtained from Susa to Turin, and there is a splendour in the scene, and a promise of richness and fertility, which never fails highly to excite the observer who enters Italy for the first time by the Mont Cenis.

We reached the Hôtel de la Poste at Susa, in about three hours from the summit.

I had expected to meet M. de B—, but I was later than the time he had proposed to sojourn at Susa, and I learned from one of his brother officers, the Chevalier M—, who was attached to the état major-general, that he had obtained leave of absence, and was gone across the mountains to Cavour, and would probably go to Geneva before he returned to his division.

In the afternoon I rambled over the ruins of the famous fort of Brunette, which formerly guarded both the passes of the Mont Cenis and the Mont Genevre, for the roads from them met at Susa under this

fort. It was long considered one of the strongest of the frontier defences of Piedmont, and called *la Chiava d'Italia*, but in 1796 it was, by treaty, so demolished, that nothing remained of it but the house of the commandant; this is now in ruins. The steep rock upon which the fortress existed is now covered with ruins of far greater extent than can be imagined without an actual visit to the site.

The triumphal arch at Susa, dedicated by the Præfect Cottius to Augustus, stands at present in the garden of the governor's house—the Castello. It is in better preservation than the arch at Aosta. Its situation in the road, which formerly led out of the city to the valley of the Doira Susana and the Mont Genevre, the ancient route and pass over the Cottian Alps, is evidence of this having been one of the great Roman roads into Gaul. Of the Mont Cenis, the earliest mention in history is as late as the ninth century, when Charlemagne passed with his army across it to attack Desedirum in Lombardy.

The road by the Mont Cenis is not laid down in either the Antonine Itinerary, or the Tables of Theodosius; and every historian who has mentioned a passage by the Cottian Alps, meant the Genevre. If he has also described it, such description does not apply to the pass of the Cenis, but to that of the Mont Genevre only.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of the Chevalier M—. He had been for fourteen years engaged upon a survey of the Alps, especially of those which divide Piedmont from Savoy. He was in possession of the most accurate details; and with great kindness showed me plans and surveys, and furnished my note-book with the information of a practical man. My acquaintance with his friend was a passport to every kindness that he could show me. He made a party of his brother officers to meet me in his quarters—introduced me to the Préfet, and the élite of Susa in his society; and made the day after my arrival pass, in spite of incessant rain, most agreeably. His duties when engaged in the survey, had led him to the mountains above Bard:

from its glaciers, he said, the plains of Italy could be seen, but not from the Corne-Rossa, for from the latter, the Bois-Noir, the mountain which flanks the Roche Melon, intercepts the view. Monsieur M—— abused Pesey, St Simon, and Bourcet, though he said the map of the latter was the best extant; but Raymond's map of the Alps he pronounced to be villanous.

In the evening the weather appeared disposed to clear off; and, conditionally, that the morning should prove favourable, the Chevalier M—— engaged a man and mule to accompany me to Bardonneche. In the night the moon shone brightly in a cloudless sky, and the beautiful summits of the Roche Melon and other mountains shining in their new coats of snow against the deep blue heavens, gave promise of a fine day for the ascent of the Valley of Exilles. This promise was realized. At half-past four my muleteer roused me; and half an hour later, just as I was about to start, my kind new friend called with a letter to a Monsieur Agnes of Bardonneche, from whom he claimed hospitality for me, and his assistance in my crossing the Col de la Rue. The exceeding kindness of this stranger was another result of my acquaintance with the Comte de B——.

It was six when I started from Susa, and entering into the narrow but richly wooded valley, passed through Chaumont at seven, and reached the Fort of Exilles at eight, which has been re-established since its destruction in the wars of the revolution. The facilities of access into Piedmont from France has always led the sovereigns of Sardinia to defend this valley by strong works at the base of the Col d'Assiette near Exilles, and the possession of these defences has been severely contested. This spot has been rendered memorable by the death of the Comte de Belleisle, who fell here on the 19th of July, 1747. His desperate valour, which had been excited by the promise of a bâton de maréchal of France, if he succeeded in forcing the pass, was checked, after he had received many severe wounds, by a *coup-de-grace* from a grenadier of the regiment of Montserrat.

I reached Salbertrand at nine, and rested an hour to refresh the mule. It was there that the great battle was fought by the Vaudois under Henri Araand, on their return to their country, when 800 of them attacked and defeated an intrenched force of 2500 regular troops, killing 600 of their enemies, and dangerously wounding their commander, the Marquis de Larrey. This historical event gave interest to every spot around the scene of battle—the course of their descent from the Col de Touilles—the bridge of Salbertrand—though, of two bridges now there, it was difficult to decide upon which the great struggle took place—the mountain of Sci, by which they crossed to their former homes. All these objects and recollections to the immediate neighbourhood of Salbertrand were deeply interesting.

About Salbertrand the valley is wide, well cultivated, and productive. The inhabitants appear to be industrious, but they are dirty in their habits, and goitre abounds among them. Between Salbertrand and Oulx, distant two hours, there is much sterile land, from the sand and detritus, and the valley narrows; but at Oulx, a large village, it is better cultivated, even vines are still trained, and the chestnut-trees are of immense growth.

Here I turned into the valley of Bardonneche, a wide and open course to the mountains which towered above its head. This is said to have been the line taken by Julius Cæsar when he marched against the Helvetii, who had invaded Gaul. By this route he avoided the Caturiges on the Mont Genevre and the Segusani, lower in the valley, and crossed the Mons Rudus, the present Col de la Rue. Numerous cols from the valley of Bardonneche lead on one side to Briançon, by the valley of the Guisane, and on the other to the Maurienne.

My guide, as usual, had boasted of his knowledge of the route he undertook to direct me, and told the Chevalier M—— that he had crossed the Col de la Rue. I found out, upon arriving at Oulx, that he had never even been into the valley of Bardonneche which led to it. He was alarmed upon being told that

he would have his mule seized if he took it on without a *bull* of permission, and I had some difficulty in persuading him that I was not going to take him into France, and therefore no such regulation was necessary, and refused to pay him the sum agreed upon, eight francs, if he did not fulfil his engagement by taking me to Bardonneche. In some places it was difficult to trace the road, from the rock and gravel which, brought down by the torrents, obliterated it, and the underwood that grew between the dry channels of their winter courses, formed a succession of labyrinths. At length we reached a rift in a barrier of rocks, through which a river gushed, and a narrow path passed that led into a basin beyond, in which was situated the large village of Bardonneche, surrounded by pasturages and cultivated fields, and enclosed by an amphitheatre of pinnacled and snow-capt mountains.

On my way through the village I saw a young farmer, and enquired for M. Agnes. The enquiry was addressed to his son, who immediately took me to his father's house, where every attention in their power was offered to me as the friend of the Chevalier M——, whom they had not seen for ten years, but enquired warmly after him. Madame Agnes pressed me to remain at their house for the night, as I should arrive late at Modane if I crossed the Col de la Rue by proceeding at once. I feared, however, a change of weather, and M. Agnes, with truest kindness, said—"If you have resolved to go to-day, I will not press you to remain an hour; though, if you will stay a week, you shall have all the hospitality that our house, and all the sport that our mountains can afford." Refreshment was instantly set before me; and whilst I was taking it Monsieur went himself and got a mule ready, and put me into the hands of a confidential man, and, after a glass of liquor, for which Madame Agnes was as famous as Mrs Primrose was for her gooseberry wine, I parted from these kind people, with the wish that my stay could for a short time be prolonged. I was commissioned to bear the affectionate greeting of the

parents, a sister and brother, to a daughter of the family, married to a *médécin* at Conflans.

My guide was accompanied by his son, a boy, to bring back the mule from the summit, as it would be useless to me in the descent on the other side.

Our ascent was very abrupt, and we soon attained considerable elevation, passing close by a chapel, and then crossing by a wild path over a broken and sterile ground. Behind us lay the little commune of Bardonneche, a green spot enclosed within a most savage boundary. The nearest mountains were those of Touilles, the southern boundary of the Val d'Oulx, and the range on the frontiers of France, with which we were almost in contact, separated by a scarcely perceptible ravine. But the finest feature was the rugged line of snow broken by the asperities of summits from the Vanoise to the Mont Genevre, particularly the Roche Melon, which towered over the mountains between us and the vale of Novalesse. This enormous buttress of the Alps rested in magnificent outline against the sky, from the Roche Michael, which appeared to be much lower in comparison than Saussure states it to be, to the tame outlines of the Roche Melon, as they sink into the Coombe of Susa.

As we ascended, close to the mountain sides on our left, my guide told me to look out for chamois, as those animals are abundant here; but I was not successful.

We passed some high pasturages, which by irrigation were made to produce an abundant coarse grass. These belonged to M. Agnes, and numerous peasants were collecting the harvest.

The Col was dreary and rugged, and appeared to have an elevation of about 8000 feet; and the keen blasts from the north which blew upon me from the glaciers of Mont Tabor made me grateful for the thought of turning my *Mackintosh* cloak back to front, which perfectly sheltered me. On the summit, which we reached in two hours and three-quarters from Bardonneche, I dismissed the mule, and my guide and I began our rapid descent towards

Savoy. He collected many plants and flowers, knew their medicinal virtues, and told me which was

— “the sovereign’st thing on earth
For an inward bruise.”

We crossed several patches of snow; and the bare and scathed rocks, and overhanging glaciers of the mountains around us presented a scene of Alpine magnificence. Far below us lay our course to some pine forests, which, continuing the Vallon de la Rue, would lead us to Modane. In an hour from the summit we reached the highest chalets on the side of Savoy, and thence descended to a torrent. For a short time only we continued on its banks, for it soon sunk into a deep ravine, having the path to skirt the precipices which overhung it in some places at an appalling height. The whole pass on these precipices was strikingly horrible. Often we crossed, where a few trees only were laid across a gulf, the course of a mountain torrent that rushed below into the great stream, the trunks on the edge without any sort of fence, and from which a stone would fall perpendicularly hundreds of feet. Following the course of this savage glen down through the forest, we arrived at length at a strange building, which, under a covered way, more like a stable than a place of worship, was the celebrated chapel of Notre Dame des Charmettes. It is raised on walls and arches upon a rock which overhangs one of the deepest of the lateral gorges. On the *festa* of Notre Dame, August 8, mass is performed here, and it is visited by hundreds of devotees from Piedmont and Savoy. A new stone bridge has just been completed across the gulf, a single arch of great height, I think at least 300 feet. Two years ago, rude trunks of trees, as in some of the bridges above, formed the only means of crossing. A man of Bardonneche on his mule was miraculously saved, when his mule slipped, fell over, and was dashed to pieces. Of course the ugly image of Our Lady of Charmettes crossed the mind of the man: the miracle was hers. The subject was painted, and hung up in her chapel as an *ex voto*; but the commune ungratefully determined to prevent her perform-

ing another by building this bridge, for though the man’s life was saved, he was ruined by the loss of his mule. Her patronage did not extend to these animals, that being the business of St Anthony, with which she did not interfere. They have robbed her of any future opportunity of gaining credit here, by taking into their own hands the future safety of men and mules, and building a good bridge.

The evening had closed upon us before we reached Notre Dame des Charmettes, and it was half-past eight before we were comfortably housed at the Hôtel des Voyageurs in the great route to the Mont Cenis at Modane.

At midnight it began to rain hard, and I congratulated myself upon being on the right side of the Alps. My guide came in the morning to see me before his departure, and said that M. Agnes foresaw this change in the weather, and had kindly and considerably hastened my departure.

The Chev. M—— at Susa had led me to hope that I might meet my friend M. de B—— at the fort of Lessillon, which, if he obtained leave of absence, he would pass on his way to Geneva. I wrote to him at the fort, about a league distant, and my messenger brought a letter from him, though he had left the day before, but it was accompanied by another from one of his brother officers, inviting me to accept at the fort a soldier’s welcome, and offering to do the honours in his friend’s absence. I ordered a char for Lanslebourg, intending as I passed the fort to call and make my acknowledgments. When I drove up to it I was received with great hospitality. There was a little *fête de société* in the garrison; it was the birth-day of the Baronne, the lady of the governor. My new friend the Chev. S—— promised, if I would remain for the day, to drive me himself to Lanslebourg on the morrow. I accepted it. My char was sent back. I was introduced to the governor and party, and passed many hours with them most agreeably. This fort has been lately re-established, and engineers are still employed in its restoration. It has a most imposing appearance from the

great route to the Cenis, from which it is separated by a very narrow ravine many hundreds of feet deep. A zig-zag road leads down to a bridge, the Pont de Diable, thrown across it. The bridge from above is seen far below, and spanning the black gulf, whilst the bridge itself was still a vast height above the torrent of the Arc. Beyond it a fine road led up to the fort, and after certain ceremonies I was introduced, but the great number of steps to reach the governor's dwelling fairly tired me. In the evening M. S—— invited the chief engineer and others to meet me in his quarters. I was delighted with the novelty of my situation, and retired to sound sleep in the barracks. I was roused about four o'clock by a terrific thunder-storm, which made the darkness of the opposite pine forests visible. The rain did not cease until the afternoon. When it cleared off, the upper half of the forests were buried in snow. I thought myself particularly fortunate in not having stayed at Bardonneche. Books and maps, and conversation about the surrounding mountains carried me through what otherwise would have been a dismal day. About four o'clock it cleared off enough to enable us to start for Lanslebourg, where this hearty soldier left me. He crossed the Mont Cenis, and rendered himself the same night to the garrison of Exilles.

I had intended, if the weather were favourable, to get from Lanslebourg to Moutiers by the Col de Vanoise and the valley of the Doran; but at four in the morning there was little prospect of the weather clearing up so as to make such a passage safe. The people thought the season broken up, and I suddenly resolved, as there was a place to be had in a voiture about to start for Chambery, to take it as far as Aiguebelle; and before daylight I was packed in, with three undiscoverable companions, behind the jingling bells of the horses of a vetturino. Daylight, however, soon showed me, and my companions' tongues informed me, that I was with an elderly Swiss lady and her son. They live at Berne, but every summer, for pleasure, travel into Italy or Germany. My third com-

panion was a strange one—the Canonico F—— of Cita Vicetico in Malta, a knight of the island, but having very little of the militant about him, except a splendid star of the order, which he wore unseen, but showed it, to make us feel his importance. He was a squab, vulgar fellow, marked with the small-pox, excessively ignorant, and firm in the belief that the greatest evil that ever befell mankind was the discovery of printing. He considered that his resolution to encounter the dangers of such a journey as he had undertaken qualified him to boast of it, which he did in unmeasured terms. His chief dread had been of cold. He had been informed of the snows of the Alps, and to guard against it he had accumulated his clothes as he approached the mountains which he had crossed but the day before; and he told us that he had on at present a frock-coat, two jackets, three waistcoats, two shirts, and three pair of pantaloons,—and, turning up the ends of them, removed all doubt of his extraordinary costume. Shrunk in a corner, with his hands in his pockets to keep them warm, he required some stirring before he roared, and then it was generally in a burst of singular laughter. He seemed to think nothing worth looking at but the interior of churches; and several times in the day, if we rested in a village, he would waddle out in his wardrobe to see the church, and more than once he was threatened by the vetturino with being left behind. As we passed the fort of Lessillon, he was sound asleep, or pretended to be, to avoid walking, which the rest of the party did, up the hill from Bramante to the fort. This gave us the opportunity of looking into the gulf and upon the Pont d'Diable. I was amused by the old lady's mode of recording her enjoyment of the journey and the objects which struck her. I had observed that she knitted stockings for occupation; and not long after we had rejoined our sleeping partner, she showed me the letters P. D. neatly knitted into her work, which she told me meant Pont d'Diable, and was intended as a reminiscence of the fort of Lessillon.

We slept at La Chambre in a dirty

inn. During supper, a young man from Turin actually asked me if England was not on the frontiers of Sardinia; a burst of choking laughter from the canonico upset us all; the poor fellow saw that he had said something ridiculous, but our laughter was increased by his reason for the enquiry—"Are they not both islands on the sea, and as nothing else is between them must they not be on each other's frontiers?" The irresistible roar of the canonico was increased, and perfectly illustrated the maxim of the philosopher, "that laughter is a sudden conception of eminence in ourselves."

We started at five the next morning, and the dull road was enlivened by the old lady's exposure of the canonico's political and religious opinions. He took the unenlightened side, as in duty bound. I parted with my fellow travellers at Aiguebelle, the canonico told me that he was going to England, and hoping to meet me there, asked for my card, which I refused him. I had had too much of his company by chance to seek any more of it by appointment.

I immediately engaged a horse to take me to Conflans, with a guide. We crossed the Arc, and descended along its right bank; then rising through some vineyards, and crossing a hill, which presented some beautiful views, particularly down the river, we descended into the Val Isere. The summit of Mont Blanc was a fine object in the distance up the valley.

We had gained the road in the Val Isere before we were told that the rains of the preceding day had destroyed the bridge near Conflans, and that it would be almost impossible to cross the river. We determined, however, to try, and continued our ascent of the valley, which sustained, even up to Conflans, its high reputation for fertility in corn, wine, fruit, and forest trees. The walnut harvest was now at its height, and all the peasantry appeared to be employed in collecting this necessary source of the oil, which they abundantly use for cooking and for lamps.

On arriving at the bridge of Coats, we found that two arches had been washed away, and the communication there completely cut off. Men were preparing to restore it. We were

obliged to climb, and lead the horse round some most dangerous paths on the precipices. At length we reached the village of La Rhone above the Fonderie Royale of Conflans, and succeeded in crossing by a passage-boat. I reached Conflans at half-past four, having been five hours and a half coming from Aiguebelle. The Frères Geny welcomed me as an old friend. I repacked my portmanteau, and made arrangements for my return to Annecy by the diligence in the morning.

The weather was so bad as to prevent my knowing more of the road to Ugine on my return, than I had learned of it in the dark on my way to Conflans. The Arly and the Monthoux were high from the rains, and rushed furiously through their valleys. The diligence followed the high-road from Duing along the shores of the lake, and the approach to Annecy was a little retarded by its overflowing. It had risen much from the rains.

As the next morning was not one for the departure of a diligence to Geneva, I bargained in the evening with a man to take me there for eight francs (he had asked me fifteen alone). I was now to have a companion, who was to pay five, a young woman, who had arrived with me from Ugine. We were to start punctually at five. After waiting till six, and then going to the remise, I found that he was not prepared, and was waiting for other customers. I declared off, went with the porter of the diligence, and engaged another man for ten francs to take me alone. On my return to the Hôtel de Geneve, a man came for my things, I suspected from the first vetturino, and sent him away, telling him that it was too late. A servant girl said,—“You are in a mistake; this is the brother of the man whose char you engaged this morning, not the man of last night.” He was therefore recalled, and confirmed her falsehood. He took up my things, and we started together. On my way I met the porter of the diligence, who said I was tricked. He seized my things from the man, and took them to the right place. In half an hour I was fairly out of the hands of the Philistines, and on my route to Geneva.

THE METAPHYSICIAN. *

No. III.

SENSATION, PERCEPTION, CONSCIOUSNESS, ATTENTION.

If we consider what powers constitute the mind itself, separated, as far as we can separate it, from the senses, we find that we necessarily conceive in it two distinct natures; or, otherwise expressed, two orders of phenomena—an intellectual nature, and a nature in which

* We cannot allow ourselves to be drawn into any controversy (at present) with Correspondents, on any discussions contained in these Papers. Let "A Spiritualist" elsewhere publish his animadversions on us, and, perhaps at our leisure, we may prove him a corporealist. Mean while we suggest to him that Locke's direct object was not a metaphysical one. It was an attempt to reduce the human intellect to useful employment. He thought the Schools bewildered themselves with unattainable attempts. He therefore wished to show whatever could be known. To do this, he had to show how ideas are produced in our minds. That is metaphysical; but the subject which he proposed to treat, which he undertook to investigate, is the matter of our knowledge. The Schools, we are to presume, were willing to argue about any thing, without ever asking whether such knowledge could have any grounds, *i. e.*, could have an origin in our minds. Those metaphysicians, on the other hand, who study faculties, are physiologists of the mind: they wish to know it as a living being, with powers. That is properly psychology. Possibly, an ultimate result of their studies may be to determine the grounds and limits of human thought; but that is not what they expressly aim at: they wish to know this living nature, such as it breathes in its place in the universe, as they might any other existence, subject to their inspection. And they will be glad of any good consequences of their knowledge, without pretending to determine exactly what they may be. But it would rather seem that moral government of the mind, and moral power, must be more in their contemplation, than ascertaining and methodizing the laws of human science. We think that Reid belonged to neither one class nor the other, but to both. Some of his enquiries belong exclusively to the last, to psychology. This, however, we may say, that since his time, the bent of enquiry in Scotland has been to the physiology of the mind—that this has been cultivated there more than other branches—there, more than in other countries. And this bent Reid probably gave. As to the comparative utility of the two methods, they have each their separate due utility, and afford no grounds of comparison. Some people say there are yet no results. In the 1st place, who is it that is qualified to pronounce? In the 2d place, results of what species? In the 3d place, do they mean that not more is now known on the subject than was before anybody ever set pen to paper on the subject? We say there is. Fourthly, do they mean, that even if Reid and Stewart have made nothing but abortive attempts, therefore nobody can ever do any thing? Fifthly, do they mean, that their writings have not fixed strong attention on the subject, and that, if out of that study which they have enjoined and commenced, another shall proceed and make discovery, they have not helped him? Sixthly, they speak on a subject on which they are utterly, and in every point unable to pronounce—being so very ignorant. Lastly, they do not understand the real course of human knowledge; which is light first, and fruits ages afterwards. We have no doubt, that what is commonly said of the ungrounded speculations of the Schools is true: for it is but a due and necessary part of the history of the human mind. It was a period to be gone through. Its character is this. Man, feeling power in his reason, and in his own mind fulness of knowledge—for all that he has been taught,

active will, and the sensibility to ever, we may go farther, and resolve pleasure and pain, are joined. How—this last order of phenomena into

however grounded, as well as all that he has seen, is, to his belief, knowledge—cannot suspect a cause why his reason, studying his knowledge, should not divine the secrets of the world, till after ages of ineffectual study he learns the late lesson of a sceptical criticism of his understanding. He therefore speculates, and argues boldly upon what he knows. He errs: not because he despises nature and facts, but because he imagines, falsely, that he already possesses them. His few data do not comprehend the large truth that he desires; and therefore confidently seeking the truth in them, he will make, not find, what he seeks: he will build up an unsupported, unsubstantial philosophy. It is, therefore, a great error to ascribe the unreal speculations of the Schools to Aristotle and the Syllogism. The Greeks, before Aristotle, and after, without him, had done exactly the same in natural philosophy:—they never doubted but they were in full possession of the necessary knowledge, and proceeded too soon to infer. But our Schoolmen had a double source of error; for they had books in addition. The Greeks drew their knowledge fresh from nature. It had been more easy, then, for them to have detected the insufficiency of their grounds of reasoning: for each man had the book from which his knowledge was drawn lying continually before him, the book of nature, and you might have said that every line he read should have shown him that he yet knew nothing. But it was hard, indeed, for a scholastic philosopher, with the authority of mighty names, and a boundless antiquity standing between him and nature, to compare the ample masses of believed facts which he found in his understanding, with the true archetype of all human knowledge, created existence, and to ascertain their insufficiency. Why should he call in question the accumulated science to which he was heir, or imagine the human mind had any thing to do but to advance? Lord Bacon stood at the dawning of a new period: when that mind, convinced by its unfruitful efforts, that there was some fallacy in the basis of its procedure, must undergo a revolution; and discover that nature was far mightier, and vaster, and more profoundly enveloped than it had imagined; and that it must first embrace nature with long and patient love, and that then slowly the forms of truth would begin to arise to it; he announced, and presided over the change. Formerly, the individual mind conceived that it might itself, by vast effort, achieve the ultimate discovery which human reason sought. Our belief is, that only the mind of the species can make ultimate discovery, if that is ever to be made—and that all the single spirit can do is to contribute a little aid to the sweeping progress. All this being true, it was very requisite that the origin of our knowledge should be enquired into. This was, in fact, what was to be done:—the great work which lay before the human intellect; and which yet lies before it. Locke had the happiness of being one of the early and distinguished labourers. But what else are we doing continually, but endeavouring to resolve ungrounded opinion into its airy elements, by a comparison with reality: that is, bringing back our knowledge to its origin, and verifying or rejecting it? With respect to the method of Locke and Reid, we may observe that you may treat the human mind two ways. You may take its knowledge as it exists; and without enquiring how it arose, examine the relations among its ideas—which is rather a logical than a metaphysical enquiry. For instance, there is at the bottom of our idea of virtue, some essential idea, which is the same in all virtues, and the same to all understandings probably, or nearly so; but which nobody, as far as appears, has yet succeeded in stating. Now, if any one should expound that, extricating it from the confusion of thoughts, with which it is mixed up, he would merely perform an operation upon our existing ideas, without enquiring into the history of their production and growth. It would be an analysis merely. Much of this there is in Locke. But, on the other hand, it is clear, that when a man comes to

two; and say that we find in the mind intellect, which is neither volition, nor the sensibility to pleasure and pain—volition, which is neither the sensibility to pleasure and pain, nor yet intellect—and the sensibility to pleasure and pain, which is neither intellect nor volition. These three things we do find, and more than these we do not find, essential to our notion of a mind. We cannot in thought dis sever any one of these from our mind, and say that what remains is still our mind. Give these three, and our mind is given.

Sensation seems to be on a footing altogether different. It cannot be considered as essential to our mind, but is accidental to it—depending on the contingency of its mortal union with matter. We can conceive our mind without it, still as the same essential mind. Yet, when we pass from what we are led to believe of the nature—supposing there to be no error—to what we observe of the facts of our mind, we certainly know that a great number of these facts are sensible impressions; nor could that manifestation of our mind which we know be without matter and senses. It is not without them. Our present mind is not without sensation. That is a fact, following from our birth; and it is very true that we cannot imagine what that substitute for sensation is by which our intellect and feeling might have been awakened, if not by sensation. We cannot, then, conceive actually that other

mind so awakened. But we can say, that there is nothing inconsistent with our conception of the essential mind in such a notion. We can believe that the mind might be otherwise awakened, its thoughts otherwise founded, than by and in sensation—retaining its essential faculties, in some respects under a different form. Therefore we detach sensation. It is a fact given by an accidental condition, not an essentially constitutive power. Pain and pleasure are not necessary to sensation. Specific sensation is necessary—as blue, yellow, cold. These are the sensation. We do not even know what the pleasure and pain are—whether they are given with the sensation, or added by our mind. There may be some reason to think the latter, in all cases—as light seems to become grateful principally as an essential emblem of life, darkness the reverse, suppressive or annihilative of life. Even its naked elementary primitive pleasure, the simple excitation, may be conceived rather as added by the mind, than included in the sensation. This would reduce sensation rather to what might be called forms of affection; which indeed makes it rather of intellect, for intellect is the cognizer of all forms. And that seems rather to be the old notion of sensation, that it is a subject given to intellect. It is numbered among the intellectual faculties.

By Sensation is understood that simple feeling which is experienced

bound the subjects of human enquiry, by showing how in nature the human mind does, and can become possessed of the matter of its knowledge, he is then about a very different affair, and is then psychologizing. He is seeking the laws of action of the living soul, and between what he is then doing, and what Reid does, we can draw no distinction. No satisfactory exposition, to take a single instance, can be given of the origin of human knowledge, which does not include an explanation of the laws of belief. And what is more purely a faculty question? Therefore, how much more Locke might be led by his direct object—(which was to challenge particular subjects of disquisition) into the investigation of specific ideas, than into general metaphysics, is of no moment. He rests upon the general psychological metaphysics, which embrace all his particular ideas. And perhaps the most enlarged way of speaking of him might be, to class him exactly with Reid, and the psychologists; to say that the object of his work, is to rest our knowledge universally on psychological grounds; and that the distinction of it from others, is merely that he has been led by an accidental direction of his purpose (that is, from writing not simply as an enquirer, but as an antagonist), to run much more into the illustration of general doctrine by particular examples.

by the mind when its proper object is applied to any one of the organs of sense: as, when the tongue is impressed with taste—the hand by the contact of another body—the eye by light.

In every act of Sensation, three things must concur: the presence of an external object impressing the organ of sense—a change produced in the state of the organ by that impression—and lastly, a feeling in the mind arising immediately from that organic affection.

Of the necessity of the presence of the object to the organ, we merely remark, that in all the senses alike, the real object of sensation is immediately present to the organ. In taste, in smell, in touch, we are of ourselves aware of it. With respect to the other two senses, we require the instruction of philosophy, which discovers, that in sight, the real object of the sense, is light present at the visual nerve; and in hearing, the vibrating particles of air, or of some yet more subtle fluid, present in the ear, remote as sounds themselves seem to be—and in so many opposite directions, as, for example, echo reverberated among mountains. In all alike, there is immediate contact of the external object causing the sensation with the organ of sense.

Secondly, we cannot doubt that, when the impression of the object is made upon the organ, there takes place some change in the state of those nerves, which are spread over the organ to receive sensation. What that change may be we have no means to know. That a change inconceivably minute is sufficient, we may judge from the eye, where innumerable sensations are present at once from innumerable objects, and yet no confusion takes place. If the change arising from each separate sensation were not of the minutest kind, they must inevitably run into confusion with and destroy one another.

Thirdly, This minute change in the state of the nerve is immediately attended with that feeling in the mind to which we give the name of sensation. At this point we are lost at once in mystery. Thus far we can trace the connexions of material

nature; beyond this the next step is that union of mind with matter, which we know to have place, and of which we know nothing more. Upon the touch of certain particles on its nerve the mind feels—in each organ it feels with a sensation peculiar and distinct from that of all the others; but why the affection of those different organs should communicate such different feelings to the mind, or why the changes of the nerve should be felt in the mind at all, is what no philosophy has ever yet explained, nor, we feel well assured, ever will.

The distinction between Sensation and Perception was first clearly laid down by Reid, following out the speculations of Berkeley; for in the systems of all the other philosophers till this time, they were, we believe, generally confounded. He first explained that sensation, simply considered, implies neither the conception nor the belief of any object. It supposes merely a sentient being, and a certain manner in which that being is affected. Perception implies an immediate conviction and belief of something external, different both from the mind that perceives, and from the act of perception. But every perception is conjoined with the sensation that is proper to it; the one being the sign, and the other the thing signified by it. They therefore coalesce in our imagination, and appear to us as one simple operation.

This is the view which was given by Reid, and which, since his time, has been generally received. To account for this difference, however, in the two acts of the mind, Reid thought it necessary to establish the existence of a separate faculty of perception. In the analysis that we shall give under the senses of touch and sight, of the processes by which the notions peculiar to those senses are gradually acquired, it will be seen how the facts of perception may be explained, without having recourse to the supposition of any such independent faculty. There is indeed nothing more included under the notion of perception, than the suggestion by the sensation immediately present to the mind, of that knowledge which it had for-

merly acquired by other means, with respect to the same object by which it is now affected.

Thus, the sensation of fragrance takes place in the organ of smell, and immediately the notion of the particular flower is suggested from which that fragrance has already been found to proceed, and the mind ascribes to that cause the affection of its sense. It is to account for this immediate reference of the sensation to its cause, that Reid thought it necessary to suppose a separate faculty; yet nothing more seems necessary in order to explain the fact than the knowledge previously acquired, and the law of association by which it is immediately suggested. The ear is affected by sound. If we had no experience of the production of the sound, it would appear to us a simple affection of the ear, and nothing more; but, accustomed as we are to the effects of sonorous bodies, we refer the affection, upon the strength of our experience, to its proper cause. So, too, in that remarkable class of our perceptions, those of touch, by which we first obtain the conception of external objects, and in those of sight, which, as perceptions are derived from the knowledge of touch alone, the mind in every case makes the reference of the present sensation to its cause, in virtue of the knowledge it has already collected, which is in all cases sufficient to account directly for the phenomenon, without the supposition of any peculiar intellectual power.

It appears therefore to us that the merit of Reid lay in defining the distinction between mere sensation and that state of mind which includes a knowledge of its cause; but that his error lay in attributing such knowledge to a faculty called perception, of which we conceive that no account has been, or can be given, so as to distinguish it from those complicated processes or operations of mind which are necessary for the formation of distinct perceptions of the qualities of external objects.

Of sensation in its simple elementary state, it is very difficult to us to conceive, because our present experience of sensation is always, or almost always, complicated with acts of the mind; and the first

sensations, which were received simple and unmixed, belong to that period of our life of which we have no remembrance.

The sensations which we at present know in the state nearest to their original simplicity, appear to be those of taste and smell. Yet it is evident that we do not ever, or scarcely ever, either taste or smell, without immediately conceiving some particular cause of the taste or smell; in those we know, referring them to such or such a substance; in those we do not know, imagining at least the kind of substance from which they may proceed, and this does not appear to us as a subsequent act of the mind; but the conception of the known substance is so blended with the physical impression, that at once we say, for example, we taste bread, or that we smell mignonette. It appears to us at the moment as if the sense discerned the substance; but on reflection we know that this is impossible. The sense can only receive the flavour, or the odour. The knowledge of the specific substance must be superadded from other sources; but that knowledge is so immediately and intimately united with the sensation, that it appears to be included in it. Now it is by separating from the impression, as it is now made upon the mind, all that we can distinctly ascertain to be adventitious, that we obtain the conception of the simple original elementary impression of sense or sensation.

Such we may conceive to be the first impressions which touched the yet uninstructed sense. If we suppose that into the organs of taste of the child was conveyed some substance which could affect them with no other impression than that of sweetness—a liquid, let it be supposed, and therefore undistinguishable to the touch—we can understand that there would be to the mind nothing but the mere impression of sweetness—no suggestion of any external substance; just as we can conceive an odour visiting the sense of smell—suggesting nothing beyond itself to the mind—a mere affection of smell—a mere consciousness to the mind of its own sensation.

The same may be examined in other senses—in hearing for instance.

We hear ; and immediately it appears to us as if our ear distinguished not merely its own impression, but the cause also of the sound. We hear the wind, a man speaking, the ringing of a metallic substance, the sound of a musical string, the song of a bird, a clock striking. In all these sounds, the idea of the source of sound arises in the mind in such instantaneous combination with the mere physical impression on the ear, that it seems to us, for the moment, as if we heard that which indeed it is not possible for us to hear ; as if an intimation were conveyed to us through the ear, which in truth springs up in the mind itself. For if we reflect what it is that the ear conveys to the mind, we know well that it conveys to it no knowledge but the mere impression of a vibration produced within itself by the appulse of vibrations external to itself—the sound merely, swelling, lasting, or dying away, is all, we well know, that it is possible for the ear to receive. We know this so well, that when we dwell on this distinction, it begins to appear to our mind almost frivolous to insist upon such indisputable truth. And yet the moment that, from this evident conviction, we revert to the actual impression on the mind at the moment of hearing sound, we cannot conceal from ourselves that that momentary impression is really at variance with this plain conviction ; and we are aware that the idea arising in the mind so instantaneously incorporates itself with the impression of the sense that there is, in truth, a momentary illusion produced, and that we do actually seem to hear a voice speaking, a musical instrument playing.

Now this kind of minute examination of what is actual and what is illusory in the impression made upon the mind in such instances as these, is by no means without utility. For it teaches us in what way we are to examine the operations of our minds. And by showing us in what way in a simple and most undeniable case we may unravel a complex impression, may prepare our minds for

a similar scrutiny of more complicated and abstruse impressions. And for our immediate purpose of ascertaining what the simple original uncompounded impressions of sense are, it is only by having recourse to such examinations that this can be effected.

We find then, that the affection of our minds arising from impression made on the sense of hearing, as on the others, is complex, there being mixed with the actual pure sensation ideas and knowledge which, having been previously derived from other sources, are, at the moment of hearing, suggestions of the mind itself, which it instantaneously blends with the physical impression. This part of the affection, which is adventitious to the immediate impression, we can separate in our thought so as to conceive purely of that sensation of mere simple sound which the mind receives in the moment from the organ of sense.

This examination appears very easy with respect to these senses, because so much of the true original impression is always found in the representation which from them takes place in the mind. But in the two that remain, touch and sight, such an examination is something more difficult, because in these the mind mingles much more of its own work with the impression of sense.

Thus by the touch we have the same sort of apparently intuitive discernments, as by the senses already mentioned. We touch a body—it appears smooth, hard, elastic, flat, angular, rounded, sharp ; or we find it liquid, or crumbling, in grains, or dust. All these and numerous other similar perceptions, are produced at once in the mind, by impressions made on the touch ; and it appears to us at the moment as if the touch in fact gave us the information. But when we examine the impression we know that here too there is a mixture of much previous knowledge, with the actual momentary impression.

But in the impressions of this sense the separation of what the sense gives, and what the mind collects from other information, is more obscure, and with more difficulty believed. We imagine, for instance, that our touch alone acquaints us

with the smoothness of a body. But this is in great measure a fallacy; for the assurance that the mere act of touch gives us, as to even this property, is very imperfect; that is, the simple impression from applying the smooth substance to the organ of touch. For, observe what is done to feel the smoothness of a body—the finger glides upon it. Now this is no longer a simple affection of touch, though it appears so. But there is an act, and a very remarkable act of the mind, connecting the impressions of successive moments. For the impression of every moment is necessarily the same; and the single impression of any one moment does not give the idea of smoothness; but as soon as the finger begins to move—that is, the moment the mind is able to connect, and compare, and unite the impressions of many consecutive moments, which are all similar, then, and not till then, the idea of smoothness is vividly produced.

Thus, then, in this idea which even on consideration might deceive us, appearing to be a simple idea or impression of touch, namely, the idea of smoothness, it appears that there is mixed, at the moment, an operation of the mind collecting and comparing the impressions of several moments; and that it is hardly possible for us to satisfy ourselves what is the actual impression on sense, and what is the adventitious work of the mind, in this impression. If we analyzed it further, we should find that it implied, moreover, much knowledge previously acquired.

Were we to go on to some more abstruse notions which are derived through this sense, we should find the part of the mind still greater, and of the sense still less. Such are those more exact determinations of form and substance, which we can exercise imperfectly with the touch alone—the eyes not assisting—but which persons long blind exercise in great perfection, and some of those also who practise particular arts—modellers, for example, who can model a figure to living likeness without looking at it;—in all these, the impression on the sense is a very small part; but the mind, in the light of its former knowledge, connecting and considering together

many successive impressions, gathers for itself the representation of form. In all of which notions gathered from sense, we know that there is mixed a singular impression which is not properly of touch at all—derived from acts of voluntary motion of our own organs and limbs—which are essential to all ideas of extension.

In the other great sense which remains—that of sight—the separation of the additions made by the mind to the simple original impression is yet more difficult.

We know that the impressions we receive from it undergo what may almost be called a transformation; that appearing to acquaint us with distance and form, it does not do so; but that knowledge otherwise derived blends with the impression, so as to produce an illusion which it is not possible to overcome. That all the objects which present themselves to our sphere of vision appear to the eye flat and touching it, is what we are not at first able to believe. The assertion appears to us like one of the creations of a visionary philosophy; yet we come at last to believe it, when the examination of many similar phenomena, less in degree, has overcome the strangeness to the mind of this theory, and gradually instructed it to believe against the seeming opposition of sense.

We see no distances—to the eye there are no projections. All is close to it—all is an even surface. But the instruction of other senses—of touch and of the organs of motion—has blended itself so intimately with the impression of the sight, that we seem to see distance—to distinguish rough and smooth surfaces—the projection of solid bodies—swift and slow motion, &c. The whole amount of the original impression of the sense is, different degrees of light, and hues of different colour, variously defined, though it has been doubted by one of the most acute enquirers into this part of physiology, Dr Brown, whether even the superficial forms which are thus very in-exactly defined, are discernible to the sense of sight alone. Of motion there is no impression on the sight—for the effect of motion on the sight is merely the repetition of numberless successive impressions on the organ;

but it is the mind which, following and connecting the successive impressions, derives from them the apprehension of motion. Varied degrees of light, and hues of colour variously defined, are the amount of the physical impression at any one moment upon the organ. And yet it seems to reveal to us by intuition the existence of all the numberless beings which fill creation.

We cannot doubt this illusion. We may satisfy ourselves of its possibility, by the known illusions to which the sense is subject. We look on a flat surface, on which the art of the painter has imitated the hues and shadows, which express to our eye the varied surface of solid bodies, and the flat surface appears to us raised and depressed—full of solid projections. We approach our eye, and the surface is seen to be even. We withdraw it, and the illusion returns; nor is it possible for us to dispel it. The nature of these illusions may be seen, especially in those works of art which are said to be painted for effect—where the effects are given by a few rough strokes of the pencil. In these the likeness of objects at a little distance is remarkably strong; but when the eye approaches near, and sees distinctly the lines by which the effect is produced, it is perfectly impossible to know at that moment what it is they represent: but let the eye be drawn back to the just distance, and those lines and patches of colour, which resembled nothing, instantly resume expressive shape; and there comes a feeling of wonder over the mind, that these forms, so distinct, expressive, and beautiful, could in that closer vision appear incongruous and shapeless.

We mention these two illusions so particularly, because they appear to show on a larger scale, as it were, and as externally to ourselves, so with a more evident reality, the more subtle illusion of our mind, which takes place from that "tiny picture which is painted within the chamber of sight." The first mentioned shows, that the presentation to the mind of a flat, coloured surface, may produce irresistibly the impression of projections, and various distances. The last shows still more specifically, that it is possible

for the eye to seem to see that which is not before it, and not to seem to see that which is before it. For the shapeless lines and blotches which are really before it, which it really sees, do yet, the moment it is placed in the situation of deception, disappear, and nothing is seen but that which is not there, namely, beautiful and expressive form. The mind's own quick, awakened, and strong conception, overpowers the real impression on its sense, and gives to it a representation, which is intimated, but not shown by the object before it. And, in like manner, in the process of vision itself, the actual impression of sense being that of a coloured surface touching the eye, yet the strong conception of the mind, full of knowledge, overpowers this impression, throws the picture to a distance, and breaks it down into various projections, assigning and understanding in these distinct and proper form. So that if it were possible for all previous knowledge to cease at once in the mind, and that it should suddenly perceive nothing but the actual impression of sense, the most admirable work of the artist would appear a shapeless mass of lines and colours, and the whole hemisphere of vision would resolve itself at once into an unintelligible tablet of colours, flat, and, as is the truth, touching the sense.

To some—to many—we may seem to be unduly elaborating our illustrations of this process. To students not very far advanced, perhaps, but advancing, we believe that such elaboration will be neither undelightful nor unuseful; and on that belief we do not fear to pursue the fresh illustrations that are rising up of themselves before our conception. How pregnant is the most familiar image! The flower we see to-day in open blossom, was yesterday unfolding, a few days ago was a closed-up bud. Our conception of the flower is not merely what we behold at this moment, but it is of this as having arisen from that bud, and as about like others to pass away; and these conceptions are in our mind while we look at it. We behold it as transitory.

"Conquerimur, natura, brevis quod gratia florum."

I look at a building. My knowledge of it is not merely what is presented to my eye; but whatever I have at any time become acquainted with of the internal structure of buildings, my mind now supplies to complete the knowledge which my eye very imperfectly gives me. My eye sees an outward surface merely, yet I seem to see the substantial walls. It shows me merely outward form, yet if I have any conception of structure, it seems to show me the powerful art which has reared the edifice. To the most unskilled and ignorant there is a certain degree of such knowledge, sufficient to raise their wonder, and to show them what their eye does not see in works of human art. This supplemental conception which the mind furnishes to make up the imperfect information of the sense, accompanies us at every step; it is absolutely necessary to us at every moment. And if we would examine our ordinary experience we should quickly satisfy ourselves that, among the common objects which are continually brought under our notice, that part of the momentary conception which the mind supplies, is greater and more important than that which the sense furnishes; even if we leave out of consideration that most subtle process of the instruction of the eye in seeing, and suppose for a moment that it does show us distance and projection.

Even taking sight in this sense, as the act of an organ that has learned to see, as it appears to our common feeling—admitting this completed perfect sight as the act of the organ—we see how much there is still for the mind to supply. Thus, the eye discovers to me the form of a man; it shows me form, colour, motion; it cannot tell me that the form I see has substance; that there is life in it; warmth, and power, and living blood, and a mind full of thought and passion. Yet all these ideas of the man's nature are in my mind at the moment my eye shows me merely colour, and form, and motion. I see the look of fear on his countenance; I hear the tone of anger in his speech. What is it that supplies me with the conception of fear—of anger? Not what I see—not what I hear. For these are signs merely,

and if I had not long ago learnt to interpret them, they would tell me nothing. And yet the conception of anger or fear are as quick in my mind as hearing and sight. It is blended at once with the impression of sense. I read, and immediately thoughts and conceptions throng vividly into my mind. Cities and landscapes are before my sight. I see men in action—in the tumult of fight. I hear shouts and groans. I see horses slipping in blood, and riders falling. Whatever images the poet chooses to show me, I see—and yet—what is before my eye—what is impressed upon my sense—is nothing more than the varied succession of a few characters traced on paper, that have no resemblance whatever to what represents itself to my mind. We see in such a case how little the sense imparts, how much the mind supplies. Indeed, in this case the mind supplies all—for the impression on sense serves merely to call up the conceptions of the mind—that impression vanishing while the mind's conception remains.

What this power in the mind may be which thus, upon a present impression on sense, calls up former knowledge, and blends it at once with the present impression, we shall have to enquire more particularly in another paper. For the present, it is sufficient that the examples we have mentioned, and the similar experience which every moment yields, show us, in an evident and palpable manner, that there is such a power—a power which, upon the sense being impressed, instantly calls up former knowledge, and blends it so intimately with the immediate impression, that the mind does not divide that part of its conception which it does itself suggest, from that impression which is made by the outward object upon its sense.

Now, then, let us apply the conception which we thus obtain of such a power to those insulated and elementary impressions of sense of which we formerly spoke, and enquire whether such a power is sufficient to explain the combination of those insulated sensations into those more complex acts of the instructed senses, which we call perceptions.

Let us endeavour to understand

what such perceptions are. I suppose a globe to hang before my eye. What is the real impression on the eye? According to the theory before stated, it is at most but the impression of a circle (there is some doubt whether even the form of that impression is perfectly circular, but suppose it so)—the impression is of a circle variously shadowed—the eye gives me no knowledge that this shadowed surface is not flat—it gives me no knowledge that there is an object removed from me. It can acquaint me with nothing but with an impression made within the eye. How, then, is it that my eye seems to show me a body hanging separate from me at a distance? The explanation has been in part already given. All the acts of the sight have been habitually accompanied with acts and impressions of other organs. The child, when he begins to learn to see, uses his hands, his limbs. By these, it is conceived, he first acquaints himself with the existence of bodies external to his own. The impression which was made a little time ago upon his sight, and which was followed by feeling of an external body, is again made on his sight, and again followed by the same feeling. As the same visual impression is often repeated, and still followed by the same feeling of an external body, he gradually connects his impression of sight with his impression of feeling, and conceives that it is the same object which affects him both ways—he conceives that what he sees and what he touches is one and the same thing.

This is the first step. What we have next to conceive is, that the certain knowledge which he acquires by feeling that the object is distinct from, and at some distance from himself, gradually overpowers the impression on his sight that it is close touching him—overpowers it to such a degree, as gradually to destroy that impression. We are to conceive that the impressions of the two senses being at variance—in opposition to one another—the mind is led by some cause to place more reliance on the impressions of feeling, and to believe that the object is, as that sense represents it, external and removed;—that believing this, it begins now to blend with the impres-

sion on its sense of sight, the knowledge it has derived from its other sense of feeling. So that when the object is presented to the sight, the impression now made on the mind is not merely of the visible character of such an object, but of that object as outward and separate from itself. The impression made on the mind is not merely of the visual sensation, but with that sensation arises, by its own suggestion, the notion of outwardness and separation;—and this mental notion, this recollected knowledge from other experience, so blends with the impression of sight, as by degrees to modify it in the mind's own apprehension. So that as the process is continued, this suggested notion, from the experience of touch, grows more and more powerful over the visual impression, till at last the mind no longer distinguishes what it sees, from what it does itself suggest, but seems to see the object as external and removed. The example is a remarkable one, because it shows a present impression actually overpowered and destroyed by recollected knowledge; but it is nothing else than an example of that very power in the mind, by which it is able to blend former knowledge with present sensation, indistinguishably in one momentary apprehension.

Thus the reason why the globe, which should now be hung before me, would appear to me distant and not touching the eye, is, that a process was begun for such an effect accompanying the first use of sight—it is, that nature has made a provision by which the child learns to complicate the impressions of other senses with those of sight, and thus learns to see.

The reason why this globe does not appear to me a circular shadowed flat surface, as it is painted on my eye, is the same. The use of the hands, and other organs of touch and motion, acquaints the child not only with the separation of bodies from itself, with their external existence, but with their solid forms. And, as the notion of separation and distance learned from the touch, blends itself with the act of sight, and makes one complex impression to the mind of a visible outward removed body, so the notions of solidity and form,

which have been acquired by the organs of touch, blend themselves with the impression of sight, compounding to the mind that impression which is made upon it of visible form and solidity. The spherical form is no otherwise indicated to my mind than as that gradation of light and shadow which my eye discerns, has, in my experience, been always apparent in those bodies which my touch has ascertained to be spherical; and that knowledge, derived from tactual impressions, rises up and blends itself at once with the impression on the sense of sight; so that although the impression on my sight is, in truth, of a visible flat shadowed surface, the impression on my mind is that of a globe—and it is a globe that I seem to see.

We have now considered the nature of our simple and primary affection of consciousness in the case of "external sensation," to use the language of Locke, and illustrated the power and tendency of the mind to blend acts of its own in such an indissoluble manner, with present momentary sensation, that there takes place a sort of illusion, even—the sense appearing at the moment to discover to the mind that which it had indeed already learned. We have now to examine in the same manner, but more concisely, and with less illustration, those impressions which are made on the mind by the same original consciousness of its own emotions: or, to use here too the language of Locke—internal sensations. The world within ourselves is a world of thought and feeling, as large as that which lies without us—like it, unbounded, inscrutable, inexhaustible. Yet much of it we are able to know, and 'tis the most important knowledge. At present we speak but of those simple affections and impressions of the mind from which we derive the knowledge of it as being of various feeling.

We begin with remarking, that as we have found that the impressions of external sense, when reduced to their utmost simplicity, are very unlike that ultimate body of knowledge which is compounded from them, and that their power for knowledge is in their combination with acts of the intellect, it is different with the impressions we

are now about to speak of. In their simple elementary form they are vivid and powerful. Intellect does not compound from them to make up its knowledge of them. It seeks to know them as they exist.

There is this wide ground of difference between our external and internal sensations; that our external sensations are of interest to the mind *mediately*, being the means of its knowledge of material objects; but the impressions of internal sensation, that is of its own affections and emotions, are of interest for themselves; being in themselves the very objects of knowledge—its ultimate objects—as well as furnishing the means of that knowledge. In the case of the external senses, the communication of the mind with its objects is intermediate through the intervention of sense; in the emotions of inward sensation, the mind converses directly with its objects, containing them indeed within itself.

Keeping this difference in view, if we endeavour to conceive what may be, in the earliest state of impression in which we know the mind, the sort of internal impression or emotion by which it may be held—we find the first and simplest to be the state of Pleasure and the state of Pain. External causes, that is causes impressing the body from without or existing in it—produce pain. That efficient cause of pain ceases to act, but pain continues in the mind which has been thus as it were untuned. The case is, however, difficult to observe: because the mind of the child being in pain, immediately affects the body with uneasy sensation; so that it then begins to suffer in this secondary manner from real bodily impression. It is the same with pleasure. The external cause which impresses pleasure, ceases to act, but the pleasure lasts in the mind itself. The tone of the mind is set to pleasure; and it prolongs its own enjoyment. This is properly an emotion of the mind's own production. But this too may be difficult to observe; because the very state of pleasure in the mind does in the susceptible frame of the child produce a genial flow of action through its living organs, so that it becomes in this secondary manner

again affected with pleasure from the body. Still there is the separate independent state of the mind prolonging, that is in effect producing its own enjoyment. Thus, then, Pleasure and Pain in their simplest forms, distress and content of mind, appear from the beginning as internal affections—separate from the affections of the body, though induced by them.

The condition of the child's existence very soon induces another emotion, which is also of the mind—namely, Desire. This is seen early, in a very vivid state, with respect to its food. The pain of hunger is an affection of bodily sense, but the desire, which immediately arises towards that food which has already been the means of appeasing that pain, is an emotion arising from the mind. It is the earliest and simplest state of the powerful principle of desire.

In the earliest condition of existence we observe further the mental affection of Will. This is exerted towards the same object to which desire is directed—to the attainment of food. The muscular action which the child exerts for this purpose is the first intently directed action of will which we are able to observe in it, and it is remarkable how very quickly it learns to govern the action of those muscles aright—well-directing the act of its will.

Here then are Four very distinct and important affections or emotions of the mind, known from the beginning as it were of life—Pleasure and Pain produced in the mind—Desire and Will. We are not now speaking of these affections with any view of treating of them specifically on their own account, which may be done hereafter, but solely with reference to the intellectual faculties, to show how materials for their action are furnished from within as well as from without.

A little further on in the history of his life, our observation makes us acquainted for the first time with one of the most powerful principles of his nature which then begins to unfold itself—the principle of Love. In a very early condition of the human being, his mind discovers the first dawning of this great feeling. The first great relation under which

he is born gives early occasion to its action; and those only who have had much observation of children are perfectly aware how vividly and in what a decided form it discovers itself so very early, that those who regard the subjects of which we are speaking in the light merely of philosophical speculation, might think it idle to speak of it as existing at all. With the season, however, at which it may first appear, and with the degree of its force in that first appearance, we are not so much concerned, as that it does show itself among the principles that have early a strong and decided operation, and that it then shows itself in its own proper character. But pass but a few years, and look upon the childhood of the human being at that season when he is the subject of familiar observation to all; and enquire what are at that time the inward affections of which he is capable? The result of such an enquiry may be stated very simply in few words. The child is the mimic likeness of the man. The manifold passions of mature life have already sprung from their germ; and when the child in his drama of human life puts on the passions of men, he does but assume in a form of imagined vividness and power the feelings that are known to him as his own in his own little world of existence.

It is quite unnecessary to go over and to specify the feelings which are common to the more advanced and to this early state of existence; nor is it material now to consider what are the characteristic differences of the same feelings in such different periods of life. All that we have to regard is the variety, the vividness, and the pure and true character of those feelings of man's life, which have begun to be known to the child. The observation of none can be so cursory and imperfect, that he cannot supply himself with evidence of the number of the feelings that are awake in young hearts in very early years, of the warmth and vivid passion with which those feelings are proved, and of their identity as the same feelings which are afterwards found in their maturer strength in man. It is important to observe in what state they are first made subjects of knowledge to the intelligent

mind. This we have considered with respect to external sensation; and we have now to take notice of a remarkable difference which subsists between our external and internal sensations as matter for intelligence.

The impressions on external sense, it was shown, are of such a nature, that in their simple state they furnish the mind with no knowledge of the objects with which through them it is conversant. As insulated sensations merely, they would visit the sense, and pass away, without leaving any matter for intelligence. It is only by certain acts of intelligence, uniting together various impressions variously received, and mixing with those impressions reasoned deductions, that any knowledge of the objects of sense is obtained; and the complex impression which arises to the mind in further years, when the impression on sense is made, is not of the simple sensation impressed, but of knowledge blended with it, which rises up in the mind by the mind's own suggestion. Therefore the first elementary state of sensation, as the senses were first awakened by it, before this process of the composition of knowledge was begun, was a first simple elementary state, which is afterwards unknown; for we are not in after life able to experience sensation in that unmixed, uncompounded state; the sensations we receive being inseparably complicated with such mental impressions, and therefore then known to us in a state exceedingly unlike to that in which they were first experienced.

But these internal affections are on a different footing. As far as we are able to discern they are known to us in their first impression, in the same form in which they are afterwards known to us, when in more advanced years we are able to make them the subject of our consideration. We are not able to assign to them such a first elementary state, which was distinct from and unlike to a more complex state in which we know them. But, as far as we can understand, the first emotion of these affections was the same to the consciousness, and would have been the same object for intelligence to contemplate, which it is at that later season when intelligence makes it the subject of contemplation.

For this distinction, reason will appear by considering the difference between that external and that internal world. For the objects with which the mind is conversant in that external world, are themselves complex; bodies of many properties and parts, which can only be made known to the mind by repeated impressions on different senses, together with the mind's own intellectual acts upon those impressions. The complex object can only be known by a complicated process. But when the emotions of the mind itself are made the objects on which intelligence is to act, the case is very different. The objects which are now presented to the intelligence for its contemplation, are not complex objects—they are simple. The emotion of love, anger, sorrow, is a simple feeling; and, therefore, the first state in which it arises to the mind, the first impression of itself by which it awakens the consciousness, is the same impression which the same emotion makes upon the mind when in a stronger state of the faculties it again makes itself felt as present. The emotion, as an object of consideration to the understanding, is still the same. And hence arises an important difference in our method of proceeding when we afterwards come to make the objects of the external and of the internal world the subjects of our reasoning; that in order to know an object of the external world, a material substance, we endeavour to conceive of it in its utmost complexity, with all the parts and properties which our fullest experience has apprehended in it; but when we would understand a passion or affection, our endeavour is to conceive of it in its utmost simplicity; there is nothing we fear more than that impressions, which time has associated with it, will mix in and deceive our contemplation; nor is there any thing which, if it were possible, we should more eagerly resort to, as affording us the clearest view of its nature, than the unaltered remembrance of that first simple emotion in which it was first made known to the mind—the very last source to which we should look for knowledge of an object belonging to the material world.

In the objects of our knowledge, which we are now considering, we

have no occasion then to go through that first process of enquiry which was requisite with regard to the objects of external sensation. There is no first state to be searched out, unlike to that which is the subject of our later experience. But at any time when we turn our thoughts upon ourselves, we find the same emotion which was there when the affection first arose in the mind.

These vivid emotions which are felt, cannot be otherwise than distinct subjects of consciousness and knowledge to the mind almost from the beginning. In the earliest distinct communications we are able to entertain with the infant mind, we have good evidence that these emotions are subjects of its thought and knowledge. Its actions are evidence to that effect; before speech begins—and in earliest speech, it learns, and justly uses, the words, which name these affections and emotions. A little later—when we see the mind full of feelings, we see also the most decided and various evidence that these feelings are to the mind itself subjects of conscious intelligence. Thus early we see the intelligence beginning to make itself acquainted with the two worlds which it is to be employed, all life long, in contemplating. It has begun, in the simplicity of childhood, its great studies. If we would learn what is the first state in which these emotions are known to the mind—in which it is first conscious of them—we have only to study the emotion as we feel it truly in ourselves—

divesting it, indeed, of the many suggestions of intellect, and the various changes of feeling, which in our operative and active minds associate themselves with it. But we have not to alter the simple feeling. We have only to detect the elementary emotion; and we may know that that which we now feel is the same which made itself felt in the consciousness of the child.

We have thus pointed out the Two Great Sources of the materials of Knowledge to the Mind—two distinct kinds of primary consciousness; that which is produced by the impressions of external objects on sense, and that which is produced by the impression of its own emotions and feelings. These two sources supply the materials upon which the intellectual powers are to exert their action. We have now to speak of a Third distinct Class of Impressions, by which the Consciousness is also affected in a primary manner; but which cannot like these other two be spoken of as important to Intellect, by supplying its materials; for they are in themselves the action of intellect. We mean the impression that is made upon the Mind, by the mutual Relations subsisting among the objects of its contemplation; by means of which impression it entertains the perception of such relations.*

All that we have to say of these perceptions of Relation, is that they discover to us a sort of consciousness in the mind, perfectly distinct in kind, from those affections of con-

* The part of Locke's Essay chiefly charged with defect by later enquirers is that which regards the production of ideas which are not transcripts of impressions made through the senses, nor represent the feelings or intellectual processes of the mind, but are first obtained by reason acting upon the materials so collected, and may therefore be called a production of the intellect itself. Such are, for example, all the ideas of the mutual relations of the ordinary objects of our intelligence to one another, resulting from a comparison: equality, distance, resemblance, &c.

Later writers have said Locke has altogether disregarded these, which is not true. The truth is, he has imperfectly stated their origin; so that his readers can hardly help thinking he had not so clearly formed his own opinion as upon other points. We should rather say that he sometimes speaks very positively and decisively to the possibility of simple ideas (that is, original ideas) having their birth in the intellect; and at other times there is something doubtful, hesitating, and obscure in his language on the subject. Whoever reads his chapters on Relation will find two things—first, that Locke is continually ascribing new ideas to our perception of the agreement or disagreement of our former ideas, which certainly is a new intellectual perception; and is unequivocally ascribing the pro-

consciousness which we have hitherto considered. For example, to see a shot of a small size, if it were the first object of the kind seen, is to have an impression of sense, and a perception of the object that occasions it. To see another shot of a different size is still to have an ab-

duction of ideas to our intelligence itself. But at the same time, mixed with this he will find also what he may think a continual effort in the mind of the author to escape from this acknowledgement which he has just made. For in numerous instances he goes on from pointing out the agreement and disagreement as the origin of the new idea, to turn us back to the source of those ideas themselves which he has been comparing, and from the comparison of which he has deduced a new conception; and then having reminded us that these first ideas were drawn either from the senses or from reflection upon the workings of our minds, he rather triumphantly insists upon having reduced the origin of all our knowledge to his two sources, sensation and reflection.

It would be most correct to say, not that Locke has denied the production of ideas from the understanding itself, but that he is to a certain extent inconsistent with himself. And if this should seem a great reproach to a philosopher, perhaps it may be in some degree softened by considering the circumstances of his Essay. It must be remembered, then, that this was not written as delivering a completed body of doctrine. It was literally what he calls, and means to call it, an *Essay* in the investigation of the human mind. In speaking of his labours he says expressly, "I do not teach—I enquire." We are to consider him, then, as a bold and great investigator leading the way in new paths. In many parts his enquiries may be considered as completed, and his original views made out and established; in others it may be thought that the investigation is yet incomplete, and the way only opened for future discoverers. This was particularly the case, as it was likely to be, when he came to the most obscure and difficult part of his subject, which the examination of these intellectual ideas unquestionably is; of which no farther proof is needed than that it is a part of the doctrine which none of the followers of Locke have yet fully and satisfactorily cleared up. It is not wonderful, nor a reproach, that, making discovery in these untrodden regions, he should have felt uncertain at times as to what he had ascertained; should sometimes be tempted to think he saw grounds for believing he had made out more than he had actually established, and at others should feel doubt as to his having gained the ground which he had actually secured. The work, it cannot be too often said, is not one which is intended to deliver a system to the implicit belief of disciples; not as an exposition of a methodized body of doctrine; but it is a record to philosophers of his own enquiries, meant in part to guide, in part to provoke their researches; it is meant to call men to a great work which he begun, but which might demand many minds and a long course of time to complete.

If in our present light of enquiry we should attempt to state the sources of our ideas, we should perhaps say they were three. 1. Sensation discovering to us the material world. 2. Reflection discovering to us our own mind; but both imperfectly discovering their respective objects, since they furnish only simple ideas, or the first elementary uncompounded, un-understood impressions. 3. The third makes up their deficiency. It is the understanding itself, which, on the contemplation and comparison of those elementary impressions, is affected with the idea of relations among them. Hence, it is in two senses, a source of ideas: both as these relations themselves may be made the subject of separate and distinct conception, may be reasoned upon, &c.; and, which is still more important, because, in our actual knowledge of existence, these ideas of relation must always be mixed with the first simple impressions to make up the conception, idea, or knowledge of an object.

All that tends to confusion in this statement is the employing the term reflection, which seems to carry with it too much active intelligence to be

solite impression of sense, with a perception of the object that occasions it. But to have the two impressions made, even if they are made at the same moment, does not in the nature of things imply that a comparison is made between them, and that there is a necessary perception of identity to a certain extent, and of diversity to a certain extent, subsisting between them. Neither in the nature of sensation, nor in the nature of that perception growing out of sensation, is any such comparison implied; nor, of course, any such perception of relation resulting from the comparison. It is true that in the constitution of our advanced minds, this comparison and this resulting perception of relation are implied; but that is precisely because there is in the Constitution of our advanced Minds a principle besides sensation, and besides the perception of external objects an intellectual principle, namely, adapted to the perception of Relations among the objects of sense and among all objects that can be presented to the notice of the Mind.

This perception of Relation, as it results from the constitution of our nature, as immediately and necessarily, upon the presenting of its proper object, as sensation results from presenting its proper object to the organ of sense, may be called like that of sense—a primary affection of consciousness. If the object of sense is presented to the organ, we are conscious of the impression. This consciousness is ultimate in our knowledge of sensation; and we cannot go beyond it. If an emotion arises in our Mind, we are conscious of the emotion on the subject, and we cannot go beyond it. In like manner, if the object of this intellectual perception—if a relation is set before the mind, the perception takes place; we are conscious of it; we can ascend no higher in analyzing and examining it; our consciousness of the actual perception is the ori-

ginal discovery to us of its existence. Thus then the consciousness of such a perception in our minds may be justly spoken of as a third distinct original affection of Consciousness.

In respect to both those other kinds of Affections of Consciousness—Sensation and emotion—it was observed that we notice them at first in a state of great simplicity—but that with the progress of our minds they attain to a state of great complexity and power. The same observation may be repeated with respect to this Affection of Consciousness—the perception of Relation. Some Relations are of such extreme elementary simplicity, that the perception of them may appear scarcely like the work of Intellect. Yet the great and powerful operation of Intellect through life lies all in the discernment of such relations. For example, the discernment of the relation of number in the very lowest numbers, may hardly appear like an intellectual perception; it may appear as if the very first numbers might be made known by impression on the sense. So the first and simplest relations of linear superficial figure may appear to be discerned by the mere intuition of sense; we may have a difficulty in satisfying ourselves that our high intellectual faculties are required to act in perceiving these simplest relations. Yet those first relations of number, and those simplest relations of figure which we seem to *see*, are the first links of one unbroken chain which extends through the whole series of discovered relations to those highest investigations of the powers of number and the properties of figure which are among the distinguished triumphs of the intellectual genius of man. The discernment of relations in their utmost complexity or in their utmost simplicity is the proper function of intellect.

This is indeed nothing more than the tuition of our faculties under the hand of nature. Their first ex-

the proper counterpart to sensation. Some such term as internal consciousness, or reflective consciousness, might have been better. It is probable that Locke is himself led by the indefinite extent of the term, to give it sometimes a larger, sometimes a stricter meaning.

The objection of later metaphysicians is, that Locke has not clearly and explicitly described the third source. They speak too much as if he had not done it at all—he has done it imperfectly.

ertion is always begun in lowly tasks. Their strength is yet unprepared; it is untrained. That extreme simplicity of the first objects on which they are called to act, invites their exertion. The Mind, yet infant in its powers, tries them upon objects upon which they cannot fail. Success leads it on; and an unconscious skill is formed in these humblest beginnings of intellectual action, by which it gradually advances to greater enterprise, by which it proceeds with growing qualification to the accomplishment of its higher works.

On the subject of Consciousness, an opinion has been generally entertained by the philosophers of this country, which we are persuaded is not to be reconciled with the true phenomena of the mind. "Consciousness," says Dr Reid, "is an operation of the understanding of its own kind, and cannot be logically defined." When he says that as "an operation of its own kind it cannot be logically defined," he means merely that as an original simple act of the mind it does not admit of explanation. "The objects of it," he goes on, "are our present pains, our pleasures, our hopes, our fears, our desires, our doubts, our thoughts of every kind; in a word, all the passions, and all the actions, and operations of our own minds, while they are present."

Elsewhere he says, that "consciousness is a word used by philosophers to signify that immediate knowledge which we have of our present thoughts and purposes, and in general, of all the present operations of our minds."

From these descriptions, we may collect four characteristics of the power;—1. That it is an intellectual faculty; 2. That the present emotions, or acts of the mind, are the objects on which it is employed; 3. That it is constant—attending all our operations; 4 That it is involuntary.

The two last circumstances noticed, viz.—that it is involuntary and constant, do indeed characterise our consciousness, in whatever light we may consider it. This will be necessary to be borne in mind, in order to assist us in conjecturing what that real process of the mind is which has thus been confounded with

simple consciousness; but our present observations will relate to those parts only of the description which is erroneous—to the view which is given of consciousness as a separate and peculiar intellectual faculty—and to the representation which is made of our emotions, thoughts, perceptions, and our mental operations generally, as distinct objects upon which this faculty is employed.

By consciousness, is rightly understood nothing more than that simple feeling of the mind which is unavoidably implied whenever we speak of its acts or emotions, and which constitutes to the mind its act. If there is anger in the soul, the passion is felt; for by that it is anger. If we vary the terms, and say that this mind is conscious of anger, we now understand no more than what was already asserted when it was said that anger was felt. We are not led to conceive any thing else to be meant than that the passion of anger is, at this moment the proper description of the state of feeling, or of consciousness of this particular mind. The consciousness is essential not to accompany, but to constitute the emotion. Unconscious anger is a contradiction, for it is in fact equivalent to a feeling not felt. Nor in the more intellectual actions of the mind, can we discern any difference. He who believes is conscious that he believes, or else there is no belief. He who remembers or understands is, by the very act, conscious that he remembers and understands. The impression of touch on his hand, of colour on the organ of sight, make him conscious of touch and colour. Without this consciousness, the sensation has no being—the consciousness is the sensation.

Now, if this representation be just, there is here no peculiar intellectual faculty in operation; for it would plainly have no meaning, to say that the existence of the passion of anger depends upon the operation of a faculty, by which the man knows that he is angry, or his belief or sensation upon a separate act, by which he knows that he feels or believes. There is in this consciousness nothing implied or meant, but that the mind is in the state of feeling and perceiving. We may speak of a supposed state of unconsciousness, indeed, and of the incidental state of con-

sciousness as opposed to it; but of every act that takes place during the entire period of action, consciousness is not a uniform concomitant merely, but an essential condition. In every case, throughout the whole activity of the mind, the consciousness is the act.

The very same observations include all that can be said as to the distinct objects of this faculty. The emotion is not an object of the consciousness; it is the consciousness. When you look doubtfully upon an object, and then recognise it, the consciousness of recognition is the recognition; and it is merely dividing the act from itself, to make it the separate object of consciousness.

There are, indeed, then neither a separate faculty nor objects of consciousness. But there is in the mind a capacity of consciousness, which is its very essence, by which it is capable of judging, feeling, thinking, knowing: by which it is distinguished from those things, which having no consciousness, have no feeling, and no thought.

The view which we have now given of consciousness, seems to us to coincide with that expressed incidentally by Locke, B. ii. Ch. i., Essay, Und., where he is treating of the question, Whether the soul always thinks. That the great metaphysician always holds the same consistent language, we are not prepared to assert—but nothing can be more express than the following passage:—"Can a man think," he says, "and not be conscious of it? If they say the man thinks always, but is not always conscious of it, they may as well say his body is extended without having parts. For it is altogether as intelligible to say that a body is extended without parts, as that any thing thinks without being conscious of it, or perceiving that it does so. They who talk thus, may, with as much reason, if it be necessary to their hypothesis, say, that a man is always hungry, but that he does not always feel it: whereas hunger consists in that very sensation, as thinking consists in being conscious that one thinks."

But there is a living metaphysician, Mr Fearn, who has strenuously attacked the prevalent opinion on this supposed faculty. The reasoning of Mr Fearn, against the doc-

trine of consciousness, as held by Dr Reid, and the philosophers who have embraced his chief tenets, is contained in a volume, published many years ago, and now very scarce.

The mind, he argues, whether considered physically single, or compounded of parts—extended or non-extended—is admitted by all philosophers to be a sole being, and as such, the receptacle of all knowledge. It is also admitted that the mind exists in alternate states of knowledge and of ignorance; so that knowledge must be induced by some peculiar circumstance of the mind's existence. It should follow, that all varieties of knowledge are produced by various modifications of some one general circumstance; and hence this state, called knowledge, will require an appropriate name, which shall embrace all its modes, in some such way as motion embraces all the modes in which bodies can change. Agreeably to this speculation, we find, he observes, that all our knowledge is received by a sole percipient—which is the being alive to all the various affections, of sensations, remembrances, and passions; and that the processes by which these are received by the percipient, are all comprehended in the general term consciousness. Now, this doctrine is, as Mr Fearn remarks, and as we have seen, in direct opposition to the prevalent philosophy—which holds that the general percipient, the mind—is a receptacle for counter feelings; or, in other words, that consciousness is only an accompanying, or second percipient, which attends all our particular mental processes.

Agreeably to these statements, consciousness, Mr Fearn observes, cannot be other than a co-suffering, or second perception of every particular affection of which the mind becomes subject, and therefore, we either have a double perception of every change, or we must have more than one percipient in the mind. This being a necessary conclusion from such a doctrine, Mr Fearn thinks that sensations, remembrances, judgments, and passions, that is, all the acts or changes of the mind, are not objects, but merely modes of consciousness or percipience. This he goes on to

argue at greater length. Knowledge, he observes, is and must be single. A sensation of colour, for example, is consciousness of colour. The process does not consist of two intelligent acts in the mind, for though any sensual organ may perform its office without farther effort, if there be no consciousness there will be no sensation. In like manner, to be conscious that we judge or remember is simply to judge or remember. An external object may operate upon an organ of sense so as to leave no doubt that it must have performed its office, and yet, owing to some stronger interest in the mind, we may derive no consciousness from the serious impulse. Therefore, when we say that we are conscious that we see, this makes only a double enunciation of a single fact in her mind, such an expression being as truly an impropriety as to say, that we feel that we taste. We might as well go on to say, that we are conscious that we feel that we taste: and then refer the single fact of taste to these several perceptions or percipients.

If any one should still conceive there can be a double feeling of any one intelligent act, such, for example, as the sensation of yellow co-existing with a consciousness of that sensation, it immediately occurs to ask, says Mr Fearn, what use there could be in learning, by a second percipience, that which it is invariably acknowledged we feel in the sensation itself?

Mr Fearn pursues these views in different lights and to various conclusions. We have given but a summary of them—both for the sake of their own intrinsic value, and because soon after he had advanced these opinions in England, our own illustrious countryman, Dr Brown, likewise expressed his dissent from a doctrine which seems to have been adopted implicitly by all other metaphysicians of our time.

This supposed faculty, and the hypothesis of objects with which its operations are concerned, you will find reasoned against in a somewhat similar manner in Dr Brown's eleventh lecture. Remarkable himself for the simplicity of his views of all the agencies of mind, he happily expresses this doctrine as

an attempt to double the various feelings and acts of our minds, by making them not to constitute our consciousness merely, but to be the objects of it also. He asks us to consider what would appear to the eye of some superior intelligence to which all the successive states of a human mind could be discovered? Nothing, he very justly observes, could appear but a series of consecutive states. There could be no consciousness superadded to each state; for the actual state is entire in itself, and involves its own consciousness. And with a fanciful supposition, which illustrates very strikingly the simple view which he had formed of this fact of the mind, he conceives a being to be produced with the faculties of sense, and that after receiving a single impression, as the impression of the fragrance of a rose, his sentient principle is extinguished. That single momentary impression, he observes, does as much include a consciousness of the sensation, as if he had habitually exercised intelligence on the operations and affections of his mind: and he pursues the idea to show in what manner the connected consciousness of successive states, which is something quite different from that first simple consciousness, has given rise to the confusion generally prevalent in language and thought on this subject.

We think that it is not hard to explain still farther than he has done, what appears to have been in the minds of those who have erroneously ascribed such a peculiar character and office to the faculty of consciousness.

It is well known to us all, that it is in the power of the mind, under the affection of any emotion, to heighten its intellectual action, so as to make that emotion at the moment the subject of peculiar intelligent consideration. This is done whenever the effort is made to subdue an emotion, by bringing it under subjection to reason,—it is done continually by those who are at all accustomed to make their own minds the subject of their observation. Now, it is true, that in this case the emotion does become the object of a clearer intellectual cognizance to the mind; and that, in this way, the mind does acquire an intelligent know-

ledge, which it could not otherwise possess, of its feelings and processes. But it is equally true that this intelligent cognizance is not a consciousness of that emotion; but, on the contrary, the entire consciousness of the mind is now enlarged to comprehend both the emotion which still subsists, and that more exerted action of intelligence which it has connected with it.

That it is an obscure idea of this willed and exerted intelligence that has misled those who have spoken of consciousness as the power by which we know the operations of our minds, we have been led to believe, by the expression of one writer of this school, who speaks of this faculty as the same which Mr Locke intended to describe by the name of Reflection. But we must observe, at the same time, that in saying so he has greatly misunderstood the language of Locke, whose faculty of reflection is very different from the presumed faculty of consciousness—being indeed this very willed exertion of intelligence, whether directed on a present or a recollected emotion, while the consciousness which they assert as a faculty, is the involuntary and inevitable perception which attends the emotion in the moment it is felt, and which is indeed an essential part, and the very vital constituent of the emotion. That it is this constant and inevitable consciousness that is understood, in the general doctrine on the subject, will appear, not only from many passages that might be cited from Dr Reid, but from the words of one of the latest writers on the subject, who has stated the opinion as distinctly as it admits of, in saying, “Sensation, remembrance, simple apprehension, and conception, with every other actual energy or passion of the mind, is accompanied by an inward feeling or perception of that energy or passion—and that feeling or perception is termed consciousness.”

The same view is expressed with much more philosophic limitation by Mr Stewart, who observes that “reflection, as understood by Mr Locke, bears precisely the same relation to consciousness which observation does to (Essays, I. ch. 1.) perception.” An exceedingly clear statement of the doctrine, but which seems

peculiarly to mark out to it that origin which we have conjectured; and to indicate that it arose from the indistinctness of the boundary in natural feeling between the necessary consciousness which is inherent in every act and emotion of our mind as it arises, and that reflective and willed action of intelligence which may accompany the emotion or act, in greater or in less degree, and which we may conceive as detached from it altogether.

We have thought it necessary the more explicitly to state our views with respect to this alleged faculty, to justify ourselves for not insisting—as must be done in following the received theory—with peculiar emphasis upon this power, as the foundation of all knowledge of the mind. It is indeed the foundation, in one sense, of all such knowledge; since it is the one comprehensive expression of all the facts of the science—that is, in other words, of all the manifestations of the mind. But, in that peculiar and emphatic sense in which it has been represented from the time of Dr Reid, as the first intellectual step of the mind in the preparation of such science, the views now given will show that it ought not to be regarded.

In Mr Stewart's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, there is a very interesting and instructive chapter on the subject of Attention. Whether we consider this as a separate faculty of the mind, or simply as a variable condition of its action, the views and reasonings contained in that discussion are alike important, since the actual results of the fact of attention will remain in either case the same. Important as the voluntary power is, there is nothing in the act to characterise a distinct intellectual faculty. There is, indeed, in one sense a power: as it is customary in our ordinary language, to speak of a power of attention, to refer many facts to the possession or want of this power; and to contrast different minds with one another by the degree in which we observe it to exist in them. All this is undoubted: but all this, as it appears to us, may be well explained and understood without ascribing the facts of which we speak to the agency of specific faculty. We shall therefore say, that attention

is a state merely of the other powers, and not itself an independent power : and that it is capable of being produced in two ways ; either involuntarily by some strong interest felt in the mind, or by the direct power of the will. This will be best understood by some very familiar example. For let us consider of what we understand, when we speak of the exertion and the want of attention. You read ; and if the subject strongly excites your interest, your attention is as strongly engaged ; you conceive vividly and distinctly what you read : and when you have closed the book, you bear from it a distinct and fixed remembrance of what you have read. If the work is very uninteresting, you may read with imperfect attention, with even inadequate conception, and with the result of a very disjointed and insufficient recollection. But if the work, though not engaging, and though difficult, is important, and you wish for a fixed purpose, to master its contents, you then, by a power in your own mind, deliberately and resolutely attend, and you obtain results of the same kind, as when your attention was involuntarily engaged, namely, a distinct understanding, and a fixed and clear recollection. Here then we see the attention in two forms of power, and one of languor. And yet we do not see that in any case we can assert that a distinct intellectual faculty takes part in the action of our mind, or withdraws itself from it. What engages your interest, excites vivid emotion : for it is only by exciting it that the work has power to interest you. But it is one of the constant laws of our mind that every excited emotion quickens the action of all the faculties that concur with it. This is a law of emotion, not of intellect. It quickens the muscular power in our limbs, just as it quickens fancy, imagination, memory, intelligence. The whole being is animated with his own feelings ; he feels new life in his body, new life in his mind. In this state, in whatever mental action he is engaged that concurs with the tendency and purpose of his emotion, or interest, or by whatever name we call it, he engages

in it with a heightened capacity ; the very ardour of feeling infusing itself into the intellectual mind. This is all that takes place. The same intellectual faculties are engaged, but they are aroused and exalted in their action, under a law of simple emotion. When we describe that intellectual state thus produced, it is proper enough to say that there is an increase of attention ; but in saying so we speak of a state, and not of distinct power intervening to mix in the action of the other faculties. For, let us now consider the last case supposed, namely, the perusal of a difficult work by a strong effort. In this there is also heightened action of the powers of the mind. But how is it produced ? It is the result of a determination of the will. You collect powers that were scattered and unfixed in their action, and bend them together upon a single object ; you make effort in the mind, and force their exertion. Still there is no new faculty introduced to act. You fix your intelligence for a continuance of time, and with intent direction upon one point ; but that shows nothing more than that your intelligence is subject to your will, that you can enforce and govern its action, and restrain its action, and restrain its glancing activity to the object which you have selected for its thought. The power, therefore, which you exert in such a case, is a power of volition. It is to the state that is induced under the control of the will that the name of attention seems in this instance, as in the other, to be properly applied. And the whole amount that we gather with respect to the laws and powers of the mind, seems to be that which common observation has constantly suggested, namely, that the action of the intellectual powers, when neither emotion nor will determine them to act, is languid and inadequate ; but that emotion inciting and animating, or the will impelling and commanding them, are able alike to arouse them to their powers, and to produce those intellectual results to which no new faculty is needed in the mind, but for which the highest activity of all its acknowledged faculties is required.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

CYRUS.

Δίματο Μαξιμίνος νιοπηγίος.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE HOUSE OF MAXIMINUS, IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

ON these bright shores, within this second Rome,
 Maximinus piled up my towering dome,—
 Fixing my basis in the very strand,
 That I a scene of grandeur might command,—
 Illimitable grandeur far and near,
 The city on my right, and left, and rear.
 On front Bithynia's blooming valleys lie
 Sleeping in beauty 'neath a purple sky:
 The Bosphorus my strong foundation laves
 Ere mingling with the blue Propontic waves,
 With tender ripples tips my feet with spray,
 Then to the godlike ocean gladly rolls away.
 Ye gentle beings, that drink in the light
 Of beauty and of grandeur, climb my height,—
 There turning round oft feast your souls and eyes
 On trees, domes, ships, sea, city, earth, and skies.

II.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Πορτος ὑποκλύζει χθονὸς.—κ. τ. λ.

ON JUSTINIAN'S GARDENS, BORDERING ON THE SEA.

Here ocean laves the land, whose ridges glow
 With floating bloom of groves amid the sea:
 Through opening glades the streams of ocean flow,
 And sea-moss mingles with the garden tree:
 Naiad and Nereid here their gifts combine—
 Fresh lapsing waters with the rolling brine.

III.

AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.

Εἴζοι ἔμοι Δάφνης.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Let Daphne's* crest, that towers beyond the sea,
 'Mid wild sequestered beauty,—yield to me.
 For here the Dryad-nymphs and Nereids meet
 Urging their separate claims to this retreat;
 Neptune sits umpire, and decides the plea,
 By giving both a common right in me.

* Erat Daphne castellum a Constantino ad Danubii ripas exstructum.—JACOBS.

IV.

ANACREON.

Ἀρα τὶς τόρυσσε πόντον.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A MEDAL REPRESENTING VENUS ANADYOMENE.

1.

And who emboss'd the ocean?
And whose the art divine
That spread this disc with billows
Of ocean's rolling brine?

2.

And whose the godlike spirit
That on the sea impress'd
This tender, breathing Venus—
The source of spirits blest?

3.

Here all her naked beauties,
The artist hath revealed:
Save what that clasping billow
Hath modestly concealed.

4.

Like silver sea-moss floating
Upon the mild serene
Of waters,—that rejoicing
Now shoreward bear their queen,

5.

So comes she,—and before her,
She breasts the lofty wave,
Which veils her rosy bosom,
And longs her neck to lave.

6.

Amid the soft-hued stillness,
Her form august is seen,—
A lily wrapt in violets,—
So gleams the Paphian queen.

7.

And o'er the liquid silver
On bounding dolphins ride
Young roguish Love and Passion,
Loud laughing side by side.

8.

A winding band of fishes,
With plunging gambols bound
Near *her*—the swimming Venus,
Who smiles on all around.

V.

UNKNOWN.

Αχμαλή πρὸς ἔρατα.—κ. τ. λ.

I.

In all the ripeness of thy beauty's prime
Hath death, Patrophile, thine eyelids sealed;
Mute is that tongue which witch'd the ear of time,
The cunning witchery which thy words revealed!

2.

Quenched is the voice of song,—all—all are fled
Those joys which mantled with the sparkling wine:
Grim Dis!—love's frenzy snatched her to thy bed,
Yes—she could stir even that iron soul of thine.

VI.

NOSSIS.

Θυμαρέτας μορφάν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A PORTRAIT.

Thymarete, thy very self is there,
Pictured in all thy dignity and grace,
Thy noble pride, thine awe-commanding air
Mingled with mildness in that lovely face:
Shaking his tail thy faithful dog draws near,
Deeming he gazes on his mistress dear.

VII.

CRINAGORAS.

Εἰ καὶ τὸ σῆμα λυγδίνης.—κ. τ. λ.

ON EUNICIDAS.

This monumental Parian marble, graced
With all the pride of sculpture's purest taste,

Adorns—as far as senseless marble can,
The rotten carcase of a wicked man.

Deem not, ye good, the tomb's external show
An index of the worth that lies below :
Since all this laboured luxury of art
Enshrouds Eunicidas' malignant heart,
And now his corpse,—that worthless rag,*—forgot,
For all—but baseness, moulders in this spot.

VIII.

CRINAGORAS.

Οὐδ' ἦν Ωπιανός.—κ. τ. λ.

TO CÆSAR.

Not—if the ocean waves in strife combine,
Or German hordes drink up their native Rhine,
Shall Rome—secure in Cæsar's prudent sway,
Tremble though host on host their might array.
Thus the dry leaves of Jove's own oaks are found
The tempest's sport—careering round and round,
While the forked, gnarled roots more closely clasp the ground.

IX.

ONESTES.

Εἴπι τομῶν, τίνας εἶσι.—κ. τ. λ.

“ Say, shepherd, whose these plants ? ” “ Athena, thine
The olive : Bacchus claims the gadding vine.”
“ This corn ? ” “ Demeter's.” “ Who protects these flowers ? ”
“ Hera and rosy Cypris are the powers.”
“ Dear Pan, pipe on ; for soon thine oaten stops
Shall waken Echo on these sunny slopes.”

X.

PHILODEMUS.

Μικκὴ καὶ μελανεῦσα Φιλίννιον.—κ. τ. λ.

TO PHILINNION.

1.

A small brunette
Is my Philinnion : her hair
Coal-black as jet,
Curls like parsley : passing rare
Her downy skin—beyond compare.

2.

Her tongue possess'd is
Of tones more witching than the lure
Of Cypris' cestus :
Not chary of her favours sure—
And aught but coldness can endure.

3.

May I adore
My too, too kind Philinnion still—
For evermore,
Oh ! golden Aphrodite—till
A warmer flame my bosom fill.

* τούλιγηνπέλεις ῥάκος.

XI.

ARCHILOCUS.

Χρημάτων ἄλπτον οὐδέν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Nothing unhopèd for, nor aught passing strange
Can now betide us in this world of change,
Since Jove hath flung the gloomy veil of night
Athwart the lusty sun's meridian light—
Quenching his beams; while on the sons of men
Such terror fell as ne'er may fall again.
For nought more strange, nought unexpected more,
Unhopèd, unlooked for hath betid before.

Say who shall marvel now if beasts exchange
Their haunts with dolphins for the ocean's range,
Preferring to dry land the roaring tide,
While these rejoice to climb the mountain's side? *

XII.

THEODORIDAS.

Εἰνάλις λαβύρινθε.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A VOTIVE CONCH.

STRANGER.

Who found thee, say, thou labyrinth marine,
Thou waif outcast of ocean's hoary brine—
But now an offering on this sacred shrine?

CONCH.

Pylorus sent me from his holy steep
To Dionysius o'er the rolling deep,
Who placed me here, beside the murmuring waves,
A toy to Naiads of the ocean caves:
Swiftly I thrid the mazes of the seas,
Eager to please the sleek Antriades.

XIII.

ERYCIUS CYZICENUS.

Ὁ τράγος ὁ Κλήσανος.—κ. τ. λ.

CLESON'S GOAT.

Through the whole mirksome night, did Cleson's goat
By his wild bleatings keep the flock from sleep:
The smell of wolf, that kid-devourer, smote
His nostrils, climbing up the rocky steep:
Till the roused dogs had scared him down the rock;
Then gentle slumbers fell upon the flock.

* *Vide* Horat. i. Od. II. 7. Omne quum Proteus, &c. Epod. XVI. 28. Quando Padus, &c.

THE ANGLO NORMAN TROUVÈRES OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

"LE ROMAN DU ROU."

PAR MAISTRE WACE.

WHEN Louis Outremer heard of Duke Richard's escape, he was right sorrowful, for, not merely did he lament that so important a prisoner should have regained his liberty, "but," says Maistre Wace, "because he knew that many thought him a very foolish fellow (*un musard*) to be so easily deceived." However, he put the best face that he could upon it, and as Richard was not able immediately to return to Normandy, but remained for some time at Chateau Coucy, Louis made preparations for entering Normandy; and after several battles, several defeats, and much speechifying (for Maistre Wace's heroes seem as fond of long speeches as any member of a modern debating society), he enters Rouen in great state. On this occasion there was much outward joy expressed; every chapel that was worth a bell-tower, set about making as much noise as it could; the churches and the minster rung deafening peals; there was a procession of the clergy, and the townsfolk flocked together in holyday apparel; "still," says our poet in his quiet dry way, "methinks the good people of Rouen would not quite have wept their eyes out, had they seen him drowning in the Seine." Louis was

at length persuaded to give up Normandy to Richard; but the peace consequent on this act of justice did not last long. Louis obtained the aid of Otho the Emperor of Germany, and the French and German troops closely besieged Rouen. The following extract, though rather long, deserves insertion for the spirited picture it presents of a battle in the tenth century. But the reader will observe, that although the knights are emphatically "righte valyaunte," yet to the latter part of the compliment bestowed on the knights of our third Edward's days, "and curteis, and gentil," they have no claim. They rise before us rather as the descendants of the death-despising "Vikinger," than as the progenitors of the Chandos and De Mannys of Cressy and Poitiers; still, in the warm spirit of devotion that urges Duke Richard to fall "unblement" on his knees, and pray to God to guard him in the battle, even at the very moment when his vassals were awaiting his battle-cry, we perceive the dawning of that fine religious feeling, which, in a subsequent age, gave the last touch of beauty to the beautiful character of the genuine "Xten Knyghte."

"Now at Rouen Richard was, and thro' the town set watch and ward,
Then to the minster he repaired, and solemn service heard.
When by a byeway hastily, a spy came driving on;—
Who cried to him aloud, for time for whispering it was none—
'Behold, behold, they're coming on with all their chivalry,
The Germans too, in order due, all armed right gallantly,
As tho' not only Rouen they'd take, but e'en all Normandle,
Already are they at the walls, to withstand them quickly bown.'
The Duke when he this message heard, right meekly kneeled down,
And prayed the Lord our God, the Son of Lady Marie,
That he would guard his life, and fame, and grant him victory,
And he would found at his own cost, a rich and fair abbaye—
Then all his nobles rushed to arms, and cried aloud 'Des aie.'*

"The Duke had knights the very best that were in all Bretagne,
And gallant ones from Paris too, and also Hugh le Maigne,

* This was the battle-cry of the Normans.

And these he bad go forth against the knights of Germany,
 And one of his most loved barons, he bade their leader be,
 Who bore aloft the gonfalon,* 'twas of scarlet cloth of Spain.
 And on their destreres bold they sat, while downward to the plain
 The Germans from the mountain came, with gallant speed amain
 (Ay, if the Germans give them fight, they will not there remain),
 But many a shield will pierced be, and many a tough lance broken,
 And on many who blithe to the mêlée came, will their vengeance be ywroken.
 For in warfare still the usage is, and in other things also,
 Who in *one* fight is vanquished, from the next may victor go.
 Now these German knights were evermore most gallant and most proud,
 To give defiance blithe were they, tho' ne'er in vaunting loud.
 And toward Rouen they drest themselves by force to enter there,
 For the city seemed right good to them, and the country round most fair,
 But the Normans could not this endure, and swore with burning zeal,
 That their good town they would defend, with stout iron and with steel.

"Now with the Normans there came forth full many a gallant knight,
 Well armed, and firm on his destrere, in readiness for the fight;
 And glad were they, when in fair array, the foe appeared in view,
 And oft they set a turneying, but the Germans backward drew,
 For turneying was not their way of fight, † to them 'twas new.
 So close together o'er the plain, towards the gates they prancing went.
 The Normans then fled backwards, as with sore astonishment,
 As they would fly away they seemed, and made a goodly feint;
 Then those who in Rouen remained, now hurried boldly out,
 And hailed their brethren in the fight with many a gladsome shout,
 And flung abroad their ensigns, that their foemen might them know,
 Of all the host that rushed out, not one for the fight was slow.
 Then might ye see the gallant press of the Norman chivalry,
 And many a shivered lance, and many a glittering brand ye'd see
 Ybroke, and many a shining helm, and shields both red and brown,
 And many a foaming steed rush by, with reins all trailing down;
 And in the fields and highways too, lay many a brave knight dying,
 Struck down by axes, and by clubs of peasant churls when flying,
 For all the common folk came forth, their ready aid supplying.

"Then Richard from Rouen rushed forth, on his steed of iron grey,
 Armed cap-a-pie, and brandishing his good sword, for the fray
 Right eager, and behind him pranced Norman and Breton too,
 And when Otho's nephew saw 'twas he right gladly near he drew;
 'Twas a gallant youth and bold, and King Louis loved him well,
 For to the Normans was he aye an enemy most fell.
 And he had ever on his lip some word of mockery,
 And a good sword wielding in his hand, thus onward rushed he,
 With shield up raised before him, and with sword ypointed low—
 But he stumbled, and he lost the rein; then Richard with a blow
 Right thro' the middle cleft him down. O! Duke Richard's brand was keen,
 For the shield and the coat of mail 'gainst it, were weak as a glove I ween;
 To the ground he fell right dead forthwith, I'll safely warrant ye;
 While Richard cried, 'To the Evil One I arede thee quickly flee,†
 For my good land I had nearly lost, and my living too thro' thee.'

* This is the first mention of the gonfalon, and many an antiquary learned in heraldic lore will wish that our *trouvere* had also described its charges. We have little doubt that they were the two lions.

† This bears some resemblance to Butler's "He who fights and runs away." 2. The custom of some of the chief warriors advancing before the rest, and offering single combat, is mentioned by many writers antecedent to Wace, as a peculiarity of Norman warfare, and as arising from that eager thirst for fame, which always distinguished that brave and haughty people.

‡ "Au maufery je commant." This hearty commendation of his foeman to the evil one, shows how far Richard with all his prowess fell beneath the knight of ro.

Then he tall'd loudly out, and his men gave back the cry;
 And Richard with good sword in hand, preast on with courage high:
 O many a time was that good sword, that day ensanguined—
 And quickly flew the news about, of Otho's nephew dead.
 Tho' the plain was heaped with corpses, still fiercely raged the fight,
 For the German like a host right wode, fought with unfailing might.
 And so did Richard's men;—like men who would win the day;
 O many an empty saddle might ye see in that affray;
 And many a noble German, open mouthed, in death pangs lay.
 And shields were stricken thro', and leathern bucklers torn,
 And many a hauberk battered well with pole axes, and worn
 And dinted many a sword, and huge stones crushed many a head;
 For the Germans in that battle most lucklessly have sped.
 Whate'er they sought to gain, they found methinks sore woe,
 But let it pass, for certainly great prowess did they show.
 Twelve noble Germans, each alive, the best of their countrie,
 Were by the Normans taken, was not that a victorie?
 For great their ransom sure must be, and meikle will they gain;
 But nothing but their arms would they have had these knights been slain.
 Now the Normans masters of the field their gonfanons outspread,
 Twelve counts, three knights alive have they, beside a host of dead.
 And now they go and strip the slain, as is the victor's way,
 And little ruth they'd feel, I trow, their very skins to flay;
 Nor heed they flood, or dust, or soil, as on their way they held,
 For the gain of all that spoil is worth more than the good red gold
 Those kings have hoarded up. And now their tents they pitch around
 Upon the plain, for they will not within the city go;
 Such store have they of gallant steeds, and prisoners also,
 That their castles could not hold them, so they link them two and two,
 And all within the city joyed that store of steeds to view."

The high value placed on "the steeds," especially such as had been tried in battle, is very characteristic of so early a period, and so is the exulting remark that the twelve counts had been taken "alive," which was an excellent thing, since, had they been killed, no ransom would have been gained for them.

This signal defeat of the combined French and German forces does not, however, bring peace to Normandy. After many more battles, sieges, truces, interviews, and embassies, which generally leave things even worse than before, Richard summons King Harold of Denmark to his aid, who with great good-will sends him an army, which overruns France, and compels Lothaire (Louis Outremer's successor) to conclude

a peace. Richard now dismisses his auxiliaries with rich gifts, promising to those who are inclined to become Christians his protection and a portion of lands in Normandy. Many accept this offer, and settle in Costentin, "where," says Maistre Wace, "they became celebrated as excellent mariners, and very expert in all that relates to rowing† or sailing." This characteristic the inhabitants of Costentin still retain, after the lapse of more than eight centuries, for even in the present day they are considered as the best sailors in Normandy. As to those who still clung to Paganism, they, having received rich gifts, set sail for Spain, where, "in a fruitful land, they took eighteen cities, which they destroyed. But what afterward became of

mance. The "gentil" knight never consigned his foeman to the devil, unless he were a *paynim*, and then it was only sending him "to his own place."

* M. Pluquet, the editor of this curious chronicle, thinks that the "slaying" must refer to the horses; it seems evident to us that it refers to the dead Germans, against whom the inhabitants of Rouen were so enraged, and from whose "stripping" they evidently gained so much.

† The reader will bear in mind that during the middle ages, most of the large vessels were *galleys*, with three and even four banks of rowers; to row well was therefore as necessary as to understand managing the sail.

them," says Maistre Wace, "I do not know, nor indeed, have I even enquired."

He now abruptly breaks off.—Whether Plantagenet had given him any offence, whether Alianer, who had patronized his "*Brût d'Angleterre*," was now so interested in the more polished strains of the Troubadours, as to turn with indifference from the ruder but more spirited

work of the Norman Trouvere; or whether Benoit St More, who had taken up the same subject, had received those commendations and those more substantial marks of favour which Maistre Wace considered more justly his due, we know not, but he concludes in the following whimsical manner, and nearly ten years elapsed ere he resumed his subject.

"To the deeds of the Duke of Normandie we must return again.
But a long journey to get thro', is weariness and pain,
Unless you can beguile the way with song and pleasantrie;
But he who sings should the wine cup drain, or have some worthy fee:
For why should he unguerdoned be? while gifts have many moe,
So willingly a gift I'll take, since I've need of it, I trow."

In the second part, Maistre Wace returns to his favourite octo-syllabic measure,—and thus does he begin:

"That our forefathers' memorie,
Their acts, their words, their chivalrie,—
The felonies of each felon,
And nobleness of each baron,—
Should ne'er sink in oblivion—
Are histories written, choice and true,
And many a geste composed for you,
By learned clerks, but for whose care,
Full many a tale of value rare,
Had quite forgotten been, for aye,—
And with all past times, past away.
By lapse of time, through ages long,
And by the change of mother tongue,
The names have faded from our view,
Of many a town, and region too.
Britain, which now we call England,
Was Albion named at first; the strand
Where London stands, new Troy its name,
Then Treynouvente; from Ebrawe came
The name of Werk,* Wales, Mercia,
And North Wales, benedicia,
Were named, and Scotland, Albany."

And Brittany was Armorica, and Cologne, Aggripina, and Paris was Lutetia, and, thanks to the final letters being mostly a or e, Maistre Wace goes on rhyming, apparently with great delight, on this unpromising subject for twenty or thirty couplets. He next turns to the

point more immediately in hand, and informs us that Normandy was anciently called Neustria, "but it lost that name, and I will tell you for what reason. In that part of the earth, under which the car is placed, the people are called northmen,"—now

"*Man en Engleise en Narreis,
From senefie en Franceys,
Justez ensemble north e man,
E ensemble dictez north man.*"

* Verwic is the word—as Ebrawe seems a contraction, and Angloicism of Eboracum, it is most probable that Verwic is Maistre Wace's spelling of the Saxon "Ever Wyk."

After some more of this wearisome prosing, our *trouvere* suddenly arouses himself, and bursts forth in the following beautiful and spirited strain:—

“ All to nothing swiftly tend,
All fade, all wither, all have end,—
Towers fall, walls nod, the rose soon fadeth,
The destrere stumbles, cloth abradeth,
Man dies, steel rusts, weed rots away,
For all things made by hands decay.
Then listen now to what I tell,
Both clerk and lay, and know it well;
For, when death hath driven ye down,
Whither tendeth your renown;
If the clerk no record give,
Scantly will your praises live.”

And therefore is it, that “the clerk” should be highly honoured, and receive from barons and noble ladies, “*biaux dons*.” He now resumes his narrative of Duke Richard, and informs us that he was indeed well named “Fear nought,” for

not merely did he fear no living man, but even dead ones, and the powers of darkness could not make him afraid. The following story was doubtless heard with deep interest:—

“ Richard loved priests and clergie,
And knights also, and chivalrie,
And walked by night, e’en as by day,
For naught could ever him affray.
And many a sprite he saw, I wis,
But none could do him harm; and this
Was said by folk, that he by night,
Could see as clear as they with light.
Now as by night he wandered round,
Whene’er an open church he found,
He entered in, with fervent means,
To offer up his orisons;
And if the doors were closed each one,
He knelt upon the threshold stone.

“ It chanced one night to an abbaye
He came, and entered in to pray;
For all his menne on were gone,
And he was in the dark alone;
So his good steed without he tied,
And entered in; straight he espied
A corpse upon its bier (I trow
No fear even then, did Richard know),
For boldly by the bier he past,
His gloves upon a desk he cast,

* We must subjoin these pleasing lines in the original, since they afford a singular specimen of condensation and ease of versification.

“ Tute rien se turne en declin
Tute chiet, tute muert, tute valt à fin.
Tur fund, mur chiet, rere flastre
Cheval tresbuche, drap viesist
Flem muert, fer use, fust porrist,—
Tute ouvre fet ed mains perist.
Bien entend, e cepuis, e sai,
Ke tute murent e clerc e lai,
E Ke mult a certe durée
Empres lur mert, lur renumée
Si part clere n’est mis en livre,
Ne peet pas el durer ne vivre.”

And at the altar knelt to pray ;
(For nought could ever him affray).

" Not long he stayed ere sound he heard,
As tho' the corpse on the bier had stirred,
Then creaked the bier ; he turned to see
What this most fearful noise might be,
And ' Be thou or good or bad,' said he,
' Lie still,' and then a prayer he said ;
(How long or short the time he prayed,
I know not, but the cross he made ;
Saying, '*Per hoc signum sanctæ crucis,
Libera me de malignis,
Domine deus salutis.*' *
And also, ' God ! Almighty friend,
I to thine hands my soul commend.')

He took his sword, and turned about ;
But lo ! the devil, just without
The church door stood, with arms spread out
To see o Duke Richard furiously ;
Who drew his sword right gallantly,
And cleft him thro' ; on the bier he fell ;
(If he cried out, I cannot tell).

" Then Richard sprung upon his steed,
And from the churchyard rode with speed,
When he his gloves remembered ; then
He turned about, and back agen,
Into the chancel went to find them ;
(Methinks few men save he would mind them ;)
And then rode home. 'Twas after this,
A law he made, and caused I wis
To be proclaimed in church and fair,
That henceforth none should ever dare
To leave a corpse in holy bound,
Unwatched, until placed underground."

The reader will perceive from this curious story, that the impalpable ghost, veiled in white, and gliding through crevices and keyholes, according to the approved recipes of modern "ancient romances," were altogether unknown to our forefathers. The ghost with them, was a dead body resuscitated by infernal agency, a genuine vampire ; and thus, in the instance before us, it required not merely a Latin night-spell, but the vigorous use of the

Duke's good sword to quell this "spirit," and to dislodge the demon from his unfitting tenement. It would be a very curious enquiry, to endeavour to ascertain from whence the notion of the shadowy ghost came, and at what period it took its place among the crowd of supernatural beings, which excited the terrors of our forefathers, and which still, in spite of the "march of intellect," awaken the fears of their children.†
Richard, notwithstanding his war-

* As these three lines are very probably an old morbid night-spell, it seemed better to give them in the original.

" A travers la bière l'abati
Ne sai, s'il fit noise ne cri."

† We are rather inclined to think, that to the airy ghost of modern times, a very late date must be assigned. In the tales and romances of chivalry, the ghosts introduced are mostly in complete mail, and possessing, together with the belligerent propensities which distinguished them in their lifetime, a degree of *bodily* strength sufficient to enable them in most instances to overcome their opponents. And even down to the close of the sixteenth century, this seems to have been the *popular* opinion ; old Webster could certainly never have dreamt of an *impalpable* ghost, when he gave that

like character, died peaceably in his bed, at an advanced age, and was succeeded by his son, who obtained the title of "the Good," a title to which he seems to have had very little claim. Soon after his accession, the "villains" of his territory revolt,

and hold several *parliaments* (*plusur parlemens*), at which they enumerate their grievances, and determine to endure them no longer. Their description of their wrongs has a touching simplicity :—

" For their lords give them evil names,
And they have scarcely any food,
Nor of their labours any good;
But griefs anew from day to day,
Wearing with pain their lives away;
And this last year was worse than all,
For each day at their masters' call
Their beasts were seized for service due,
For aids, or imposts, old or new,
Nor scarce one short hour's peace had they,
Worn down with pleas from day to day."

Then follows a lamentable bead-roll of feudal exactions; "pleas of the forest," "pleas of coining," "pleas of the highway," "pleas of water courses," "pleas of suit and service," and "pleas of aids." They therefore incite each other to revolt, arguing (and unhappily, it would

appear, with too much truth), that it was in vain to expect justice, since what would they gain by complaint, save harsher usage and their accustomed title, which they seem to have felt as a bitter insult, "filz a putain," and therefore—

" Why should we thus bow meanly down,
When we may make the day our own :—
If they are men, so too are we,
With limbs and sinews equally
Formed ;—ay, and far stronger we, for pain
We'll bear, which they might ne'er sustain.
Then let us have one mind, one heart,
Swearing from each other ne'er to part,
And hold us all together still,
And we will boldly fight at will,
And they shall find in fiercest fight,
The villain hardy as the knight :—
And well might thirty, or two-score,
Stout, strong limbed peasants, battle stour,
'Gainst twenty striplings fair to see,
Those flowers of youthful chivalry."

Richard, upon hearing this news, is sorely affrighted, because he fears that they will "*commune faiscient*," a phrase probably derived by Wace from the English meaning of the word "commons," a word as displeasing to Plantagenet, as ever it could be to Duke Richard. Raoul

d'Erreux, his uncle, however, promises his aid; and by the wholesome arguments of a war of extermination, puts down the insurrection, inflicting on all who fall into his hands the most horrible torments and mutilations, while from the less guilty he exacted large fines.*

curious stage direction in his "White Devil," "Enter the ghost of Brachione, in his leathern cassock and boots!" And the reader will doubtless remember, that even Shakspeare rather inclines to make the ghost in Hamlet appear bodily, than as a mere shadow.

* On no question, perhaps, relative to society during the middle ages, has greater difference of opinion existed than on that relating to the real situation of villains. By many they have been considered as complete slaves, and although the researches

Wace now turns to England, and gives a long account of the massacre of the Danes, in a way that shows his strong national sympathy with them. He then returns to Normandy, and passing over the life of the third Richard rather rapidly, lingers with much delight on the gallant and gentle deeds of Duke Robert, the Conqueror's father. He gives several characteristic traits of his generosity, among others, the story of a clerk, who was sitting at his table one day, when one of his vassals, as a fine upon his father's death, presented him with a beautiful golden pitcher. This being greatly admired by the clerk, the good-natured duke gave it to him; whereupon, joy so overcame him, that he died. "Now there was great marvelling at this," says Maistre Wace, "and the physicians in their schools made very long speeches about it; they held many different opinions, but at length they agreed in this, that, as by reason of very great grief many die suddenly, in like manner, from over joy, some folk may perchance die; for, as in great grief, the heart contracts, and cannot open itself again, so from great joy, the heart opens so widely, that it cannot contract again, and so the man dies." This opinion was doubt-

less most satisfactory; and doubtless all the court of Plantagenet marvelled at the learning of Maistre Wace, which enabled him not only to give them lectures in geography and etymology, but in physiology too.

In regard to Harlette, he gives but few particulars, and we are inclined from this circumstance to consider the "*Chronicles of the Dukes of Normandy*," by Benoit St Mere, as having been already composed, since he is very minute respecting the birth, parentage, and education of the beautiful mother of the Conqueror. Duke Robert's pilgrimage to the Holy Land he, however, described very minutely. He set out with a noble train, knights, esquires, chamberlains, harbingers, and grooms, and destreres, and led horses, and sumpter horses; but while passing through Besançon early one morning before the porter even had arisen, they arrived at a castle, and prayed admittance. The porter, by no means pleased at being called on so early, unwillingly lets them in, thinking that they are a company of mere pilgrims and merchants, and Duke Robert in his travelling cloke, sending on his menage first, follows last of all, but,

"So large are they in companye
That they may not pass speedily,
As that half waking porter pleaseth;
So swiftly a huge staff he seizeth,
And on the pilgrims hastily
Bestows more blows than courtesy.
With baton, in his hand held fast,
Then toward the Duke, who entered last,
He rushed, and did such blows bestow
As echoed far and wide, I trow.
The Duke, with meek humility,
Bowed to the porter courteously—
While all the Normans angrily
Fell on the porter, who, had he
A thousand lives, had none to spare;—
Such is their rage, that they had ne'er
Left him unbrained, had not their Lord
Stept forth, and stayed them with a word.

of Sir Francis Palgrave have proved that was not the case in England; still in Normandy, according to the remarks of Glanville (Henry's Justiciar, and contemporary with Wace), it would appear that they were certainly thus considered. And yet these very slaves are here represented as paying large fines—an unexceptionable proof that they must have exercised some of the rights of freemen. Wace's account of this insurrection is far more minute than the notices in the Norman chroniclers, and affords a proof, together with many more which we shall point out, of the curious and important information relative to the different classes of society, which the metrical chronicles of the *trouveres* afford.

'Barons,' said he 'away, away!
 This folly leave—know ye not they,
 Who pilgrims are, should never fight,
 Nor aid in strifes, nor seek by might
 To win their way, nor e'er commence
 A warfare, but with patience
 Bear all, and suffer ill and pain,
 So they for sin may pardon gain?
 And, truly, I right willingly
 Receive this porter's blows; for he
 Hath given me less than I, for sin
 Deserve, and I would rather win
 Such chastisement, than hold in fee
 Rouen, chief of all Normandle.'
 Thus spake the Duke, then backward drew
 His friends, nor would the strife renew."

We could not refrain from presenting this curious passage at full length to our readers, since it gives so characteristic a picture of that singular spirit of *quietism* which, at this period, seems to have been inculcated upon the bold and hardy warrior, no less than upon the peace-

ful and retired recluse. Duke Robert could, however, still, upon some occasions, demean himself with true knightly spirit. When he arrived at Constantinople, the Emperor invited him to the palace, but offered him no chair,—

"Then, from his shoulders off he drew
 His mantle; on the ground he threw
 It down, and sat himself thereon.
 The converse ended, when each one
 Rose to depart, he left it there.
 One of the Greeks, with courteous care,
 Reminded him, and to him brought
 That mantle rich, and fair ywrought,
 That he might put it on; but he
 Replied, with true nobilitie—
 'Where I have left it let it lay,
 I carry not my seat away.'"

On arriving at the borders of the Holy Land, Duke Robert falls grievously ill, and for fifteen days his life is despaired of; on his recovery, as he is still so weak as to be unable

either to walk or to ride on horseback, he hires some poor Saracens to carry him in a litter. While thus carried—

"One day a pilgrim, who had come
 Far distant from his Norman home,
 And to Jerusalem had been,
 And our Lord's sepulchre had seen,
 Returning, met Duke Robert lying
 Thus borne by heathen men; and crying,
 With mickle woe, such sight to see,
 He prayed his lord right earnestly
 Some word to send to Normandle.
 'Well, tell my friends,' said Robert, then,
 'And likewise all my trusty men,
 What thou now viewest with thine eyes—
 Imps bearing me to Paradise;
 But tho' on Paynim's necks I lie,
 I'm travelling to God on high.'"

Duke Robert was, however, enabled to fulfil his pilgrimage—"Si com l'on dit en tapinage" (tapestry), says our *trouvere*. We wish this tapestry were in existence—as curi-

ous and as interesting doubtless as the Bayeux, and doubtless as authentic, since we find *Maistre Wace* appealing to its authority, rather than to the *Chronicles* "*escriz en*

livré," and composed "en Latin." On his return, Duke Robert again falls sick, and dies at Nice, "by poison," says Maistre Wace; but we must bear in mind that poison was always the resource of doctors during the middle ages (and indeed some centuries later), when people died whom they had learnedly proved ought to have lived.

A woful legacy did the brave Duke Robert leave to his young son, William—a realm parcelled out among fierce and rapacious nobles, who, taking advantage of William's extreme youth, burned towns, seized the lands of their weaker neighbours, and filled all Normandy with

violence. But, not improbably, the successive contests in which the Conqueror's youth was past, gave that strength to his character, and that vigour to his rule, which, combined with his military talents, rendered him one of the most extraordinary men of his age. These contests are described at full length, but present nothing to interest the English reader, who wishes rather to hasten on to the battle of Hastings; but ere our *trouvere* condescends to satisfy our curiosity, he introduces, *en parenthese*, the following very minute account of his parentage and education:—

"Long is the Norman tale, I wis,
And in 'romanz' right tedious is;
But should aught question, 'who was he
Who in "romanz" this historie
Composed?' I'll say withouten guile,
'Twas I, one Wace of Jersey's isle:
An island in the Western sea,
Fief of the Duke of Normandie.
There was I born; from thence, while young,
To Caen, to learn the Latin tongue,
Was brought, and then to France I went,
And many years in learning spent,
Then next to Caen I came, and there,
Many a romance with studious care
I wrote, and many histories made,
By God's, and by King Henry's aid;
And much that good king helped me on,
And gave (may Heaven its benison
Shed on him, day by day anew),
A goodly prebend at Bayeux,
To me."

He now returns to William, and after informing us that how William became king is a very long story, gives a slight sketch of his character, assuring us that he was both a brave and a *courteous* knight, and distinguished for the good laws which he established. Wace also adds his testimony to that of every other chronicler, in regard to his strict maintenance of justice between man and man, and even toward "poor folk,"—"for," he adds, very naively, "he never could love a thief."* This very creditable trait in the stern Conqueror's character, and which compelled even the writers of the Saxon Chronicle to allow that he loved justice, has, perhaps, been not sufficiently appreciated by those who, misled by the later chroniclers, view him only as a sanguinary

tyrant, without one redeeming virtue.

In the story of his acquisition of the crown of England (for we really cannot term it a conquest), Wace follows the account of the Norman writers, and represents him as having been nominated by Edward as his successor, and as having heaped favours upon Harold, and even having bound him by an oath, to secure that crown to himself, which Harold traitorously placed on his own brow. Wace informs us that William paid a visit to the Confessor some time before his death, bringing with him a goodly present of hawks and hounds; that Edward gave Earl Godwin's hostages into his charge, and subsequently determined to bequeath his kingdom to him. Meanwhile, Harold, who was "noble vas-

* "Unkes ne peut aimer larron."

sal," the strongest man of his times, and very popular, was sent into Normandy for his father's hostages, but being wrecked upon the coast of Ponthiou, he is seized by Count Guy, and cast into prison until he should pay "one hundred pounds" (a sum which in these days appears small enough) * for his ransom. Harold sends to William, who immediately liberates him, gives him horses, and arms, and conducts him

into Bretagne. Harold, before his departure, promises that on the death of Edward he will, as Seneschal, secure the kingdom to William; while William, on his part, promises one of his daughters in marriage to Harold. The method which William adopted to fix Harold, is very illustrative, both of the times, and of his astute and far-reaching character.

" This oath to fix, ere that he went,
Duke William caused a parlement
To meet at Bayeux, where 'tis said,
In crowds they came; and there he bade
The holy relics to be laid
Within a salver carefully,
Beneath a pall, that none might see
What was therein. Above, he placed
A reliquary, richly chased,
The best that in the country is,
' The bull's eye,' † it is called I wis.

When Harold on it placed his hand,
He trembled, and he scarce might stand,
His flesh so quivered, yet did he
Swear on the relics, eagerly,
That he would England guard, and aye
Maintain the Duke's right from that day
The king should die; repelling strife,
And William's daughter take to wife.
Then those around with heartsome glee,
Cried ' Lord, full soon O let it be.'

" When Harold had the relics kist,
And risen upon his feet, he wist
The trick of William, who off drew
The pall, and bade him soothly view
These holy relics underneath.
Then Harold scarce could stand, or breathe,
When he these holy relics saw,
For of them he had mickle awe." ‡

Edward soon after dies, and Harold, his friends having obtained from the weak monarch, in his last moments, a revocation of his bequest to William, is forthwith crowned. Unwitting this treachery,—

" At Rouen in his park, e'en now
Duke William, in his hand his bow
Already strung and bended, stood,
Taking the pastimes of the wood,
When lo! a sergeant hastily
Who straight had come across the sea,
Drew nigh the duke. Then swiftly he
Flung to a youth who stood beside,

* We must however bear in mind, that the hundred pounds, were one hundred pounds *weight of silver*. Mr Reeding, in his excellent work on the coinage, estimates the difference of value in the Conqueror's reign as *thirty-six* to one. This is perhaps too high; if, however, we take it at *twenty-five*, as some have estimated the difference, the sum will be fairly large.

† Oil de bœuf, lai ei nomer.

‡ To render this incident more intelligible to modern readers, we may remark that Harold, well knowing what the relic on which he was to be sworn was, probably obtained some dispensation in regard to it. But other and holier relics having been placed underneath, he swore upon *them*, without mental reservation, not knowing that they were there.

His bow, and led the man aside ;
 (For there were many folk about,
 And knights and squires a numerous route),
 So therefore led he him apart ;—
 And then the man with heavy heart,
 Told that King Edward now was dead,
 And Harold crowned king instead.
 When that the duke this heard, he stood
 One instant like a man right wode—
 Then turned to go,—to his menyé,
 Leaving the sports of veneryé,
 And oft his mantle tied, and then
 Untied, then tied it swift again :
 Nor would he speak to any one ;—
 To speak or question him dared none ;
 Then, in a boat the Seine he past,
 And to his castle hurried fast ;—
 And down on the first bench sate he,
 From time to time right hastily
 Turning quick round ; then o'er his face
 His mantle cast, then changed his place,
 And on a ledge his head he laid ;
 While all around him stood afraid,
 And marvelled what this might be."

But the conflicting feelings which are so graphically painted in the lines above, do not hold him long in suspense. He soon determines to contest the crown of England with Harold ; and his barons most joyfully prepare to accompany him.

Now come deliberations, messages, parliaments, and the refusal of the King of France to aid William, which, however, is more than counterbalanced by the friendly message of the Pope, who sends him a gonfalon, and a ring, "very precious and beautiful, because it was said that under the stone was a lock of St Peter's hair." A comet also appears for forty days, which is very comforting, "because such stars always are seen when a kingdom is about to have a new King." William, therefore, encouraged by all

these favourable omens, sets about building ships, and providing arms and provisions, just as the reader may see in the curious pictorial chronicle, the Bayeux tapestry, which we are almost inclined to consider as having furnished the outline of this part of Maistre Wace's "roman," so closely do they agree. William also receives offers of assistance from many Poitevin and Breton knights ; some of whom came from near the forest of Brechelian ; and the very name of this forest, so celebrated for marvels, turns Mr Wace aside from the main current of his narrative, to tell us all he knows about it. As this forest has been celebrated by Ariosto himself, the reader will probably be well pleased to see the passage.

"A forest large and wide I wis,
 Which in Bretagne far famed is ;
 For there the fount of Berenton
 Gusheth from out a mount of stone ;
 And often wend the hunters thither,
 To slake their thirst in summer weather,
 And in their horns the water take,
 And sprinkle on the stone, to make
 The rain descend, whene'er they need
 A shower, and this in very deed
 Doth fall. But tho' none this deny,
 I cannot tell the reason why.
 And there ye may the faeries view
 (If Breton lays do tell us true),
 And many other marvels too ;
 For 'tis a wildering place, and ye
 May find huge stags full readily,
 But peasant ye may never see."

Maistre Wace informs us, that he once set out to visit this marvellous forest, but though he sought about for wonders, he could find none, and naively declares,

“ Folly I sought, a pleasant game,
Fool I set out, fool home I came.”

At length, all is in readiness, and the fleet sets out. The debarkation at Hastings is described with spirit, and the description of the archers is very minute.

“ And now at Hastings swift arriving,
One ship against the other driving,
In eager haste to land, they all
Rush forth, and many a sergeant tall,
And many a well-tried mariner,
And squires, and vassals too, are there ;—
Some anchors casting, ropes preparing,
Some shields and saddles landward bearing,
Destriers, and palfreys swift landing ;
While aye the foremost place commanding ;
The archers, each with bow well tried,
And shafts and quiver by his side,
With shaven beard, and close cropt hair,
And fitting garment short and spare,
Swift to attack, swift to repel,—
In hottest fight invincible ;
The archer band prest boldly on,
As though the land even now were won.”

The battle is described at great length—more than *two thousand* verses being devoted to it—but, as is usually the case, when our *trouveres* determines to tell his story at full, his narrative is very prosing, and consists in many parts of a mere muster-roll of names. Subsequently to the battle, William repairs to London, and there demands of the people “ by what laws they will be governed,” to which they reply, “ by King Edward’s.”* This circumstance alone would prove, that however tyrannical William’s conduct afterwards became, in his first

assumption of the crown he neither considered himself, nor conducted himself as a conqueror, but as a monarch called upon to fight for a crown, solemnly bequeathed to him by a near relation.

Maistre Wace now seems inclined to bring his long work to a speedy close ;—he dismisses William’s reign, with its important events, and its still more important results, in two or three pages ; he, however, forcibly depicts the scene of spoliation which ensued immediately upon the stern Conqueror’s death.

“ Then he upon his death-bed lay ;—
And soon as breath had passed away,
His menye rushed (a felon route),
Now here, now there, now in, now out,
To seize whatever lay about.—
Robes, coverlid, and tapestry,
The hangings of the bed, till he,
Who was so great, and mighty king,
Was left despoiled of every thing :—
Unwatched on the bare ground he lay,
Whom they so feared yesterday.”†

* This fact is corroborated by contemporary historians.

† “ *Leisserent li rois sol fesant,
Ke l'en soleit craindre devant.*”

Ordericus Vitalis bears witness to this fact. His concluding sentence is very forcible :—“ *Et relicto regis cadavere, pene nudo, in area domus, aufugerent—a primâ usque ad tertiam*” (that is, from about five in the morning until noon) “ *super nudam humum derelictus est.*” Little did Plantagenet think, when Wace repeated the lines in the text, that his own corpse would be equally spoiled, and his own death-bed even more neglected.

Nor, when at length the corpse was placed on the bier, and borne to the abbey which he had founded, was it suffered to be consigned to the ground in peace. The funeral service was interrupted by a fire, which threatened destruction to the

whole town, and the body was left alone before the altar: When at length this alarm had subsided, and the chant again began, one Ascelin, a native of Caen, stood up, and forbade the interment.

" 'Barons,' said he 'give ear to me,
For I forbid this corpse to be
Interred, and Him, the Omnipotent,
Invoke, and Rome's apostle * too—
That ye may grant my birthright due—
For never will I give consent
That he within that grave shall lay:
For all within this church, this day,
Is mine, and I my claim will hold:—
I never pledged this land, nor sold,
Nor ever forfeited,—but hold
I say 'tis mine; for nought he gave,
Or lands, or gifts, that he should have
This ground, which he by stout rife took.
And now I firm my birthright claim,
And call upon him by his name,
And summons him in heaven's own sight,
At the judgment-day, to do me right:
Then, in the whole world's presence say,
Why he my birth-right snatched away.'"

This powerful appeal created great confusion; the bishop enquires into the case, and having ascertained its truth, gives Ascelin sixty shillings for the ground which the body is about to occupy, and at length over the warlike Conqueror is pronounced the final "requiescat in pace."

The reign of the Red King is

wholly taken up with Norman affairs, and the ceaseless feuds of the three brothers. The following is Maistre Wace's account of the death of this King, and, from the manner in which he relates it, it is probable that he knew, or suspected more than he thought it prudent to say:—

"Then went the king to Winchester,
And long time he sojourned there;—
And then 'tis said, at his behest,
They bowned them to the New Forest
A-hunting. Ere that he set out,
His menye gathered him about,
Praying for arrows; which he gave.—
There was a gallant knight, and brave,
One Walter Tyrel, loved at court,
And of the King was he; in sport
He came, and prayed an arrow too;
('Tis said, with Rufus death it flew).
Toward the New Forest blithe they go,
Chasing the hart, and hind, and doe;
With heartsome joy and merriment
They entered in—but home they went
With sad surprise and bitter woe.
I know not who the bowstring drew—
I know not how the arrow flew—
Who bore that bow the king who slew
I know not—but 'twas soothly said
That Tyrel drew, and the king lay dead.
Some said, caught by his mantle wide,
The well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside,
And flew toward the king; and some,
That Tyrel saw a fair hart come

Forth from the herd, and drew his bow
 As past the king that hart did go;
 But that the arrow 'gainst a tree
 Glanced, and the king his death did dree;
 And Walter Tyrel swiftly fled
 From the spot whereon the king lay dead."

Wace then subjoins the story of an old woman having that very day foretold to Beauclerc that he should shortly be king.

That portion of the reign of Beauclerc which is included in this Chronicle, is passed very quickly over. Wace speaks very highly of his son, William the Adeling, and terms him, although so young, "*la fler de la chevalerie*," a phrase which, even thus early, seems to have been in common use. The wreck of the white ship is dismissed very shortly; the few details which are given seem closely copied from the very graphic account in Odericus Vitalis, and Wace also bears testimony to

the overwhelming affliction of Beauclerc. The battle of Tenchebrai, and the subsequent captivity of Robert, and his death, conclude this work, which consists of sixteen thousand five hundred and forty-seven lines. It is probable that, offended at the niggard payment of Plantagenet, Wace hurried his Chronicle to an end, for it is certainly, toward the close, far inferior to the earlier parts. In his concluding lines, he addresses "*Maistre Benoit*" (a contemporary *trouvere*, to whose works we hope soon to call the attention of the reader), assuring him that his book was written at the express request of the king—for

"The king was kind to me of yore,
 Gave many gifts, and promised more,
 But, if he all had given to me,
 Which erst he promised, still would ye
 No better work have seen than this."

He is very anxious to tell his readers that it is the *second* King Henry that he means; "for I have known and seen three," says he. This work must therefore have been completed after the year 1170, since it was in

that year that the younger King Henry was crowned. Then, as though wearied with his task, and disgusted at his treatment, he concludes with these half-angry, half-humorous lines—

"There ends the book of Maistre Wace—
 Whoe'er a better tale can weave,
 Let him—he hath my hearty leave."

In these extracts we have rather exceeded the limits we proposed; but the value of this Chronicle, in an historical point of view, as well as its general poetic merit, will, we doubt not, excuse it. Most of the facts related by Wace will be found in the Norman Chronicles, especially those of Dudo, William of Jamieyes, and Ordericus Vitalis, but where they, in most instances, give a mere outline, Wace puts in the shades, and often too adds the colouring. It

is this that gives to the metrical Chronicle of the *trouvere* an interest beyond that of the monkish historian; for, while the latter narrates events, the former almost paints them. The monk, like the scribe of his days, gives the clear, but unornamented text, while the *trouvere*, like the illuminator, supplies the colouring, often brilliant and picturesque, as those of the ancient *misal*.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLI.

SEPTEMBER, 1836.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

Vol. XL

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EXPERIENCE OF DEMOCRACY—THE PROSPECTS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

DEMOCRACY in theory appears an admirable thing. While occupying in opposition the station of observing the Government, the popular leaders breathe only the sentiments of purity, freedom, and philanthropy; tyranny is their utter abomination; liberty the goddess which they worship; generous enlarged sentiments are for ever in their mouths. An administration which crouches to base and selfish characters is in an especial manner the object of their detestation; patronage on the part of Government, the peculiar subject of their jealousy; sordid and rapacious dependents, the never-failing objects of their reproach. It is by dwelling on such themes that they gain the suffrages of the majority of mankind. The lower orders are gratified by the assurance that they and they alone are fitted to direct the machine of government; the tradesmen of cities caught by incessant declamations in favour of economy on the part of their rulers; the liberal and educated youth won by protestations of the ardent attachment to the liberties of the people; the philanthropic captivated by eloquent harangues in favour of the happiness of mankind. When the winning nature of these topics is added to the natural jealousy of their rulers which ever pervades the ruled multitude, it is not surprising, that, while confined to the declamations of the hustings or the debates of Parliament, democratic principles should make in periods of peace a host of proselytes; and in the magnitude of

their success, not less than the means by which it is effected, may be perceived the strongest confirmation of the well-known saying of Rochefoucault, that hypocrisy itself is the homage which vice renders to virtue.

It is when democratic principles come to be put into *practice* that their real character appears, and all these high-sounding professions and warm aspirations vanish into thin air. It is then found, and that too right speedily, that the popular party are mere men; just as selfish, corrupt, and tyrannically disposed as their aristocratic or monarchical predecessors; that government in their hands, even more than in that of their antagonists, requires to be upheld by patronage and influence; that the higher and more elevated leaders of party are overrun by a swarm of inferior dependents, whose obscurity is only equalled by their cupidity, and abuse of others, by their own practice of all the faults they condemn. This melancholy truth invariably appears before five years have passed over the head of any government in any country, constructed on a really democratic basis; and the bitterness of disappointment, in such cases, invariably excites the loudest and the most indignant complaints among their deluded followers, who expected that their accession to power, instead of being the commencement of a system of pillage, selfishness, and corruption, was to be the harbinger of all that is elevated, and pure, and philanthropic in humanity. Through

this stage of democratic selfishness and corruption, all nations which ever existed have passed who gave way to the fervour of revolutionary passions; England passed through it, when, after the fervour of the Covenant and the aspirations of the Long Parliament, came the selfishness and oppression of the sequestrators and republican agents of Barebone's Parliament, or the stern rapacity of the major-generals of Cromwell; France passed through it, when, to the philanthropic ardour of the Constituent Assembly, succeeded the monstrous selfishness and sordid cupidity of the republican agents under the Directory; England is again passing through it, when, instead of resounding with the eloquent declamations of Henry Brougham, and the warm philanthropy of Fox or Wilberforce, its cities and counties are overrun by the swarm of needy Whig dependents and commissioners, or subjected to the insolence and rapacity of O'Connell's tail, and the nominees of the Popish priesthood.

If any one asserts that the democratic party are by nature, or inherently, worse or more depraved than the aristocratic, he is prejudiced on the side of a constitutional monarchy; if he maintains that the aristocracy, or its partisans, are more selfish and corrupt than the democracy, he is prepossessed in favour of republican institutions. The true and rational opinion is, that both parties are composed of men, and embrace the usual proportion of the virtues, vices, corruptions, and excellences of our nature. The vehement declaimers who maintain, on the one hand, that the higher ranks are a mere set of horse leeches who feed on the blood of the people, and defend abuses because they are to profit by them; or represent the lower orders, on the other, as a race of vulgar brutes, who are utterly incapable of taking any beneficial interest in public affairs, and aim only at bloodshed, confusion, and revolution, in order that they may enrich themselves in the general scramble, are mere party men, whose opinions are contradicted alike by principle and experience, and unworthy to direct the thoughts of the rational portion of mankind. In every aris-

tocratic society there are doubtless many corrupt and selfish individuals, and numbers who value institutions only as they conduce to their personal advantage; but there are also many great and good men, who are animated by a sincere desire for the public good, and adorn their elevated stations by the purity of their virtues and the lustre of their talents. In every democratic society there are unquestionably many violent, rapacious, and egotistical leaders, and multitudes who blindly follow their dictates, alike incapable of understanding, or indifferent to, if they did perceive, the dangers with which such conduct is attended; but there are also many generous and ardent spirits who have, from sincere conviction, embraced the popular side, and are ready to submit to any privation in the prosecution of what they deem the general welfare.

But all this notwithstanding, nothing is more certain, or more undeniably established by experience, than that in every old society, democratic institutions are attended with the utmost danger, and that the evils they ensure are of so acute and overwhelming a kind as invariably to lead in a few years to the overthrow of so monstrous a régime, and the rule of force, either by the sway of patronage and corruption, or the bloody hand of arbitrary power. The termination of the republican dreams of the Gracchi, in the strife of Sylla and Marius, and the despotism of the Cæsars; of the patriotism of Hampden and Pym, in the insanity of the Fifth Monarchy Men, and the grinding exactions of the republican sequestrators; of the enthusiasm of Neckar and Bailly, in the blood of the Convention, the cupidity of the Directory, and the despotism of Napoleon; of the transports of the Barricades, in the carnage of St Merri, the wailings of the *Procès Monstre*, and the arbitrary sway of Louis Philippe; and of the boundless visions of future felicity which ushered in the Reform Bill; in the rapacity of the Popish priesthood, and the cupidity of the liberal swarm who have overrun the authors of Maxima Charta; are but instances of the operation of a law of nature as universal, as irresistible, as that which retains the planets in their

course. It is in vain for the liberal party to endeavour to elude the force of these instances by fresh declamations, on occasion of every renewed accession of the democratic fever in favour of republican institutions, and derision of those who refer to experience and history to establish the danger of such changes; such arguments may sweep away the multitude, and for a time blind even a considerable portion of the well-informed; but before the cheers of the mob have well subsided, experience comes with its chilling blast, and many of those who had been foremost in their applause of the work of innovation, become the most energetic in their resistance to its ultimate advances.

This change may already be distinctly perceived on both sides of the Channel. Where are now the transports of the Barricades, or the enthusiastic rapture of France and England at the overthrow of the priest-ridden dynasty of Charles X.? Have the Republican youth, has the Société des Droits de l'Homme found Louis Philippe and his National Guards so much more tolerable than Polignac and his confessors? We are dying for some public meetings and processions—some eloquent speeches and declamations—some banners and tri-colour flags to commemorate the glorious days of July, and the triumph of the true principles of the first revolution. We earnestly invite, we ardently implore some public demonstration of sympathy with the heroes of the Barricades, and the sovereign whom they have

placed upon the throne. What? Have six years quenched the flame of freedom, and damped the aspirations of the friends of mankind? Have our prophecies proved correct, and has the most glorious of convulsions led us, in the nineteenth century, to the same result as in the seventeenth—in the days of Louis Philippe as of those of Cromwell? The republicans have sown the seed, surely they cannot object to reaping the fruit. Triumph and exultation attended the victory of their arms—why does sullenness and indignation follow their irresistible career? How has it happened that eighty thousand national guards, and forty thousand troops of the line, are now the habitual garrison of Paris? why does Lafitte publicly ask pardon of God and man for the share which he had in the revolution of July? why do the budgets of France, for six years subsequent to the overthrow of Charles X., exhibit an increase of expenditure of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS STERLING* above those of the six years immediately preceding the most glorious of convulsions? Why do Guizot, and Royer Collard, and Thiers now advocate, with all the eloquence in their power, those very conservative principles which it was formerly their chief object to overturn? Why have the ordinances of Polignac been re-enacted with additional severity by his revolutionary successors? Why are the dungeons of La Michel, and the numerous prisons of Paris, overloaded with victims? Why, more than all, are these deeds cor-

* "If the deficit continue while the existing imposts are maintained," said Lafitte, in the French Chambers, "I shall deem it my duty to ask pardon of God and my country for the part I took in the Revolution of July. Revolutions cost dear, when the chief who falls is replaced by that member of the same family who is next to him in the order of succession, and when no more change is effected in things than in persons. Revolutions cost dear when their fruits are gathered by a small number of persons to the prejudice of all;—they cost dear when a *quasi* legitimacy is substituted for the national sovereignty."

And this is the speech of M. Berryer:—

"In making a revolution, you wished to save money—you wished to have a cheap government. You wished to have a cheap government! You reduced the civil list; you diminished the allowance to the peerage; you suppressed the military establishment of the king—the royal guards, and the Swiss troops!! All these measures saved thirty millions of francs. Thus we have on one hand, for the budget of 1837, the sum of thirty-five millions extra charges, and forty millions really less to pay than the Restoration, and thirty millions of economy; making 105 millions which the budget of 1837 exceeds that of 1829."

dially approved of by the shopkeepers and national guard of the metropolis, and the military government of Louis Philippe supported by the very men who overturned the feeble administration of Polignac? The reason is, that experience has opened their eyes, and dispelled their illusions; that pecuniary distress, patrimonial suffering, have taught them the consequence of giving the lower orders an unresisted ascendancy; that bankruptcies innumerable, taxation enormously increased, and overwhelming severity in the administration of the police, have given them a bitter sense of the consequence of popular triumph; and that, in the utter horror produced by such disasters, they not only quietly submit to, but cordially rally round, any Government which promises to deliver them from "that worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of a multitude of tyrants."

Where, amongst ourselves, is the general, the enthusiastic admiration with which the Reform Bill and its authors were once regarded? The liberal party, the Whig-Radical expectants, doubtless regard, with undiminished satisfaction, the prolongation of a sway which secures to them a monopoly of all the offices and emoluments at the disposal of Government. But where is the warm sympathy with which their efforts were once regarded by the uninterested majority of the nation? At the election in April 1831, under the influence of the reform mania, ninety-nine, out of the one hundred and one county members who then constituted the rural representation of England, were returned in the Reform interest. At the last division on the church question, seventy-three, out of one hundred and forty-three county members, voted with Sir Robert Peel. Where are the Whig-Radical Ministers to find the evidence of an increased sympathy with their fortunes since the last general election? Is it in South Devon? Is it in Inverness-shire? Is it in Warwickshire? Is it in Essex? Is it in the Welsh shires? Is it in Newcastle? Notoriously, at all the recent struggles which have taken place in the English counties, the Whig-Radicals have been worsted; and that, too, even in situations such as Warwick-

shire, where the influence of old Whig families has been longest and most firmly established; and the overwhelming majority of 400, with which the Liberals began in the first Reformed Parliament, has now dwindled away to a minority of thirteen in the English representation, and a majority of twenty-six only, and that too *wholly composed of O'Connell's tail*, in the whole House of Commons.

Nor is the change less conspicuous in society in every part of the country. Universally the *educated* classes have followed the holders of property; you seldom now see a Liberal, except among the hangers-on of Administration, the expectants of office, or the members or retainers of great Whig families. Here and there an inveterate old Radical may be seen in the society of gentlemen, who belongs to none of these classes; but he is already a *rara avis*, and his race, like that of the *Coq de Bois*, will soon be extinct. In overwhelming numbers the youth of all the Universities have gone over to the cause of the Constitution. The break of Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, and Lord Ripon from the Liberal Ministry has been the signal for the secession of many of the enlightened, philanthropic Whigs from their ranks; and already is to be seen the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Tories, that ere five years had passed away, the most conscientious authors of the Reform Bill would be united with the Conservatives to resist its evils. There may be several old Whig nobles who still support the O'Connell-ridden ministry by their votes; there is hardly one who does not execrate it in his heart. The supporters of the Radical Rump are still numerous among the poorer classes; in great towns they compose a majority of the ten-pounders, but their support is chiefly confined to the classes, ever numerous in an old society, who sympathize with innovation because they are likely to be enriched, in their opinion at least, by its effects.

Many and grievous were the evils (almost all the consequence of the changes the Whigs had forced upon government), which in 1830 weighed upon the country. The prodigious

change of prices consequent on the Whig measure of changing the currency, the fearful heart-burnings consequent on Roman Catholic Emancipation, the pernicious influence of delusive liberal doctrines predominant for so many years in the public press; the indolence on the part of the Conservatives arising from long established sway and unprecedented triumphs, all contributed to produce that general discontent, "that chaos of unanimity," which, by combining different classes formerly at variance with each other in a desire for change, overturned the old English constitution. It was expected that the Legislature would be thoroughly purged of all its impurities by this vast change; that the sway of patronage would be at an end; elections would thenceforward cost nothing; electors disdain to take either a bribe or solicit a promise; talent unprecedented find its way into the Legislature; harmony unparalleled be established between the government and the people. How have these expectations been realized in the four years of almost uninterrupted liberal government which have since ensued? Has the expense of political contests been so very much reduced as to supersede altogether the expenditure of private fortunes or costly subscriptions on both sides for their maintenance? Have bribery and corruption, intimidation and violence, so completely disappeared at elections as to give the Committees of Parliament no occupation, and reduce the barristers who profit by such abuses to a state of starvation? Has the House of Commons risen so highly in public estimation; are its manners so courtly, its eloquence so persuasive, its arguments so profound, its abstinence from personality so commendable, its decorum so conspicuous, its disinterestedness so exalted, its tenderness of public liberty so striking, its regard for the poor so praiseworthy, its pursuit of practical amelioration so unremitting as to have entirely satisfied the public mind and superseded all attention to the hereditary branch of the Legislature? Alas! the very reverse of all these things has notoriously taken place. The House of Commons, it may be safely affirmed,

never received so rude a shock in public estimation as from the Reform Bill; but for the members who retained their seats under the old system, and were not affected by the change, it would have been irrevocably destroyed. Much talent it still possesses; illustrious virtue it still contains; heart-stirring speeches are still occasionally to be heard within its walls; but they are all there, not in consequence of the change, but in spite of it. All the power, all the talent, all the learning, all the eloquence which it exhibits were there prior to Reform! *Maxima Charta* has not added a jot to any one of them. The leaders on the liberal side, Lord J. Russell, Mr O'Connell, Mr Hume, Mr Spring Rice, were all in the House of Commons before the change; those who adorn the Conservative, Sir R. Peel, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Sir R. Vyvyan, were well known in the chapel of St Stephen's long prior to the accession of Earl Grey to office. The Molesworths, the Wakleys, the Roebucks, *et id genus omne*, who have been floated into the Legislature on the waves of Reform, will never be heard of nine days after they are in their graves. If we contrast these additions to legislative talent and wisdom with those which it has displaced, with the vast learning and acute intellect of Sugden, the experienced capacity and stirring eloquence of Sir George Murray, or the caustic talent of Croker, we have no reason to congratulate, putting party considerations altogether aside, with the addition which the Revolution of 1832 has made to the legislative resources of the empire.

But these evils, considerable as they are, sink into insignificance when compared with the enormous mischief which has arisen from the admission of the Irish members whom the Reform Bill has brought into the Legislature. Of all the calamities which have befallen the empire since the Revolution of 1688, this may safely be affirmed to be the greatest. The degradation of the standard of manners in the Lower House, the substitution of ribaldry for argument, of personal abuse or contention for general considerations, has become so enormous that it has seriously lowered the House of

Commons in the estimation of all the reflecting or intelligent portion of the community, by frequently rendering its meetings no longer a field of national discussion, but the mere arena of local and personal contention. Three-fourths of the time of the last Session of Parliament was absorbed in Irish discussions, and what sort of discussions? To what good have they all led? what beneficial measure have they produced? what suffering have they alleviated? Nothing whatever has been done by the Legislature which had a practically beneficial tendency, even for the Emerald isle; and in the useless, long-winded, infuriated discussions to which these party motions regarding its affairs led, was consumed the time which was urgently required for the consideration of the manifold and important concerns of the empire. "Justice to Ireland" is O'Connell's cry; but "Justice to England," "Justice to Scotland," might, with infinitely more reason, be assumed as the war-cry of these portions of the empire, if we consider how completely their interests have been overwhelmed by the monstrous interference of O'Connell's tail with the time which should be set apart for the real interests of the empire.

The House of Peers, it is said by the Radicals, is the cause of all this senatorial contention terminating in no beneficial result, because they throw out the bills calculated to effect any great improvement which are sent up to them by the Commons. To ascertain whether or not this charge is well-founded, let us consider what measures, if the Whig-Radicals had got their own way, would have now become part of the law of the land. Irish Corporations would have been elected by Catholic ten-pounders or rate-payers; fifty thousand a-year, in the year 1888, would have been in prospect for the Catholic Church out of the ecclesiastical revenues of the Protestant Church. In the name of common sense, what good would either of these measures have done to any human being except the Popish priesthood and O'Connell's tail? Would life or property have been more secure in Ireland, would agrarian aggression or midnight

murder have been better repressed, if the Popish priesthood, who instigated or connived at these outrages, had possessed the exclusive nomination of the magistracy? Would religious instruction have been better communicated to the poor in any Christian faith, because the Catholic clergy had the assurance, fifty years hence, or even to-morrow, of obtaining fifty thousand a-year out of the Protestant Church revenues? And yet these are the two measures, with their usual adjuncts of personal abuse and altercation, which have occupied the whole time of both Houses in the last Session of Parliament, to the entire exclusion of all objects of useful or beneficial legislation. The Prisoner's Counsel Bill, which has removed a foul stain from the English criminal practice, and which in the House of Lords received the cordial support of Lord Lyndhurst and the Conservative Peers, is the only exception. It is very doubtful whether the English Tithe Commutation Bill will pass this Session; and at all events, it is a measure introduced by the church itself, and for which the reformed House of Commons can take no credit. With these exceptions, the present year, for English, Scotch, and Irish national legislation, has been, literally speaking, an *annus non*.

And what were the measures calculated to benefit and bless Ireland itself, which have been excluded or shut out, by the fierce declamations consequent on the proposals intended for no other purpose but to gratify O'Connell's tail and the Popish priesthood? What has been done to introduce a rational well-digested system of Poor Laws into that kingdom, which, without being attended with the abuses of the old English system, should alleviate the enormous suffering which its pauperism creates, and by raising the standard of competence, and relieving the distress which now incessantly meets the eye, ultimately put under due restraint the now inordinate operation of the principle of population? Nothing; and yet in such an attempt the Irish members, instead of uncompromising hostility, would have met with nothing but cordial support and assistance from the great majority of

English and Scotch members in both Houses of Parliament. What, to remove the perpetual theme of discord which the tithe question creates, and which the Catholic demagogues themselves represent as the first and greatest—the head and front of the grievances of Ireland? Nothing, and worse than nothing by the Commons: for they have twice over, in successive sessions, insisted upon affixing to the bill for the Commutation of Irish Tithes a clause, appropriating to Catholic purposes a portion of the funds of the Church as the first step in the ladder of Protestant spoliation; and the consequence inevitably was, that the whole measure was lost. Nay, so obstinately are they set on this revolutionary project, that they will not receive the commutation, calculated as it is, on their own showing, to remedy numerous present evils, without the fatal appropriation clause, calculated as it is on their own admission to do nothing but open a prospect of funds to the Catholic Church at a distant period; and when the Peers separate the wheat from the chaff, and pass the Commutation bill without the appropriation clause, they instantly reject the whole measure. Do they want L.50,000 a-year to instruct the Irish Catholics? do they want L.500,000 a-year? They will instantly receive it from the liberality of the British Parliament or the munificence of the English Protestant people; but no! this will not satisfy them; ten times the sum in dispute applied to the relief of Catholic suffering or the education of Catholic youth is worthless in their eyes, if it is not coming from the pittance of the Protestant Church; it is not relief, it is robbery which they desire; it is not instruction for their own poor, but the commencement of revolutionary aggression which they invoke; the fruit does not seem sweet to them unless it is stolen; and this, but for the firmness of the House of Peers, they would ere this have obtained.

Had the Irish Papists really desired the good of their countrymen, they would have accepted, and that too right thankfully, the commutation of tithes, which, divested of the spoliation clause, the Peers *actually passed a year ago*, and have done so again in

this Session. They would, instead of proposing to vest magisterial power in the nominees of the Popish priesthood, have cordially co-operated with the British Government in establishing authority in Ireland in neutral hands, influenced by neither of the parties whose feuds have so long tormented that country; and of the benefits of which they had had ample experience in the assistant barristers, by whom impartial justice has been administered in their counties. They would have set themselves *ante omnia* to organize an efficient, comprehensive, and regulated system of Poor Laws, without which they well know all attempts to relieve its distress must prove worse than useless, by exciting expectations which must, of necessity, be disappointed. They would have done their utmost to obtain from the British Government extensive public aid to organize a general and efficient system of gratuitous emigration, by which part of the existing burden on the industry and resources of the country might be drained off, and room afforded to those who remained at home, by obtaining more tolerable wages, to acquire habits of comfort, and gradually bring the principle of population under some sort of control. They would have strenuously exerted themselves, in conjunction with the patriots and statesmen of Britain, to put down the atrocious system of predial aggression, the disgraceful scenes of conflagration and murder, by which the industry of Ireland has so long been blighted, and its population, from the terror inspired into the holders of capital, chained to a destitute, miserable, and semi-barbarous state. They would have combined all their influence to obtain from the liberality or wisdom of the British Government such ample grants for the construction of roads, bridges, canals, and harbours in their country, as might enable its inhabitants to turn to good account its hitherto neglected natural advantages, and which, combined with security to property arising from a rigid execution of the laws, might not only in the mean time afford employment and develop habits of industry among the poor, but in the end lead to the emigration of English capital

to its shores; a consummation devoutly to be desired by the people of both countries, and by which alone the real benefits of the union can be fully communicated to either, but which has been hitherto entirely prevented, and now seems farther than ever from accomplishment, in consequence of the insane, selfish, and unpatriotic ambition of its demagogues, and the perpetual agitation in which they keep its inhabitants.

Instead of these great and glorious objects of legislation, what have the Irish members laboured to effect during the three-fourths of the session of Parliament, which they absorbed in Irish concerns? They have set themselves solely and exclusively to gain objects, which if attained, would have had no other effect but to rivet more strongly the chains of slavery and misery upon their countrymen. They have exerted all their influence to secure for the boroughs of Ireland a magistracy nominated by the Popish priesthood; and is that a way to secure to its inhabitants the impartial administration of justice, or protect their lives and property, when the evidence taken before Parliament decisively proves that these very priests are the chief promoters, the main authors of the atrocious system of murder and robbery which is going forward? They have mustered all their forces to support the appropriation clause; in other words, to commence the systematic transfer of the whole property of the church to the Catholic priesthood; and is this a way to heal the divisions and allay the heart-burnings consequent on the tithe system? Tithes, it is plain, are ultimately paid by the landlord, and nineteen-twentieths of the land of Ireland is in the hands of Protestant landlords. Will the Popish priesthood, if they succeed in resuming the tithes, feel that horror for them which they now profess? Will a wish then emanate from the Episcopal chair, "that the resistance of the peasants to tithes may be as permanent as their love of justice?" Will the endowed mitred hierarchy consent to forego, in favour of the Protestant land-owners, the patrimony of St Peter? Nothing can be clearer than that they will not: no sooner will

the right to tithes be vested in the Popish clergy than the pious horror of them which they now profess will at once cease: it will instantly be discovered that they are deducted from the rent of the Popish cultivator, and really paid by the Protestant land-owner; and that they are at once the fairest and best, the oldest and most equitable mode of remunerating those who serve at the altar. The objects so strenuously insisted for by the Popish clergy, the Irish agitators, and the priest-ridden ministry, who now constitute the dominant party in the House of Commons, if actually gained, would, so far from relieving one of the distresses of Ireland, tend in the most powerful manner to rivet upon its inhabitants those very evils to which, by common consent, its enormous pauperism and suffering is owing. And it is for the attainment of these objects that the whole time of the country is absorbed in personal altercations and senseless declamation concerning Irish affairs; and the whole current of useful and practical British legislation diverted or dammed up!

Turn to the composition of the House of Commons in this country, and say whether the experience of the last four years has confirmed the predictions of the opponents or the supporters of the great organic change?—It was predicted by its authors, and expected by its supporters, that it would render the Lower House in harmony with the nation, and infuse into its deliberations a degree of practical wisdom and trained experience which would render the elective portion of the Legislature the fit organ of the public mind, and the useful school of legislative improvement. Has this been the case? Are the debates of the Commons, or rather that fraction of their debates which the never-ending contention on Irish ambition suffers to be devoted to British affairs, more distinguished by wisdom, eloquence, learning, courtesy or liberality than they were before? Do we find in them that patient discussion, laborious investigation, sound deduction, and disinterested views which constitute the essentials of good legislation? In referring to the debates before

and after 1832, in which do we find most practical information, sound judgment, luminous eloquence? The matter is not an instant doubtful; the character of the debates of the Lower House has undergone a depreciation since the change in its composition greater than its worst enemy could have inflicted.

Nor is the prospect more cheering as to the supply of legislative talent which may be looked for under the new and more popular mode of obtaining admission to Parliament. In great cities it is obvious what is required—popular arts, a capacious swallow for pledges, democratic violence, are the necessary passport to the suffrages of the majority. In smaller boroughs the old system of influence and hereditary attachment still, to a certain degree, continues; and it is in them, or the small counties under a similar direction, that the greater proportion of the talent and respectability which now finds its way into the House of Commons obtains an entrance. For success in the larger counties, additional qualifications are indispensable. To maintain the annual war in the Registration Courts, a heavy and permanent outlay is required; to attain success at an election, in addition to a heavy purse, an enormous amount of personal canvassing is required. This burden, from the vast multiplication of electors, has now become excessive; if not sustained by overwhelming local or family influence, or carried forward by a vehement gale of popular favour, the most able and useful member has no chance of success. While Parliament sits, he is constantly occupied, if he does his duty, from ten in the morning till twelve at night in public debates or private committees; the moment it rises he must hurry down to his constituents and begin the interminable work of private solicitation, if he has the least desire to retain their support. There a very different set of qualities from those required in a legislator become necessary. The vital point there is, not how much does the member know, but how long can he sit in his saddle; it is not strength of head, but strength of tail which is required. Though he possessed the eloquence of Fox, the firmness of Pitt, or the patriotism of

Chatham, if he became soon saddle-sick, he would run the most imminent hazard of losing his seat. Seriously speaking, the vast and incessant expenditure, and constant bodily exertion requisite, without extraordinary family influence, to keep possession of a great county, are now such as to require not merely a heavy purse, but great personal strength, and, except in rare instances of extraordinary bodily and mental vigour, must tend, in a most serious degree, to prevent that laborious, steady, and minute attention to facts, as well as the acquisition of the general information, which are indispensable to form that most rare of human perfections, a finished legislator.

Another evil, of the most serious nature, which has sprung up with the great extension of the suffrage, is the enormous extent, importance, and in many cases profligate character of the private legislation which now comes before Parliament. Pressed on from behind by clamorous and insatiable constituents, who have jobs to carry through, neighbours' property to spoliage, influence to acquire, possessions to gain, or enemies to trample under foot, the members for great towns have now no alternative but to bring forward rash, crude, ill-digested, and in many cases positively unjust bills, which they in many cases cordially disapprove in their hearts, and in some instances have had the courage in committee openly to repudiate. It is little consolation to the opponents of these attempts at legal spoliation, to say, that great part of this rash and selfish legislation comes to nothing: that the majority of it never gets through the committees of the Commons, and of what does, a part is thrown out by the Peers: still an evil of no light kind is done by the necessity to which individuals and classes of the community are exposed, of being compelled to defend themselves, sometimes unsuccessfully, and always at an enormous expense, against similar attacks, annually renewed by those who, having now gained the command of corporate or public funds, are not obliged to have recourse to individual subscription for their legislative attacks. To such a height has this system of jobbing, and forwarding local or

private objects, under the guise of legislation, been carried, that it may safely be affirmed that no holder of property in the vicinity of, or anyhow connected with the great democratic constituencies, can now reckon with any degree of confidence upon the maintenance of his rights, for any length of time, from spoliation, directly or indirectly attempted under the name of local acts of Parliament; and that but for the salutary control which the House of Peers habitually exercises over this, as well as other branches of legislation in the Lower House, the evil would have spread a great deal farther, and a general invasion of public and private right ere this have taken place.

Nor has the public legislation of the country partaken less of a revolutionary character, so far as the Lower House is concerned, since the passing of the Reform Bill. When it is said by the advocates of Reform, that since 1830 a revolution has been effected in the country, and not one life been lost, not one estate confiscated, they forget or conceal the enormous inroads upon private property, which, under the authority of law, and without any compensation, has been made by the measures of the legislature in various parts of the empire. They forget the emancipation of the negroes, for a compensation, not a third part at an average of the losses of the West India proprietors, a measure which, after taking into view the compensation, has at once deprived that suffering class of £40,000,000 sterling. They forget that for four years the Irish clergy have been reduced, by the efforts of the Popish clergy and the fury of the Agitators, to a state of utter destitution; and that but for the noble and truly Christian munificence of England, the Protestant faith would in most parts of Ireland have literally perished from want of nourishment. Have not the Irish clergy, reduced by such suffering, declared their willingness to accept of 70 *per cent* on the amount of their tithes for the sake of a quiet settlement; and are not the English clergy prepared to agree to a commutation, which will practically make nearly the same deduction from their incomes? Have not the holders of po-

litical franchise, both in Scotland and England, been deprived of heritable property, to the amount of several millions sterling, without one farthing of compensation, by the Reform Bill?

One of the worst features of the democratic Government which has sprung up from the influence of the Reform Bill is, the improper use which has been made of Royal or Parliamentary commissions; and the extent to which abuses have been perpetrated, and spoliation attempted, and sometimes effected, by means of legislative measures founded on their reports. It is remarkable that this has in every age been the resource of arbitrary and revolutionary governments: invariably they have laid a foundation for the measures of spoliation which they contemplated to gratify their rapacious followers in the report of commissioners. "All the acts of plunder committed by Henry VIII.," says Hume, "were founded on the reports of royal commissioners;" all the worst deeds of the Constituent Assembly and the Convention were in strict accordance with the reports of legislative committees. In these separate dens, all the deeds of darkness, by which the confiscation of French property was effected, were hatched and brought to maturity. The reason is, that the authors of unjust or spoliating measures are afraid of the responsibility of themselves bringing forward revolutionary aggressions, and therefore they shelter themselves under the cover of the report of a commission. Wo to the land which is overspread with ministerial commissioners, and exposed without restraint to the legislation which they recommend!

Scrutinize the practical working of democratic ambition through the convenient channel of ministerial commissioners. First appear in the provinces a few Whig-Radical agents or underlings, who explore the land, and carefully note all offices or good things which may be created for themselves, or taken away directly or indirectly by legislative force from others. Next come a royal commission, amply provided with secret instructions, who proceed with five guineas a day, and all expenses paid, to examine witnesses at

enormous length, and with the usual additions of clerks, &c., soon run up a bill of ten or twenty thousand pounds against Government. A preponderance of evidence is carefully cited on the side of the secret instructions: the whole thing is an *ex parte* proceeding, suggested by individual cupidity or ambition, and only the more dangerous, that these secret views are veiled to the public under the guise of a careful examination of evidence. Then succeeds the report of the commissioners, founded on the evidence taken, which constitutes an appendix so enormous, as to insure its being scarcely ever read, and which, invariably terminates in recommending the changes which the secret instructions had suggested. In due time comes forth a legislative measure, founded on the report of the commissioners, and which is held forth by the majority in the Lower House as sufficiently warranted by that report; in which, amidst a great many changes, some good, some bad, is sure to be found the substance of the secret instructions to the commissioners, and the original jobs or measures of spoliation contemplated by the Whig agents or underlings, who were the primary movers in the whole affair. And thus the final result is, that after an enormous expenditure on Whig commissioners, sundry offices, of eight hundred or a thousand a-year, are secured for Radical underlings, or Tory functionaries spoliated to a great extent of the offices which they hold under the King's commission. We do not say that these base and selfish results are contemplated, or in many cases even known to the Cabinet Ministers, by whose authority the commissions are issued: we have no doubt that they are not, and that in many cases the motives ostensibly put forth to the public, to justify the measure, are the real ones by which they are actuated. But we do assert, that in a great majority of the cases in which commissions are issued, and bills introduced into Parliament, founded on the reports of the commissioners, the whole is at bottom, and in reality, though perhaps unknown to the parliamentary leaders who recommended it, a mere job, got up by the cupidity of some

Radical underlings, to secure some offices for themselves, or take them from their political opponents; and that in the persons ultimately enriched or impoverished by the results of the legislative measure, may be discerned the true key to the whole affair.

Most truly was it said in Parliament by a Scotch member, an honour to his race and country, Sir George Sinclair, "Ministers are surrounded in every direction by a sordid, insatiable crew, whose incessant cry is not only 'Give, give to us,' but 'Take away, take away from our enemies.'"

Ministers profess to govern internally without patronage, as externally without intervention. How have they kept the pledge? The commissions which, with the entire concurrence of the Radicals, both in the House of Commons and the country, were issued by government cost the nation last year alone above L.240,000—one hundred thousand more than the whole pension list so much the object of exaggerated outcry by our democratic leaders. Some part of this expenditure has indeed produced valuable information, and been the foundation of useful measures, as the poor Law Commission; but most of the other commissions have been nothing but the vehicle of jobs or party spleen; and instead of collecting fair and bilateral information, have done nothing but misled the public mind, by accumulating an imposing array of evidence, chiefly derived from political partisans or biased witnesses—almost all the measures they have proposed tend, and that too in a most extraordinary, and, to all the friends of real freedom, alarming degree, to the centralization of power and the multiplication of government offices. Every bill they introduce for domestic government swarms with offices. The Registration Bill, as it has passed the Commons, has invested, not in a known and responsible judge as the Lord Chancellor, but in a shifting, irresponsible cabinet, the appointment of the Registration Judges; in other words, the entire control of the political influence of the country. The Marriage bill proposes to overspread the land with twelve hundred em-

employés of Administration for the registration of births, deaths, and marriages. The whole bills brought in by the Lord Advocate of Scotland were calculated, with one or two exceptions, to create unnecessary and uncalled for offices, at the public expense, in that part of the United Kingdom. Accountants-general were to be appointed at Edinburgh, with ample allowances, additional extractors at that metropolis, and new sheriffs, both at that city and at Glasgow, with a whole train of clerks, substitutes, and procurators fiscal, though all the public duties of these cities are just now easily discharged by the existing functionaries, and no new creation was either required or called for. By the Irish Constabulary bill, as it passed the Commons, offices to an enormous, and under any other Government incredible extent, will be put at the disposal of Ministers. The House of Peers struck out no less than forty-nine offices of L.500 or L.600 a-year which it had established. Projects, it is well known, are in progress, and wellnigh arrived at maturity at headquarters, for centralizing and taking into the hands of Government the whole roads of the United Kingdom, and vesting under their management the whole Poor Laws of Great Britain. If the present Ministry, or successors proceeding on the same democratic basis, hold the reins of power for a few years longer, not a doubt can remain that we shall arrive at the condition of France when, in consequence of their republican centralization, not a stone can be broken on the roads, nor a bridge mended, nor a magistrate, priest, schoolmaster, or functionary of any sort appointed, from Calais to Bayonne, without a warrant from the Tuileries; or of Austria, where the civil *employés* appointed by Prince Metternich are as numerous as the military *employés* who follow the standard of Prince Schwartzemberg.

The greatest change which has taken place in Great Britain, since the passing of the Reform bill, is the Corporate Reform. We are quite aware of the increase of power which that great innovation has given to the liberal party; we pointed them out clearly and prophe-

tically when the bill was still on the threshold of the House of Commons—nevertheless we are not discouraged by the result, which has demonstrated the justice of our views; we were fully prepared for it; and on the contrary, from the practical working of Corporate Reform, we derive the best hopes we have ever yet entertained of the ultimate limitation of the present democratic preponderance in the constitution.

Nothing can be more certain than that abuses of every sort, both municipal and political, will spring up in tenfold luxuriance under the new borough constitution to what existed under the old. We do not, and never did, defend the close self-elected system—on the contrary we admit, and always have admitted, that some change was necessary and desirable. But to be efficacious in securing the destined end, they should have been founded on the principle that *property was the directing, and numbers the watching and controlling power*. This principle, the foundation, and the only foundation, of good government, either in nations or municipalities, has been so completely overshot in the corporate Reform both of Scotland and England, but especially England, that it does not seem unreasonable to indulge a hope that a very considerable reaction against the whole democratic system may be anticipated from its results. It will soon be found in the southern, as it has already been under a better suffrage in the northern parts of the islands, that the worst corruptions of the old system, and which, under it, were confined to a limited number of places, are nothing to the abuses committed in open day and with unblushing effrontery in all the larger boroughs which have fallen under the curse of the Penny Rate suffrage. Jobbing of every sort for political purposes; neglect of all great or useful undertakings; hasty, crude, and ill-digested attempts at Legislation, will become so universal as to excite in a few years an unanimous opinion among all persons of intelligence, knowledge, or education, against a system which has produced such abominable results. It will speedily be discovered that we have

taken filth out of the gutter to perform our ablutions; that our former state was as pure as driven snow compared to our present. These evils, like those of Scotch Burgh Reform, will soon come to press upon persons of property or station even in the Whig ranks; their ardour for reform will be sensibly cooled when they find it has proved the source of constant vexation to themselves and an incredible and unlooked for multiplication of corruption. Experience is more weighty than argument; historical examples, general views, are a sealed letter to the masses; nothing will go down with them but what strikes the senses. The innumerable abuses, the local vexations, the enormous municipal evils which will rapidly spring up under the fostering care of the ten-pounders in all the larger boroughs, will spread far and wide among hundreds of thousands whom reason could never reach nor argument convince, a distrust of a system attended in its most popular and desired form with such woful results.

As this rapid multiplication of abuses, and neglect of the chief, because the least popular, duties of corporate officers, may be considered as a result of Municipal Reform as certain as the descent of a stone to the earth, so there is reason to hope that in time it may make even the ten-pounders in the smaller burghs draw off from such contamination. We desire here not to be misunderstood; we are perfectly aware that in the great cities such a result is hardly to be expected; that, on the contrary, the ten-pounders and the two-pounders will there always be found united against those in whose spoils they hope to share, the holders of property; and that, in consequence of their union, and the possession of the magistracy by their creatures, the recovery of their seats in Parliament

by any persons who do not belong to their faction, has become a matter of great difficulty. But admitting that in the larger, the case is by no means so clear in the lesser burghs; the ten-pound suffrage is there vested in a very different class from that of Manchester, Liverpool, or Birmingham. It really, in the smaller burghs, represents a class embracing a number of persons of property; and, from the rents paid for houses in such situations, excludes a great part of the indigent mass by which in the great cities they are overborne. Finding their influence in the choice of municipal counsellors generally defeated by an indigent mass of penny-rate men, and that the offices of trust and emolument which they expected for themselves are too often filled by the creatures of a still lower class; seeing the interests of their burgh and all its institutions and concerns neglected, and the fatal rage for party forcing itself into every institution even of charity, beneficence, or religion, they may reasonably be expected in some instances to have their eyes opened to the utter absurdity of the whole system; and the impossibility of a frame being properly governed when the belly and the extremities are permitted to rule over the head, brought home to their minds by actual experience. Nothing opens the eyes of men so rapidly to the evils of democracy, as making them feel in their own persons the consequences of power being vested in a still lower class than themselves.

In the preceding observations we have proceeded on the assumption, that experience is speedily to prove that all the abuses complained of in some of the Tory burghs are to reappear with tenfold vigour, and with incomparably less power of control, in the reformed than ever they did in the old town-councils. In Scotland this has already taken place; *

* No stronger proof of this can be desired than the fact, that the Lord Advocate of Scotland has brought in bills in the House of Commons, by which the patronage and direction of the University is to be taken from the Town-Council of Edinburgh, and both it and the Town-Council of Glasgow are to be *deprived of their whole civil jurisdiction*, and a new sheriff appointed in both cities, to exercise the criminal and civil duties co-ordinately with the sheriffs of the counties of Mid-Lothian and Lanarkshire, which formerly were discharged by the magistrates of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Thus are the municipal councils of both these cities about to be deprived of powers exercised with credit by their unreformed predecessors for three hundred years.

no proof of it will soon be required in England; it will be as notorious as the sun at noonday. Before these pages issue from the press little doubt upon the subject will exist in the mind of any reasonable man, of whatever political party, not likely to be benefited by the ascendancy of the two-pounders, in any part of the united kingdom. And without dwelling on so trite and obvious a topic, it is of more importance to point out the reasons in the principles of human nature, and the irresistible influence of the circumstances in which they are placed, which must now and always render abuses infinitely more flagrant and disgraceful under the democratic than ever they were or could be under the old régime.

The situation and personal consideration of those elevated to municipal office by the two-pounders, is such as to render the continual use and abuse of the wealth and patronage at their disposal, from the situations they enjoy, to mere political purposes, a matter of absolute necessity. When persons of character, wealth, beneficence, and property are placed at the head of municipal affairs, their ascendancy, being founded on durable qualities or circumstances, does not always require for its maintenance the aid of burgh intrigue. They are so powerful that they can sometimes afford to be just. But it is otherwise when a faction destitute of any of these qualities is placed by a mob of democratic and beggarly householders at the head of civic or national affairs. They are perpetually haunted by the dread of losing the extraordinary ascendancy they have gained; they are in the condition of common soldiers whom a military tumult has suddenly raised to the situation of generals. To maintain their position on the dizzy height they have reached; to counteract the natural tendency of property, talent, and eminence to regain its ascendancy; to hinder themselves from sinking by their own weight into the mire from which they were raised, they have need of all their exertions. Being in general destitute of all personal qualities or property to counteract their tendency, they have no other resource

but to employ with unsparing prodigality the public wealth or influence, of which they have gained possession, to maintain their ground. Hence the unblushing and almost incredible corruption of all the rulers in democratic societies, of which history in every age is full. Hence the monstrous profligacy of the Long Parliament, who at last voted openly L.4 a-day to each of themselves, "to enable the saints to continue their godly work." Hence the unheard-of rapacity and extortions of the French Republican Municipalities and Commissaries, as well in the territories of the Republic as in those of the conquered states. Hence the enormous corruption and abominations of the whole democratic authorities under the Directory. A very obvious principle, *absolute necessity*, compels persons elevated to power on the shoulders of the populace, to exert all their influence in a corrupt form to prevent property, character, and talent from regaining its ascendancy. Granting that the democratic leaders are not one whit more corrupt by nature or disposition than the conservative, they are driven by the nature of their situation to a much more unscrupulous use of the patronage or property at their disposal, than those whose ascendancy is owing to the qualities which nature intended. Being in general needy themselves, they require all they can grasp for their own support: being always surrounded by needy followers, they have no means of satisfying their clamour, but by making political zeal the sole recommendation for advancement.

Public or popular opinion also, the salutary and powerful control upon the abuses of the few when watched by the many, is not only almost entirely powerless when power is vested in their delegates, but it is all turned over to the other side; it goes to support abuses, how flagrant soever, of the faction of which the populace is the basis. The abuses of the Conservatives, that is, of the holders of property, may be checked by the vigilance of the ten-pounders; the encroachments and jobs of the ten-pounders held up to public opprobrium by the two-pounders; but who is to check the

enormities of these two-pounders themselves, invested by their members with a clear majority of votes in the boroughs, and hoping through their delegates to share in the spoils of the community? Are the one-pounders, the beggars and paupers, to be applied to, to watch the motions and expose the enormities of the new constituency? The holders of property, indeed, the men of character, the persons of education will be loud in their abuse of the system which is going forward, and universally indignant at the monstrous abuses which the Corporate Reform has entailed upon the country; but what is their clamour amidst the shouts of applause of the needy enfranchised multitude, hoping to profit by the prevailing enormities? The control of public opinion, in short, the invaluable and only effectual check upon government under a rightly constituted system, is *wholly lost*; because the multitude, whose voice constitutes this public opinion, being to profit in the persons of themselves or their demagogues by the abuses which are introduced, so far from reprobating, *cordially support them*. Thence arises that worst and most degrading state of society, an irresistible numerical majority, cordially supporting, and extensively profiting by the abuses of government, and a powerless minority embracing the worth of the state, retiring in indignant silence into seclusion or obscurity. Then, indeed, is felt the justice and truth of the well-known lines—

"When vice succeeds, and impious men
bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station."

To many the survey we have given of the present working of our democratic institutions, both in national and municipal affairs, may afford matter for melancholy or gloomy forebodings; to us they furnish the grounds of more rational and well-founded hope than we have yet entertained since the passing of the Reform Bill. We have gained an enormous and unspeakable advantage; while yet the great bulwark of our liberties, the House of Lords, exists; we have gained EXPERIENCE OF DEMOCRACY. We have seen it introduced into the House of Commons, and it has produced O'Connell's

tail; we have seen it introduced into the municipalities, and it has produced the reformed town-councils. We have in consequence changed places with the enemy. For proof of the truth of our principles we do not require to refer to history or foreign experience; we can point with irresistible force to the facts which lie before every man's eyes.—"You admire," said the Sage, "a democracy! go home and try it in your own family." With equal truth and force it may now be said to the liberal majority: "You admire democratic institutions, judge of them by their working in your own town-councils." The conservatives never had the slightest difficulty in reasoning with persons possessed of or capable of appreciating historical information; it is the ignorant multitude, who derived their sole information from the liberal press, upon whom it was so difficult to produce any impression. Examples drawn from history produce no more impression on such men than instances would, taken from the annals of the moon. Now, however, the case is widely different. For illustrations of the dangerous and corrupting effects of democratic institutions, we have only to refer to the revolutionary measures of the priest-ridden ministry, the disgraceful wrangling of O'Connell's tail, or the barefaced jobs of the liberal town-councils.

We are perfectly aware of the immediate accession of political influence which Corporate Reform gave to the liberal party in England, and which at once appeared on the first election of magistrates under the new system. If, therefore, this addition to the democratic lever had taken place when no remaining barrier remained in the constitution, it is plain that the cause of freedom would have been wellnigh desperate; but fortunately these municipal republics were established while yet the HOUSE OF PEERS remained in undiminished vigour, animated with undaunted courage, and resplendent with unprecedented talent. The consequence has been, that we have gained the blessing of experience of local democratic government, while yet the friends of order have a rallying point in the national councils: Reaction can ensue in the country—wisdom can be learned from expe-

rience, while yet the means of saving the state without a convulsion or a counter revolution exist. By now rallying round the House of Peers, and supporting them to the uttermost, both by an increase of the minority in the Lower House, and every possible demonstration of public confidence, it is in the power of the friends of order to check the future march of revolution; and happily the experience of democratic government which has been every where spread, both in the nation and the municipalities, has now prepared the great mass of holders of property, the friends of religion, the lovers of order, to aid them in their resistance to its farther advances.

The House of Peers, in consequence, has now come to occupy a place in the Constitution and in public estimation different from what it ever before occupied, and which points to a different balance of the counteracting powers from any which has yet existed. They are no longer to be regarded as mere hereditary legislators; they are, in truth, the *representatives of property, intelligence, and rational thought* throughout the nation, and, in conjunction with the powerful minority in the Lower House who aid them in their heroic endeavours to stem the tide of revolution, are looked to by a vast majority of the wealth and intelligence of the State as their real representatives. It is in vain to conceal that in the great towns, and in a great part of the counties, property and knowledge are altogether unrepresented. It is to the House of Lords that they look as their real representatives; at least, it is to that House that they look for a successful vindication of their rights and interests: the minority in the Lower House can do no more than lay a foundation to call for and justify their interference. It is the same with the church, with the landholders, the universities, the bar, the shipping interest, the colonies. They all look to the House of Lords as the sole barrier which lies between them and the measures of spoliation now openly avowed by the representatives of the ten-pound constituencies; and but for that barrier, not a doubt can now remain, from the measures which they have attempted, even under its restraint, that all the great interests of the empire, the wealth

which sustains its industry, the talent which directs its energies, the learning which adorns its instructors, would have been overwhelmed by the selfish ambition of its demagogues and the blind credulity of their followers.

It is another consoling feature of the present juncture, that the period has now arrived, when revolutionary measures can no longer be carried on without interfering with vested and patrimonial interests; the old parapet in the House of Commons has been shot away; every discharge now carries away flesh and blood. The church—the Protestant religion is now the open and avowed object of attack. Destruction of the Protestant establishment in Ireland, the introduction of the voluntary system into Great Britain, are clearly announced as the designs of the movement party. The enemy's objects are now clearly manifested, the pirate has hoisted his true colours. The weak, the credulous, the timid, can now no longer shelter themselves under the real or affected belief that the Revolutionists, or the Ministry whom they direct, aim only at Reform, and not a total overthrow of our institutions. It is clear that what they desire is to extirpate altogether the natural and constitutional influence of religion and property, and by the blind co-operation of the multitude, establish a despotic Government, founded on the principle of democratic centralization, of which they are to be the head. This being the obvious object of the Revolutionists, their opponents are gradually, but steadily drawing to their standards, not only the property and education, but the religious feeling and independent spirit of the country. We do not conceal from ourselves the power of the Revolutionists founded on the coalition of romanism, radicalism, insolvency, dissenting jealousy, private profligacy, and public corruption. In all old and opulent states, such a coalition is powerful, but in the British empire it is not yet equal to the other, and with Richard Cœur de Lion, when he surveyed the Christian host before the battle of Ascalon, our leaders may exclaim, "Let Heaven remain neuter, and we are equal to the world in arms."

ALCIBIADES THE YOUNG MAN.

SCENES V.—IX.

"Upon the whole, it may be doubted whether there be a name of antiquity which comes down with such a general charm as that of Alcibiades. Why? I cannot answer. Who can?"—BYRON'S *Diary*.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

August 20, 1836.

OUR DEAR SIR,—In one of your many clever monopolylogues, developing, under a plurality of names, the uniform material of a very peculiar idiosyncrasy, you announce, if our recollection serve us truly, that you read no periodical works; nay, that should a friend at any time make you aware of the contents of such productions, thenceforth you hold him an enemy.

A far greater WALTER, the greatest who ever bore the appellation, once told us he had never looked into the *Edinburgh Review* from the date of Number XXV., and of an article, famous in its day, concerning Don Pedro de Cavellos. *Him* we believed.

If *your* assertion be more than an allowable figure of speech, described by Aristotle in the twenty-first section of his poetics, we admire how some opinions, by no means bearing the stamp current, on classical subjects, should adorn *your* most recent publication, *as well as* sundry antecedent critiques, contained in periodical journals, and certainly not written by the author of *Pericles and Aspasia*. Mr Puff, you will remember, suggests *one* solution of our difficulty.

Moreover, should your professed abstinence arise from the dread of meeting with disagreeable remarks, permit us to prescribe our infallible preservative . . . a FILTER. And, if astonished ignorance enquire, *what is a Filter?* the answer shall be given in form of a recipe, addressed in general terms to all having the misfortune to be public characters, thus:

Being, as our hypothetical category implies, arrived at years of indiscretion, you are necessarily under feminine regimen. Let, then, your wife try the relish of the journals before you. If you are worth abusing, there must be something to praise; if there are observations to wound your vanity, there must be observations to soothe it. Your preliminary taster must strain off the acrid particles, collect and combine the luscious ones, and serve up with sweet sauce of her own providing.

We were, in our bustling meridian, as much as most people, beneath the hands of the gentlemen of the fourth estate. Though their attachment to truth made them, on the whole, extremely laudatory, it is probable that the rogues were occasionally caustic. But our Filter did its duty, and nothing crept into our ears but the balmiest distillations of eulogy, double refined. To this hour we most philosophically maintain the doctrine of innate benevolence, and revere, above all earthly things, the unerring sagacity of periodical critics.

Profiting therefore, O Landor, by our experience, henceforth rejoice in journals—and a Filter! But see—all this time you have been playing the Ironist. *There*, as Chrysostom of old had Aristophanes, you have BLACKWOOD under your pillow. A little further off lies a fresh *London and Westminster*. The leaves of an excursus on Political Economy are already torn out.

So then, our promise in the last *Alcibiades* has kept your nerves, ever since, in a perpetual twitter. Soon as this September number reached (by express) your Tuscan villa, you devoured with eager eyes the table of contents. In vain! Your turn is yet to come.

Did you but behold us in our present predicament, how could you ask for serious, brain-compelling criticism? Creation has no fairer scene than we are gazing on. "Isles that crown th' Ægean deep," with their setting and canopy of purple glory, transcend not this magic sunset, transforming our own Highland loch to gold. The dusky olives of Attica—do they surpass that copse of birches, feathering the rocky strand? Parnes and Pentelicus—thrilling names—do they eclipse our yet unsung Ben Vohr? Inhale with us these heather-scented breezes, for one breath of which, when long "in populous city pent," we have languished till our heart seemed melting away: Here, O Landor, are no place and season for learned censure of thy faults, or analytical celebration of thy beauties. Tarry for a ruder month and a sterner whereabout. Shut up amid time-honoured tomes, we must brood over the prolific theme. Busts of dead immortals must shine around us in marble majesty. Then will the fit be on us, and then "will we do such things! What they are, yet we know not!"

Of one thing let us both be sure—impartial justice. You modestly observe, in your *Letter to an Author*, "a great party in England, and every Scotchman and half-Scotchman in the world, is my sworn enemy." Poor man! Since the days of Jean Jacques Rousseau, was there ever such persecution, such conspiracy, and such grammar? But you are mistaken. *Scotchmen*, and the *great party in England*, may answer for themselves: for the *half-Scotchmen* we respond.

It is our fortune to belong to that hybrid race, not undistinguished in these latter times. There are disadvantages in such a position. When one makes a sensation to the south of the Tweed, it is "curse that impudent Scotchman!"—to the north, it is, "confound that impertinent Englishman!" The natives on both sides have not yet forgotten there is a border between them.

But, contrariwise, there are marvellous advantages. We need never let the ball of conversation touch the ground. We are never driven, like a disputatious friend of ours, to tell an acquiescent companion, "d—n you, sir, contradict me, or I'll knock you down!" In England we are all for hodge-podge, metaphysics, Presbyterian parity, and the battle of Bannockburn: in Scotland we support roast-beef, classical learning, lawn sleeves, and the field of Flodden: in both, by our favourite process of filtration, we extract and apply to our private solace all encomiums on the merits of each; and in neither, be persuaded, are we the least inclined to be the enemy of Mr Savage Landor. He shall acknowledge this himself in December.

Mean while, Alcibiades must not be neglected, even for his uncle and his tutoress. The story of Glycerium has done his character no service. To retrieve it, as far as possible, the following scenes were composed. The plot of the first three will remind you of Lovelace and his *rose-bud*. But the motives of the Athenian are nobler; and the complexion of the whole episode you, who can judge, will pronounce to be eminently Greek.

SCENE V.

House of ALCIBIADES.

ALCIBIADES, CENOPEKTES (*a Parasite*.)

Alc. You really believe, then, she is still a fresh unsullied flower?
Alc. May it not be a mere piece

of acting—well played—but got by heart?
Alc. I will forfeit my best customer—yourself—if you find her of

that trim. And beautiful!—Glycerium, Nicarete, Timandra, all put together, could not have matched her.

Alc. Don't overdo it.

Æn. What good should I get by overdoing it—to cheat thee for two hours at the furthest?

Alc. Why *two hours*? Why can't I go this instant?

Æn. Nay, sir, the dwelling of this family was too wretched. I have just given orders to carry there beforehand some of the most necessary furniture.

Alc. Furniture! For love-making! However, you are right.—Has the girl a mother living?

Æn. (*Laughing*). O yes, she has a mother! Were mothers not a commodity as *certain* as fathers are

doubtful, it would seem impossible that Nais should be daughter of Anthilla. When they stand beside each other, one may see at a single glance the two extremes of beauty and ugliness. Her heart too——

Alc. (*Laughing loud*). Ha! ha! ha! Her heart! Ha! ha! ha!

Æn. What is there to laugh at?

Alc. That a *girl-merchant* makes pretence to prate of *vice* and *virtue*!

Æn. Dost take me then——

Alc. (*Interrupting, while he thrusts a purse of gold into his hand*). For a person often so useful to me that I must pay him handsomely; as to the rest——this cursed hiccup stops my breath and your—eulogium. Enough, in two hours come to fetch me.

SCENE VI.

House of ANTHILLA.

ALCIBIADES and CENOPEKTES (*entering*). ANTHILLA, NAIS.

Alc. (*To himself, at first sight of Nais*). By Hercules! the scoundrel has not spoken too flatteringly of her. Much have I seen, but never aught like this. (*Aloud*.) Forgive me, most enchanting Nais, and you Anthilla, mother of the loveliest of maidens, forgive me, for making

my way into your chamber, as if I were an old acquaintance. Cenopektes——

Anth. (*Interrupting*). Promised long ago to bring the noble son of Clinias hither; and we count ourselves most fortunate——

Shall I go on?—quoth Lawrence Sterne—and answers himself *No!*—And yet he had nothing more terrible to paint than the death of a good man. Our nerves, we think, could have brooked the last earthly sigh of a departing spirit—homeward bound.

But there are things sufficiently frightful of themselves, which on paper would look so hideous, so awfully *grievous*, that even the pen of Shakespeare could not make them bearable. What say you to the fawning, cringing prattle of a *mother* about to prostitute her child?

When we propose this as something quite intolerable, we take it for granted that you are not a hack-dowager, “head-dress, feathers, paint, and diamonds,” dragging about with you to the London flesh-market, six marriageable daughters—your jointure forestalled six years—and your bills unpaid at six milliners.

The rest of the Blackwood-reading world will be content to learn, in the style of epic narration, that Anthilla overloaded Alcibiades with fulsome speeches, too sweet for even his stomach; assured him that *all* in her house was at his service; slipped in a few hints as to her straitened circumstances; clutched a purse of gold, without winking; and immediately discovered that she must positively go out on indispensable business.

Alc. (With a significant look). *Enopektes!*

En. (Laughing). How can you suppose me so dull as to require a hint that my absence would be excellent company? The post of *sentinel*, I presume, may be permitted me. (*Exit.*)

Alc. (Approaching *Nais* with his accustomed warmth). And so we are alone? And I am in company with one of the most charming maids this earth can boast of? (*Takes her hand. She casts down her eyes.*) Lovely *Nais*, may Alcibiades flatter himself with the hope that he does not altogether displease thee?

Nais (Smiling half-bitterly). How mightily the dislike of a poor girl would mortify the all-beloved, all-conquering Alcibiades!

Alc. I all-beloved!—(*Embracing her*). Thou beautiful being—breathing the balm of lilies from lips that mock the rose—am I in thine eyes an all-beloved one? Then—if thou hast not spoken false—I must be beloved by thee. May I dare to hope?

Nais. Alcibiades knows too well, that he may dare *hope every thing*.

Alc. And obtain it too?

Nais. Ah! (*Tears drop fast from her eyes*).

Alc. Dear maiden, why that sigh—as if our talk were of some hidden sorrow? You cast down your eyes:—you weep!—If these be tears of virgin coyness, let me kiss away the precious drops. You endure my kiss, and yet you tremble? O, why is this? Why pants and quakes my innocent little dove?

Nais. Dear Alcibiades, art thou indeed—in thy inmost soul—that noble creature Nature made thee in externals?

Alc. I hope it, and I strive to be it—except that sometimes sirens, like thyself, beguile my bark out of its course.

Nais (With emotion). Ah! never was maid more causelessly upbraided as a siren than I at this moment. Sail on, thou glorious man, with favourable breezes! Prosperous be thy voyage! By me may it never be endangered! I would — (*stops*).

Alc. What! *Nais*—you will be so cruel, or so capricious—

Nais (Wringing her hands). O that she, who has just gone out,

were not my mother! That I dared to speak out freely!

Alc. Thou darrest. This beginning—to say sooth—does not augur very happily for me; but thou hast something about thee that wins me altogether to thy side. Speak! Speak with trust as full as if I had come hither for nothing but—friendly conversation.

Nais. Well then—I will venture it!—Son of Clinias, if thou be a noble spirit, O seek not thy pleasures here. Thou art too beautiful, too sovereign amid thy sex, for aught but undivided love. Thousands of my sisters can lavish on thee all their hearts. That cannot I.

Alc. (Amazed). Didst thou not permit me to come here? Knewest thou not beforehand what I came for?

Nais. To confess it fairly, with the open heartedness becoming innocence—I *knew*.—But ah! that permission was accorded by other lips than mine. Constrained by them, thus much I promised—not to make resistance;—and even now, if thou commandest, I follow thee, victim-like, to tremble and to weep, and yet—(*covering her face*), to become thy prey, and my own abhorrence. But O, dear, generous, beautiful youth, command not me! Command thyself! She that delivered me to thee, is near to me in blood; be thou nearer yet in soul; be my brother, my more than brother!

Alc. And why hast thou this repugnance to me?

Nais. Who could have that to a man Nature seems to have moulded as her masterpiece? But only hear in a few syllables the condition of my heart, and be thou as generous as I am candid!—Long, long has poverty been the portion of me and mine. In vain was all the industry of my brave father, in vain all—(*she hesitates*).

Alc. Now, wherefore hesitate?

Nais. Alas, she is my mother! And yet I cannot find a word, at once mild enough and true enough to tell her efforts and her means to snatch herself from poverty. But all, all was in vain. Inexorable fate had pronounced on us the doom "*be poor!*"—and poor we were. In our neighbourhood there dwelt a youth

—ah! as little like to thee, as my mother to the wife of Pericles; but yet beautiful, yet more than pleasing in my eyes—perhaps because he was the first in whose sight I too seemed charming; the first—the only one—to love me with warmest, purest love. He was any thing but rich; and yet his family was opulent compared to mine. Marriage with me would have sounded in his parents' ears as an unheard-of folly—and yet it was his dearest wish, his highest aim. To look upon our want was the torture of hell to him. He did what he could. Two whole years we lived chiefly on what he gained by his work—he is a sculptor—or pinched himself to bestow. In no joy of his fellows did he ever mix; to every indulgence he remained a stranger. The morsel he gave us was often plucked from his own mouth. A hundred maidens were offered him—for he was lovely and beloved. In his eyes I alone was both. (*With a tone of agony.*) And this youth, for two days past, my mother has forbidden me to behold again.

Alc. And wherefore so?

Nais. Because he could no longer give her all she demanded of him, my father's death having multiplied our wants;—because calamities of their own, mean while, had greatly lessened the fortunes of his family;—and above all (*sobbing*), because—ah! because—

Alc. (*kindly pressing her hand*). Without apprehension, love! You must speak to me, as to a brother.

Nais. Because I seemed to her well grown enough to earn a better income by a shameful trade.

Alc. (*with warmth*). By the immortal powers, that shalt thou not!

Nais. Ah! how often since have I wished away the few unlucky charms that nature gave me! How blithely would I have exchanged these feeble hands, this slender make, this face a favourable prejudice esteems as fair, and soft, and comely, for the frame and strength of the meanest wench, who maintains herself by honourable drudgery! And when I heard at last that my mother had sold me to Cenopektes, in what unspeakable anguish did I spend the night, and nowhere—nowhere found a refuge, until to-day I found it in thy name!

Alc. (*somewhat surprised*). In my name?

Nais. Yes! for to-day I first discovered to *whom* my helpless youth was to be sacrificed. Fresh hopes awoke within my soul. The hero—I whispered to myself—whom all so willingly surrender to, will be far too noble to make a poor maiden miserable—will depart from her so soon as he shall learn, that she may *admire, caress*, but cannot *love* him. He, evermore accustomed to see souls and bodies equally his subjects—to receive the proffered kiss—shall *he* content himself with enforced lips and bought embraces?—O no! no! he is too proud, too great for that!

Alc. (*smiling*). Believest thou so? dear girl, thou minglest truth with error! Behold, even thy passive kiss is sweet to me as the breath of violets!—And yet, still sweeter is thy praise. I will endeavour to deserve it.—To lay his head upon that bosom would quicken the palsied grey-beard with all the fires of youth. But throb not, little trembler! My eyes shall be averted. To gaze too long on snow would blind them.—Say thou thyself, if I conquer my desires—if I leave thee as I found thee—what dost thou purpose, that a continence so painful to me may further the alleviation of thy destiny?

Nais. Alas, but little.

Alc. What hopest thou then?

Nais. That a good work—once begun—you will not leave unfinished.

Alc. In sooth, a hope I must not suffer to be balked, however hard the victory may be to me! Ah, lovely Nais, these eyes of thine are all too blue, this golden hair too beautiful, these cheeks too blooming—for victory, I must *flee*.

Nais (*sadly*). Flee?

Alc. (*smiling*). In order, some half hour hence, to *return* with thy chosen one; in order to see thee this very day become his bride; in order—Is thy lover a sculptor?

Nais. He is.

Alc. And his name?

Nais. Scopelus.

Alc. Ha! Scopelus? A name I know already from favourable rumour.

Nais. I have often heard that con-

noisseurs commended him—as full of genius, but unfortunate.

Alc. That he shall be no longer! My gold, and the gold of my friends, shall soon be weighed against his marble. Let an Attic talent be thy marriage-dower, and put thy lord in a condition to live with thee a tranquil season in preparation for future masterpieces; and if then—with the loveliest of models before his eyes all day, within his arms all night—he cannot give us a perfect Venus Anadyomene, why, let him break his chisel, and turn what he pleases. Enough, I will never forsake him.

Nais. O thou noblest, thou kindest—

Alc. (*pondering for a moment*). Ha! excellent! The sooner the better! Is the house of Scopelus far off?

Nais. Not twenty paces.

Alc. Quick, then, on with thy veil, and away with me. The sight of this surprise I would not barter for two Olympian coronets.

Nais. But my mother—

Alc. (*laughing*). O ho! She holds it for certain that I am this moment otherwise engaged than in thinking of good deeds. Cenopektes has the charge of entertaining her; and supposing she should see us go, or seek to hinder us—why, I know my rights; and hers are forfeited. On with the veil, and away with me!

SCENE VII.

The House of SCOPELUS.

SCOPELUS (*in deep meditation, his head leaning on his hand*). ALCIBIADES.

Alc. (*entering*). They directed me this way to the house of Scopelus. Am I right?

Scop. (*starting up*). Yes.

Alc. Must I name myself to thee? or dost thou already know me?

Scop. How should a born Athenian be unacquainted with the lineaments of noble Alcibiades?

Alc. Thou art a sculptor?

Scop. I am.

Alc. And a good one too, as I have heard?

Scop. I could almost gather from thy question that I still must have—what I scarcely hoped for—*friends* to speak well of me in absence.

Alc. Without further compliment on my side, or overdone modesty on thine, I want for one of my bath-rooms the statue of a Grace. Wilt thou undertake it, and as soon as possible?

Scop. Alas!

Alc. Why that sigh?

Scop. Son of Clinias, thy proposal does me infinite honour. To take commands from thee would be immortality one half secured. Yet at present I can hardly venture to accept the order.

Alc. And why? I am even prepared to furnish thee a model—a living model—for the work.

Scop. (*sighing more deeply*). An advantage I could well dispense with! Ah! before my eyes—before my mind's eyes at least—the model of a Grace is ever hovering. Happy the marble on which an artist could engrave the thousandth part of her charms!—But I won't dissemble it; *labour*—once my highest pleasure—is now a pain to me; *perseverance* seems an impossibility; and to be early ready a still greater.

Alc. And why this change?

Scop. From the change of my domestic circumstances—ruined by a treacherous debtor; and yet more from the sorrow which an unfortunate—forgive me, Alcibiades, some kinds of sorrow can be only *felt*.

Alc. Many a sorrow may be lightened by disclosure to a friend; and trust me, I am the friend of every youthful artist, who gives promise of being one day a *great* one. Yes! if nothing but domestic cares be troubling thee, I am not only willing to offer thee a large advance, but I give thee my word and hand upon it, this statue shall make thy happiness.

Scop. (*shaking his head*). Make my happiness! My happiness? Nephew of Pericles, and now perhaps his successor, thou canst do much; but *that* thou canst not do.

Alc. First hear my plan, before you set it down as worthless. I know a maiden, fair as a day of spring, and mild as its breezes. Already I counted her my own, when I found to my astonishment that no snare of love could capture her. I tendered her all my house contained: she is poor, and she rejected it. None but her betrothed, she swore, should ever embrace her. At last, that I might have something of her in possession, I tempted her, by a huge sum, to promise that she would stand, in seemly garb, as model to an artist of her own selection. She has selected THEE. Methinks a prosperous omen! Succeed, as thou canst not fail, with this young Grace, and thou hast a rich reward from me, innumerable commissions from my friends, and perhaps, in addition to all this, a maid to wife, pure as the dewdrop on the rose, lovely as the rose itself, and dowered—in requital of her virtue—with an Attic talent.

Scop. And though she had Phœnicia as her dower; though all the fleets of Tyre were hers, she could not make me *happy*—could not for one moment charm me. Noble Alcibiades, thy munificence puts me to the blush. Great as it is, 'tis wasted on a man, unfitted by a luckless passion for every other happiness of life.

Alc. Perhaps—for this very reason—a *new* passion might give thee back thy happiness and taste for life.

Scop. Ah, never, never more! The man who for many a year has laboured on one little mansion; has thought upon it as a temple sacred to repose and blessedness; has just been hoping soon to place the crowning stone upon its pediment—if a thunderbolt strike it into ruins, what consolation can he gather from its ashes?

Alc. Strange man, who bids thee grope amid the *ashes*, when thou hast *fresh materials* at hand, and friends to boot, that will aid thee to build up a better mansion?

Scop. (*half transported*). A better than *Nais*? O, that were to dream of a stronger god than Destiny. No, Alcibiades, thou art a *willing* comforter, but a *successful* one thou canst not be, since thou knowest not how much I have lost!

Alc. At least bestow a look upon the Athenian girl, of whom I spoke to thee, and who is waiting without!

Scop. (*surprised*). Thou hast brought her with thee, and sufferest her to stand without!

Alc. *Without*, and yet so near, that with an ear indifferently sharp, she need not have lost a syllable of our conversation. (*Opening the door*). Come, little love, come in! Long have I made thee wait, but what thou hast overheard mean while may perchance have shortened the time. (*Tearing off her veil*). See, Scopelus! What think'st thou—poor burnt-out victim—of this maiden?

Scop. Eternal gods! *Nais*!—*Nais* here!

Nais. (*flying into his arms*). My life! My soul!

Alc. Say yet more—my bridegroom!

Nais. My bridegroom! My chosen one! My all!

Scop. (*as if waking from a trance*). Ha! What is this? Thou here in my arms? Whence, wherefore, camest thou? Brought hither in the hand of Alcibiades?—*Nais*! *Whose* art thou now?

Nais. Thine, thine for ever!

Scop. Mine! Ecstatic word, if it be true.—But thy mother forbade me—the rumour—(*Embracing her*). Why lose myself in doubts? I have thee here! *Nais* mine? And has remained my own till now? And will be my own for ever?

Nais. Shame upon thee for the one question! But a thousand times *yes* to the other!

Alc. I must break thy trance, and give coherence to thy dream.—Know then! One hour ago was *Nais* sold to me; but her *heart* would not be sold. It was true to thee—and cunning enough to find out the weak side of mine. With the bosom-thrilling tones of virtue she confessed to me her love for thee; implored for mercy, implored for aid. Both I promised her; and both shall she have.—Pure as innocence herself, she came into my hands: as pure do I restore her. If I here deliver her for ever to thy love; if to *her* I keep my pledge of a dowry, to *thee* my pledge of future friendship and protection—are ye then content? Have I then fulfilled my obligation? (*smiling*.) And wilt

thou then, thou *quondam* labour-lover, shape me after this model—a Grace of marble, since the one of better materials I renounce?

Scop. O that every drop of blood in me were a tongue, and every tongue had ten men's voice—even then I could not—

Alc. Enough, enough!—My sweet Nais, I leave thee here, if not in safe hands, at least in loving ones. Now must I hasten to thy mother; to still her conscience—and to fill her purse. Soon shall I return, and then away with ye—where ye will have no need of my directions.

Without note or comment, we wish these present *tableaux* to speak for themselves. But observe, before you hurry to the next, that the beginning of the adventure there referred to, must be dated *before* the fall of Glycerium. To impress that point is part of our pleading.

SCENE VIII.

The House of ALCIBIADES.

MENEDEMUS. ALCIBIADES.

Men. Was that your real opinion, dear Alcibiades, you argued for yesterday at table?

Alc. What opinion? I remember nothing about it.

Men. *That in love there are twice as many happy moments as sad ones.*

Alc. To be sure; supposing us to speak of love *requited*. Those luckless wretches that sigh in vain, and sigh for ever, I commiserate.

Men. And do you forget the sleepless nights, the melancholy days, the perpetual distraction, the exhaustion of every energy, before one reaches the object of desire? Even when it is attained, do you forget the fickleness, the humours, the caprices, our inconstant mistresses torment us with?—the dread one has of fathers, mothers, and other importunate disturbers?—the serpent-tooth of jealousy?—the disgust each slight excess inflicts to mar one's joys?—Do you forget all this?

Alc. Not I: but I forget not, moreover, that all the things you name—except the last—are often pain one instant, and joy the next. Even those *agonies of longing*, who would give them up, if he must give up, at the same time, the *sweetness of hope*? Even that *fire of jealousy*—throw it into the one scale, and the *rapture of reconciliation* into the other, you will soon see which kicks the beam!—Even that dread of listeners, how doubly charming does it make each stolen kiss, each softly-opened door? The very fickleness of damsels—why do we storm at it so bitterly, when variety is so courted by our-

selves? Why demand eternal constancy from *them*—when *we ourselves*, in that case, must either be sole traitors, or be doomed, for a whole life-time, to kiss *one* pair of rosy lips, whereas I, for my part, am now at my *thirtieth*?

Men. There I believe you. Fool that I was to betake myself to *thee* with such a question! Who has so much reason to be satisfied with the sex as Thou, on whom they cluster thicker than bunches on the vine—who has but to show himself and conquer—whose birth, and wealth, and beauty, are just so many irresistible titles to every female heart!

Alc. I am too thankful to Dame Nature, to deny that she has served me pretty handsomely. But not these personal advantages alone—

Men. (*interrupting*). Of course, not these alone!—since even such as scarcely look upon externals—your intellectual, imaginative fair ones—cling close enough to thee.

Alc. Say no more of *them*! Believe me, your die-away dreamers, whose souls seem ever dancing on a moonbeam, can be sufficiently alive to other things, at proper seasons. But you mangled my intended periods. All these external gifts, I meant to tell thee, are helps only in the outset of a passion, seldom in its progress. One gets soon accustomed to a man once privileged to enter all apartments without knocking. Let him have appeared at first ten thousand times a god—so soon as a young lady has been thoroughly convinced

he is a mortal, she lets loose on him her whimsies, and then nothing but mental accomplishments—nothing but the observance of certain maxims—will save him from the loathsome, the degrading sense of lost consideration.

Men. And these maxims are?—

Alc. O, ho! See now—how sly! Art thou intent, this day, on drawing from me nothing less than *my craft*?

Men. As if that were to be done! To steal the bow of Hercules is not quite the same as to be able to bend it.

Alc. And yet one would steal it only to try.

Men. A disputant's answer! Come, come, thy maxims.

Alc. O, they are the simplest in the world. I enjoy *to-day*, without curiously enquiring whether I shall enjoy the same *to-morrow*. When my damsel has a fair face and a flat figure, I gaze so fixedly upon the one as to forget all the faults of the other. I shun distrustful glances—am always warm, but very seldom in a fever. To a maiden's coldness I never respond with complaints, to her changes with reproach, nor to her falsehood with despair; but honestly pay her off in kind, and cure my own pain by giving it to her. Then, suppose the flame to go out on my side, I take myself off with the sweet conviction that inexhaustible Nature, in her bounty, must have created some other girl just fitted to kindle it again; and so drink the wine of Chios when that of Syracuse runs dry.

Men. Maxims worthy of an Alcibiades! but applicable only to such nimble blood, and such a happy certainty of conquest, where conquest is desired. Now, tell me, is what you have described merely your *love system for the present*, or has it been the *love system of your life*? Were you, so soon as you felt an inclination for the sex, at once so sage?

Alc. A wise question that! What sailor becomes a thorough seaman, without first enduring tempest—perhaps shipwreck? No, my good Menedemus, I too began my course, before I entered the school of Aspasia—with that swimming sentimental eye—those deep-drawn, broken monosyllables—those pretty alternations of red and pale—those sla-

vish genuflexions, or childish poutings, our everyday gallants indulge in. Experience and suffering first trained my steps into that *middle path* on which I now find myself so comfortable.

Men. Dear Alcibiades, I am in a mood for questioning this morning. Pardon then, I beseech thee, my inquisitiveness, if I persevere in it. Since you have known *also the sufferings of love*, which of them was most intense? Through whom, and how did it befall you?

Alc. Menedemus, who set thee loose to torture me to-day? You seek first to shake my faith in the prime bliss of existence—and finding that impregnable, you strive at least to tear open wounds already almost cicatrized.

Men. Nay, not with that intent—only to console me amid my proper tribulations. Behold my beard is now more rough than I could wish it. Often have maids rejected me, or grieved me by their perfidy. Fain would I have, for the future, a solace in the thought—the loveliest of youths, the most beautiful of men, has not escaped.

Alc. Flatterer! Think you I am a stranger to that sort of bird-call that coaxes its victims nearer by notes of—praise? Yet they would have piped in vain, had you not managed, in the first place, to stir up my loquacity. Tell me, some four years since, were you acquainted with Myrrhina?

Men. Myrrhina? No! You are aware that I have but lately returned to Athens.

Alc. Happy for you that you never saw her. Then would the world have had, among her countless fools, one more. A maiden—O! think not I will paint her to thee. The beauty is but indifferent which the pencil copes with; far more indifferent must *that* be, which *words* could emulate. A maiden! If there be a goddess of grace and of enchantment, so must she—when she descends to mortals—so must she be formed, and so attired. A maiden! Every breath of her mouth was a charm; every beam of her eye the glance of a commanding deity. Her smile would have won a dying man to joy—her slightest tear a bacchanal to sympathy.—(*With slow enunciation*). And this maid's all mightiness was properly *my work*, since she was sunk

in dust and misery, was unknown and starving, until I raised her from the ground.

Men. You raised her?—and how?

Alc. One of my upper slaves, an elderly person, passing with his comrades for a sworn foe to love, changed suddenly from a very orderly manager of my domestic matters into the most disorderly imagination can conceive. Whatever I intrusted to him was but half cared for, or not cared for at all. His eye saw nothing—his ears heard nothing—his very gait was the gait of one asleep. If one asked, what ailed him, he turned crimson; and at last, by hard pressing, I discovered what I might have sooner guessed—that he was in love. The warmth with which, after the secret had been once extorted, he spoke of the object of his weakness, made me curious. I enquired of him whether his wishes had been granted? Mournfully he shook his head, and pointed to his grizzled hair. I bade him lead me to his beloved. He brought me to a miserable hole, and there, in tattered raiment, engaged in the lowest household drudgery, I beheld a girl;—a girl—forgive me, my friend; I must pause for a few seconds, or I shall break out again into a torrent of eulogy.

Men. (*Laughing*). Let it come, so that it stop not thy story.

Alc. That would it do;—moreover, would bring back to me a host of recollections I had wished extinct for ever. I started to see this wondrous strife betwixt beggary and beauty, and the perfect triumph of the latter. Half my heart was lost at her first glance—the whole at her first words. That the slave gave way when he found himself despised, and his master his rival, need scarce be told; and within a few days, the poverty of Myrrhina was converted into opulence. From that hour, I shared with her every advantage of riches and condition I possessed,—slaves, furniture, pictures, dress, jewels, a mansion Pericles might have been proud of, a luxurious table, and the selectest company. All Athens spoke of her—all Athens counted her happiest of the happy. Whatever her eye coveted, or but appeared to covet, was hers upon the instant; and I asked for nothing—I, the creator of

all this—asked for nothing in return, but a grateful heart, that might one day be mine.

Men. Ha, ha, ha! Nothing more?—Ha, ha, ha! Alcibiades, do you take me for so credulous a person as to believe in such a tale?

Alc. Believe it, or believe it not. By the spirit of my father, I tell the truth. I can myself hardly comprehend it; but the Alcibiades I then began to be, resembles him that now is speaking to thee, as little as the winter does the summer. I, with whom in love-encounters the lips alone are now wont to swear, then felt the heart invaded: I had come to a steadfast resolution,—first, to mould my Myrrhina into the admitted paragon of all her sex; and then, in the face of Athens, to pledge her my hand. What had been forgiven Pericles in the instance of Aspasia, would be forgiven me, I hoped, more readily in the case of Myrrhina, who already promised to transcend Aspasia. Yes! no stranger to my own volatility, I swore to myself—that the loss of novelty might not abate my future bliss—Myrrhina should be a sister in my eyes, down to the very hour when a sacred ceremony should devote her as the partner of my life.

Men. An oath somewhat difficult to keep.

Alc. In vain did all, that had the honour of even a distant connexion with me, oppose my project—in vain did Socrates himself, in spite of our long estrangement, allow them to use him as envoy and dissuader—in vain did my best friends hire against me the bitterest satirists. I stood to my design. A single interview with Myrrhina made the most rancorous calumniator blush for shame. A kiss from her appeared, for some moments, to intoxicate even the son of Sophroniscus. At last my friends were silent—my kinsmen shrugged their shoulders. All was ready for the ceremony. Then—ah! then—

Men. Well? And then?

Alc. Of my whole kindred Aiphron alone, my former guardian, continued opposed to the match. *Forbid* it he could not; but even his dislike I wished to remove; feeling myself bound to him by a thousand obligations. In the end he was gained over, and full of transport I

flew to my Myrrhina—at an hour when it had never been my wont to visit her. A slave before her chamber-door seemed shocked when she saw me rush like a whirlwind through the hall. She would have stopped my entrance; would have spoken; would have LIED. I heeded her not. With the left hand thrusting her aside, with the right I tore open the door. Hush!—In I passed, and found—found my virtuous—adored—ha, ha, ha!—I throttle thee, Menedemus, if thou darest to laugh with me—found the Myrrhina I had kept so untouched—so sacred—in the arms of another.

Men. Horrible! And thy astonishment—thy rage?—Wast thou sufficiently master of thyself, not to cool both in the blood of the traitor and the traitress?

Alc. The miscreant seemed to fear it. He flew to the furthest corner of the room; armed, I scarce know how, with something chance had thrown into his hands. The worthless harlot, too, would have embraced my knees and petitioned for her life.—It was this first roused me; for hitherto I had stood congealed. I spurned her with my foot.—“Wretch!” I thundered, “this my recompense? But tremble not! Such blood as thine shall never stain my sword. I leave thee to the vengeance of the gods, to the fangs of thy conscience, and to the love of thy Euthydemus.”

Men. (*Surprised*). Euthydemus?—What said you? Euthydemus?

Alc. Just so! So was named the youth, in whose embrace I found her.

Men. But not Euthydemus, the son of Crito?

Alc. The son of Crito.

Men. Euthydemus, that effeminate debauchee, who squandered in three years the sixty talents of his miserly father; then sank into a parasite; and but the other day, detected in stealing a goblet by his patron, was so roughly handled that he died soon afterwards. *That* Euthydemus?

Alc. The same! His very worthlessness—the very grossness of her choice, doubled my anguish; made me for two months—Come, let’s talk of something else.

Men. One question more! What was the further fate of Myrrhina?

Alc. Lost in darkness! She van-

ished shortly after. For certain reasons, I searched after her long and anxiously; but to no purpose.

Men. Pity she was not called Berillis instead of Myrrhina; since in that case—

Alc. (*Eagerly and with sparkling eyes*). What then?—Speak!—She is called BERILLIS too! Speak! What then?

Men. (*Amazed*). Alcibiades! What ails you? What are you dreaming of? How should she be called Berillis, when up to this moment you have called her Myrrhina?

Alc. The first was the name under which I discovered her; the last she has me to thank for; and by it all Athens learned to know her.

Men. Wonderful!—Rejoice then, Alcibiades! Thou art revenged.

Alc. Revenged! By whom?

Men. By those who only *should* revenge—the righteous gods. I know her—this once so dangerous Berillis. Her lot is misery, her heritage disgrace, her property half-famished children, her form the form of a living skeleton.

Alc. Ha! Impossible.

Men. Rely on it, I know her! She lives a few paces from my farm—a beggar, whining after passers-by for an obolus; not without traces of former attractions; but not a single feature left that now can charm.—When I, moved by her distress, bestowed on her the other day a considerable gift, she told me Euthydemus had debauched, robbed, and abandoned her; she cursed his ashes with such ghastly vehemence as made my hair stand on end; and her eyes seemed eager to weep, without the power of producing a tear.

Alc. Good! good! although not exactly as I wished.—What I *then* suffered must have been as much; and yet I suffered *undeservedly*.—Leave me now, my friend! A thousand thoughts are crossing each other in my brain. But promise to lead me there to-morrow! Promise me aid in my revenge!

Men. Alcibiades, I cannot suppose—

Alc. Promise, if thou art my friend.

Men. What? Thou couldst trample still deeper down a sunken one? A misery beyond all calculation—

Alc. (*Impatient*). Instead of all these half-questions, half-exclamations, give me a plain answer: Will

you assist me in my purpose, be it what it may?

Men. Provided only——

Alc. No conditions! as my friendship is dear to thee.

Men. It is infinitely precious to me.

Alc. To-morrow then you come!
[*They separate.*]

Proceed we to next day and to

SCENE IX.

A place in the Country.

ALCIBIADES. MENEDEMUS. (*Soon afterwards*) BERILLIS.

Men. Here she lives. This shut door is her entrance. I will go before you. Stoop! and mind your steps.

Alc. One would swear you were leading me into the den of Poverty. Confound it, have I not yet ducked low enough to save my skull?

Men. (*Knocking at the door of a wretched cabin.*) Within there!

Ber. (*From within.*) Who knocks?

Men. One you must already know by voice; and another you will probably soon recognise.

Ber. (*Opens the door, starts back, and hides her face with both hands.*) Gods, almighty gods! Alc——

Alc. (*Bitterly.*) That name thou hast no right to speak again—so oft polluted by thy perjuries.

Ber. (*Falling on her knees, raising and wringing her hands.*) This too? These—these *merited* reproaches from thy mouth? O this alone was wanting, to make my woes too big to bear! Complete—complete the work! Kill me! since therefore thou art here!

Alc. (*With a bitter laugh, somewhat forced.*) By no means! Only to have a sight of your summer-residence, your country-mansion. I kill not her to whom I once gave life.

Men. (*Reproachfully.*) Alcibiades!

Alc. Hush! let this Hebe speak. So you call yourself Berillis once more. Speak then, fair Berillis!

Ber. Alcibiades, upon my knees, with tears of fire I implore thee, take the first deadly weapon that presents itself! Pierce through and through this faithless breast! Spare me—do but spare me this hideous mockery! (*Pointing to her children.*) O wouldst thou pity these; snatch these from death by hunger; then my last look should bless thee—my first words in that other world

should be a prayer for thee. Thou art silent. That withering laugh declares to me thy thought. O excellent young man; I have sinned, immeasurably sinned against thee; but if on the tablet of thine own life some faults, perchance, or failings show themselves; if from the infernal arbiters thou hopest one day the pardon of thy weaknesses for the sake of thy great virtues; O by this hope do I adjure thee, add not to that dreadful sneer fresh words of spoken mockery! Even if the voice of a guilty mother cannot move thee, let these guiltless creatures touch thy heart! (*Holds up one of her infants.*)

Men. (*Imploringly.*) Dearest friend!

Alc. (*Wiping away a tear.*) Rise, woman. Thy suspicions wrong me. What thou tookst for laughter was the struggle to repress a too-ready tear. Stand up, and for what I shall say to thee thank these intercessors. (*Pointing to the children.*) Woman, when I found thee in the arms of another, all I wished for was, that thou thyself mightst one day feel thy perfidy as burningly as I then felt it; to die of hunger I never wished thee. *My beloved* dwelt once in marble; ate off gold; and clothed herself in purple. The widow of *Euthydemus* must be content with linen garments and clay vessels; but at least she shall want for nothing needful. Go to my estate on the sea-shore! Let the best of my farm tenements be thine! I present it to thee: I will send thee a slave to till thy field, and such cattle for draught and dairy as are necessary.

Men. Admirable! Alcibiades, the gods themselves can take no nobler vengeance than by benefits.

Ber. (*Transported.*) Alcibiades! Alcibiades—thy goodness—thy magnanimity—O suffer me once again,

full of unspeakable gratitude, to clasp thy knees.

Alc. Impossible. Moreover, thou hast not yet heard the condition under which I give all this. There is a certain accompaniment that may sink, perhaps, in both your eyes the value of my present. Mark, I am not so proud as to measure myself with deities; and even *they*—where they pardon most unboundedly—are not accustomed to pluck out the sting of conscience. My condition, therefore—

Ber. Thou makest me tremble. (*With a look of anguish cast upon her children*).

Alc. Nothing as to *them*. My condition is: since all, thy house, thy field, and thy farm will contain, belongs to me, to be allowed to order, as I please, the *decoration of thy rooms*. Hast thou a picture of thy Euthydemus?

Ber. No.

Alc. Art sure?

Ber. Sure, I have burnt all that—(*as he looks hard at her*) yet no! no! I cannot lie to thee. I have still a picture; but there it is in the corner,—examine it thyself!—all dirtied and half-torn.

Alc. (*Raising it with a bitter smile.*) A pity! truly a pity! It bears the touches of Parrhasius; has the merit too of showing to the life, maugre the lustre of its colours, the very scoundrel it portrays—(*Flinging it aside*)—lie there a little longer, precious likeness, and have patience. Soon will I advance thee to honour.

Ber. (*Astonished*). Thou advance it to honour?

Alc. Rememberest thou still that picture I gave thee on thy birth-day?

Ber. Ah! well do I remember it: it was thy own; it was the only gift thou demandedst back.

Alc. And which I yet have—which I will now restore to thee!—Further, Berillis, I command thee to hang up both in thy new dwelling, *side by side*, and to compare, each passing day, *him thou chosedst*, and *him thou threwest away*.

Ber. Son of Clinias—

Alc. Hear me out!—Be this the hanging and the ornament of thy *one* chamber. The embellishment of the *other* shall be thine own twofold picture.—I still have one of thee, in the

full bloom of thy beauty—like the goddess of witchery—false innocence upon the cheek, and true enchantment in the eye. The very master who drew thee then shall draw thee now—in thy present aspect—and when thou hast them suspended together, so whisper to thyself: *THAT* should I yet be, were I the *wife of Alcibiades*; *THIS* I am—and ought to be—as the *prostitute of Euthydemus*.

Ber. Ha, cruel! And callest thou this forgiveness?

Alc. Who spoke of *forgiveness*? *Rescue* from death and want I grant thee; else I were not *ALCIBIADES*—but my *revenge*! know that I forego not, even in my benefits. And though I appease the gnawings of hunger, I appease *not* the gnawings of the vulture within thee. Even in the thought: *He saves me whom I once betrayed!* what would he have done had I been worthy of him!—even in that thought there is a hell, from which I seek not to pluck thee.—Enough for to-day—for ever! *Me* thou shalt behold—at least shalt speak to—never more. But my estate awaits thee to-morrow—to-day—when thou wilt!—Nor shall the *PICTURES* be long of appearing. (*Leaves the hut with Menedemus*).

Men. (*Who has listened to, and followed him in mute amazement.*) Friend, are you in earnest?

Alc. Undoubtedly.

Men. Thy irrevocable condition?

Alc. Irrevocable: depend upon it!

Men. And must this be called a kindness or a punishment?

Alc. Both! I swore eternal vengeance. Her appearance, and your conversation yesterday, somewhat softened me; and I resolved, even in my revenge, to be the unaccountable being you take me for in everything besides.

Men. But after she has long enough atoned —

Alc. Is this life—this span of existence—long enough for the atonement of such treachery? Can she not as *mother*, and as *propriatrix*, still taste the joys of life—beyond her merits—although I should destroy the repose of the *woman*?—But leave me! the beauty of those two children, sordid as they were, disturbed me. Children of Euthydemus, and yet, thanks to their

mother, so beautiful! what would they have been, had — (half aside).

Men. (smiling). Had they been blest with so handsome a father as thyself! True, is it not? that was

your thought; though you did not utter it?

Alc. A double reason for getting rid of you—since you begin to read my very thoughts. (*Exit.*)

“And now,” says our Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly, “it seems more than time to exhibit in Alcibiades, not only the fiery, joy-seeking, joy-exhausting YOUNG MAN, but also the rising citizen, and soon the risen statesman.”

The more's the pity, honest Cid! To quit love for politics, or the life private for the life public, is always a loss; severest to the actual sufferer, but bad enough for the historians and readers of his doings. What is it but to exchange the human being for the puppet—unconscious of the very strings that govern its movements? And yet we suppose it must be done. War and statesmanship must mingle in our columns. One mercy is, that Alcibiades never altogether abandoned his natural character. This moment he would be planning the conquest of Sicily and Carthage—the next the fashion of a scarlet mantle, to look well in the eyes of his Timandra!

LETTERS ON AMERICA. BY A FRENCH GENTLEMAN.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA—HAVANAH.

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following letter from a French gentleman, containing a most interesting and picturesque account of the island of Cuba. We have neither time nor space to add any observations.

“Fifteen days ago, the *Dido*, a three masted vessel from Hamburg, coming from Vera Cruz, left me here. The worthy captain, Von Lubeck by name, sailed here for a cargo of sugar, which he carried back with him to Hamburg, together with four German miners, who having got together a little fortune in Mexico, had determined to return home, and seemed to enjoy a foretaste of their dear country on board the *Dido*, by speaking German to the captain's dog, and feasting on sour crout and smoked beef.

“There is something in the aspect of this land, even from the moment one enters the port, which shows that revolutions have never yet visited it. When we quitted Vera Cruz, I called to my mind all that had struck me in that unhappy country. I thought of what it had been and what it might be made, and tears came into my eyes. The port of Vera Cruz, so full of animation and

of bustle in the time of the Spaniards, is now a solitude. Five or six French, English, or American vessels, which I left there, tired of waiting for piastres from Mexico, which arrived not, were about to sail away and take in a cargo of wood from Campecha. The *Robert Wilson* lay rotting on the strand; the Mexican custom-house, vigilant for once, had confiscated this vessel because some cases of contraband goods were found in it. A three decked vessel, the *Asia*, which her Spanish captain had given up to the insurgents during the war of independence, lay three parts under water. Its upper decks only were perceivable. It looked like a raft in the midst of the breakers. The *Guerrero* frigate, transformed into a grim and squalid hulk crowded with galley slaves, swayed lazily round between the wreck of the *Asia* and the Castle. At a league distant from the city, between the isle of Sacrificios and the shore, was anchored the French cutter the *Dordogne*; and among the merchant vessels drawn up in line, at wide distances from each other, if you imagine five or six small craft and fishing boats, you will have the

picture of this port, formerly so flourishing. At present the sight of signals from the tower of the castle announcing the arrival of a vessel, is an event which causes sensation. When the bell, which it is the custom to ring on such an occasion, is heard, the inhabitants all hurry to the beach to enjoy the rare spectacle. Population has disappeared from the city, as ships from the port. Vera Cruz had formerly 16,000 inhabitants, without counting its garrison and passengers. It has at present but from four to five thousand. All there is ruin and desolation. The famous citadel of St Jean d'Ulva, which Spain constructed at such great cost (two millions it is said) on the low strands of the port, and which has braved undamaged the terrific tempests coming from the north east, cannot hold out against the indolent indifference to every thing of the independent Mexicans, and is falling into ruin.

"Here and there a few sentinels shabbily clothed appear between the embrasures of the castle, or on the ramparts of the town. The pier, which advances into the haven, is no longer cared for; every winter the violence of the sea breaks down its works, which are never repaired. The walls and houses of the city are pierced by bullets and bombs. The yellow fever hardly ever ceases to prevail; and if Vera Cruz has ceased to be the headquarters of the commerce of the gulf, it remains still the capital of the plague. As we sailed away from the land, and could only see in the distance the top of the city tower, and behind the snowy peak of Orizaba faintly marked upon the horizon, I could almost fancy that I saw Cortes reappearing indignant upon the mountain, and descending to annihilate with a frown the pigmies who have destroyed his work.

"At Havanah how different is the scene. Crowds of vessels fill its spacious bay. We disembarked on Good Friday. All the ships had hoisted their colours in honour of the *fête*. My eye sought for tricoloured flags, but hardly could I discern two or three in the midst of the multitude of Spanish and American ensigns. In the middle of this fleet, arrayed in Sunday finery, the old

vessels of the Spanish squadron, which had been refitted, to repair years of irreparable outrage, rose like superior towers. Thousands of covered barks were ranged along the beach. The two immense fortresses of Morro and the Cabana, whose bastions and batteries cover the rocks on the right of the harbour, were also bedecked with large floating banners. A population of one hundred and thirty thousand souls, of all colours and all shades of colour, filled on this day the streets and the public walks. All appeared satisfied and joyous, the slaves as well as others. The negresses, who at Havanah live not, as at New Orleans, under sumptuary laws, were dressed out in silks and veils. Instead of the few red-skinned sentinels of short stature, and shorter clothing, who form the garrison of Vera Cruz and of Mexico, I found here soldiers who put me in mind, by their fine appearance, their martial bearing, and their handsome costume, imitated exactly from ours, of the picked regiments of France. I do not think that the royal guard of Charles X. in its best days looked in better condition or more imposing than the actual troops of the island of Cuba.

"This colony possesses at present a considerable commerce. The cultivation of colonial produce has made great progress during the last half century. After the disasters of St Domingo the French refugee colonists brought their industry here, and the coffee of the island is equal at present to that of St Domingo at the period when that colony was most flourishing. The cultivation of coffee at St Domingo was prosecuted in the mountain districts. It was therefore in the mountains that the French first established themselves. I visited a few days ago their asylum. The European traveller, breathing the delicious and embalmed airs of these mountains, sometimes in the steep paths of primitive forests, sometimes in the avenues of bamboos and citron groves, will often put the question to himself when about to take his departure,—If it would not be better to silence at once the feverish restlessness which plunges him into the world, and establish himself for life in one of these

peaceful retreats which seem to open their bosoms to give rest to his endless agitations?

"These picturesque habitations, nevertheless, in which I have been the object of a cordial hospitality delightful to recollect, are not the most prosperous. A few years of cultivation are sufficient to exhaust the soil of these enchanting valleys, and it is impossible to renew their fertility by manure, because once stripped of their woods, their steep slopes are exposed without protection to the violent tropical rains, which wash away the new beds of soil the husbandman would lay. The cultivation of coffee has therefore descended to the plain, and has spread magnificently over the large level spaces of the St Marc district. There, French, Spaniards, and Americans are mingled together, but the French taste predominates. It has presided over all the public works of this part of the island, and given to them a character of royal grandeur.

"So late as up to the year 1789, it was the shade of Louis XIV. which governed France. Versailles was the Olympus of the great king. Even in this distant secluded spot, the traditions of his magnificence were the laws of taste. Garden, park, chateau, all recall Louis XIV. I seem to read his name on every column, on every stone, on all the leaves of the trees. Within this sacred retreat the monarchy was invulnerable. The farther Frenchmen were removed from their country, the more intensely did they feel the want of images around them to recall to their minds the royal residence. It was the Argos which was ever present to their memories. Thus the recollection of Versailles is reproduced in the distribution of the great plantation of St Domingo, and Versailles seemed to be evoked and called up before me when I entered on the plain of St Marc. Imagine the grand broad avenues of Louis XIV. bordered with rows of trees verdant nearly all the year round as they are at home in the month of May, but instead of the elm, there is here the thick-leaved mango; instead of the linden, the perpendicular palm tree, with its glossy bark, its tuft of foliage of brilliant green in the spring, waving to the very points of

its leaves to sombre hues in the autumn; instead of the chestnut, the massive bamboo; instead of iron railings, impenetrable hedges of close-shaven citron plants; and instead of grass plots, beds of the coffee berry, sometimes green and sometimes red, according to the season. In the alleys and behind the palms are rows of orange-trees, not in boxes, but growing in the open air, and bending under the weight of their golden apples; and scattered over the whole scene are all trees of tropical fruits. Airy, delightful houses, surrounded with flowers, are the reposing spots to the eye, and the miserable huts of the negroes form the shades of the picture. All this, with the breeze of the morning and of the evening, winnowing a delicious refreshment over the island, will give you some slight idea of this enchanting place, at least of the quarter of St Marc.

"At the time when the Spaniards were masters of South America, of Mexico, and the Floridas, the island of Cuba was a sort of *pied à terre* to them, an inn, or a fortified magazine. It is singular, that along the whole Mexican coast there is not a single fine port. Louisiana is scarcely better off in this respect. The passages of the Mississippi are rarely practicable for large vessels of war. In Florida the harbour of Pensacola is the only one which is convenient and spacious. The island of Cuba, on the contrary, has many fine ports, roads, and bays; besides, it commands the gulf and its two entrances—the canals of Florida and Yucatan. The Spaniards established, therefore, there the rendezvous of their maritime forces in the tropical seas. They did Cuba the honour never to regard it as a colony. What indeed was this island to a people who possessed an entire continent; who had possession of the Antilles and two-thirds of St Domingo, without counting Porto-Rico, Trinity, and several little isles? They spent money in Cuba, without troubling themselves to draw from it a return in produce. The soil was hardly cultivated. In 1760, the exportation of sugar, which exceeds at present eighty millions of *killogrammes*, deserved not then to be spoken of. One may judge of the character of

the Spanish establishments at Cuba, by the architecture they adopted for Havanah. The fortifications which they have raised there are gigantic; but in comparison with Mexico or Lima, the city, with its low houses, although earthquakes are not to be feared, and its narrow and crooked streets, resembles a porter's lodge before the entrance of a grandee's palace. The churches have nothing of the imposing grandeur and richness of those of Mexico; relatively, they look like village churches.

"The Spaniards never knew the value of Cuba till the day when they awoke from their security with the loss of a continent. The cry of *Death to the Spaniards!* had echoed from California to Cape Horn. Bolivar had triumphed in the South; Iturbide had consummated the separation of Mexico. The Spaniards had fallen back upon Havanah with sentiments which made the heart of Pelagio beat when he entered into the Asturias; it was then only that they became aware of the value of Cuba. They abandoned the old restrictive colonial system; and since then, the island has become one of the most flourishing of the colonies. Up to that period, it had cost near two millions of piastres, or ten millions of francs to the mother country yearly; or rather, it had burdened Mexico, the milch cow of Spain, to that amount. At present this island pours into the treasury of his Catholic Majesty one million and a half of piastres (eight millions of francs). It supports a garrison of 23,000 men, which costs about twelve millions; and a squadron—all that remains of the Spanish navy—which absorbs eight millions. Besides this, it has salaries and retiring pensions to pay. And what is most remarkable, no direct tax is imposed within its entire circuit. The two-thirds of the public revenue are derived from the custom-house duties, which, for the most part, are not exorbitant.

"At the same time that great facilities were accorded to general commerce, under the new system, Spanish commerce was protected by special measures. Differential duties were established. Thus, Spanish merchandise, which pays only at present $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent under Spanish colours, pays $19\frac{1}{4}$ under a foreign

flag. Spanish produce is likewise shielded from foreign rivalry by a like regulation. Thus, a pipe of Catalan wine only pays 5 frs. 82 c.; whilst a pipe of Bourdeaux is taxed with 45 frs. 30 c. The differential duty on flour is as much as 48 frs. per barrel. This has made the Americans, who are now undersold in that article, and who, during the contest between Spain and the colonies of the continent, had the monopoly of supplying flour to the island, commence a war of reprisals, the result of which is still uncertain. I know not whether the Spaniards will be able to defend themselves better than the English, or better than we did in the year 1822, on the question of international commerce. Spanish commerce has certainly subsequently augmented in the island; nevertheless, the American flag is still predominant in the ports of Cuba.

"The island of Cuba is happy in having possessed, during the last two years, such a governor as is rarely to be found in the Spanish colonies,—I allude to General Don Miguel Tacón. The predecessors of the actual governor had indolently suffered their authority to dwindle almost into a name; and whilst their power thus counterfeited death and slept, lest the Cubanais should be offended by its effective assertion, violent and brutal passions had the freest scope. The environs of the cities, and particularly of the capital, were infested with malefactors. After sunset, the streets of Havanah were the resort of highwaymen; even at mid-day, merchants who had money to take up were obliged to pay for a military escort; cries of 'thief,' and 'assassin,' echoed through the city during the whole night. And what appears incredible, the inhabitants supported this tyranny of robbers patiently, or simply confined themselves to asking aid from the chief magistrate; who replied to them, on one occasion, 'Go to bed, as I do, at seven o'clock, and you will have nothing to fear.' The criminals in these night robberies were not prosecuted; or, if they were, the sentences against them were not executed. The judges or the jailors, bribed by a few *onces*, were in the habit of

setting them at liberty. Robbery had become a considerable profession. Scarcely did the victims dare to complain, or witnesses to depose, against bandits whose vengeance they feared; and the protection of the tribunals, from the enormous sums it cost, was even still more dreaded than the violence of the brigands.

"From the moment of his arrival, General Tacon determined to rid the country of this pest. He shed no blood needlessly, though a few heads were exposed, in cages of iron, on the Punta—the public walk—which continued to be frequented in spite of this horrible spectacle. He published a decree against vagrancy, and forbade rich or poor to carry concealed arms, under the penalty of being condemned to the galleys. He ordered numerous patrols to parade the streets night and day. Every suspected individual seen in the streets was examined, and if arms were found upon him, he was sent to pass the night in the fortress of the Cabana. Within the week, or perhaps on the following day, such individual was tried, and, if condemned, had a chain attached to his legs. The governor also relieved plaintiffs against robbers from all the expense of trials. The military and civil authorities were made responsible for the strict execution of legal sentences. A few months ago, a condemned bandit, who had escaped, was seen on the high-road. The general discovered that this malefactor held correspondence, and was supposed to have an understanding with, one of his relations, a principal officer of Havanah; the officer was immediately sent to prison in the place of his protégé.

"As soon as General Tacon had thus assembled together, from Havanah and its environs, about 2000 vagabonds, he determined that they should not be nourished for nothing and in idleness, but employed in the public service. He set them then at work; made them break stones for the roads; macadamize and sweep the streets; construct high-ways, and public walks, and a vast prison; fabricate shores, which Havanah was absolutely in need of; and carry actively on the building of an aqueduct, which is to bring

water into the city. He then shut up the gambling houses, and forbade *monte*, a game which the Spaniards are passionately fond of, to be played in private dwellings. Finding some who opposed this reformation, he punished these refractory individuals, by making them pay fines for the support of the galleriens. In this manner, the greatest part of the embellishments and improvements of the city introduced by General Tacon have cost the state nothing. His is a cheap government, if ever there existed one. Besides, he has given authority to certain companies to construct markets, and other public establishments. At present, a work, new to the Spaniards, is about to be executed under his auspices—a railroad, which will extend from Havanah to Guines, a distant inland town.

"The Spaniards are a great people, but they want one quality, or rather one sense of an essential want—viz. that of communication. They can hardly be made to understand that there is any advantage in possessing good roads, and means of inland carriage; and they are as indifferent about this at Cuba as elsewhere. From Havanah to St Marc, or to the sugar district of Guines, it would be easy to make an excellent road; for the soil is naturally level, and there are more than sufficient stones. Nevertheless, they have never thought of making one till now, although, in the season of the rains, Havanah is cut off from all communication with the interior. The carriage of a case of sugar costs consequently more from fifteen leagues inland to the port, than from the port to Europe. The railroad projected will therefore give magnificent profits to shareholders, and immensely economize commerce, particularly to consumers. It would, in addition to this, extend cultivation into extensive districts which can draw from industry at present no profit, by reason of the impossibility of carrying articles of produce to market. The long and narrow configuration of the island would also render only a few railroads, of moderate extent, necessary, in order to establish a rapid intercourse between its ports and all its inland districts."

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

No. IV.

TOUCH AND SIGHT.

THE sense of touch is distinguished from all the other senses by the extent to which it is diffused over the living body. The word touch properly expresses that feeling which is spread over the surface merely, and which is excited by the actual contact of other bodies. But the surface is only one local seat of a sense which pervades the whole living frame. We feel throughout, and by one organ—that is, by the nerves which are extended through every part of the body. But because the more frequent occasion of sensation in these nerves takes place at the surface, we have been led to give to the sense itself the name of the sense of touch. And thus we have limited, by the very name, our conception of the subject of our enquiry, removing from our observation many important phenomena which do not arise from such superficial contact.

This sense, it may be observed, is that which, in our conception, essentially distinguishes animal life. There are animal orders so low that they do not exhibit, to our apprehension at least, the evidence of any other; and by this alone are classed with the creation of sentient beings.

Among the higher animal kinds the human race is distinguished by the extraordinary sensibility of touch. The surface of the body, which in the others is clothed with a thickened skin, and guarded from feeling by even an exterior covering, is in man left full of sensibility; the care of nature with him not being to provide him with defence against injuries, but to call his mind into activity, and to provoke him, as it were, to the duty of his own protection. But the hand especially she has endowed with the sensibility of touch, spreading over it the finest skin, under which, especially in the tips of the fingers, is diffused an extraordinary quantity of nerves. The hand by this extreme sensibility, and by its singular mobility, is framed to be

the most admirable organ of touch known in the animal creation; not, indeed, the most sensitive, but that which is fitted alone to be the organ of touch to the intelligent being who, through the instrumentality of this feeling, was first to unfold his intellectual powers.

The sense of touch, as it falls under the notice of the metaphysical enquirer, is remarked for several distinct and important offices which it renders to the intelligence. These may be generally enumerated as follows:—it gives us knowledge of an external world; it acquaints us distinctly with certain essential properties of matter; it rectifies, instructs, and fits for the service of the mind, the sense of sight, which, till it has derived its instruction from touch, is incapable of performing its own proper functions.

Before we go farther, however, it may be proper to make one remark, which may prevent some misconception and confusion in speaking upon the subject.

When we speak in a philosophical sense of matter as distinct from mind, we of course mean to separate from the mind its own living body, as much as any other part of the material world. To the mind, its own body, material as it is, is necessarily external. But this conception is only late attained, and in tracing the early steps of the mind in acquainting itself with material being as something distinct from itself, it must be entirely laid out of view. For it is by the body, conceived as inseparable from, and as in truth identical with itself, that the mind first gains its understanding of matter. The first knowledge it has to obtain is of a world external to that living body; in order that, in its later progress, it may know that body also, as an existence from which it is itself separate and independent.

What we have to enquire into then at present is, in what way the mind

learns to conceive a material world external to, and distinct from, the body; in other words, by what process the human being is led to conceive of external objects as something distinct from himself.

Now, whatever difficulty there may be in justifying this belief there does not appear to be much in accounting for its rise.

The conditions essentially requisite for enabling the mind originally to form the notion of substance external to the body, appear to be properly these two: The sensation of superficial touch; and the power and consciousness of voluntary motion. But before it can begin from these to obtain the conception of external objects, it is necessary that it should already have formed some notion of that body itself to which it is united.

Let us, therefore, first consider how this notion is acquired.

The infant being entering into life has no more distinct conception of his body, than of any external objects. This, therefore, is the first subject on which he must employ his faculties of knowledge; and we may conjecture in some degree what that imperfect early knowledge of his living body will be, which he must acquire before he can begin to carry his observation upon any thing distinct from himself. He must know it as that throughout which he is conscious of sensation; as that which is to a certain extent subject to his will, when he desires to move it; and it also seems necessary that he should in particular become acquainted with that sentient surface at which that contact is to take place, which is to be his great means of communication with the external world. To this knowledge of himself he is awakened by continual consciousness. For the mind is called to one part or another of the body by reiterated sensations, external and internal; and thus begins to form definite and fixed notions of the parts of this substance throughout which it lives. That constant though gentle muscular action which it begins so early to exert, affects it with feelings of a peculiar kind, by which it is already learning to feel its own power, and to understand the bodily action which it produces; while the

impressions to which it is subject from various objects continually touching it, and especially that constant impression of the colder air, draw its notice in a particular manner to its sentient surface; which it thus becomes permanently conscious, as bounding its living frame. It is thus prepared to recognise, as external to itself, the objects that must afterwards make impression on that tactual surface.

We have said that the mind will thus be prepared to recognise objects as outward to the body; for the impressions thus passively received, are not of themselves sufficient to suggest that knowledge: taste, colour, sound, smell, the chillness of the air, and simple pressure, may all appear as mere affections of the living body, like those other painful or grateful sensations which arise from internal causes merely.

There is then another element that must be introduced to suggest the conception of something beyond himself. This element is the resistance to his own voluntary action. He moves his arms, and nothing impedes their motion; he thus, in a short time, acquires the fixed conception of a free power of motion. This mind mixes with the bodily sensation the consciousness of its own act of will. It knows and understands something of the range of action which it possesses; and when it is moving its arm, expects to complete its customary motion. But we shall suppose that before the motion is completed it is stopped by some obstacle. That impediment to its willed and expected motion, combined with the tactual impression which is felt in the direction in which the impediment takes place, appears to be the first state of feeling that will obscurely suggest the notion of something which is not itself. When the obstacle to its motion takes place from touching, not another object, but itself, then the double sensation thus produced, compared with the single sensation which arises when the impeding object touched is external, must very much quicken and confirm its apprehension of the existence of things unconnected with its own sentient body.

It appears therefore, that, to give

a knowledge of the existence of external objects, with the impression of outward touch there must concur those very obscure inward bodily feelings which constitute to the mind the consciousness of voluntary bodily action, and also that mental feeling and expectation which accompanies such action within its usual limits, when it has been for some time practised. This more exact view of the process was first taken by Dr Brown, who has illustrated this subject with great care and with his usual felicity of nice discrimination.

Now, it is apparent that all which philosophy is called upon to explain, in order to account for the notion of an external world, is the manner in which the very first suggestion may arise to the infant being of something that is not itself. As soon as this suggestion is once given, it will begin very rapidly to extend and confirm this apprehension of substances distinct from its own body.

Having thus stated what appears to be a probable view of the method in which the human being first comes to acquire the notion of matter as external to itself, let us now proceed to consider shortly the essential qualities of body made known by touch, viz.—solidity, extension, and figure.

Opposition, or resistance, as we have seen, affords the first suggestion to the child of an external world. By the same means, it goes on to acquire more distinct notions of that property of matter by which matter has first made itself known to it—namely, its solidity.

This quality is made known to the child generally with the first suggestion of outward objects, but is afterwards to undergo, in its conception, many remarkable modifications.

The power of resistance, in its greatest degree, is described as the quality of Hardness, which is known as nothing else than a resistance that is not to be overcome. The young learner can know it only as absolute resistance to his own pressure, and as that of which the contact is occasionally attended with pain. Afterwards, there is an idea of hardness acquired far beyond that which can result from any pressure or contact of the body; that, namely, which is obtained by the impinging of one hard

substance against another, as when we take up two stones and strike them together. In this case there appears something obscure and difficult to account for in the manner in which the notion of this extreme hardness is obtained; for it is evidently not the simple result of sensation, as the sensation of resistance in the hand is not the evidence of the hardness; but there is a notion of mutual resistance in such bodies, such as the living body can never have experienced—the conception of a hardness infinitely more intense than any sensation can explain.

The essential notion of solidity, as we have seen, is resistance, which is first made known to us as the resistance of bodies to our effort to push them from their place, or by pressure to displace their parts. In this gross manner, it may be said, is first made known to us that essential quality of body—its impenetrability. By thus finding that two such bodies resist one another, we acquire, in a palpable and rude way, the important notion that two portions of material substance cannot occupy the same place. We subtilize this conception till we fit it to make part of our notion of matter in its utmost abstraction, when, conceiving of the ultimate atoms of matter in their impalpable and invisible tenuity, we assert, as the indispensable condition of material existence, that they are impenetrable to each other—that is, that they cannot occupy the same place. In such gross form, then, are those qualities first impressed upon our sense, which intelligence pursues into forms, removed from sense by almost infinite degrees.

The next quality which is considered as essential to our notion of matter, is its extension.

This notion is obtained through touch, but it involves some remarkable mental processes.

If we look into the impressions of our own minds, and ask, whence is our notion of the extension of bodies—the ready answer would be, from sight. Nor is it possible for us to persuade ourselves, till we are taught to submit our minds in some degree to the inferences of metaphysical enquiry, that we derive them from any other source. We see

their extension, and the extension which divides them from one another, just as we see their figure. And it is perfectly true, that in the present advanced state of our senses, we do learn by sight the extension of the objects now subjected to our observation. Nor is it any more to be doubted that throughout life the greater part of our actual notions of extension have been derived directly from the impressions of sight. This is so much the case in the full use of our powers, that, when we are able to compare exactly the magnitude of different objects that are set together before the eye, and also to refer them, with tolerable exactness, to the imaginary standards of measure which we bear in our minds—if we were to close our eyes, and endeavour with the organs of touch to make the same comparison, we should find this sense quite inadequate to the purpose. Yet it is certain that it was this sense of touch, now so powerless, by which we were first enabled to conceive extension, and by the aid of which the eye itself first learned to know and to measure it. But the skill of touch, slow and difficult to employ, has fallen into disuse—while that secondary, but far more capacious and powerful sense, which surveys all things with a glance, has taken up its office, and has been practised in this admeasurement every hour, and almost every moment of our lives.

If then we wish to conceive the first formation of the notion of extension, we must conceive the mind working, without sight, through touch alone. Now, we may imagine bodies applied to it in various ways in simple passive contact. In these cases, nothing but the simple feeling of pressure can arise, but no notion of extension. Dr Reid states this very truly, but argues from it precipitately, that this sense affords no means of judging extension. It is not the passive sense to which this property can be made known; but it is the impression of touch combined with those obscurer feelings which have before been mentioned as accompanying the active, willed motion of the limbs and body, that is able to give us the first elements of the knowledge of extension.

These elementary notions are ac-

quired even before they are applied to any tangible subject. The child exercising itself in the mere motion of those limbs which it can command, within their little accustomed range, is gaining notions of extension in that free space in which it moves hand and arm, before it measures substance itself. The continuous feeling which accompanies the motion of the hand, stretched out or moved from side to side, is the groundwork of the notion of extension. He is practising himself in tracing the lines which are to be his first measures of dimension. But if you consider what his notion can be of these lines which he is thus continually tracing, it can be nothing more than the mental perception of that succession of obscure feelings which is produced in the regular and continuous motion of any part of the body, and of which we may become conscious in a moment, if we close our eyes and repeat the action of the child, stretching out the arm or moving it in any direction, with a moderate and equal motion. Now, that obscure and faint feeling thus obtained, which, however, represents to the mind, in a manner which it cannot mistake, the continuity of motion, is all that the child at first possesses as the rudiments of his idea of dimension. Let him therefore, without sight as we have supposed, apply these rudiments; let him trace these lines on the surface of body; let him feel some such object of regular figure as his hands can compass; let him traverse its surface again and again in every direction—let him feel slowly along its edge from end to end. This is the only way in which he can acquire the notion of extension in bodies, as it is that in which he will hereafter acquire the notion of form. And if you can suppose, not the child, but some being formed with full intelligence, without the sense of sight, applying himself to acquire by touch the notions of size, space, distance—which are only different names of the same idea—you will easily see that this is the only process it is possible for him to pursue,—that his notion of extension in any direction can be nothing else but the line of motion of his hand and arm continued so long, and then

stopped short. And that this process may be very successfully pursued, is evident in the case of those born blind, who have to the last no other mode of admeasurement, and who yet learn to judge very truly of dimension. This process, then, which to them is the only one, is that in which the same study is begun by all; though after a certain progress, the carrying on of the study is transferred to another sense. What is difficult to conceive is, that that measure which the eye seems to comprehend at once, should, in its first acquisition, have been composed in this manner out of a slowly gathered series of successive feelings.

Touch, therefore, it is, which, following out the surface of bodies, with the accompanying internal perception of continuous motion, first gives the intellectual notion of Extension,—that property which we ever after conceive as an inherent and inseparable quality of matter, and which we cannot detach from it, even when our reasoning intelligence goes on to speculate, at its own utmost reach of thought, and in incomprehensible remoteness from the perceptions of sense, on those ultimate and indivisible particles of elementary matter which, existent as they are, are yet, to our understanding, hardly more than entities of the pure mind alone.

There is no occasion to say more of the mechanism of this sense, than that the real object of vision to the mind, is a picture of the objects presented thrown upon that expansion of the optic nerve at the back of the eye, which is called the retina—which picture is in truth a representation, inverted, of the objects presented to the eye, and which we unavoidably believe, till the error is corrected by philosophy, to be the immediate objects of sight.

The difficulties which philosophy proposes to explain, are, in what manner such a picture, which is thus in contact with the nerve, superficial and minute, should give to the mind the immediate perception of distance, projection, and magnitude in the objects upon which we look.

"From what hath been premised," says Bishop Berkeley, after urging

different arguments which show that the eye cannot of itself discern distance, and that the notion must therefore be derived from experience—"from what hath been premised, it is a manifest consequence that a man born blind, being made to see, would at first have no idea of distance by sight—the sun and stars, the remotest objects as well as the nearer, would all seem to be in his eye, or rather, in his mind. The objects intromitted by sight would seem to him, as in truth they are, no other than a new set of thoughts or sensations, each whereof is as near to him as the perceptions of pain or pleasure, or the most inward passions of his soul. For our judging objects perceived by sight to be at any distance, or without the mind, is entirely the effect of experience, which one in those circumstances could not yet have attained to."

It is the nature of this experience that has now to be explained.

It was shown, in speaking of Touch, what is the organ with which we are provided by nature for acquainting ourselves with distance—namely, that body endowed with touch, which already possesses, in its movable parts, especially in the hand and arm, a natural measure, such as is applicable to those small distances with which the mind has first to acquaint itself, in performing that most difficult step in the process of perception, when for the first time it learns to place at a distance from itself those impressions which are originally perceived in the very sense itself.

The first understanding of distance, therefore, is acquired through the organs of touch and motion—by these the objects are known to the child as separate and removed from itself. To transfer this knowledge to the sensations impressed on the eye, it must go through a twofold process—it must first learn to conceive that the impressions made on the eye relate to the same objects as those which are made on the organs of touch, that what it sees and what it handles is one and the same thing. When this step is passed through, which can only be done by repeated experiment, in which it finds that the same visual and the same tactual impressions are con-

stantly conjoined—when this step is passed through, and a connexion thus established between the impressions of sight and touch, so that the eye now recognises the object of touch, there is then a second process to be gone through, and that which does most violence to our imagination to conceive—that, namely, by which the object, which at first appears in the sense of sight, is, by the act of the mind itself, thrown off to a distance from the eye; so that after this process is completed, the visual impression itself no longer appears to the mind to be what it really is—namely, a sensation within the organ—but seems at once to show the very object distinct and removed. It is this second part of the process which we have particularly to consider.

In order to understand in what manner it takes place, we must enquire, what are the natural intimations of distance, which are given by the eye.

The intimations which we receive from the eye itself, are of two kinds:—those which depend upon certain changes of muscular action, by which it accommodates itself to the distance of the object to be seen;—and those which depend upon the affections of the retina by the particles of light emitted or reflected from the object. There is besides these two, a third kind of intimation of distance depending rather upon the mind itself,—that, namely, which it derives from former knowledge of the objects on which it looks. We shall speak of all these; and first of those which depend on the affections of the muscles and retina of the eye.

In the first place, then, it is to be observed, with respect to the muscular action which is required to accommodate the eye to the perception of objects, that the same form of the eye, which, from an object placed at one distance will produce a distinct image on the retina, will, from an object placed at double or at half that distance, produce a confused image. The cause of this is easily explained by the laws of optics; but is not necessary to be here entered on. All that is requisite to be observed is, that according to the distance of the object,

a greater or less convexity of the eye is required to make the image distinct. A power is given us by the action of certain muscles, of varying the form of the eyeball in the manner thus found to be necessary, to a certain extent. Hence there arises what is usually called a range of distinct vision, meaning that range of distance throughout which the eye has this power of accommodating its form to the distinct perception of the object. This range is found to extend, in young people, at the time when they have most perfected the use of sight, from the distance of about six or seven inches from the eye, to that of about fifteen or sixteen feet; so that any object placed nearer than the nearest limit of this range, or further than its furthest limit, is seen somewhat confusedly; but within the range itself is distinctly seen.

With respect to this range of vision, two things are to be observed;—the first, that although after the perfect use of sight is acquired, we have no longer the distinct consciousness of the effort of accommodating the eye, as we are doing at every moment, to the distance of the objects looked at within this range, yet during the early acquisition of this power there will be an intent direction of the mind upon the exertion, in order to effect the adaptation, which at that time is difficult, and only to be commanded by careful and well-directed attention; and that hence there will be to the young child learning the use of sight, a degree of distinct consciousness attending these adaptations of the organ to the distance of the object, of which we have no longer a conception; though we can every hour renew the same effort in the straining of the eye, when at any time we bring an object nearer to it than the nearest limits of our habitual range, and exert ourselves to see it distinctly. The second is, that the range thus described, small as it is, is a very considerable one to the young learner, and that if he has attained to the perception of distance within those limits, he has laid a strong foundation for all further progress in the same kind of discernment.

Thus, then, there is established in

nature a connexion between one sensible affection of the organ of sight, and the actual distance of the object seen.

All that is further necessary is, that the mind should be capable of estimating and remembering those different feelings of muscular exertion which are required at different distances, and that it should be able, by the power of association, to connect them with those distances, otherwise ascertained.

To remove in some degree the difficulty which you may find in conceiving that the young mind is capable of such nice estimates and recollections of such obscure sensations, you may remember that it is not the accurate judgment of distance that is conceived to be thus acquired, but a notion confused and gross, such as for a long time it is found to be, and which is afterwards to be rendered exact, when other and more powerful accessories come in to aid the mind in framing its estimate of distances. These muscular sensations, which must be considerable during the early government of the organ of sight, will be sufficient to mark out to the mind in an inexact, and yet in a decisive manner, the greater degrees of difference within that range of distance which is at that time the subject of its study.

With respect to the adequacy of the power of association, to connect the degree of muscular effort with the particular distance, there cannot be occasion to make much observation. It is simply one example of that constant process of association by which the mind is framing all its knowledge; and no more is necessary, in order to be satisfied that this particular association will take place, than to consider how incessantly and earnestly the young mind is intent upon the acquisition of this very perception of distance by its organ of sight; an intentness which will inevitably direct it to avail itself of these decisive though inexact intimations which it thus finds to be given in that organ itself.

Under the same head of indications of distance by muscular sensation, are to be classed those muscular feelings accompanying the ac-

tion, which, with regard to near objects, is necessary for directing the axis of both eyes upon the single object; an action which in the close vision that young children are constantly engaged in, must be strongly marked to them, and of continual recurrence. These observations may be sufficient with respect to the use of the muscular feelings in perception; and we shall now proceed to speak of those notices of the distances of visible objects, which are derived from the affections of the retina itself.

The means which the mind possesses of estimating distance by the direct affection of the retina from the rays of light falling on it, regard chiefly the intensity of the light and the distinctness of figure.

The nearer the object of sight is to the eye, the greater is the number of rays of light falling from it upon every point of that portion of the retina, which its pictured image covers. Hence its colour is stronger, and its outline more distinct. This difference of the strength of colour and distinctness of outline between nearer and remoter objects, we are all well acquainted with, in respect to the greater differences of distance, though we are not perhaps accustomed to attend to it in those that are very near, and are therefore not aware in what immediate proximity the difference begins to take effect as the index of distance.

That this strength of colour, however, and distinctness in the boundary lines of objects, are not able alone to mark distance, is evident from the consideration, that they serve for the indication of a constant distance under considerable variations in themselves; as, when a landscape is seen under a bright sky, and the sky becomes suddenly overcast, the apparent distance of the objects is not altered, though the strength of colour and the distinctness of the defining outlines have undergone very considerable variation. The indication of distance in these cases takes place, therefore, partly by the affection of the retina, and partly in virtue of the comparison made unconsciously at the time with the nearer objects, of which there is other knowledge and

other means of judging, and not solely from the impression on the eye.

These sudden changes of light would produce an immediate deception of the eye, if it were not exercised to make allowance for such variations as fall within its habitual observation; and accordingly it is found, that when the variation of light exceeds that range, the eye is in fact deceived, and the perception of distance is baffled. Thus deep twilight destroys our judgment of distances;—thus a thick fog confounds the ordinary estimates of the eye altogether, making near objects appear, by their dimness and confusion, remote, and thus making their magnitude appear gigantic; as some one observes, that on approaching close to a well-known level shore, he was surprised to see high and precipitous cliffs, but as he came nearer, the apparent cliffs parted and moved, and it appeared that he had laboured under an optical deception. A crowd of persons standing on the beach had assumed that appearance of enormous height, from the dimness with which they were seen in exceeding nearness. The eye was not able to allow for the unusual medium through which it saw; and thus conceived the dimness to indicate that distance, at which objects subtending so great an angle of vision, would indeed have had the magnitude thus falsely ascribed to them.

An error of an opposite kind, which serves to illustrate the same law, is related by the distinguished author of the *Essay towards a new Theory of Vision*, who first threw clear light on the obscure and difficult subject of visual perception, Bishop Berkeley. He mentions, that in his travels through Italy and Sicily, he observed, that in those countries cities and palaces seen at a great distance appeared nearer to him by several miles than they really were; which he explains by remarking, that the purity of the Italian and Sicilian air gave to very distant objects that degree of brightness and distinctness, which, in the grosser air of his own country, was to be seen only in those that are near. The eye which had been exercised to the variations of thickness

and clearness of the atmosphere customary in his own country, was not prepared for this unusual purity, and therefore adhering to its acquired habits of perception, gave, from the strong colours and distinct figure of the objects here alluded to, the intimation of a distance much nearer than the truth.

These observations serve to mark the conditions under which the indications of distance by the appearance of the objects is to be understood. They serve also as the strongest evidence of the metaphysical fact, that we do not discern distances by the eye, but that the visual perception of distance is, in truth, a mental acquirement.

We find no difficulty in conceiving, with respect to our matured vision, that the instantaneous estimation, that is, the perception of distance by the comparative appearance of objects, may be greatly improved. There is no doubt, that if we were to compare our own discernments of distance, founded upon this indication, with that of children, we should find degrees of difference we are not prepared for. Still we find the difficulty of believing that the visual perception of distance is created altogether by experience; but we have seen that there is evidence enough before our eyes to satisfy us, that these appearances may, by the power of association, become the regular and immediate indexes of distance.

We shall now proceed to speak upon the third head mentioned, namely, those indications of distance which depend upon the acquaintance the mind has previously formed with various objects.

We frequently estimate the distance of objects by means of intervening or contiguous objects, whose distance or magnitude is already otherwise known. When we look out upon a prospect, we form our unconscious conjecture of the distance of remote objects, in great part by the assistance of the ground which lies between. Tracts variously divided and bounded, fields, of which we guess the extent by involuntary comparison with the innumerable like objects of which we have been in the constant practice of making that unconsidered,

and yet instructive survey, which continually accompanies our observation of all visible objects, serve as the means of guiding our eye in the estimate of the distances that extend beyond. In the manner thus described, we have acquired notions of measurement of space far more multiplied and more approaching to a just standard than we are ourselves aware of. Nor can we judge how much our actual perception of distance depends on these aids, till we place ourselves in a situation in which they are wanting. When we look across water, where the intervening objects are wanting, we are deceived as to the distance, and the opposite shore appears much nearer than in truth it is; and in the same manner, if the occasion should occur to us of comparing the apparent magnitude of an object seen at the same distance upon the ground, or at the top of a high building, it will be found to appear much less in that elevated situation. Because, in that case, the customary measures of distance which carry on the eye to the distant object, being gone, the figure will appear much nearer than it is; but seeming nearer, while the angle of vision which it subtends remains the same, it necessarily appears less. Or, if the observer reverses the situation, ascending himself the building, he will make the same observation, and find all the objects on which he looks down, wonderfully reduced in their size: his eye not being able to judge the real distance at which they are seen, the intervening objects on which it is used to rely in its judgments being now wanting.

There is another means, derived from previous knowledge, to which the mind habitually and unconsciously resorts in forming its estimate of distances; and which well deserves notice. This is the induction of distance, as it may be called, which it grounds upon the apparent increase or diminution of size in objects with which it is familiarly acquainted, as men, cattle, trees, buildings.

When we look upon objects of unknown distance or magnitude in which such known objects are found, we find that they immediately become a scale to us, by which the eye measures other extension in the

neighbourhood. These objects are so well known to the *mind*, that the extraordinary variations of apparent magnitude, which they are at every moment undergoing to the *eye*, in receding or approaching towards them, is not adverted to. What we see in fact is, that they are greater and less: but except in great differences of distance, or with particular attention to the impression, this is not what we seem to see. We discern the change of distance, which is no subject of vision, and not the change of dimension, which is; so much is the mind's knowledge able to overpower the simple sensation of the eye; and such evidence have we at every moment of the real nature of that intelligent perception, which the mind founds upon the impressions of sense, but which the sense alone is utterly unable to impart.

We have now seen the various means which the mind possesses, through various affections of the organ of sight and knowledge of its own combined with them, to frame to itself estimates of distance. Estimates made so suddenly, that it has itself no consciousness—and cannot have—of the process of induction on which it depends in its perception. This rapid induction has indeed become so fixed and strong, that no present knowledge can overpower it. Hence it is, that if the ordinary circumstances of vision are altered to the eye, so as to make the customary judgment false, the mind, wedded to the habits of the sense, is constrained to give way to its delusive perception, even against all present means of counteracting the error. Of which an ordinary instance may be given in that approximation of objects which takes place in looking through a telescope. The strength of colour, the definition of form, and the magnitude of the objects are those which belong to near objects; and no effort of the mind can overcome the delusive perception of the eye, which, in virtue of its established habits, sees them as near.

Having stated so fully the means by which the eye becomes at length the ordinary percipient sense of that distance of which the original knowledge is derived through

the touch, it is not necessary to enter much into any consideration of those other two properties of body, which are at first ascertained by touch, but which we ordinarily recognise by sight—projection and magnitude. The varieties in the projecting depth of bodies, is in fact a minuter study of comparative distance; and of the magnitude we have had occasion to speak in treating of our perception of distance.

As, however, there is unavoidably a great difficulty in reconciling our imagination to the process asserted, by which the mind transfers its own knowledge upon the actual sensations, and as the only difficulty in the whole process is to conceive and admit that transfer, we shall add a very few observations under the head of magnitude, in which this transfer is evidently and undeniably made. We have already alluded to the fact of the inadvertence with which we look upon the changing dimensions of the objects which we approach or recede from, or which approach or recede from us. The same consideration may be extended to the whole circle of vision that is for ever before our eyes. We see an infinite variety of objects of great magnitude; they are really brought to our eye in the minutest dimension imaginable; yet we perceive and recognise them as of their full dimension. The truth is, that we know them in their just dimension; and that our knowledge present and strong, overpowers the false representation of the visual sense. This is so happily illustrated by Dr Adam Smith in his *Essay on the External Senses*, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting the passage. "It is because almost our whole attention," says he, "is employed, not upon the visible and representing, but upon the tangible and represented objects, that in our imaginations we are apt to ascribe to the former a degree of magnitude which does not belong to them, but which belongs altogether to the latter. If," he continues, "you shut one eye, and hold immediately before the other a small circle of plain glass, of not more than half an inch in diameter, you may see through that circle the most extensive prospects; lawns and woods, and arms

of the sea, and distant mountains. You are apt to imagine that the landscape which is thus presented to you, that the visible picture which you thus see, is immensely great and extensive. The tangible objects which this visible picture represents undoubtedly are so. But the visible picture which represents them can be no greater than the little visible circle through which you see it. If, while you are looking through this circle, you could conceive a fairy hand and fairy pencil to come between your eye and the glass, that pencil could delineate upon that little glass the outline of all those extensive lawns and woods, and arms of the sea, and distant mountains, in the full and exact dimensions, with which they are really seen by the eye."

Having thus spoken of distance and magnitude, as discovered to us through sight, we shall now make some observations on our visual perception of figure, as constituting in itself an important part of the theory of perception, and as throwing light on the whole doctrine.

When we look upon the objects that lie immediately around us, we conceive that we distinctly discern their figure by the eye; yet the image, perhaps, of not one of those objects, as it is traced on the retina, delineates even the true outline of the body. For, to omit all other causes of difference, not even their plane surfaces are so presented to the eye as to exhibit actual shapes; but they are seen in infinitely various degrees of obliquity, which alter and disguise the figure, and would effectually conceal it, and deceive the eye now, as no doubt they did once deceive it, if it had not by experience attained to understand true form in the midst of its changes of appearance. This is the case when the eye looks on them from a fixed place. But if it changes its place, if you walk through the room, the visible appearance of every object about you, that is to say, its actual delineation on the eye, changes at every moment; yet unless you direct minute attention upon the part, you are not conscious of this alteration, but seem constantly to perceive the same unaltered objects. As, indeed, you do, for it is the mind that per-

ceives and not the eye; and through those endlessly shifting forms which are delineating themselves in colour upon its organ, the mind does constantly discern, throughout, unaltering figures and dimensions of things, known to it by means which that organ did not furnish.

We may imagine, indeed, in what confusion the mind must be lost, if it could be distinctly conscious at all times of the actual changes of delineation going on upon the eye. It would seem to live in a world of perpetual fluctuation and change; whilst now, in the midst of the utmost visible change, it sees only the fixed and steadfast scene of unchanging objects with which it is really surrounded.

As the strong confirmation which experiment has added to the theory of philosophy, we may mention the often-cited case of the young man couched by Mr Cheselden for a cataract: whose own representation of the impression of visible objects when he began to see was, "that he thought all objects whatever touched his eyes, as what he felt did his skin;" nor could at all, nor for a long time, understand the visible forms of the objects most familiarly known to him, learning, as he said, and forgetting again a thousand things in a day. A circumstance is related which shows that in a year's time from the operation, he had acquired perfect command of distant vision.

Having now completed what we had designed to say of the theory of visual perception, as derived from our original tactual knowledge of tangible substance, let us hint at some views which are naturally connected with and result from this doctrine; and which have been already in some degree indicated in the passage cited from Dr Smith.

The objects which are essential to our welfare, are tangible objects. It is by touch that we are connected with the material world. He who is without sight stands in the same essential relations to that world as those who see. It is then as a tangible world that our intelligence must take cognizance of it. It is as such a world, in its tangible dimensions, resistance, figure, motion, that our intelligence does indeed know it; and the essential and im-

portant properties of all objects which it is for ever engaged in ascertaining, are those which have existence and reality to the sense of touch alone. Yet it is by sight and not by touch that these extensive and ceaseless discoveries are carried on: by sight which has learned to decypher the knowledge of touch, and which soon seems to take the place of that sense to which, to the last, it is merely subservient. The sensations of touch reach through all the interests of our mortal being, from life even to death. The sensations of sight are no more than a play of various colours dancing on the orb of a single sense. They have scarce a reality. We close two little lids, and they are extinct. Yet within that little sphere of sensations, so confined and so minute, the mind, by a divination which itself cannot understand, reads all that is transacted, and all that is in the world of life and nature, the whole reality of existence.

The illustrious philosopher who first proposed this theory to metaphysical enquirers, did not conceive that in thus tracing the history of visual perception, he was merely unfolding the process of a living sense: but he connected this theory with the tendency of those high speculations, by which he laboured so earnestly to detach mind from its subjection to matter. He conceived that in showing to how small a matter those sensations were in themselves reducible, which the eye can receive, and with what creative power the mind enters into its sense to frame them for its own intelligence into the representation of a world, he exalted the nature of that intelligence which was thus not subject to its material impressions, but predominant over them. He conceived too, and the soundest philosophers have admitted his claim, that he had thrown a new and important light on the true character of these visive sensations, in their reference to the intelligence of man, when he explained them to be not in themselves the important objects of the mind's contemplation, but to be signs merely of the great properties of being. These sensations of sight, he urges, unlike as they are to the objects which they express, are characters merely by

which the mind may interpret to itself the true objects of its consideration: they are a language in which it has pleased the Author of Nature to communicate to us that knowledge which it was important to us to possess, and which we could not otherwise have obtained.

"We regard the objects that environ us in proportion as they are adapted to benefit or injure our own bodies, and thereby produce in our minds the sensations of pleasure or pain. Now, bodies operating on our organs by an immediate application, and the hurt or advantage arising therefrom, depending altogether on the tangible, and not at all on the visible qualities of any object; this is a plain reason why those should be regarded by us much more than these; and for this end, the visive sense seems to have been bestowed upon animals, to wit, that by the perception of visible ideas (which in themselves are not capable of affecting, or anywise altering the frame of their bodies) they may be able to foresee (from the experience they have had, what tangible ideas" or qualities "are connected with such and such visible ideas) the damage or benefit which is like to ensue, upon the application of their own bodies to this or that body which is at a distance: which foresight, how necessary it is to the preservation of an animal, every one's experience can inform him." And, again—

"Upon the whole, I think we may fairly conclude, that the proper objects of vision," that is, the simple sensations, "constitute an universal language of the Author of Nature, whereby he instructs us how to regulate our actions, in order to attain those things that are necessary for our preservation and well-being, as also to avoid whatever may be hurtful or destructive."

The speculations which are suggested to the philosophic enquirer by this theory of visual perception, so abstract and remote from our ordinary apprehension, are interesting and instructive, though they should be found difficult to pursue. If we consider the impressions on the retina, those simple sensations of colour, which alone are the sensible objects of the mind in sight, to be, as they are here represented, indexes

merely of tangible objects and qualities, which they resemble at best very imperfectly, and for the most part not at all—if we consider them, according to Berkeley's own expressive description, as a language, by which facts of existence, with which they have no apparent necessary connexion, are declared to us, then these visible characters are the most exquisite kind of signs recognised by the mind, which are in any way known to us; and the study of the process of the mind in this perception is the purest study of its intelligence of signs, which it is possible for us to pursue.

We have here seen exhibited, in the most decisive manner, the suddenness with which, on the mere presentation of the sign, the mind darts through the sign, as it were, to carry itself entirely into the thing signified;—so suddenly, indeed, that it discerns, not the independent sign, but the thing signified alone:—a primary characteristic of its procedure in its intelligence of all species of language. We have seen, also, a striking example of the almost insuperable difficulty which there is to our mind, in all cases, after it has once learnt to interpret the sign, now to stop short, so as to make the sign itself the object of distinct recognition:—for in sight we are utterly unable to do this, and can only from reason demonstrate the true character of the sensation. Hence, also, we are led to conceive, that in other intellectual acts, where they have not yet been traced, there may be involved the like habitual inductions, and the like rapid apprehensions of knowledge, by signs no longer distinguishable in the mind from that knowledge itself. And, as a general conclusion, we are warned of how fine and subtle movement are all the operations of intelligence; and are thus directed to distrust our own first rude conception of its workings, and to look for elements of our mental processes, which do not disclose themselves to the observation of hasty and incurious eyes.

At the same time that we are in this manner directed by metaphysical enquiry, to the most intellectual conception of this language of colour which is thus addressed to the sight, it is not possible for us to forget altogether, in such abstractions,

our own natural feelings, with which we have always looked upon the illumined and coloured world of material existence. It is, undoubtedly, a theme of inexhaustible wonder, to conceive that, by the touch of atoms of light on the points of a little portion of expanded nerve, there is intelligence sent into our minds from the whole surrounding world, even from distant regions of the universe. But we are not satisfied to rest in this view, which represents to us our intercourse with colour as a language informing us merely of the existence and properties of a tangible world. That beauty which lives in light and colour alone, and which the great orb of light pours daily from his inexhaustible fountains over the face of created things, bathing our spirits in gladness, cannot be forgotten by us. Nor, if the impress of light on our visual organ is to be regarded as the language merely by which it has pleased the Author of our being to give us intimations and intelligence of the more essential properties of existence, can we the less feel grateful to Him, who has made the very language in which He speaks to us, the means of our indescribable enjoyment.

Yet we cannot help adverting, from the views now given of the mere instrumentality of sight to our acquaintance with the tangible qualities of objects, to the conceptions which are thus suggested to our minds as lessening the difference which we are unavoidably led to conceive subsisting between our own state and that of those who have unfortunately not known this sense at all. If it is as a tangible world alone that this world is important to us, they know it as we do. The essential knowledge of the world we inhabit, is given to them through touch, as it is to us through touch and sight.

And let us add that that inner world, which is to us all the most essential world which we inhabit, is to them more clearly discovered than to ourselves. Our inward eye

is dazzled with the light in which we live; but theirs, in its darkness, sees well and undisturbedly. Their mind is a dearer world to them, as it is also more clearly revealed. They live in their own thoughts. And hence it is, as we imagine, that judging more justly of the human soul, they are less troubled with its passions. Their temper of spirit, it is observed, is thoughtful and mild. And if they are bereft of one great pleasure of physical life, they may have the consolation of knowing that they drink the deeper, in requital, of that life, to which this perishable sentient nature is no more than an organ adapted to the exigencies of a temporary use, and then destined to be thrown aside. A stronger proof of the superior excellence and happiness of virtue cannot be afforded, than in that placid and serene contentment which is almost always the portion of the blind. Cut off from so many of the amusements and pursuits of human life, and left so much to the dominion of their own silent soul, they feel and know, that there is no comfort—no stability—no hope—no trust in vicious affections or degrading thoughts. All these they fear and abhor as false friends stealing upon the noiseless calm of their lives—and whose visit must bring and leave behind trouble and remorse. But kind affections—pure sentiments—lofty thoughts—gentle opinions of humanity, and devout feelings towards God, are a solace and support in which there can be nothing vain or delusive. Resignation is ever attended with its own perfect peace—and the blind, sitting in their solitude, and for a while forgotten, perhaps, even by those who love them, are happy because their souls are true to virtue, and because the Great Being who inflicted the deprivation, has more than compensated it by that inward light which shines among the thickest darkness with its own sacred and inextinguishable lustre.

ISAAC CHEEK; THE "MAN OF WAX."

CHAPTER V.

THE journey of Cheek and Pops from London to — was, we are distressed to say, unrelieved by any accident. Not a single highwayman, not even a broken axle mitigated the monotony of the way; and thus, two-and-twenty hours after their departure from the metropolis, they were seated in the little parlour of the Silver Stag, eating their breakfast like common people. Cheek was not a professed wit; yet now and then he threw a pleasantry away, "like dewdrops from a lion's mane." In the present instance, Isaac, jocund of heart, and heavy of abdomen, turned up a face of light, and exclaimed, from the very bottom of his belly, "Why, Pops, this is the land of milk and butter!" The reader of severe taste may see but little in the sentence; we can nevertheless assure him, that for Cheek there was a great deal in it. Pops grunted an affirmative through a mouthful, and again addressed himself to a ham, which he seemed rather to perch upon—so diminutive did he look—than sit to. It is one of the fatal evidences of the infirmity of our nature that appetite decreases with eating. However, let us not linger on the fallacy of all human hopes—be it sufficient to us to say that Cheek, finishing his breakfast, felt a saddening truth endured by highest genius—he felt how far execution lagged behind conception. The untouched twelfth egg—the last slice of twenty strata of bread-and-butter, proved to him that he was mortal!

"And now—now to business," cried the artist, wiping his mouth, and pulling down his cuffs. "Our first care must be to get into the gaol. Why, what's the matter," proceeded Pops, seeing Isaac suddenly wince, as though, like Puck, he was seated on a thistle. "For my part, I've been, I may say"—and Michael spoke with a new air of superiority—"Yes, I may say I have done business in almost every gaol in the country."

"They are ugly places," replied Cheek, gloomily.

"I have passed many pleasant days in 'em," averred Pops. "The world, Mr Cheek, the world has no idea of the life in a condemned cell. I've met with civilities there that would make—ay, noblemen blush. And then for morals—and for what one may call the decencies of society—oh! you have no idea how sentence of death brings out the real politeness of a man. There was Jack Fobem—as great a bully as ever blustered—well, two days before he was hanged, you might have taken him for a lord."

"Shall you be long over the present job?" asked Isaac.

"No—no—trust to me; when I once get into the prison, I have all my tools with me, and I'll bring my man away at a single sitting."

At this moment, the landlady of the Silver Stag made her appearance. Casting a rapid glance now on Isaac, and now on Pops, she proceeded to clear the table. In the middle of her task, she paused—and observed, in the cold, accusing tone of a Siddons—"Where's the other spoon?" at the same time displaying three in her hand. "I say—where's the other spoon?"

"My good woman," cried Pops, the landlady colouring to the eyes at the epithet: "My good woman"—

"Oh!" exclaimed the landlady, discovering the lost property under the turned edge of the tea-board. "I'll bring your bill directly," she added, entirely anticipating the order for that certain evil.

"What do they take us for?" asked Pops, in amaze, vainly awaiting an interpretation on the part of Cheek. "What *can* they take us for?" And still Isaac, in his modesty, could not determine. The landlady, with almost incredible speed, returned with the bill. Pops twitched it from between her fingers, and laid the document upon the table, as though it was to be consi-

dered that day three months; and then putting his forefinger to his brow, and his thumb to his cheekbone, asked—his honour sweating blood at every pore—"Pray, madam, do you lose many spoons in this house?"

"No, sir, never; for before some people leave the room, I always take care to count 'em." Pops trembled from head to heel, and was fairly stricken dumb by the new insult. But for Cheek—true philosopher as he was—he was as proof to such attacks as an armadillo. Whilst Pops was convulsed, strangled for a reply, Cheek maintained magnanimous silence; and whilst the artist could have transfixed the landlady with his just indignation, Isaac, with his forefinger on the table, traced a circle of water round a perplexed, gray-coated gnat. *Aquila non captat muscas*, saith the motto—but the motto was not made for Cheek.

"I say, madam—I say, do you know who we are!" roared Pops, whilst Cheek raised a meek look of remonstrance towards the querist. "Perhaps, you are not aware that I am an artist of"—

"I thought so," exclaimed the woman, as though her worst doubts were realized; and she spun herself out of the room.

"They know nothing of us here," observed Cheek, with the indifference of a stoic. "Consider, we are more than a hundred miles from London."

"But fame—fame travels, Mr Cheek," returned Pops.

"Not always by the stage," answered Isaac, careless of the truth he uttered; for Isaac was often as unconscious of the pearl he let fall, as the oyster that breeds it. "Not by the stage!" Alas, how many a genius—how many an eighth wise man, having booked his place, finds even at the end of twenty leagues that his fame hath not come passenger! How many a great mind hath been levelled by mile-stones! How many a prophet in his own town, removed to the next, loseth his mantle!

"Not to be known here! Why, my name is on my box!" cried Michael Angelo.

"Perhaps the people can't read,"

replied Cheek, and Pops seemed somewhat comforted by the probable ignorance. "True, true," he assented, with the small voice of peace; and then he suddenly knocked his clenched fist on the table, and, his brows knitted, and his face turned to an imperial purple—Michael shrieked—"But the spoon, Isaac! the spoon!"

"That was odd," said Cheek, beginning to whistle.

"Odd! I call it infamous," vociferated Pops.

"But you must own the ham was capital," observed Isaac, benevolently wishing to give praise where praise was due.

"To be suspected of a robbery! *Me!*" and Michael cast his eyes towards the sky, as though he expected to see it open.

"And the bread-and-butter delicious," continued the eulogistic Cheek. Pops said nothing, but his face suddenly became wrinkled like a brook; he gasped with indignation.

Foolish—foolish Michael Angelo Pops! How often do we see a little man with a great soul, fuming, pelting, wearing out his littleness with his greatness—teasing himself and his neighbours about his reputation; when a wise, quiet, happy fellow, fattens in tranquillity, thinking only of his "bread-and-butter!"

"If, indeed," and Pops felt strong in what boxers call new wind—"If, indeed, the spoon had been found upon me"—

At this moment, the door opening, Pops paused in the middle of his sentence, and fixed his eye upon a new visitor, who with enviable self-composure advanced towards the table, and drawing a chair under him, sat down. As he deposited himself, he winked a brassy eye at Pops, distended his mouth, evidently with the intention to smile, and nodded his head. We are happily old enough to remember the late Mr Pope's *Banquo*; and we have little doubt that the new-comer had shared in our good fortune; for his action was a servile imitation of that great and gentle actor, in his "blood-bolter'd" capacity. The visitor certainly had not his throat cut, but his smile more than equalled that advantage for the

expression of the picturesque and terrible. Pops spoke not—Cheek was silent. Again the visitor winked—again he smiled—again he twitched his head.

"Then it wasn't found upon you, eh?" said the stranger, condescending to speak, with a rugged familiarity.

It is a terrible dilemma for a little man, when circumstances occur which insist that he should appear very big. To say that Pops rose from his seat is to impart no idea of the truth; we should rather say, he shot up from it. Standing upon his two great toes, and his neck stretched almost to hanging-point, Pops, with a constrained civility—very difficult for a new beginner—asked, if the party addressing him "knew *who* he was?" Were a giraffe gifted with speech, and placed in the predicament of Pops, its gesture could not be more dignified.

"To be sure I do, Mr Pops," was the answer; and the speaker rubbed his hands upon his breeches' knees, and laughed a healthy laugh. "Know you!"

"Then, sir"—and Pops abated something of the ferocity of his dignity—"then, sir, you are probably aware that I am an artist of"—

"In course I am; why, it's all over the town."

"Ha, ha!" and Pops chirped in his throat, and, looking at Cheek, cried, in a side speech not lost on the long-eared visitor, "Isaac—ha, ha!—you see she *may* travel by the stage." But Cheek was not a man to appreciate a delicate touch; the surest way to make him sensible of a hit was to knock him down.

"By the stage, eh? what! along with you?" asked the stranger, and again he smiled.

"Yes, yes; with me," answered Pops, rubbing his hands, winking at Cheek, and feeling even through his bones a glow of satisfaction. "Well, it seems, then, sir—I beg your pardon, sir, what may be your name?"

"Gullet," replied the stranger, with apparent "measureless content" at the appellation.

"Well, then, Mr Gullet, it seems that I—that is, that we—were expected?"

"We thought we should have you, though not quite so soon," cried

Gullet. "Howsomever, I'm very glad that it's fallen to *my* chance to light upon you,—a capital bit of luck."

Pops made a very profound bow; and even the phlegmatic Cheek declined his head in token of the compliment. Indeed, there was a heartiness, a sincerity in the manner of the speaker, that demanded an elaborate acknowledgment. Cheek began to feel the dignity of his new calling, assured of his importance by the attention of Gullet, whom he addressed with the blindest condescension.

"A pretty neighbourhood hereabouts—eh, Mr Gullet?" said the nominal proprietor of wax.

"Yes, very pretty; and you'll—ha, ha—I beg your pardon"—and Gullet passed the sleeve of his coat across his mouth, as if to wipe away even the remains of an unseemly laugh—"you'll have a capital view from the castle."

"So I've heard—so I've heard," said Pops. "A very old and beautiful edifice: there are about it a—great many historical associations?"

"Ever since assizes were held at ——" replied Gullet; who, placing his arm on his thigh, bent his head forwards, and looking keenly in the face of Pops, asked, with sudden seriousness—"I suppose you've made your mind up to this business? you know exactly what's to be done?"

"To be sure—to be sure. By the way, how did you happen to expect us here?"

"Why, the Mayor received a letter that"—

"That's like Cox," said Michael aside to Isaac—"just like him; cautious, calculating man—he's told our business, and bespoken every civility for us, no doubt. What! the Mayor received a"—

"Yes; but I had farther intelligence from—however, no matter for that; here you are."

"I see how it is," exclaimed Pops, expanding with pleasure—"I have no doubt that you are somehow in the service of the Mayor himself."

"In course I am," said Gullet, staring at the vivacity of the artist.

"And that his worship has sent you to"—

"Why, he knows that you are here by this time."

"And when will he be ready to receive us?" asked Michael, nodding towards Cheek, busily employed pulling forth a shirt frill, large as our grandmother's fan, from a shirt, late the property of Mr Cox. "When will he be able to receive us?" repeated the artist to Gullet, who looked earnestly through the lattice.

"He's ready now," was the answer.

"I'll only change my neckcloth and wait upon his worship."

"Nonsense!" cried Gullet, his lip curling and his eye twinkling—"nonsense! a man like you would be just as welcome in a coal-sack as in cambric."

"See what it is," said Pops, aside to Cheek—"see what it is to have a mayor who knows what art is." Cheek smiled. "Yes, yes; as my old schoolmaster used to say—'*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*'" Cheek opened his eyes; but, after a moment's hesitation, bowed to the Latinity.

"His worship," observed Gullet, "never stands upon ceremony. He settles—eh—but here it comes"—and as Gullet spoke, the rattling of wheels was heard; and, in a few seconds, a vehicle, something like a taxed cart, rapidly approached the door of the Silver Stag, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children, huzzaing—whooping—screaming.

"Now, my dear Mr Cheek," observed Pops confidentially to him, "you see the influence of art. Had there been an ass—a hog in the mayoralty, no carriage had been sent for us—no huzzaing crowd would have gathered about our chariot. No; we might have come, have performed our task, and gone away again like a pair of nobodies. But you perceive there is taste in the Mayor; and, as a natural consequence, taste pervades the mass." It is a hard matter to deny a speculation, when backed by servants, carriage, and horses; therefore Cheek said nothing. Had the Mayor not sent a vehicle, Cheek might have spoken.

"Are we to go in that?" asked Pops, his voice scarcely heard for the shouting outside.

"Yes, so let us lose no time."

Gullet opened the door—paused—looked round—scratched his head, and muttered to himself, "Damned fool! forgot the cuffs."

The visitors were met by three other men—as Pops observed, with a twitch of the elbow to Cheek, servants to the mayor—on leaving the apartment, and escorted to the vehicle at the door-step; where they had no sooner presented themselves, than they were met with a shout, which Michael acknowledged with a bow that would have done honour to a congress; Cheek humbly followed his example. This gesture on the part of the visitors was met with a new shout from the gathering multitude, as faithfully and as elegantly acknowledged as the first. Indeed, both Pops and Cheek were so employed in paying their respects to the acclamations of the populace, that sundry sneers uttered by the malignant were wholly unnoticed. Indeed, what man, when he can bow to a shout, would give himself the trouble to prick up his ear to a hiss? Thus Pops and Cheek were driven off amidst hurrahs, and heard no syllable of "damned villains," "bloody thieves," and such other discords to the triumphant strain.

"Well, then, Becky, I suppose it be all right for thee, since Gullet ha' taken 'em," said an old beldam, with yellow face and blue lips, to a big red-cheeked girl, gaping from the door of the Silver Stag, in a flutter of delight.

"Yes, to be sure it be; now, we shall see if Gullet can't keep his word."

"The reward for the murderers—it be a matter of fifty pounds?" asked the old crone.

"Given by the town, the Lord be thanked!—and Mrs Mayor, like a good soul, makes it guineas out of her own pocket," answered Becky.

"Well, he's a very little fellow to commit such a horrible murder," said a lank, middle-aged man, with a skein of thread about his neck and a pair of horn spectacles on his nose.

"Little!" exclaimed a woman, with the voice of a whistle—"little! ye lazy loitering varmint; you know it's spirit, and be cursed to you—spirit!" and her husband—for the man with the thread was her mate

in serious truth—cast a wary glance at the direction of her fingers, endeavoured to laugh assent to a verity she had so often proved upon him, and, like a magpie, hopped across the way, and reseated himself upon his breech.

"Then I suppose the big one is the burglar?" asked a loiterer.

"They've been the terror of the county," remarked another, leaving the question unanswered.

"Becky!" cried a voice from the Silver Stag, "ye idle toad! come and skin eels."

"Let 'em skin themselves, and be d—d," muttered Becky, reluctantly retiring into the house; and adding something about being "her own mistress in a month."

In the mean time, Cheek and Pops proceeded to their conference with Mr Mayor.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr Lionel Mace, the Mayor of —, was, as Pops more than ventured to predict, a patron of the arts. At the very moment he was informed of the apprehension of the two accomplices of the Bridle-road murder, he was giving audience to an actor of considerable provincial celebrity; a man who had refused forty shillings per week for second tragedy at Covent-Garden! As in these days professional self-denial is of rare occurrence, we feel ourselves bound to state the fact, when called upon to name the name of Mr Flat. The mayor, sacrificing his elegant tastes to public duty, abruptly dismissed the actor on the announcement of the approach of the rival murderers. "But mind, Mr Flat,—mind, sir, if I give you leave to act here, we must have the riglar drama—no nonsense—the real thing—five acts, and no mistake." The manager—for he was no less a dignitary—holding his hat under his arms, rubbed his hands, bowed, and said—"Sir!" No man had a greater command of that simple monosyllable; by means of it Flat carried on his government. To complaint—congratulation—sympathy—abuse—Mr Warburton Flat rubbed his hands one over the other, and said, "Sir," his utmost variety was that of gender: now and then he certainly indulged himself with a—"Madam."

"Are these the wretched men?" asked Mr Mayor, as Pops and Cheek were led into the room. "For God's sake, my good man—I beg your pardon!—you infamous villain—don't laugh," cried Mace, as Pops smiled and smirked like a boy newly breeched. Pops looked up at Cheek

for the meaning of Mr Mayor—and Cheek turned to that officer for the like favour.

"He's very small;" said the town-clerk in a half-whisper to the Mayor—"very short, indeed; why, if he committed the crime, he must have jumped to stab him."

"My opinion exactly," said Mace, with, considering his office, more than average sagacity. For the first moment Pops seemed to feel there was some mistake; whilst Cheek, who had not the dangerous enthusiasm of his companion, was quite convinced of an existing error. Pops coughed, held fast his right hand, raised himself as he was wont upon his toes, and was about to speak. The Mayor, however, noted the imprudence:—

"Silence! my dear sir,—I mean, you cold-blooded ruffian—say nothing. Have the kindness—I mean, attend to me. You must know, that by the indulgence of the law of England—why, Gullet—how is this? why ar'nt they handcuffed?"

"Handcuffed!" shrieked Pops, his eyes suddenly lighted like the tails of glow-worms.

"Handcuffed!" uttered Cheek spasmodically, blowing out his face like a foot-ball.

"Handcuffed," repeated Mace, very sonorously. Indeed, the tones in which the word was spoken by the three persons imparted to a contemplative ear the exact separate feeling and interest of the speaker. Pops was treble indignation—Cheek philosophical sullenness,—whilst Mace spoke as an epicure deprived of a customary luxury.

Gullet, the tipstaff, endeavoured

to essay an excuse. "Don't talk to me, sir—don't talk to me," proceeded Mace, more intent upon venerable custom than upon syntax—"don't talk to me; I take it as a piece of personal disrespect, that I should sit here in presence of the prisoners without being handcuffed. It's what I've not been used to, sir."

"Prisoners!" cried Pops, and his eyebrows bent more than ever did Cupid's bow bend at the bull's-eye of a maiden's heart—"prisoners!" and he looked at Cheek, and found some comfort in the plural case. "Prisoners!"

"Oblige me, gentlemen—that is, you wretched men, be attentive. Silence!" and Pops for the third time shut his mouth. "Silence—by-and-by you will be heard. By the laws of England—oh! yes, it's all very well now, but now it's no matter," said the Mayor to Gullet, interrupted by the clinking of two pair of handcuffs, the brightness of which lucidly illustrated the morality of the county—in fact, they were a sort of hand-mirrors, "to show *virtue* her own feature."

"But, Mr Mayor—upon my honour—I—"

"Silence, sir; silence, fellow; don't I tell you that the laws of England allow every man to be heard? Silence, I say; and therefore, hear me. In the happy country to which you belong, it is the proud prerogative of every man to refuse to criminate himself. Justice has cotton in her ears, and won't listen to self-accusation. No, gentlemen—that is, no—it is a part and parcel of our sublime policy that justice should give herself as much trouble as possible, in weighing well the evidence, not allowing the prisoner to have any weight in his own case; he being liberally supposed to know nothing of the matter, and therefore, if hanged, to go out of the world laying his hand upon his heart with the consciousness that he had no hand in the business. You are quite safe in the testimony of the witnesses; and, therefore, it is my duty as a magistrate, to request that you will give yourselves no trouble, but leave your case to the prosecution. Now, where is the evidence?"

"If you please, your worship," and Gullet advanced, and stroked

his hair down his forehead, with as brilliant success as if his hand had been a blacking-brush—"if you please, your worship, you must take the prisoners' word for once, because they confessed to Mrs Go, the landlady of the Silver Stag, who sent for me, who"—

"Is Mrs Go ready for examination?" asked Mr Mayor.

Mrs Go, playing with the sinister corner of her shawl, advanced, and said she was quite ready.

"Well, Mrs Go?" and each eye of the Mayor looked an interrogative. "Well, these men confessed to you the murder?"

"Murder!" cried Pops, and he flung his arms about, as if in a pulpit or in a fit.

"Murder!" echoed Cheek, in as lively a tone as though he said—"Marbles."

"I overheard them," said Mrs Go, mincingly—"for I scorn to have paper in any of my key-holes—I overheard them talking of breaking into prison and taking off the murderer; and after that they—I mean the little man there, confessed outright that he was an artist at such things."

"That is true," said Pops; and as he spoke, he felt that he was no longer a little man. "That is true," and he bent his head, as though oppressed with the weight of imaginary laurel. If the schoolmaster of Pops had learned Italian, Pops, at that moment, would have exclaimed—"Ed to anche sono pittore!"

"Mind, understand me—I don't ask you to criminate yourselves—but tell me," said the Mayor with a frown—"how do you get your bread?"

"Bread!" exclaimed Pops, as if though the question ought to have run—"Pray, sir, how do you obtain your daily claret?"

"Yes—bread," replied the Mayor—"I suppose you eat—eh, sir?"

"That they do," cried Mrs Go, the landlady, remembering the breakfast. The Mayor repeated the question.

"Sir—Mr Mayor—I perceive some extraordinary mistake—in finding myself before you, I perceive that some error"—

"Your worship," said Gullet, interrupting Pops—"no mistake at

all. He seemed quite at ease, when I said you wanted him."

"Very true, Mr Mayor—very true. I did receive your mandate as a compliment to my profession—and"—

"Profession! why, what are you?" asked Mace. "Profession!"

"I have the honour to be an artist of"—

"You don't mean a painter—a sculptor—a—something of that sort?" asked the town-clerk.

"Exactly," replied Pops, with the coldest dignity. "And my visit to this town being an express commission to"—

"Dear me! dear me! I see it all, Mr Mayor"—and the town-clerk whispered to Mace, whose countenance became suffused with the brightest colour, and he laid his hand upon his waistcoat, and bowed his head, and his lips were puckered into a smile, and he seemed to acknowledge some sudden and unexpected honour with the most interesting air of embarrassment. In a brief time, however, he returned to a sense of his duty.

"Gullet! you have acted with great discretion; but, unfortunately, these gentlemen are not the murderers; they are persons of quite a different stamp. Gentlemen, you are discharged; and permit me to say, that you quit this court without a single stain upon your characters. Indeed, I don't know if you aren't all the better for the accusation; you are discharged and"—

"But, Mr Mayor," called Gullet, in a state of anguish, the promised reward fading from his eyes—"remand 'em—pray, remand 'em—there's more evidence—there be, indeed; they confessed that the woman came down with 'em."

"Woman!" said Cheek—"woman!"

"Yes, Nancy Dawson, that we're after," roared Gullet.

"I protest, Mr Mayor," said Pops in a solemn voice—"I protest that I know no woman of that name, and moreover, that I am a married man, and therefore never travel with a woman."

"What! you mean to say that you didn't wink and poke your elbow at that chap, and say—'she *did* travel by the stage?' Will you deny that?"

"Mr Mayor, I recollect—my friend here will recollect—the purport of my allusion. Finding that my humble reputation was known here I did remark to Mr Cheek, that Fame—Fame, Mr Mayor, travelled by the stage. I spoke of Fame."

"Of Nancy Dawson!" insisted the tipstaff.

"Fame! that bright and glorious maid," exclaimed Pops.

"As great a bitch as ever walked," shouted Gullet.

"Order in the court," cried the Mayor. "Gullet, you are a good and vigilant officer, and I am sorry for your disappointment. With the blessing of Providence, however, you may yet succeed. These gentlemen are discharged." The accused stepped towards the smiling Mayor; and Gullet, doggedly fumbling the rim of his hat, departed with the unappropriated handcuffs. Mrs Go, retiring at the same time, endeavoured, but in vain, to console him. "Well, to be sure—it is hard," remarked that excellent woman; "it is hard—and 'twill be a dreadful shock to Becky!"

"I regret, Mr Pops, the inconvenience you have suffered. Of course you know Mr Fangleby?" asked the town clerk.

"Certainly," replied Pops, thinking it prudent to know him at even the shortest notice. "Certainly."

"I—at least on the part of the committee—I requested him to despatch to us an artist of the very highest merit, and I have no doubt that my friend has been happy in his choice."

Pops bowed all over to the compliment. "Will the sessions be heavy?" he asked, modestly turning the conversation from his own merits.

"So-so," replied the clerk. "There is this case which has made such a stir. For my own part, I don't believe that the wretch had any accomplices: I think it all his trick to traverse. By the way, what do you think of your subject?"

"The—the subject I am come to take? Why, I—to say the truth—I am rather pleased with it."

"You see, there is plenty of him. There is a fine marked characteristic."

"I expected no less, from all I had

heard," replied the artist. "When do you think I shall be able to begin?"

"Why, we'll settle that over our wine. Of course, you will dine with Mr Mayor to-day? Ha, sir! he has been a great benefactor to the town."

"He looks like it," observed Pops, acutely apprehending a local patron.

"The mark of respect we are about to pay to him, however admirably executed—and I doubt not its excellence—will be but small compared to the benefits he has bestowed upon the happy town of ——. There, sir, I call that an admirable light," and the town clerk pointed to Mr Mayor in earnest talk with Cheek, near the window. The light falling through a blue curtain upon the face of the Mayor, softened its general redness into a cerulean tinge. "You dine at three to-day, Mr Mayor, of course," said the town-clerk, relieving Mace of Cheek.

"At four—it must be four to-day; for I have to meet Pig, the iron-master, about a contract—business, you know, Mr. Clerk, business;" and Mace thrust his hands into that "ocean to the river of his thoughts," his breeches-pockets.

"Well, then, Mr Mayor, as to-day is to me a *dies non*, I will walk with these gentlemen about the town, and return at four. In our stroll I can point out to our friends the many records we have of the munificence of our present mayor."

"Now, don't—don't"—and Mr Mayor looked entreatingly at Mr Town-Clerk: then, recovering himself, he cried, gaily waving his hand, "at four, then, gentlemen,"—and retired through a private door. Mr Town-Clerk and his visitors left the hall by the principal entrance; not, however, before one of the servants had pointed out Pops to his fellow as the man who was come from London "to take Mr Mayor's picture."

The town of — is one of the five hundred neat, comely, *too* clean towns in which England rejoiceth. We have walked its streets until the cleanliness has been oppressive. We have absolutely yearned for a bit of mud; yea, our heart hath panted

for a gutter. A dead dog in the road would have been accepted by us with thankfulness! But there was no such fillip to be given to the imagination. There is a legend of a half-devoured rat being found before the door of a new-comer, but it wants authenticity. Walking the streets of —, the mind has nothing to repose upon—nothing whereon to expatiate—not a single green cabbage leaf—not even a potato paring. No; our immortal part shrinks back from the cold touch of surrounding primness. There is, so to speak, a varnish of cleanliness upon all things. A woman's nightcap looks like that of our grandmother "cut in alabaster;" and the very boys and girls seem mangled in their pinafores.

Mr Town-Clerk led his distinguished visitors from the hall with the air of a man embarked in a most pleasing duty. "Our church, gentleman," said he, pointing with the finger of triumph to a brick edifice. "They do say, as old as the Conquest. I can't exactly say after what order it is built."

"The order of the parish, no doubt," gravely suggested Cheek, looking hard at the structure, and putting both arms under his coat-tails.

"Very good, indeed; very good," said Mr Town-Clerk, showing a set of very strong teeth. Pops, throwing a look up at Cheek, bit his lip, and whispered "Hold your tongue."

"And there, Mr Pops—what think you of that monument?" And Mr Town Clerk pointed to a black marble tomb with an epitaph in brass letters, and two cherubim heads with palm leaves and trumpets floridly worked in the same durable material. "Mr Mayor's first wife—a fine woman—best brass—made an excellent mother—capital workmanship—had a tongue to be sure—admirable trumpets—brightened with brick dust every Saturday. The town owes this to Mr Mayor; but I am sure that he set it up with the greatest pleasure." Then, proceeding up the church—for the party were inside the edifice of questionable order—Mr Town-Clerk pointed out various tombs, with the oak effigies of the inmates carefully

painted. "Pray, sir, keep your fingers off—the paint is quite wet," a truth which the curious Cheek himself discovered, having wiped the scarlet from the lips of an unknown baroness with his thumb. "All these painted by Mr Mayor," added Mr Town-Clerk.

"Very handsome, indeed," said Cheek, "quite like life; it's a pity they haven't glass eyes."

"Ha! that never struck me; it might add to the expression. Ha! if Drawly was here, I could show you the candlesticks—all given by Mr Mayor. Four immense candlesticks."

"Silver!" exclaimed Cheek, opening his eyes at the supposed munificence.

"Silver-plated;" said the clerk, dropping his voice on the last word; and leaving the church, the party found themselves in another part of the churchyard. "So! Grim's gone at last! You're making his bed, eh, Roger?" said the Town-Clerk to the grave-digger, hard at his vocation.

"At last, sir"—said the man—"but he almost put us out of patience. Howsomever, when I seed Doctor Cork's grey pony at Grim's door, I knew as how it was all right! Some said because he was a lawyer he'd never die."

"They mostly hang a long while," said the meditative Cheek. "But bless me! isn't it very deep?"

"His widow ordered it ten feet," said the grave-digger. "All the better for us, you know; it's with us, you know, as with the lawyers themselves; the deeper we go to work the more money we get."

"But why should Mrs Grims wish her husband buried so deep?" asked Pops, who, influenced by the solemnity of the place, had been some time silent. "Why so very deep?"

"All spite and malice," said the grave-digger with a grin—"it's only to give the devil more trouble."

"You see that shovel and pickaxe," said Mr Town-Clerk—"both presented to the church by Mr Mayor."

"I never heard of such benevolence!" cried Cheek, overcome by such frequent manifestations of liberality.

Quitting the churchyard, the party proceeded onward for some minutes, when Mr Town-Clerk suddenly

halted opposite a pair of occupied stocks; constructed with fine providence for the benefit of future generations. The engine was made of stoutest oak, strengthened and guarded with wrought iron. "Look here, gentlemen," said the Clerk—"another instance of the kindness of Mr Mayor. The town owes its very stocks to him; he has not only given us the luxuries of life, as are shown in the tomb of the first Mrs Mace—but, as you here perceive, he supplies us with its very necessities."

"He'll meet with his reward, assuredly," said Cheek.

"Only let him wait till I get out," said the drunken tenant of the stocks, until that moment considered sleeping.

The party quitted the delinquent in contemptuous silence. However, they had not proceeded far, when Cheek observed—we know not what led him into the train of thought—"No doubt, Mr Clerk, the ale about here is very good?"

"Why, sir, we support our historical character." Cheek slightly bowed, and smacked his lips. "And now, gentlemen, what do you behold?" asked the Town-Clerk.

"Eight ducks in a pond," replied the exact Cheek.

"Very true; but do you mark the beautifully wrought iron railing, securing from a watery grave the peaceful passengers of this happy town? Three adults and a child were, for ten winters, the average number of deaths. The railing and the posts that support it, were, last November, the gift of our excellent Mayor."

"Beneficent man!" ejaculated Pops.

"Very true, sir—and yet the ingratitude of some folks! Mr Mace had been dilted in a contract by Chalybs the ironmonger in the market-place. Well, Chalybs' wife does take a drop; and one dark night, how it happened was never known, Mrs Chalybs was taken all but dead out of this pond. The very next morning, Mace set his men to work, and in less than a fortnight, the railing you behold was constructed. Now, any body would have expected the warmest thanks on the part of Mr Chalybs to our excellent Mayor?"

"Pray, sir," said Pops, "are you a married man?"

"No," said Mr Town-Clerk.

"Oh!" said Pops.

"Instead of which, sir," continued Mr Town-Clerk, "the rancour of

Chalybs has been more violent than ever. On every occasion he"—here the chimes were heard from the church—"but we shall hardly be back in time for dinner."

CHAP. VII.

Cheek, in cases of personal emergency—and he held dinner to be one—was a fast walker. Putting all his soul into his heels, he stepped forth, and the Town-Clerk in his turn becoming follower, Cheek was pursued by that functionary and the trotting Pops. The clock struck four; the Mayor was a punctual man—the dinner was served—the guests were seated. Mr Pig the iron-master had been prevailed upon by the Mayor to meet "the artist," and Mrs Mace, and her daughter Angelica, bestowed upon him the like honour. For at least half-an-hour a most religious abstinence of speech was observed. The party even took wine—and the Mayor had pulled out his best—as fishes take water, in perfect silence; whilst Cheek ate, as the camel drinks, for at least half-a-dozen days; beads stood upon his brow, and gravies hung about his mouth.

"Mr Cheek, may I help you to a little plum-pudding?" asked Mrs Mayor.

"Plum-pudding," said Cheek, "is my weakness;" but Mrs Mayor helped him as if in plum-pudding she wished to try his strength. "I have often been sorry, Mrs Mayoress to observe so excellent a dish so generally neglected. With a strange superstition—for I can call it nothing more—many, even well-disposed people, make plum-pudding only at Christmas; for my part, with a little beef, a bit of turkey, and a flavour of ham, I do think I could dine on plum-pudding every day in the year."

"This is Angelica's making," observed the mother.

"Is it, indeed?" exclaimed Cheek, "why then, I must"—and he held forth his plate, purely out of compliment to the maker, for a new supply.

And was this all that was said at dinner? asks the reader. We answer, all; assuring the querist that

what was said may equal in utility and wit the conversation of even some "cabinet" parties. And in truth we do think, if a legal enactment compelled certain diners to discourse only of plum-pudding, the world would lose but little by the restriction. Plum-pudding may often be more wisely discussed than politics, even by those who only eat the one, yet set themselves up to make the other. When men are fully awakened to their true interests, and to the proper use of that golden gift, time, sure we are that they will quit their vain wranglings on what our friend Pops has called "abstract principles," and fix themselves on the solidity of pudding.

"I believe, Mr Pig," said Mr Town-Clerk, the cloth being removed, and the wine, cakes, and fruit produced, "I believe, Mr Pig, you do a little in the arts yourself."

"I should think I did, sir; I should like to know who supplied the iron for the Suspension bridge at —."

"Talking of the arts," said Mrs Mayoress, "how does your book come on?"

"Does Mr Pig write?" enquired Pops, with an innate veneration for the literary character.

"He hasn't yet appeared in print; but I suppose, Pig," and Mr Mayor turned to the iron-master, "I suppose we may expect the history soon?"

"History?" said Pops.

"Yes, sir; *The History of the origin and progress of cribbage*," said Pig, condescendingly.

"It will be vastly interesting," said Miss Angelica.

"Illustrated with the portraits of the most celebrated players. The likenesses"—

"Talking of likenesses," interrupted the Mayoress, "when does the gentleman begin his task?"—and Mrs Mace looked benignantly at Pops.

"To-morrow, if permitted," replied Michael Angelo with the decision of his great namesake.

"Well, my love," and the Mayoress turned to the Mayor, "what say you?"

"Why, if it must be—it must be," answered Mace in the true spirit of philosophy; and then he added—simpering somewhat—"and yet I could wish Mr Pops had a better subject, I"—

Here the speaker was interrupted by his shopman, arrived to inform him that Mr Flat the manager, attended with a list of plays for the inspection of the Mayor, who in his official capacity, had "bespoken" a night.

"Shall we have the fellow up?" said Mace, considerably attending to the feelings of his guests.

"Is he the gentleman who played *Hamlet*?" asked Angelica.

"I don't know—but as he's the manager, I suppose he is; for I've always remarked that these fellows give themselves the best of it," said the Mayor.

"Very true, indeed, Mr Mayor, and it's terrible for other ladies, where they happen to have a wife—why, there was my wife—I mean —"

Cheek, who sat next to Pops, gave him a vigorous dig with his elbow, and whispered—"Don't, you fool—don't expose us."

The Mayor, who had been gathering the voices of the ladies and Pig, heard not the friendly counsel of Cheek; but turned to the man, saying—"You may let him come up; and, stay—poor devil;—yes, tell Sarah to bring another glass."

"Now, Mr Mayor, mind—we must have a tragedy," said Mrs Mace.

"A tragedy, and a pantomime," suggested Angelica.

"And if I'm to see it, we must have—Oh!—here's the man," and as Pig spoke, Mr Flat appeared, rubbed his hands, and made a bow.

"Mr Flat, sit down," said the hospitable Mayor.

"Sir!" said Mr Flat, and obediently sat down.

"Mr Flat, take a glass of wine," and the host pushed the bottle towards him.

"Sir!" said the manager, and he filled his glass.

"Well, now," said the Mayor, "about this 'bespeak' as you call it; of course I must do as other mayors do?"

"Sir!" and Flat was about to relapse into silence, when he opened his mouth, adding—"The world expects no less from your mayoralty."

"I suppose you can give us any thing from—from—yes—Shakespeare, upwards?" asked the Mayor.

"Or downwards," replied the manager.

"Well, then, ladies—come, choose the tragedy"—said the gallant husband and father; and the manager produced his list.

"I should like *Macbeth*," said the Mayoress, "only I have seen Mr Flat once in it."

"MADAM!" said Mr Flat, with more than common emphasis.

"Suppose we had *Richard the Third*,—who, now, would play *Richard*?" asked Mrs Mace.

"I, madam," replied the manager.

"And who among you sings the funny songs?" enquired the Mayor.

"Sir! I!" returned Flat.

"And if we have a pantomime, who will be the Harlequin?" was the question of Miss Mace.

"Miss! I!" was the answer of the versatile *impresario*.

"Well, then, we'll say *Richard the Third*, a pantomime, and—eh?"—and the Mayor conned the list; "ha! this seems to be a new thing—let us have this."

"Sir!" And Mr Flat received the list. "Sir! I beg your pardon—but—the piece you have last selected is chargeable—in fact, sir"—and Flat rolled one hand over the other with considerable animation—"in fact, sir, it is a taxed piece."

"Taxed! A tax upon plays! I never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Pig, "it can't be."

"Explain, Mr Flat," cried the Mayor hastily, suspecting an imposition. "Taxed—what!—like soap and tea?"

"Exactly, sir," replied the manager, pathetically. "We must now pay for new plays, as we have all along paid for candles. The government—not that I ever venture upon politics—but the government has given the deathblow to the drama."

"Indeed—drink your wine, Mr Flat—I have never heard of the matter: pray, how long has this abuse existed?" asked Mr Mayor.

"A little better than three years, sir, since when I need not tell you how the drama has sunk in the estimation of every rational man. Many causes are ignorantly given for this decline; but the true one, Mr Mayor, is this—the tax upon new plays. When dramatists are to be paid the same as tallow-chandlers, there's an end of the legitimate stage;" saying which, Flat took off his wine.

"You never meant to say, if you play this new piece," asked Pig, with an incredulous face, "that you'll have to give the fellow any thing as writ it?"

"Sir!" cried the manager, "the matter of three shillings."

"Shameful!" exclaimed Pig.

"Infamous!" said Mr Mayor.

"Who ever heard the like?" asked the Mayoress, looking towards the ceiling.

"I'm blessed!" ejaculated Cheek.

"And to say the truth, Mr Mayor, the drama you have selected is not fit for the stage—at least, I may say, the stage at present is not fit for it."

"What! a dull poor thing?" said Pig.

"A very beautiful thing for the—closet," saying which, Flat imagined he had passed the bitterest sentence upon the work of the dramatist. "Now, Mr Mayor, if I might suggest a light, agreeable, elegant little piece—a most delicious and effective little drama—we have had no such capital bits since the new tax—I should say," and the manager placed his finger on the list—"that this would admirably harmonize with the other entertainments."

"Ha! What!"—and the Mayor read the title—"Humph! *The Little Jockey*. What's it about?"

"Is it very genteel?" asked Angelica.

"Miss! remarkably. A young lady, to secure her lover, forms the heroic resolution of going into buckskin breeches and top-boots"—

"Ha!" whispered Pops, unable to control his feelings—"ha! Mr Cheek, you should have seen Josephine go it in *The Little Jockey*."

"Was she weighed before starting?" asked Cheek, recollecting that "great creature," the preceptress of Parker's lane.

"And most fortunately we have a new actress coming from the metropolis—a young lady, as the agent assures me, of the most exquisite promise—and the agent is a man of too high honour to be swayed by the paltry fee of seven shillings—a young lady who is dying to have a breeches part."

"Mr Flat!" said the Mayoress.

"Madam," said the manager, and proceeded—"If, Mr Mayor, you will permit me to say *The Little Jockey*."

"Well, as I have other business to attend to just now—*The Little Jockey*—it isn't taxed?" The manager smiled a satisfactory negative.

"Well, *The Little Jockey* be it then. You hear?" said the Mayor.

"Sir," exclaimed Mr Flat, finished his wine, rolled up his list, and departed.

"And now, my dear," said Mrs Mace, "about what we were talking of when the man came."

"Yes, the object of Mr Pop's visit," observed the Town-Clerk, who had silently consumed at least a pound of cherries.

"You say you can begin to-morrow, Mr Pops?" asked the Mayor.

Pops bowed.

"Well, how shall you treat your subject?"

"I have not yet determined, Mr Mayor; but I have a presentiment, that it will be one of the greatest hits of my life."

Mr Mayor chuckled, and filled his glass.

"But, perhaps, Mr Mayor, yourself might suggest something."

"To be sure, my dear," said the Mayoress. "What do you think of *this* dress, Mr Pops? An apple-green coat, a sky-blue velvet waistcoat, and black satin remainders?"

"Why, madam," said Pops, deferentially, "we like to be as faithful as possible; and don't you think that dress may be a little beyond the rank of life of"—

"Beyond! sir," exclaimed the Mayoress, "I can tell you that he wore it the very first day."

"I beg your pardon—I—I was not

aware of that fact—I thought"—stammered Pops.

"I recollect, my dear," said the Mayor, "and every body owned it was very becoming. I think with you that that dress will be the best."

"By the way," said the Town-Clerk, "I hav'n't shown you where we intend to hang the"—

"No, sir—but in good time—I shall certainly see it," said Pops.

"An admirable place, where every body may have a look—and I doubt not that the execution will afford the most general satisfaction."

"Except to the party himself," remarked the artist.

"Oh, depend upon it," said Mr Mayor, "you'll not find him difficult. And now, what attitude will you have? Shouldn't there be something in the hand, or"—

"As I said before, we like to be very faithful. Whether I put any thing in the hand or not depends upon the original himself."

"An orange, was, or"—and Mr Mayor took one from the table.

"An orange, sir, would be admirable—excellent—if the circumstance were strongly dwelt upon in the newspapers."

"Our own county paper is sure to notice it," said the Town-Clerk.

"But there's another difficulty," said Pops to the clerk, "people in his situation are apt to be self-willed—and unless we can get the parson to persuade him, he may in his last moments refuse to suck an orange."

"Last moments! why, you would not make a death-piece of it," exclaimed the quick-eared Mayor.

"I should like to give my man to the public just before he was turned off," said Pops, with *gusto*.

"Turned off!" roared the Mayor, and "turned off!" shouted the ladies, Pig, and the Town-Clerk.

"Though perhaps, after all," sighed Pops, "he mayn't be hanged."

Mr Mayor jumped from the table with a vigour that nearly overturned it, his wife and daughter uttered a shriek, Pig burst into an oath, and the Town-Clerk exclaimed, "Hanged! Mr Mayor hanged!"

"Mr Mayor! I did not mean Mr Mayor!" cried Pops.

"By no means—not in the least," asseverated Cheek, looking for the door.

"Then what brought you here?" asked the Town-Clerk; "were you not sent by my friend Fangleby to paint Mr Mayor for the hall?"

"Quite the contrary," said Pops, meekly.

"What do you mean by quite the contrary, fellow?" said Mr Mayor, suddenly arming himself with the terrors of office.

"I came to model Kemp the murderer for our set."

"Model a murderer!—*your set?*" exclaimed the bewildered functionary; when Pops handed to him a catalogue of the wax-work, at the same time introducing the unwilling Cheek as the "spirited proprietor." Mr Mayor blew like a porpoise; and sat himself down, rolling his eyes from side to side, perplexed for words sufficiently large to mitigate his indignation. At length, in broken sentences, escaped—"A couple of scoundrel showmen—dealers in wax dolls—to dare to come and embezzle a dinner with the Mayor of ———," and Mace was proceeding into invectives, when Pops—the incarnate spirit of the dignity of art—rose to reply.

"Mr Mayor, we are neither scoundrels, fools, nor mayors—we neither deal in wax dolls nor in hob-nails—and, for your dinner, there is my half-crown!"

"Half-a-crown!" cried Mr Mace, startled at the spirit of the artist.

"One plate of veal, sixpence—a plate of fowl, eightpence—plum-pudding, fourpence—potatoes, a penny—two bread, twopence—wine, and dear at the money, eightpence—and a penny for the waiter!" So saying, Pops stalked with the majesty of "buried Denmark" to the door. Here he paused, crying, "Mr Cheek—remember—in your reckoning, there are *two* puddings."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well, Mr Pops, you have made a pretty business of it," said Cheek; the couple having housed themselves at a new inn.

"I have vindicated the dignity of my art," said Pops, depositing his elbow on the table and his brow in his palm.

"If Mr Cox should discharge you?"

"My honour is without a wound," hastily interrupted Michael Angelo.

"What's the use of one's honour being sound, with no money in one's pocket, and a hole in one's shoe?" asked the practical Isaac. "That people will be so extravagant—I may say so unprincipled, as to indulge themselves in honour when they can't afford the commonest necessities! It's a conceit I hate."

"To be called a scoundrel—a dealer in wax dolls—a"—

"But—for all you said to the contrary—the wine was unobjectionable," urged Cheek.

"I felt it," said Pops, brooding over the injury, "in my heart's blood."

"And so did I," sighed Cheek; "I'm sure I could have taken a good skinful of it."

"Mr Cheek, there are insults of which a man of genius is particularly susceptible. It isn't your fault if you can't understand them."

"I thank heaven, I've more sense!" said Cheek with dignity. "To be sure, it's no matter for the genius itself, but it's devilish hard upon the reasonable people who may travel with it."

"Hard!" exclaimed Pops, with the corners of his mouth lowered to his chin. "Mr Cheek, associated as you and I are, do you know what we resemble?" Cheek shook his head. "I'll tell you, Mr Cheek—a bat, sir—a bat. You are the mouse lifted by my wings."

"All the worse for the mouse," said Cheek, with more than usual sensibility—"the mouse is much better left alone in his cheese than when flying about upon leather. One eats and gets fat all the year round—the other flits here and there for a few weeks, then goes to sleep

for the rest of the twelvemonth to save himself from starving. Oh! I'd rather be a four-legged fat cupboard mouse, with bacon and fine old Cheshire, than a mouse, of what you call genius, upon wings flying at gnats and spiders." Pops replied not, but threw up a heavy sigh. "And now, will your genius tell how we are to get the murderer? After your behaviour, Mr Mayor will never let you into gaol."

"No matter," said Pops mysteriously.

"No matter! we can't show ourselves to Cox without him: and how will you get his figure?"

"If the worst comes to the worst," replied Pops,—“by inspiration.” Cheek stared, for a moment doubting the sanity of the artist. "Did you never hear of portraits painted, statues made, nay, even books written about, when neither the people nor the books were ever seen or read? And what do you call the faculty that effects this?" said Pops.

"Swindling," said Cheek.

"Inspiration," declared Pops.

"Humph!" observed the sluggish Cheek: "no doubt a good deal of money is made by it, call it what you will. For my part"—

Here the speaker was broken in upon by a message from Mr Mayor, who, guided by the shrewd advice of Mr Town-Clerk, brought to the artist a permission to visit the gaol. There was a wisdom in this, worthy of imitation by even higher authorities than the mayor of —: the privilege, so gracefully granted, stopped the mouth of gossip that otherwise might have blabbed the equivoque which had made Pops and Cheek visitors at the board of Mr Mace.

The features of Pops brightened, and he bent himself backwards like a bow as he received the grateful intelligence. "You see," he said to Cheek—"you see that on some minds professional spirit is not thrown away."

"No—no," said Cheek—"I must say it," and he stooped to pat the artist on the shoulder,—“I must say it, you behaved like a prince—a lad of proper metal.”

"No time is to be lost," cried Pops airily; and, accompanied by his admiring companion, he took his way to the gaol. The permission of Mr Mayor had forerun their appearance at the gate, which, turning on its harmonious hinge, admitted them to the prison. They were shown the way into the courtyard by one of the turnkeys—a fellow who looked a part of the stone building gifted with motion.

"There you'll find your man," said he, pointing to the area, which they had scarcely entered ere they heard a loud yell, and looking round, saw a man beating a boy, who published in sharp treble the castigation.

"You cruel little scoundrel—how would you like it? Suppose I pulled off your legs, eh?" and the speaker, a tall, rather good-looking man, raised his hand over the boy, who shouted for mercy, and promised better behaviour. "A little savage!" said the man, letting the urchin escape, who bounded into the prison, nodding maliciously at his assailant, fixing his thumb at his jugular, and accompanying the gesture with a quick "cluck" of the tongue.

"An impudent rascal!" said Cheek. —"Pray, what has he done?" meaning what had brought him there.

"Look," said the man, showing a crushed fly, "this is the third I've taken from him to-day."

"But what is he in here for?"

"He was found getting over an orchard with some apples on him—a young gallows-bird."

"Can you tell me," said Pops, having vainly endeavoured to discover the blood-shedder, "can you tell me where is Kemp the murderer?"

"My name is Kemp," said the champion of butterflies.

"I beg your pardon," cried Pops, flatteringly—"I didn't mean"—

"Don't mention it," said Kemp with the most civil composure, "you only speak according to the indictment."

"I am,"—proceeded Pops, assured by the ease of the culprit—"I am an artist of, I may say, some reputation. You are possibly aware, Mr Kemp, that some ignorant people have a prejudice against their likeness being taken."

"Yes—they think they sha'n't live

long afterwards," observed the prisoner, crossing his legs and arms, and leaning against the wall. "Well, sir, I hope I am above any thing of that sort."

"I could perceive that, Mr Kemp, at the first glance. Here, a man of superior habits is soon distinguished. It is the wish, sir, of many patrons of art—and I assure you, we number many of the nobility, gentry, and clergy—to perpetuate your portrait. And as life, Mr Kemp," said Pops with admirable delicacy—"as with the best, I should say as with the healthiest of us, life is uncertain, perhaps you would have no objection to favour me with a sitting as—as soon as your present engagements permit."

"And what am I to get for it?" said Kemp.

"To certain minds, posthumous fame, Mr Kemp, cannot be a slight reward for a little condescension on this side the grave. Your refusal will, I am convinced, cause the liveliest disappointment to the public at large, whilst your acquiescence will add a gem to our collection that"—

"Collection! Oh! then there's to be more beside myself?"

"The most admirable collection that—but I beg your pardon, Mr Kemp—this gentleman is the proprietor," and Pops introduced Cheek. Kemp held forth his hand, whilst Cheek—in compliance with the nods and signs of the artist—advanced his fingers as though he was about to put them into a rat-trap. His blood turned to cold water, and he gasped again as Kemp, not insensible of the disgust, kept squeezing the hand of the proprietor.

Pops observed the malicious enjoyment of the culprit, and the terror of Cheek. To create a diversion he therefore adroitly offered to Mr Kemp the catalogue of figures already ready in course of exhibition.

"Well," said the prisoner, putting aside the proffered pamphlet with his hand—"let me hear if there are any of my friends among them—that is, if I have ever heard of any of 'em. Because company's every thing."

Pops commenced reading with the most confident air; trolling over the tongue the names of statesmen and

heroes, poets and members of parliament. Closing the golden list, he cast a triumphant look at the murderer. "And now, Mr Kemp, what say you—what say you to such names?"

"Upon my soul," said Kemp, "before this moment, I never heard of one of 'em."

"And did you never hear of"—and Pops ran through the catalogue of celebrated assassins.

"That's quite another thing," said Kemp, "where do you think I've lived not to have heard of them?"

"Well, Mr Kemp, if you will but oblige us, I can promise you a capital niche between—let me see—oh! between Mr Wesley, the famous dissenting minister, and—and"—

"That can't be, sir—no, that can't be; any where else—for I trust to die a member of the Established Church."

"Any such scruples, Mr Kemp," said Pops, "shall be most delicately considered. By the way, do you smoke?"

"And chew," said the prisoner.

"A little tobacco, then, might not be offensive," and Pops graciously presented a packet of the odorous weed to the captive, who, deigning no word, accepted the gift and turned away. "A very civil fellow," said Pops.

"But to shake me by the hand!" cried Cheek. "As I'm alive, I feel quite sick."

"It's nothing—nothing; all in the way of art," said the philosophic Pops.

"Don't talk to me—I—feel as if my hand was covered with blood—and"—

"He'll make an admirable subject," exclaimed the rapt professor.

"It seems to me a stain upon my hand that I can never wipe away," cried Cheek, loathingly.

"He'll bring a great deal of money," said Pops.

"Do you think so?" said Cheek.

"An immense deal of money—my reputation on the fact," asseverated Pops.

"For a murderer—he is—after all—a—decent sort of fellow," cried Cheek; "and you really think he'll attract?"

"As sure as fate!"

"Well, well—we mus'n't be too

hard upon people in his situation—I dare say he meant it as a compliment, and"—and, without finishing his sentence, Cheek became closely reconciled to the tainted hand, for he put it in his pocket.

"Art, Mr Cheek, is above the prejudices of society. A man who loves his art, will go any where for an expression. I know, sir, I know very well that this is called low by fine gentlemen, who describe life from drawingroom windows. That's not my way, sir—if you'd give the real thing, sir, you must see it—put your hand upon it—breathe the air of it—live in it. As for any thing else, you might as soon hope to learn Chinese by drinking tea. But here is the murd—I beg his pardon—here is Mr Kemp."

We are convinced that it was nothing but the high and deep devotion of Pops to his art that compromised his natural horror of the murderer into the exactest civility towards Mr Kemp. A fashionable portrait-painter could not be more complimentary, more considerate towards the little whims of his sitter, than was Pops towards the ruffian of ——— gaol. Thus, when the assassin re-appeared in the court-yard, with a lighted pipe, blowing clouds of the eleemosynary tobacco, Pops approached him with all the grace of which he was capable, asking—"Well, Mr Kemp—and how is it?—to your liking, I hope?"

"A little too mild—but quantity will make up for quality," said the smoker.

"It shall—it shall," replied Pops, quickly apprehending the hint conveyed.—"And—as delays are dangerous—could you spare half-an-hour?"—And Pops appealed most dulcetly to his consideration.

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mr Kemp, and led the way to his cell. One of the keepers cast a look of ferocity at Pops, who, alive to the appeal, placed a dollar in his hand, and walked on.

"You wouldn't wish to be taken smoking?" said the artist, about to commence his labours.

"Why—d—n it, I don't think a pipe improves the face," said Kemp, being unconsciously of the same opinion as Minerva. "But after all, Mr Pops, what does it matter, when

Tom Kemp is come to this?" and knocking the bowl of the pipe against his thumb-nail, the ashes fell upon the stones.

"We should have some regard to posterity, Mr Kemp. The decencies of life are not to be forgotten even at our last moments."

"There—will that do?" asked Kemp, placing himself in an attitude, having first laid down the pipe.

"That would do admirably," replied the artist, "only I have a Henry the Eighth in exactly the same position. If, now, Mr Kemp, you could throw yourself into the attitude in which you committed the"—Kemp glared at him—"the most interesting act of your life—I should take it as a most lasting favour. It might perhaps bring out the muscles in a way that should prove an agreeable novelty. You must not think me pressing—but the truth is, in the exhibition of such subjects we are compelled to be very careful—the Theatres run us so considerably hard; there's no keeping a—a—piece of strong nature to one's self for 'em. Thank you," said Pops, bowing profoundly, as Kemp placed himself. "Flattery apart, I do think, Mr Kemp, you'll make a great sensation."

"Upon my life, I think so—and I never compliment," said Cheek, with the air of a patron.

"It's unfortunate that we shall miss the Midsummer holydays—otherwise the young ladies would have abounded."

"You think so? Well, to be sure," and the speaker grew an inch, "Tom Kemp has had his bits of luck in his day."

"Why there's —, and —, and —," said Pops, naming a few of the illustrious infamous—"they're especial favourites with the boarding-schools. Though we've got Lord Byron in his Greek cap, and Mr Hume with the *Ready Reckoner* from his own library, they stand no chance—a little more to the left—thank you, Mr Kemp; no, they stand no chance with them."

"I suppose we are all in one room?" asked Kemp, anxious for the future whereabouts of his image.

"We scorn to make any difference. You'll be in admirable company.

No—there's just the same fame for you as for the best of 'em: if you'd found out a new world, you'd have had no bit the better place."

For three days Pops continued at his task, and succeeded in obtaining a living likeness of one who was about to become the late Thomas Kemp. Every day Pops narrated to Cheek—who refused to pay a second visit to the prison—his professional success: the head was finished the very day before the trial of the prisoner came on. As, however, the whole facts of the case, from the death-blow to the execution and hanging in chains (the fetters being the gift of Mace the Mayor), are to be embodied in a play for one of the national theatres, we will not wipe the bloom from what is expected to be the greatest dramatic novelty of the season, by any detail of the matter. Enough for us to say, that Kemp was convicted on the clearest evidence.

On the evening of his conviction, Pops—who had won the heart of the head-turnkey by a promise to model his wife's child—gained access to the prisoner. We are not ourselves in all hours, says the adage; and Kemp had evidently been put out of temper by the address of the judge. To shorten our tale, Pops returned to his inn like a man possessed.

"What's the matter?" cried Cheek—"my dear Michael, what ails you?"

"Ails me?—a ruffian—that I—an artist—I—who have modelled kings—made a dozen princes—that I!"

"What is the matter?"

"That villain Kemp!" exclaimed Pops, choking with indignation.

"Good God! he's not acquitted!" cried Cheek, presaging a lost attraction.

"Not so bad as that—but my head!—would you believe that he has insulted my head!"

"Struck you!" asked Cheek, very calmly.

"I mean—my head of his head? Would you think it—you saw the man—now, would you believe that human vanity could be so base—you saw the fleshy pimple on the left side of his nose?"

"I remember—almost as big as a pea," said Cheek.

"Bigger, much bigger, Mr Cheek; and so I modelled it—when the villain swore that I was a bungler—an ass—a fool that wanted to disgrace him in the eyes of the world, to scandalize him in the grave, and so saying he seized his head and dashed it down upon the stones. Never mind, Mr Cheek, it's all here, in two days you shall see the head again. Yes, he swore that I had enlarged the pimple out of pure malice."

"Then he objected"—

"He objected to nothing but the pimple. He didn't mind standing with the knife in his hand with which he had done the murder—nay, before the trial he had sold me the very clothes he wore when he killed the man—every thing from hat to shoes; and with the very weapon, in his identical clothes, he consented to go down to posterity, but he swore that his ghost should haunt me if I

dared to put upon his nose a pimple."

"It was hardly as big as a pea," said the aggravating Cheek.

"I say, Mr Cheek, much bigger—but whether bigger or less, is not now the point; he has insulted me—the artist—and curse me if I don't give him a pimple as big as a marble!"

We regret this expression on the part of Pops; but we must beg of the reader his most liberal extenuation for the many coarse and vulgar subjects which had, doubtless, narrowed the mind of the artist. If he had been capable of rising to the dignity of historian or biographer of great men, elevated by the task, it is impossible that, out of personal spite, he could have magnified a little pea into a large marble. Historians and biographers are incapable of such meanness.

CHAPTER IX.

"Can nothing be done to bring in these turnips?" asked Manager Flat of his property-man on the morning preceding the night of the Mayor's state visit. "Surely, they might be made a feature. Can nothing be done with them?"

"I have told you no, sir, twenty times," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Sir!" was the monosyllabic reprimand of the Manager, and the property-man departed. "Madam"—and this time the Manager addressed a lady in a faded pink silk, with a reticule as big as a horse's nose-bag.

"Good morning, Mr Flat. Bless me, I hope the orchestra will be here—I must go through 'The Boy in Yellow.'"

"Madam!" which implied that every necessary attention would be paid to the new actress. "By the way, madam, I believe you dance?" The lady curtsied an affirmative. "Did you ever dance the egg horn-pipe?"

"Never, sir," said the lady with commendable humility.

"Madam! three seasons ago I got up a pantomime at an immense expense. To effect a proper illusion, it was necessary that twelve turnip lan-

thorns should be constructed—well, madam, the pantomime did not realize, and for three years the turnips have lain dormant. Yet, for three years have I considered how to employ them. It now strikes me that you might dance the hornpipe, substituting turnips for eggs, the hornpipe will consequently be on a much grander scale."

"But, really, sir—as I never saw the egg hornpipe"—

"A very charming thing: the eggs are placed in a circular direction, and the lady, being blindfolded, dances in and out of them, breaking one egg with her foot before she goes off to show a generous public that there is no deception."

"Yes, sir; but it's impossible that I could break a turnip by stepping on it."

"Madam!" and the Manager looked downwards—"Madam! have a better opinion of your foot."

"Now came still evening on," and several pairs might be seen straggling towards the theatre, distant about half a mile from the town, and judiciously placed at the end of two fields; we say judiciously, inasmuch as the walk tended to win people from "the fever and the fret of life,"

and to purify and elevate their souls for the true enjoyment of the drama. Here and there a little boy, with gravity in his face, and a bundle under his arm, plodded towards the temple, to deposit at the stage-door the meretricious ornaments of the lady or gentleman who lodged with his mother. At an early hour, at least ten persons were descried from the theatre crossing the fields, and all things promised an enthusiastic and overflowing audience. Caught by the general intoxication, Pops and Cheek had resolved to patronise the drama in a way in which much patronage is awarded, namely, to obtain, if possible, a free admission. "Are we not professional men?" asked Pops, as Cheek ventured to doubt the success of the experiment.

At a few minutes to seven Cheek was to be seen standing in the middle of the first field, looking loftily around. A lady passed him with a hurried step, bending her eyes to the earth to escape his glance. With the calmness of Socrates, he looked on her receding form, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and the interrogative "Do you know that lady?" accompanied the action. "I have not that pleasure," replied Cheek—"Humph! well, she looked as if she knew you, and started like"—and the speaker, leaving the sentence unfinished, stalked towards the theatre. "Surely I have seen that man before," thought Cheek—"to be sure—yes—Pig, the iron master. But, where the devil is Pops?"—so saying, he turned to seek, when he espied the artist running from an adjoining field towards him, waving something in his hand, and followed by a boy screaming at the pitch of his voice.

"Would you believe it, Isaac? Who do you think is the *little Jockey*?" and before Isaac had time to speculate, Pops exclaimed—"Josephine! my wife!"

"Impossible! what! have you seen her?" asked Cheek.

"No! but look here—here she is," and Pops displayed to the proprietor an ample pair of doe-skins.

"She! why, they are"—

"Josephine's—my dear Josephine's."—Cheek looked incredulity—"What!" and Pops energetically grasped the article in his hand

—"do you think that I don't know the leather—I'd swear to it from a thousand skins!"

"Oh, goodness me!" cried the boy—"pray give 'em to me—I've got to take 'em to play-house—and I was only showing 'em under that hedge to Billy Rogers, when you"—

"Little boy—you say the lady lodges at your house,"—said Pops.

"Yes, sir; and my mother will kill me."

"Go to the lady, and when she asks you for the doe-skins—tell her that the gentleman who has the dearest right to them—mind, who has the dearest right to them—now holds them, and must be personally applied to."

"Oh, sir—pray, sir!" and the child jumped as if upon hot iron.

"Little boy, don't make a noise. I shall be at that tavern," and Pops pointed to a near pot-house. "That tavern. What is it called, boy?"

"The Horns, sir."

"She will find me there," and Pops strided towards the house, carrying the bundle, followed by the passive Cheek, whilst the boy, blubbing anew, ran to the stage-door to inform the representative of the *Little Jockey* of her unforeseen destitution. The boy was suffered to pass behind the scenes, and trembling, made his way to the dressing-room in which was the lady, unconscious of her loss, practising her song.

"The boy in yellow wins the day"

rang through the vaulted roof, when the child knocked at the door.

"Who's there—and what do you want?" asked the fair vocalist.

"If you please, ma'am,—it's—it's—the yellow I've come about. The breeches are gone, ma'am!"

"Gone!" shrieked the despoiled hysterically. "Gone!" But let us quit the scene of misery that ensued, and return to its stern and unrelenting cause.

Pops and Cheek were seated in the room of "the Horns." Cheek, finishing his glass of gin-and-water, cried,

"Ha! there's some sense in this," for, as we have before adumbrated, Cheek was not theatrical.

"I am delighted, Mr Cheek, that in the acting of Mrs Pops you will

this evening have an opportunity of seeing many quiet touches of nature. Don't be carried away by a want of applause: Josephine's style is a little too true to life to touch the vulgar."

"Isn't it odd," said Cheek, "that she should leave town without your knowledge?"

"My dear Isaac, it was indiscreet—very indiscreet; for which reason I have impounded this," and Pops laid his hand upon the bundle. "But, poor thing! though she loves me with a devotion that is sometimes troublesome—yet her affection for the art is so intense, she cannot struggle with it."

"But I heard it was a young, unmarried lady who was about to appear; I forget who told me, but I"—

"That's all the policy of the manager," Cheek stared. "You see, Mr Cheek, the marriage state, though a very respectable invention, is not—as present taste runs—is not so attractive for a play-bill. Maids—though supposititious—draw more than real wives. I know a manager, a most respectable man, who won't have a wedding-ring in his whole company."

"She seems to take her loss very coolly," said Cheek at the end of an hour, and at the conclusion of four glasses of gin-and-water; in which number he was faithfully accompanied by Pops, who gradually became all the better for liquor, for he did nothing but eulogize the sweetness, the gentleness, the commanding intellect of his adorable Josephine.

"A woman of a million, Cheek—another glass of gin-and-water—a woman with the mind of a giant—but with the delicacy of a sylph—a creature entirely made of brain and heart—a child of nature, with"—

The tribute of connubial praise was interrupted by the appearance of Mr Pig, who swelled into the room, and with his sternest looks, and his largest voice, abruptly addressed himself to Pops.

"I believe, sir—indeed, sir, I am well informed,"—the face of the little boy despoiled of the bundle was here visible at the skirt of Pig—"that you have possessed yourself of the valuable property of a lady engaged at the theatre?"

"I have, sir; and what then?" replied Pops, with all the dignity to be obtained from gin-and-water.

"And what then?"

"Then, sir, in the name of that lady, I order you to give it up!"

"You order—you!"—and Pops gasped for breath. "Do you know who that lady is, sir?"

"No one better, sir."

"That lady, sir—is—is"—and Pops turned blue with wrath, and Cheek finished the sentence—"his wife!"

"Pooh—pooh," said Pig.

"Pooh—pooh!" cried Pops in amazement at the ironmaster.

"She has made me her confidant in the matter—she has told me that you have some claims upon her—but those claims I am here to satisfy. And let me tell you, Mr Pops, that you have taken a very unmanly, and—but it's no matter—in one word, will you give up the breeches, and"—

"But with my life," shouted Pops, flinging up his right arm to its full extent, and hugging the bundle to his heart with the left.

"There's thirty shillings," and the ironmaster put down the sum in silver on the table—"which will cover your claims upon the lady—thirty shillings, and now"—

Pops, gnashing his teeth, deigned no answer, but with the edge of his hand scattered the half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences upon the floor; and then, stood pale and aghast, still hugging the bundle.

"Very well: you are witnesses,"—of course the landlady and maid could not be absent—"you are witnesses that I have tendered the money. And now, my fine fellow," and Pig buttoned his coat very vigorously—"we shall see what law can do for you." Delivered of this, Pig vanished from the room.

"My good man," said the landlady to Pops—"now is the woman really your wife?"

"Ha! can you be sure of it?" asked the maid.

"Cheek—Isaac"—cried Pops, waking as from a stupor—"you will be my friend?—my honour, Isaac—my honour."

"There's another sixpence somewhere," said Cheek, despondingly, he having picked up twenty-nine

shillings and a tester during the address of the ironmaster.

"My heart is broken, Isaac—a glass of brandy," sobbed Pops.

"Two," exclaimed Cheek, and, moved by sympathy, squeezed the hand of the artist.

"That Josephine—that she—I—but you'll stand by me, my friend—you'll"—the brandy being brought, Cheek and Pops swallowed it with admirable precision. "And now, Isaac—now we'll see the stuff that a British audience is made of—and the wronged husband, still hugging the bundle, slapped his thigh, and rushed into the air. Touched by his injuries, Cheek was about to follow his example, when he was stopped for the bill. This he paid, minus sixpence, which he assured the landlady was "on the floor."

The two friends paced, with giant strides, towards the Theatre. Arrived at the pay-place, Pops—it was, happily, half-price—laid down a shilling, and with Cheek, entered the pit in time to hear Richard assure Richmond that "the chance was *his*." The house was filled with the beauty and respectability of the town of —. The Mayor, Mayoress, Angelica, and Mr Town-Clerk, with a few private friends, occupied the principal box. Under ordinary circumstances, Pops would have found it difficult to obtain a centre place in the pit, but what could withstand the feelings of a husband, panting for revenge? He sat in the middle of the arena, the bundle upon his knee, vainly beckoning Cheek to advance from the side, to which his deference to the company already seated, attached him. The curtain being down, let us, from our sheer incapability to describe it, draw a veil over the misery of Pops. He sat, the bundle on his knees—his elbows on the bundle—his chin in his hands—his teeth set, and his eyes fixed, sweating with revenge and liquor. The curtain remained down; and—in the brain of Pops—the green-eyed monster continued to rise up! The audience showed symptoms of impatience; and it was with a grin of fierce delight that Pops heard voices from the gallery exclaim—"Little Jockey—Little Jockey!" He wriggled himself on the bench, and plunged his elbows

deeper into the bundle, and shifted his chin in his hands. "Little Jockey—Little Jockey," cried the Arcadians in the gallery, and a deep groan burst from the throat of Pops. "Why, they *are* a long time!" said an elderly matron seated by Pops, and interpreting his groan as a mark of censure at the delay—"They are a long time, sir; but I think it's always best to leave groans to the gallery." The tumult swelled—a cry for "Little Jockey" was mingled with the call for "manager"—shouting, hissing, stamping, whistling, with other sounds at the command of a civilized audience. Apples were thrown upon the stage—two or three candles at the back of the gallery were extinguished, and many of the younger women showed signs of alarm, whilst elder ones, with a fine moral courage, assured them there was nothing to fear. It was very disrespectful to the Mayor, who conveyed his displeasure by sundry big looks to the rioters—still the storm raged higher, and it was not until a fine heroic fellow in the gallery, exclaimed—"Let's pull up the benches?" that the cry for "Manager"—"Flat"—"Manager," was met by the appearance of Mr Wentworth Flat himself! Strange to say! in an instant, the roar subsided; not a sound was to be heard, save the hard breathing of Pops, his elbows still glued to the bundle.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr Flat—with exquisite unconsciousness—"may I ask, what it is you desire?"

"Little Jockey—Little Jockey!" was roared from gallery and pit, and Pops laughed hysterically at the response.

Mr Flat paused to reply, when a voice addressed him from the gallery—"Mr Flat!"

"Sir!" said the manager, putting his hand to his heart.

"I suppose thee call'st thyself master of these folk?"

"Sir!" answered Flat, wishing to imply that he did.

"Well, then, if thee be'st master, why dost not see that they *does* their work? Where be *Little Jockey*?"

"Sir!" and then addressing himself to the audience: "ladies and gentlemen, is it your wish that the performance should go on?"

"Yes—yes—yes," cried the whole audience, when Flat bowed and retired from the stage amidst a general burst of applause; affording another proof that in this world there is nothing so unaccountable as applause. There was a further delay of five minutes, during which Pops continued to wipe his brow with his hand, keeping one elbow rigidly on the bundle. Five minutes more elapsed, and then a murmur ran through the house, deepened into a groan, and burst into a loud shout for "Little Jockey." The call was so imperative that the manager rushed on, whilst sparks of flame darted from the eyes of Pops, and he sat with gasping ears!

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried the manager with a look of prostrate misery.

"It wont do, Flat," exclaimed the orator from the gallery.

"Sir! Ladies and gentlemen, this is, perhaps, the most painful moment of my life. That on an event like the present—patronized as I am by the highest authority of the town of ——" applause from Mr Town-Clerk and friends in Mayor's box—"I say, that such an accident should have occurred on such a night, is to me—a—but, ladies and gentlemen, I remember the proverbial generosity of an English public"—great applause—"and I feel bold enough to hope"—Mr Flat paused.

"Little Jockey," screamed a child's sharp voice from the gallery, and Pops recognised in its owner the carrier of the bundle. "Little Jockey!"—"Little Jockey!" it repeated, growing higher—"Little Jockey!"

"Give that child the breast," said a cynic from the pit; and then to Mr Flat—"Go on, sir."

"Sir! The young lady who was to have had the honour of appearing before you in the part of *The Little Jockey* has met with a most unlooked-for disappointment. Her dress was to have come down by the mail—by some afflicting accident it has not yet arrived"—Loud cries of "shame, shame." Mr Flat continued: "As, however, the drama of *The Little Jockey* is not one of those ephemeral modern productions produced within the meaning of the *act*—one of those tailor dramas depending

upon wardrobe—as its attraction lies in the minute developement of character—the display of passion—the brilliancy of dialogue—and the exquisite conduct of plot—it will, I am sure, be no drawback to the enjoyment of an enlightened audience, if, for this night only, the young lady appears in the part of *Arietta*, without her usual clothes?" A tremendous burst of applause; upon which the manager, thinking, with the orator of antiquity, that from the cordiality of the shout, he must have unwittingly said something very foolish, subjoined—"I mean, ladies and gentlemen, without the dress of the Jockey, substituting for it a pair of white trowsers, kerseymerewaist-coat, and brown frock, most handsomely lent to her on the shortest notice by Mr Valentine, the walking gentleman."

"No—no—no—no!" "Jockey dress"—"cap"—"breeches"—"no, no"—"Jockey dress"—was shouted from various parts of the house, together with "shame"—"robbery"—"give us back our money"—"Jockey dress"—"breeches!"

"Upon my honour, ladies and gentlemen, they have not come by the mail, and"—

"'Tis a lie—a lie—a lie," shouted Pops, springing upon the bench with the bundle under his arm.

The whole audience rose, and there was a general cry of "hear him—hear him. Where is he?" for, the pit having risen to a man, Pops was not visible. Still, though unseen, he continued to cry "a lie—a lie!" And numerous enquirers shouted "Where is he?"—"Give him a lift," said some; "Hoist him up," said others; and, in obedience to what became a general wish, a broad-backed six feet yeoman lifted Pops upon his shoulders, the artist still clinging to the bundle. A general burst of applause greeted the elevation of the gentleman who had given "the lie," to the manager. "Hear him," rung through the house.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Pops, "many causes are stated for the ruin of the legitimate drama"—A loud "Oh" was uttered by the audience, followed, however, by a charitable "hear him." Pops continued. "The principal cause is in

the people that have become managers: they keep no faith with an enlightened public—they"—

"Breeches!" cried an impatient hearer.

"I am coming to them, ladies and gentlemen," said Pops, vehemently. "I say, that managers lend themselves to the grossest frauds—by every kind of trick they endeavour to obtain"—

"Breeches!" exclaimed another voice, upon which Mr Wentworth Flat advanced a step, and said—

"Sir! may I ask what your oration may have to do with the dress of the Little Jockey—the dress detained in London."

"Bravo, Flat!" was shouted, followed by a round of applause.

"Left in London?" crowed Pops, with a malignant laugh. "Ladies and gentlemen, I hold in my arms the complete dress of *The Little Jockey*—and that young gentleman in the gallery can testify how I became possessed of it—and moreover, I can, at two days' notice, produce Mr Nathan's receipt for the articles, purchased by me for my lawful wife."

"Your wife!" exclaimed fifty voices, and the interest increasing, a dead silence ensued.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen; and I put it to you, whether as wives, mothers, husbands, and fathers, you will patronise a manager, who, to strengthen his bill, encourages wives to elope from their husbands and families, and to appear on these boards—boards which a Siddons has trod, and a Grimaldi has tumbled upon—under the protection of a man, who—who"—Pops could say no more, but wept copious tears of gin-and-water.

"Shame"—"shame"—"infamous"—was levelled at the head of Flat, the mayor very significantly shaking his hand in horror of the manager.

"Sir," said Flat, in answer to the gesture—and then turning to the audience—"Ladies and gentlemen, upon my character as a husband and a father this is all a foul—a wicked calumny."

"Look, ladies and gentlemen,"—and Pops untied the bundle with his fingers and teeth—"look, here is the yellow cap—the yellow waist-

coat and sleeves—and here the breeches—and—and"—

Pig at this moment appeared at the back of the Mayor's box, and Pops, entwining his feet about the neck of his supporter, flung himself forward like a flying Cupid, and the breeches in one hand, and the sleeves and cap in the other, shook them towards the ironmaster, exclaiming, "And there—there is the man who has destroyed my peace—there is the man who has ensnared my Josephine—there is the vile seducer!"

Pig turned like blue and white marble at the accusation—the ladies in the box with a short shriek, instinctively clutched their clothes, and started from him, whilst considerably more than one voice cried out to "throw him over."

Even the presence of the Mayor failed to allay the virtuous indignation of the house. There never was such a tumult, as the reporter of the county paper subsequently assured his readers, "in the memory of the oldest play-goer." In the midst of the storm, Mr Flat vainly endeavoured to be heard himself, or to obtain a hearing for Mr Pig, who had advanced to the front of the box, which he kept striking with his clenched fist, in a way to do credit to the best ironworker. At length, the manager rushed from the stage; and in a short time returned leading on a lady—the lady engaged to make her first appearance in the *Little Jockey*. The lady, with swimming eyes, curtsied to the audience, but—and it is an everlasting blot upon the men of the town of — that she was assailed with "off"—"off"—"no"—"no"—"horrible"—and other epithets of opprobrium and disgust. "A wretch!"—"Poor dear man," exclaimed some of the ladies, seeing Pops start, and let fall the Jockey dress, and clasp his hands when the lady appeared. And well he might; for he beheld not a faithless and truant wife, Josephine Pops—but his wife's most promising pupil, Miss Margaretta Boss. "The creature," cried the ladies, and prepared to depart; the men still shouting and hallooing. However, this much may be said for many of them: many declared that they should have accompanied the supposed runaway

wife, if their own wives had not been present; and that they were indignant merely to keep peace at home.

We must do Pops the justice to state, that when he became conscious of the injury he had inflicted upon Miss Boss, he tried all in his power to explain away the mistake. He roared, shouted, gesticulated, foamed at the mouth, and continued to point to Miss Boss, who with her clasped hands held up to her throat, and her head turning from side to side like a toy mandarin, stood the image of entreaty and despair. It was of no use; the audience mistook his action for emotion at his wrongs, and his pointing to Miss Boss, as a defiance to her to prove the falsehood of his assertion. And more than all, the Mayor's box was cleared of its inmates, save only Pig, who stood manfully forward. All the ladies in the boxes took the hint set by the Mayoress—the females in pit and gallery indignantly tied on their bonnets, and, followed by

their reluctant husbands and sweet-hearts, quitted the house—nearly all the lights were extinguished, and Miss Boss loud in hysterics. Fortunately, the ironmaster occupied the box nearest the stage, and vaulting from it at the critical moment, caught the falling young lady in his arms. His action was met by the few bachelors lingering in the pit and gallery, with loud applause, and cries of "bravo," above which might be heard the shrill voice of the bundle-carrier calling "Little Jockey!"—"Little Jockey!"

"This is a pretty business," said Cheek to Pops as they returned over the fields; "you've ruined the woman."

"I went by the doe-skins," said Pops. "How was I to know that Josephine had sold her the dress? And why—why didn't she explain how she had forgot to pay her for it, when she sent me the thirty shillings balance by her friend the ironmaster?"

CHAPTER X.

A herald, with a silver trumpet, shouting in the streets of —, would have failed to convince the denizens of that virtuous town, of the entire innocence of Miss Boss. Not only, as she pathetically lamented, was her character ruined, but her benefit was blasted. Mr Pig, the ironmaster, was injured only in reputation; his pocket was invulnerable. Even the most charitably-disposed, canvassing the circumstance, "declared there must be something in it." Mr Flat had vainly called upon Pops to induce him to give a true history of the affair in the county paper; but Pops declared it to be a fixed principle of his life to have nothing to do with editors. "No, no," said he, magnanimously, "people who can't *live down* such mistakes, ought to die as soon as possible." Pops being inexorable to the entreaty of the manager, Miss Boss sought to assail him through his friend.

"I believe, sir," said the young lady, whose name had been announced to the astonished Isaac by the waiter—"I believe, sir, I have had

the pleasure of meeting you before?"

Cheek instinctively placed the back of his hand to his nose; and then, recovering his self-possession, replied, "In Parker's Lane, madam." Miss Boss bowed.

"Oh, heavens! sir," exclaimed the lady, plunging at once *in medias res*—"what is to be done? Save me, sir—save me!"

"Madam!" cried Cheek, retreating from the affecting passion of the petitioner.

"It isn't here, sir, as in some towns, where such a circumstance might be the making of an actress—but here a benefit depends upon private character," and Miss Boss sobbed.

"It's a great pity," said the sympathizing Cheek.

"It's dreadful, sir. But since Mr Pops is so cruelly obstinate—since he seems so bent upon my destruction—you, who know my innocence"—

"I, madam!" exclaimed Cheek, as if accused of some enormity.

"You, who know my innocence,

will, perhaps, undertake my defence! You will write a letter—you will appeal to a generous but abused public—you will champion the cause of an afflicted, heart-broken woman—you will be to me a friend, when all—all—all!"—and Miss Boss became inarticulate with emotion, and to make her cause stronger, began to faint. Cheek retreated from her approaching weakness; but, following close, and wringing his hand in hers, she fell upon his arm, as the door opened, and discovered Mrs Josephine Pops and Mr Pig, the ironmaster.

"Very well, ma'am—very well, I am satisfied—quite satisfied—I wish you joy of your friend, ma'am," exclaimed Pig, trembling with passion.

"Joseph!" cried Miss Boss, running at the ironmaster, who gathered himself up, and smiled a ghastly smile of scorn, "I assure you, I came here to seek Mr Pops, I!"—

"I know you did, ma'am," said the wife of Pops, clapping her hands to her hips. "I know you did! Yes—I have discovered it all. He must come here to model, forsooth; and you must come here to meet him; you—whose fortune I have made—you, to whom I have taught my own by-play of *Lady Teazle*—the pantomime of *Fenella*—the songs of *Polly*—the dance of *Letitia Hardy*—you, to destroy the peace of a happy, faithful, gentle wife, the mother of four children, and who is now"—Mrs Pops could say no more, but leapt at the bonnet of her pupil, which, clawing off, she then caught Miss Boss by the hair, who turning round, fixed her hands in the tresses of her assailant. On this, Pig threw his arms around the waist of Miss Boss, and Cheek, paying the like attention to Mrs Pops—the women clawed, and the men pulled. Cheek and Mrs Pops had this advantage over their opponents; they weighed more than double. Hence, after much unequal tugging, Cheek and Mrs Pops conquered by their own gravity; for Miss Boss, letting go her hold, Cheek fell, and still embracing Mrs Pops, brought her down with him. Nor was this all; for the Proprietor, falling against a highly-polished mahogany buffet, split the pannel like glass—and a large china punch-bowl on the top, moved by the concus-

sion, fell, and broke into pieces on his head. At this moment, Pops, the landlady, landlord, and all the inmates of the house, crowded into the room. What was the horror of the artist to see his wife lying in the arms of Cheek, screaming, and triumphantly waving in her hand the wig of Miss Margaretta Boss! What the perplexity of the landlord to see his shivered pannel—what the horror of his wife to behold her broken china! Nor must we omit to cast a pitying glance at the fair pupil, despoiled of her wig—blushing, sinking, swooning under the fiery glances of the enlightened ironmaster! We think the landlord did not express himself too strongly, when he positively declared that "he would have no such doings in his house!"

Mrs Pops threw one look at her husband, exclaimed—"Oh, Pops!" and adding some words about "further proof," words almost unintelligible from the infirmity of the speaker, rushed up stairs into the bedroom of her helpmate. "Where—where can I get a constable?" cried Miss Boss, resolving to throw herself on the laws of her country. "Hallo!" exclaimed one of the servants, tapping the window, and beckoning to a man at that moment on the other side of the way—"Hallo," and in a minute the summons was answered by the appearance of Gullet. "This young woman," said the landlord, "has been shamefully used by these people, and"—and here the speaker pointed to Pops and Cheek.

"My name, sir, is Boss," said Margaretta to Gullet—"My name is Boss, and I charge!"—

Gullet looked knowingly at Pops and Cheek, and then turning to Miss Boss, a little familiarly took up her elbow between his finger and thumb, and said, "Upon your soul and body now, isn't your name Nancy Dawson?"

"Boss—Margaretta Boss—and I want to swear my life against an infamous woman—oh, sir!" and she turned to Pig, who was slinking off, "and after all—all—will you—can you leave me now?" Pig could, for he did.

"Yes, yes, you'd better come to Mr Mayor," said Gullet, and he proceeded to hand the injured woman from the room, and she quitted the

house, followed by Cheek and Pops, given into custody by the landlord, for the broken china and damaged mahogany.

The inn last patronised by Pops and the "proprietor" was superior to the Silver Stag; indeed, it was the head hotel, and as Mr Cox, when he travelled, with a wisdom we cannot condemn, always selected such an asylum, he was—about half-an-hour after the departure of his artist and party for the hall—seated in the best room of the Blue Lion. He had ordered dinner for two, for the sixtyninth son of the Shah Abbas, alias Aaron Leir, travelled with him. Whilst their repast was in preparation, their discourse fell upon the town, the surrounding country, and its many natural and architectural beauties. A pause ensued, and Cox looked at his watch. "They are very long with the salmon," said Cox.

"How long vill it last," said Aaron, stirring as from a deep study.

"Long! that's as it may be, Aaron," said Cox; "I only hope that it will be able to accommodate two."

"Vot? is dere another?" asked the man with the beard.

"Why, what do you call yourself? I suppose you'll be quite ready for it?" observed the proprietor of the elixir.

"I! my Got!" said Aaron, and for a Jew, turned very pale indeed.

"Why, what's the matter—don't you like salmon?"

"Salm—Oh—ha?"—and Aaron seemed suddenly illuminated. "Yes—Got help me!—I vos thinkin' of de gibbet."

"What! Kemp? Yes; they've soon had him up. An admirable set of irons; and we had a capital view of him. I only hope that Pops—Oh!—the dinner." The dinner was laid, and silently consumed. "Not an ill-looking fellow," said Cox, returning to the gibbet with his wine.

"Suppose they'd buried him?" asked the superficial Aaron, "wouldn't it been as good as hangin' him in chains?"

"Certainly not," said Cox with his characteristic acuteness. "You see, Aaron, it is a very old custom to hang men in chains, which is one reason of its excellence; the next is, the example it holds out to crime;

the next is, the influence it has upon society at large; when a man is buried he's done with; but when he's to be seen at all hours it makes us familiar with robbery and murder. The boys who by-and-by will play at pitch and hustle under Kemp will, I have no doubt, display the great utility of a gibbet."

"It's an ugly sight," said Aaron.

"Very true—very true; but people will get used to it, and by-and-by think nothing ugly in it;" and by such close consistent reasoning did Cox speak on the side of the gibbet. "They say Kemp begun by robbery—by-the-by, I had almost forgotten that wicked slut Eleanor. Who'd have thought it? However, as business has called me through the town here, I can see how Pops is going on, and"—at this moment the landlord entered with the newspaper, and Cox questioning him about the visitors to the town, discovered that Pops and Cheek had but a short time since quitted the Blue Lion for the Mayor. Cox was a man of decision, and, rising from the table, he desired Aaron to follow him. They were about to quit the inn when they met, at the very door-step, the poor orphan protected by Pops. She had followed him from London, having been harshly treated by Josephine, of whom she had had cause to complain. When the poor girl saw Aaron, she uttered a shriek, and covering her face with her hands, turned from the door.

"Eleanor!" said Cox, "girl—what brought you here?"—he added sternly, "I wish we hadn't met."

"I—I couldn't stay in London, sir—I—I came to find my father," for so she used to call honest little Michael.

"You'll find him if you come with me," said Cox, "I am going to him." The girl, avoiding the glance of the Jew, followed Cox in silence. They soon reached the hall, and were ushered before Mr Mace, at the moment listening to a pathetic address by Pops, who was counsel for his wife against Miss Boss.

"Father—father," cried the girl, unable to contain herself, and running and embracing him.

"What! Nelly—dear little Nelly," cried Pops, kissing her again and again with a loud smack, in defiance

of the Mayor, who continued to cry "silence in the court."

"Yes—any body before his own flesh and blood;" said Mrs Pops, looking on disdainfully at the caresses of Pops, who, however, returned to the defence of his wife, pleading with such pathos, that Mr Mace called the whole party a pack of fools, and desired them to behave better for the future. The damaged mahogany and broken china were to be settled in private with the landlord. The party were about to retire, when Mr Cox—whose sudden appearance had sufficiently surprised his servants present—stood forth and begged that the girl might be detained.

"Eleanor?" asked Pops, with wondering eyes. "What for?"

"For robbery!" answered Cox.

"Robbery," shrieked the girl, and fell as motionless upon the floor, as though a bullet had struck her heart.

"Ellen—Nell—if this be true—no it isn't—and yet—oh, Lord! oh, Lord! if it should"—exclaimed Michael, and he turned a ghastly white, and his teeth chattered.

"She has robbed that gentleman," pointing to Cheek, "in whose service she was employed, of twenty pounds!"

"She!" cried the astounded Cheek; "Not of a single penny."

"Mr Cheek, you are not aware that the strong-chest has been opened—the money taken out—and, as you here perceive—the thief decamped from London."

"Nelly—Nelly—speak—say it's a lie—tell me—one word—say, a lie—or my heart will break," and tears rolled down the cheeks of Michael. "You hear what they say, Nell?—they call you thief!—Is it true? Is it true?"

"No, father—as God looks down upon me, no!" and the poor girl put her hair from her eyes, wiped her tears, and turning her head to meet the glance of Cox, stood silent and erect to hear him.

Cox, though evidently affected by the situation of the girl, and somewhat staggered by the dignity with which she met the charge, stated that, as the friend of Mr Cheek, he had some interest in the property—that Aaron, his servant, had given the alarm of the theft and robbery, the

box being found on the premises, robbed of its contents—that Eleanor alone had free access to it—and that before the theft was discovered she had secretly quitted London, and had been apprehended as a fugitive but a few minutes since. Mrs Pops, when called upon for her evidence, stated that Eleanor had returned home one evening apparently in great agitation—that the same evening she had left the house, and that she had heard no more of her until the present meeting; she herself being induced to quit London in consequence of the "scandalous business" between her husband and her ungrateful pupil. Poor Eleanor heard all this with the face of death; but when Aaron was required to give his testimony, sobbing violently, she fell upon the neck of Michael. The Jew gave his evidence, never halting for a word: swore to his finding the open chest, and to his immediate communication of the fact to Mr Cox.

"And now, my little girl," said Mace, softened by her piteous wailing—"now, my little girl, what have you to say?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" ejaculated Michael. "Now, Nelly—dear Nelly!"

"I am innocent, sir," said Eleanor; "if I do not speak the truth, may I fall dead before you."

"But why—why," asked the Mayor, "did you quit London?"

Eleanor turned to answer. She was about to speak, when her eye met the eye of Aaron; her throat and face were dyed scarlet, and she exclaimed convulsively, her clenched hands directed towards the Jew, "He knows—he knows!"

Aaron meekly answered that he knew nothing—he had told all, upon his conscience; and sorry he was to be obliged to do it, but he had told all.

"Then you positively charge this young creature with theft; you would have me send her to jail?"

Eleanor clung to Michael, stifling her sobs; the tears poured down Michael's face; Mrs Pops became softened—Miss Boss wept—the iron-master's eyes twinkled—and Cheek tried to cough down his rising emotion.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed

the watery Mayor, in great perplexity, his sympathies fighting hard for the accused.

"There's some mistake—there must be some mistake," cried Pops. "Only let me get to London—give me time, your worship, for the sake of my poor Nelly: an orphan, sir—a poor orphan—a thing without a friend in the world except myself—a creature full of goodness—a helpless lamb, left in this hard world to—to—time, sir! for the love of God, sir, time!" and Michael hugged the girl in his arms; and Josephine embraced her too, and cried outright.

"If the charge is persisted in," said Mace, "I have but one course; however, we will have another examination to-morrow."

"And Nelly—you wouldn't put her in a jail till—I tell you, sir, you'd kill the dear child," cried Michael.

"What security can I have that she"—

"I'll be bound in all my farm for her," said a fine young yeoman present—"I will, indeed, Mr Mayor;

for I'm sure she's as innocent as any nestling."

"Well—I—Gullet, let your wife take care of her for to-night. Mind, I hold you answerable for her appearance to-morrow. I am afraid I'm straining a little—but really she is so young; and if looks be any thing—I—well, mind you're answerable," said Mace to the constable.

"I tell you, I'll be answerable, Mr Mayor, to the last penny I have. Poor thing! there's black work somewhere," said the young farmer.

"There is—there is," cried Michael; "God bless you, sir, for your good thoughts of my poor Nelly. There now, Joe"—and Pops addressed his wife—"go with her—comfort her—talk to her, and I'll see you by-and-by." Eleanor was accompanied to the constable's house by Mrs Pops; Cox retired with Aaron to his inn, informing Cheek and Michael that he wished to give them audience there; and the iron-master offered Miss Boss his arm to the street.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mr Pops, pray stay a minute—and, Sandford," and the Mayor addressed himself to the young farmer, "don't you go. The girl, it seems, is not your daughter?" said Mace, earnestly addressing Michael.

"Poor heart! no!" said Pops; "but I don't know if she isn't sometimes dearer to me. Well, well; some of us are sent roughly enough into this world, and roughly enough some of us are handled."

"You knew the parents of the girl," said the farmer.

"I knew her father, poor fellow! You see, it was all on a matter of business, and I—but it is rather a secret. Poor heart! she couldn't help it, and I've never let her know who was her father."

"And why not?" asked Mace.

"Because, sir, I think it would kill her. I'm sure she's such a gentle, high-minded thing, that she'd pine and waste away with the knowledge—she'd feel the shame in her blood, though not a heart in the world beats with better."

"Pray tell us, sir," said Sandford, "from whence she comes? I pledge my secrecy; and my friend, Mr Mayor, can be as close as the grave. Who is she?"

"About thirteen years ago, I was sent to a man condemned to die. He had done that which perhaps deserves death; though, for my part, I think death for him who dies hardly a punishment at all. What is it to be snugly put to bed out of all the trouble about us? No, sir; the punishment is upon the poor souls who stand broken-hearted at the grave, not upon him sleeping soundly at the bottom."

"But the girl—Eleanor?" asked the farmer.

"I tell you, I went to her father on business. He had been a thriving—they said, an honest man. Well, troubles fell like rain upon him: he was cheated, robbed where he had placed most confidence—he was turned out of house and home—lost his wife—took to loose company—fell from step to step—and,

at last, in a night fray, a man was killed. Eleanor's father was"—

"A murderer!" exclaimed Sandford, with irrepressible horror—"the father of that girl a"—

"Even so, sir—I shall never forget the first time I saw him. It was a beautiful summer's night, and he was seated in a bench in the courtyard. There were still the remains of better days in his face. He sat in his frieze jacket and leather cap, with his arms crossed, looking down upon a child—it was Eleanor—seated at his feet. She was about three years old, no more; and so beautiful, so innocent—she looked, I may say, a piece of holiness, ay, a bit of religion new from God! It was an awful thing to see that child in a place for felons. A little angel playing in the furnace! There sat the baby at the feet of its dying father; and there, turning up its blessed little face to the face of the murderer, it struck its toy—a doll given to it by the keeper's wife—against the fetters of its father, and smiled, and laughed, and crowed at the ringing music. The sound went into my heart like a sword—I was sick, and reeled again."

"And the wretched man," said the young farmer, his lips trembling at the picture of the artist.

"He looked down upon the child, and the colour of his face turned with the agony of his soul. For some time his lips moved, but I could hear no voice. At last I heard him—'Yes, Nelly, yes—they'll hang your father; and you will go to the workhouse—and you will be flung like a weed into the world—and you will grow beautiful as your own blessed mother; and you will be wronged, betrayed; made a thing of shame; and life will be to you a misery; and you will curse the hour of your birth, and you will curse the father that begot you, and you will lie down in wretchedness and pray for death, and death will not find you. Oh, God! Oh, God! who will protect you.'"

"Poor wretch," cried Sandford, weeping.

"Well, sir, to shorten the story; that night little Nelly slept with my child. We have had three since then, and if sometimes their share of bread and butter has been less

because divided among five, I think the little has done them as much good as if it had been more. And Nelly—a thief! oh, Mr Mayor!"

Mace sat, his eyes swimming in tears. "Well—well," he contrived to speak—"we must see—to-morrow," and Pops, broken-hearted, quitted the hall, Sandford walking home with the Mayor, resolved to delay his departure from the town until, as he said, "right was done to that poor girl."

Michael bent his way towards the Blue Lion, in obedience to the commands of Cox, to whom, after some talk, he privately showed the result of his mission, in the portrait of Kemp, which he had restored from the injury committed upon it by the vanity of the original. It was of little avail, however, that Cox flattered the cunning of the artist: his professional pride was, for the time, dead; killed by the sorrow he felt for his dear little Nell. It was remarkable that Leir did not show himself, but retired early to bed; assuring the waiter that the fatigues of the journey, with the anxiety he suffered on account of the girl—and who could think that such an innocent-looking thing could be a thief!—disposed him for nothing but his bed. Cox, softened by the concern of Michael, bitterly regretted the part he had taken in the business. "However, let the worst come to the worst, Michael," said the man of the elixir, "we can quash the evidence, and so she's sure to be acquitted."

"Acquitted; and in that way! no, sir—no; as you have gone so far, as you have charged her before the whole world—before the world you shall try to prove it—and then, if you fail—the Lord forgive you, Mr Cox, for your persecution of my poor orphan!" Michael was deaf to the remonstrances of his employer, and quitted the room supperless for his bed.

"You can't sleep in your old apartment to-night, sir," said the chambermaid; and she proceeded to inform Pops, that after the tumult of the morning, new company had arrived, and his room was occupied. "But there was a double bedded room where, for one night, he might be accommodated." Pops was in no humour to contest a point which at

ordinary times would have raised his soul of fire ; therefore saying nothing, but drawing a heavy sigh, he followed the chambermaid to the double-bedded room. With a dumpy heart Pops went to bed, where he lay tossing to and fro, worn and sleepless. In this state Cheek visited him, opening the door with extreme caution. He came with words of comfort on his tongue, and a glass of brandy and water in his hand. "Are you awake, Michael?" said Isaac.

"How do you think I could sleep?" said Pops.

"I thought you couldn't, and so I thought I'd bring you something to cheat you into a slumber," and Isaac sat beside the bed, offering the brandy and water.

"This is no time for drinking," said Michael, and he took the glass.

"Right, Michael—it isn't," and Isaac received the empty glass, which he replenished from a bottle providently brought with him. "However, it's no use weeping—I suppose I shall find water in the room?"

"A jug-full in the corner," replied Pops, despondingly.

"No, Michael"—and Isaac possessed himself of the water, and "craftily qualified" the alcohol—"this is no time for drinking. It's a hard thing to suspect a man, but I'm quite certain that that Jew is a monstrous thief."

"As you say, Isaac, it's hard—very hard to have an uncharitable opinion, but as sure as I lie in this bed he's a villain."

"They can't prove any thing against the girl—that's one comfort," said Isaac, and he drank with an air of satisfaction.

"No matter for that—it's a blot upon her," said Michael, and he sighed and drank again.

"As the world goes," cried Isaac, with the bearing of a philosopher, "a blot or two doesn't make us all black. And if—who the devil's that?" asked Cheek, hearing snores proceeding from the other bed.

"Hush!" and Pops raised himself up—"the candle—look!"

Cheek took the candle, and softly crossed the room; looked through the curtains—started back—set the

candle down again—took the extinguisher—dropt it on the light—set himself in the chair by Pops—gripped his arm—and whispered, "Aaron, the Jew!"

"Aaron! the girl never told me that."

"Hush! Oh, Michael, now he's asleep, you can't think what a thief he looks."

"Are you sure he's asleep," asked Pops. "Are you sure"—again the Jew snored, and began to mutter. "I'd give a penny," said Michael, "for a peep into his brain."

"I dare say it's a show that would be worth the money—though, when all's said, I dare say there's few of us would like to let our neighbour have a look."

"It's no use—fight as you vill—I vill have you," muttered Aaron.

"Silence, Isaac—the devil's talking in him."

"Damn the key—it von't fit," cried the dreamer.

"Do you hear that?" cried Pops, nearly breathless with anxiety. "Oh good Belzebub, a little more—only a little!"

"Only twenty pounds—only twenty," and Aaron groaned in his sleep. "Ha! ha! you may cry—who'll believe you?"

"Isaac, do you hear that? Do you hear?" Michael looked about the room—for the moon shone gloriously through the window,—and perceived that Isaac was gone. Michael immediately got out of bed, and approached the bed of the Jew, "I'll make him confess, or I'll dig it out of his throat with my nails," mumbled Pops, as he walked on tip-toe towards the sleeper. He flung the curtains apart, and shrunk back at sight of the Jew; his face was so convulsed—and his hands fixed, like the hands of a drowning man, in the clothes. His face was bathed in sweat—his tongue worked in his mouth—and his whole body heaved and writhed, as if a burning poison were in his veins. The spectacle fixed Michael powerless to the spot: for a moment a touch of compassion visited his heart, and he moved to wake the dreamer from the bed of hell on which he suffered,—and then Michael thought of the poor orphan, and paused.

"Only twenty—vell—she did it—

"I'll swear she did it"—cried the Jew; and Michael, like a roused tiger, was about to leap upon his breast, when he heard the door open behind him, and looking, saw Isaac and Cox appear. "I'll swear she did it," repeated Aaron, as they entered the room, and Michael and Cox exchanged looks—after a pause, Michael quitted the bed, and joined the listeners. "Have you heard enough?" said he exultingly to Cox.

"And they hanged him for it! And he began with thieving—look—see how he swings round to me—no, no—I can't stand it—hark, how the irons creak! Hark! hark!"—and the dreamer fought in the bed as if possessed; and then, by degrees, became less violent, and at length, with a long-drawn sigh, awoke. The next instant, he uttered a piercing shriek, and leapt up in his bed, and roared like a maniac. "See—he's there—he follows me—his whole face laughs at me! mercy! mercy! I'm de thief! my God! my God! mercy!"

The hearers ran to the bed, and found the Jew in a state of insensibility. He lay like stone upon the pillow—his teeth set, and his hands clenched. The landlord, for he had been brought to the door by Cheek, turned from the bed in the direction of an opposite table, when he gave a loud scream, and crying "Kemp! Kemp!" fell upon the floor. The horror of the landlord accounted for

the last ravings of the Jew, who, waking, beheld on the table the wax head of Kemp—finished to the life—placed there by the artist before he went to bed, and coming out in terrible reality in the moonlight. The handkerchief which Michael had thrown over it, had been accidentally removed by Isaac in his search for the water-jug. The landlord was taken down stairs; and by the advice of Cox, the door was locked upon the Jew.

Pops would, at the instant, have run to the mayor, but was overruled by the authority of Cox, who insisted that the business should be deferred until the morning. The morning came, and Pops ran to Gullet, the constable, to come and take into custody Aaron the Jew.

"Why, you see," said Gullet, "he's got a little the start of us—for he was seen two hours ago on the top of the — coach."

The information of Gullet was perfectly true. On coming to himself, Aaron, either smitten by compunction, or half conscious of the revealings of the past night, lowered himself from the window into the street, and made his escape. His destined victim—she had repelled his offered villany in a way that left him nothing but the savage hope of destroying her good name—was restored to the arms of Michael, well-nigh mad with joy at her deliverance, and wholly wild at the escape of the Jew.

CHAP. XII.

This shall be a short chapter; but we trust a satisfactory one. What became of poor Eleanor? We care not to describe the whole process of the courtship, but certain it is, that in time she became the wife of Richard Sandford, a flourishing farmer. And what—it may be asked, befell Miss Margaretta Boss? (We would fain speak of the ladies first). Did she marry Pig, the Ironmaster? No: but he died, leaving her a very pretty annuity: Nay, more, he dedicated to her his second edition of the *History of the Origin and Progress of Cribbage*, superseding his dedication to the first issue to an officer's widow, and supplanting the widow's

portrait as an "illustrious player," with a highly-finished engraving of Margaretta. And did the gentle Boss live and die unnoticed? No: she married Isaac Cheek: it will be remembered that on his first interview he was seriously struck by her: he had the bruise for a week. The marriage was a most happy one; chiefly, as Michael would say, because the courtship began at the proper end. For Michael, assisted by Sandford, became the whole and sole possessor of the property; and, to the great grief of many historical painters, is making a rapid fortune as a "man of wax."

SUMMER SKETCHES BY DELTA.

No. I.

LOVE, MUSIC, AND MOONLIGHT.

I.

'Twas on a balmy eve of June,
While softly gleamed the rising moon
Above a pillowing cloud, whose snow
Seemed bathed in that celestial glow—
All sounds of earth and air were mute,
When first I heard thy silvery lute;
Bright was the eve, and blest the hour
When first I saw thee, beauty's flower.

II.

The calm, the scene, the fairy tone—
Into my thoughts like light have gone;
Entranced lay earth; the stars around
Blue heaven seemed twinkling to the sound;
As floated far the notes along,
The blackbird hushed his evening song;
The murmuring stream and rippling sea
Grew still, and listened, envying thee.

III.

Oh what an ecstasy, that night,
Kind fate bestowed to sound and sight—
The sight was what we meet, perchance,
Only in page of old romance;
The sound was like the lovelorn breeze,
That steals at night to woo the trees;
And, mingling, both made poor earth seem
Not man's abode, but fancy's dream.

IV.

There beauty's circling zone subdued
The spirit to love's melting mood;
The radiant and the rare combined
Of sin and grief the sense to blind;
No gloomy doubts or dreams oppressed
The bright elysium of the breast;
And off flew sorrow, like the grey
Of twilight from the glance of day!

V.

Floated the elfin music fine
Through network of the eglantine,
While moonbeams pierced the leaves between
To see thee—and to make thee seen;
And there thou stood'st, all glowing bright
With alabaster brow of light,
As 'twere an angel come to see
What thing a world like ours can be!

No. II.

THE RAINBOW.

I.

Foreboding gloom o'erspread the summer plain,
 Dim was the sky, and silence reigned profound;
 Quivered the aspens, while the big hot rain,
 Commixed with hail, began to patter round.

II.

The giant spirit of the storm was raised
 Sublime upon the forehead of the cloud,
 Waiting his beck, the sheeted lightnings blazed,
 And pealed the rolling thunders long and loud.

III.

Earth, answering to the shadowy hues above,
 In sombre loneliness was overcast;
 Down from the mountain gullies madly strove
 The streams, and crashed the green boughs in the blast.

IV.

Long raged the storm and raved; its lurid dye
 Mantling both earth and heaven with aspect wild;
 At length the chaos cleared, and azure sky,
 Even like young day, when born of darkness, smiled.

V.

Like armies from a battle field, the mass
 Of scattered clouds dispersed, and left a calm
 Upon the lake, whose bosom shone like glass,—
 Upon the wild-flowers breathing out their balm.

VI.

The turmoil of the elements had ceased,
 Above the sea the sun was shining fair;
 I gazed and gazed, then turned me to the east,
 And lo! the rainbow in its pride was there!

VII.

As shone that arch, reflected in the sea
 White with commotion in the recent strife,
 I thought of thee, beloved, I thought of thee,
 The sunbow mid the tempests of my life.

VIII.

Mid blasts and clouds the sun withdraws his form,
 And leaves the world to desolation's blight;
 The rainbow heralds the departing storm,
 But thou endurest it—for ever bright!

No. III.

STARLIGHT RETROSPECTIONS.

I.

Upon this column—overthrown
 By giant Time's unsparing hand,
 Where lichens spring and moss is strewn
 Over the desert land—

I rest alone, and fix mine eye,
 With feelings of sublime delight,
 On Time's resplendent galaxy,
 The studded arch of night.
 How awful is the might of *Him*,
 Who stretched the skies from pole to pole !
 And breathed through chaos waste and dim,
 Creation's living soul !
 A thousand worlds are glowing round,
 And thousands more than sight can trace
 Revolve throughout the vast profound,
 And fill the realms of space.
 Then what is man ? It ill befits
 That such should hear or heed the prayer—
 Lip-mockery of the worm that sits
 Within the scorner's chair !

II.

There are no clouds to checker night ;
 The winds are hushed, the skies serene
 And nature outlined darkly bright,
 Is still distinctly seen.
 Remotest ocean's tongue is heard,
 Declaiming to his island shores ;
 And wails the lonely water-bird,
 From yonder marshy moors.
 This is the realm of solitude ;
 A season, and a scene for thought,
 When melancholy well may brood
 On years, that now are not—
 On syren years, whose witchery smiled,
 Ere time had leagued the heart with strife,
 The Eden of this earthly wild—
 The paradise of life.
 They feign, who tell us, wealth can strike
 In to the thornless paths of bliss ;
 Alas ! its best is Judas-like,
 To sell us with a kiss.

III.

Ambition is a gilded toy,
 A baited hook, a trap of guile ;
 Alluring only to destroy,
 And mocking with a smile.
 Alas ! for what hath youth exchanged,
 The garden of its vernal prime ?
 Is Care—Sin—Sorrow—more estranged,
 More gently lenient Time ?
 Doth Friendship quaff from bowl more deep :
 Bathes hope in more delightful streams :
 Comes Love to charm the pillowed sleep
 With brighter, holier dreams ?
 Alas ! the ship of life is steered
 More boldly to the central main,
 Only to cope with tempests feared—
 Lightning, and wind, and rain !
 Around lurks shipwreck ; hidden rocks
 Beneath the billows darkling lie ;
 Death threatens in the breaker's shocks
 And thunder-cloven sky !

IV.

Hearken to Truth. Though joys remain,
 And friends unchanged and faithful prove,—

The heart can never love again,
 As when it learned to love.
 O! ne'er shall manhood's bosom feel
 The raptures boyhood felt of yore;
 Nor fancy lend, nor life reveal
 Such faëry landscapes more!
 Above the head when tempests break,
 When Cares flit round on ebon wing,
 When Hope, o'er being's troubled lake,
 No sunny gleam can fling;
 When Passion's flame no longer burns;
 And Griefs distract, and Fears annoy,
 Then Retrospection fondly turns
 To long departed joy;—
 The visions brought by sleep; the dreams
 By scarce-awakened daylight brought,
 And reveries by silvan streams,
 And mountains far remote.

V.

Elysium's hues have fled; the joy
 Of youth departs on seraph wing;
 Soon breezes from the Pole destroy
 The opening blooms of Spring!
 We gaze around us; earth seems bright
 With flowers and fruit, the skies are blue;
 The bosom flutters with delight,
 And deems the pageant true:—
 Then lo! a tempest darkles o'er
 The summer plain, and waveless sea,
 Lash the hoarse billows on the shore;—
 Fall blossoms from the tree;—
 Star after star is quenched,—the night
 Of blackness gathers round in strife;—
 And storms howl o'er a scene of blight;—
 Can such be human life?
 Expanding beauties charm the heart,
 The garden of our life is fair;
 But in a few short years we start,
 To find a desert there!

VI.

Stars! far above that twinkling roll,—
 Stars! so resplendent, yet serene,—
 Ye look (ah! how unlike the soul)
 As ye have ever been:
 In you 'tis sweet to read at eve
 The themes of youth's departed day,
 Call up the past, and fondly grieve
 O'er what hath waned away,—
 The faces that we see no more;
 The friends whom Fate hath doomed to roam,
 Or silence, through Death's iron door,
 Called to his cheerless home.
 Oh that the heart again were young;
 Oh that the feelings were as kind,
 Artless, and innocent; the tongue
 The oracle of mind.
 Oh that the sleep of Night were sweet,
 Gentle as childhood's sleep hath been,
 When Angels, as from Jacob's feet,
 Soared earth and heaven between.

VII.

What once hath been no more can be—
 'Tis void, 'tis visionary all;
 The past hath joined eternity—
 It comes not at the call.
 No!—worldly thoughts, and selfish ways
 Have banished Truth, to rule instead;
 We, dazzled by a meteor-blaze,
 Have run where Folly led.
 Yet happiness was found not there—
 The spring-bloom of the heart was shed;
 We turned from Nature's face, though fair,
 To muse upon the dead!
 As dewdrops, from the sparry cave
 Trickling, new properties impart,
 A tendency Life's dealings have
 To petrify the heart.
 There is an ecstasy in thought,
 A soothing warmth, a pleasing pain;
 Away! such dreams were best forgot,—
 They shall not rise again!

LOST INNOCENCE.

A SLEEPING babe into my hands was given,
 Transparent with pure health; and bright, and warm
 With dear new life. Well cradled on my arm
 It slept serene, the delicate bloom of sleep
 All the ripe rounded cheek with tint of heaven
 Suffusing. O'er the place began to creep
 Stillness, that was not broken but to hear
 The sweet low measure of that precious song,
 That poureth such rich comfort in the ear,
 Of the low bending mother, and her fear
 Persuadeth to remit—all the night long
 Watching in sickness. On the little breast
 One soft round arm and graceful curling hand
 In dimpled luxury did calm repose,
 And with the little bosom fell and rose—
 The other with meek action upward went,
 Whereof one finger, pointing from the rest,
 On the plump lips—the pouting lips, was prest—
 Lips pouting all for fulness of content,—
 And pressing so, appeared as it bespoke
 Much need of silence, and bid understand
 That such a pretty slumber might demand
 With no rude sound to be untimely broke.

So couched the rosy sleeper, and a glow
 Of loveliness on all around did throw,
 That of such beauty had I never dreamed;—
 So recent from the hands of God it seemed,
 And such a grace, and such a modesty,
 And such a gift of heavenly purity
 Endued it sleeping. Holy was the calm. Then I,
 Waving a blessing o'er that lowly head,
 "Great Lord, thou'st given us much," I rising said,
 "Thou'st given thy creatures noble gifts and fair,
 Honour, and power, and bright intelligence,—
 Yet sure with Innocence can none compare;
 All, all is wanting—wanting innocence.
 Oh, to thy wisdom if it seemeth best,
 Then leave us Innocence—and take the rest."

CHLORIS ASLEEP.

1.

As Chloris lay asleeping
 Beneath a willow weeping,
 Whose leaves did vie in keeping
 Pert Phœbus from her face,
 Young Zephyr,—as I ween,
 Impatient for that scene,—
 Came trembling in between,
 And rustled in the place.
 But when the nymph he saw,
 O'ercome with secret awe,
 He whisp'ring did withdraw
 Behind the trees again,
 And there, the boughs among,
 With reverential song
 Of sighs and murmurs, long
 Went uttering all his pain.
 But courting and manœuvre
 And all could never move her
 From that sweet repose.

2.

Then burnt the jealous sun
 At seeing what was done,
 And quickly he begun
 To wrestle with the shade,
 And he watch'd every chance
 Like a hero of romance,
 With his beam for a lance,
 Till a passage so he made.
 And though a moment more
 And the happy time was o'er,
 And the branches as before
 Veil'd her beauty from his sight,
 Yet did he swiftly reach her,
 And he kiss'd the lovely creature,
 And ran o'er every feature
 In a tremor of delight.

But courting and manœuvre
 And all could never move her
 From that sweet repose.

3.

Then a gay little brook,
 Running by, courage took,
 And he filled all the nook
 With his amorous voice,
 And in tones low and sweet
 He began her to greet,
 And in flowing at her feet
 Vow'd ever to rejoice.
 From afar in the glade,
 Echo sent him, he said,
 To arouse the sweet maid
 From that long long rest,
 For since Chloris slept on
 Her music was all gone,
 And lost was the tone
 She had aye lov'd best.
 But flattery and manœuvre,
 And all could never move her
 From that sweet repose.

4.

Then blossom was in love,
 Looking down from above;—
 Against it he strove,
 But was vanquish'd soon;
 For the charm it increas'd,
 Till at last quite oppress'd,
 He sunk on her breast
 In a rapturous swoon.
 But courting and manœuvre
 And all could never move her
 From that sweet repose.

5.

But as Chloris lay asleeping
 Beneath the willow weeping,
 Young Ctesiphon was creeping
 All gently to the place;—
 For a spirit that day
 Had told him where she lay,
 And love led the way
 With a stealthy pace.
 Then, Brook, give over feigning.
 And, Zephyr, leave complaining.
 And, Sun, no more be straining
 For a kiss from without;
 And you, saucy blossom,
 Come, leave my Chloris bosom;—
 But your leaves, ye trees,—dispose 'em
 In curtains round about.
 So may the gods approve her,
 Only Ctesiphon could move her
 From that sweet repose.

THE WAR OF SPARTACUS.

A HISTORICAL EPISODE.

WE have extracted the following episodical fragment of history chiefly from the works of Plutarch, Livy, and Sallust. The hero of it is perhaps less known than any character really so distinguished of Pagan times. He was one of those who, failing of final success, lose the major part of the glory of their separate and astonishing advances towards it. As an escaped rebel slave, gathering around himself other slaves and objects of the most despised condition, and daring to brave the majesty of the republic of Rome, he was regarded by the Roman authorities, people, and historians, with the utmost contempt. His successes, arising partly therefrom, but principally from the great qualities he possessed and displayed of perfect prudence and hardihood, extorted, it is true, for a while, admiration from terror. But the interval during which this lasted was too short to insure its fair transmission to the page of history. The exploits of Spartacus are consequently smothered up in the Roman annals; and it is only here and there that we get glimpses, unwillingly imparted, of his real greatness. Except to a student of history, his name, *as a hero*, is hardly familiar. We think, therefore, that a brief notice of his life and career will be acceptable to our readers. Certainly the bare and meagre recital of his achievements, all that the historians above named enable us to furnish, shows him to have been a very great man. From a gladiator and runaway slave, he started at once into a consummate general. We see in every one of his great deeds that it was not to fortune but to conduct he owed his successes. All his actions seemed to belie his origin. Instead of becoming a renowned robber, as might have been expected from his previous condition, he erected himself from the very commencement of his enterprises, and with means the most ridiculously insignificant, into the antagonist of the power of Rome.

What he designed gives us even a nobler conception of his vaulting mind than what he accomplished; and he exhibited particularly this mark of heroic superiority, viz.: that victory the most dazzling never disturbed the sobriety of his judgment, or made him relinquish, for transient triumphs, projects more difficult, in which lasting results could alone have been established. We may almost say, that in the following sketch we have disinterred a most remarkable character. There is displayed in it, we imagine, something of Wat Tyler and something of Napoleon, but the traits which most offend and revolt us in the two last named worthies, are not apparent in the Greek hero. We regret only that we have been able to do little more than follow the mere series of events of which he was the grand evoker. The picturesque and romance of his life are left nearly, if not altogether, to the imagination. We give, however, the crude materials for high-wrought fancy to deal with, and to mould and to build up into splendid historic fiction.

Spartacus, the hero of one of the most stirring episodes in Roman history, was a man of low origin; he belonged to a family of shepherds; he was born in Spartica, a little bourg of Thrace, from which place he has taken his name. The qualities he possessed were so heroic, that Plutarch declares he should be regarded rather as a true Greek than as a barbarian. According to the account of Cœcilius, in his history of the servile war, Spartacus was taken prisoner, brought to Rome, and sold for a slave in the year of the city 670. He remained not, however, long in this condition; he undertook not only to set himself free, but to break the chains of the slaves, his companions. And he succeeded. As an incitement to his difficult enterprise, it is said, that he recollected a circumstance which had happened him in his boyhood in his own country, from which

his wife, who was skilled in divination, had prophesied to him success in all his undertakings. Whilst sleeping one day in the sun, a serpent had twined itself about his neck, and, waving its flaunting crest over his head, had glided away without doing him any harm. Being free, he became a soldier, but was afterwards retaken and sold for a gladiator. He now became perfect in athletic exercises, and in fierceness, in magnanimity, and in wily courage. Escaping a second time, he took with him seventy of his companions, and was by the consent of all made their captain. This band first armed themselves from a public cook-shop with spits and other culinary weapons; they afterwards fell in with some waggon loads of gladiators, which they took, and thus provided themselves with swords and shields; finally they overcame a small body of military, so became more perfectly equipped. They were soon joined by other fugitives and adventurous mountaineers, and amounted in number to more than two hundred. The Prætor, Claudius Pulcher, was sent with three thousand men to extirpate this horde, as it was thought, of robbers. But Spartacus had never, even from the beginning, entertained an idea of assuming a brigand character. His views were more loftily ambitious. Instead of fleeing from the formidable armed force sent against him, he prepared to resist and overcome it. He took post for this purpose on the precipitous steeps of Mount Vesuvius, of which the fires were then thought to be burnt out, where he could not be attacked but with great disadvantage. Claudius Pulcher, on arriving before this strong position, resolved to risk no action till the enemy—driven down by hunger—should descend to the plain—and he pitched his camp at the foot of the mountain. Spartacus watched his adversary's movements; and, knowing the impossibility of long holding out where he was, he resolved to take advantage of the Roman general's manifest contempt of himself and his followers. For this purpose he had a quantity of the sup-

plest vine branches cut, and by twisting and uniting these together, a species of rope was formed, by which, in the dead of the night, he and his men let themselves, without noise, down into one of the amplest hollows at the mountain's base. The camp of Claudius Pulcher was sleeping in security when this bold band fell upon it, destroyed and dispersed it utterly, and got possession of all its arms and baggage. Three thousand men were thus scattered or perished, by the nocturnal onset of a little more than two hundred escaped slaves. From this moment the name of Spartacus spread through Italy. The discontented and the oppressed crowded from all quarters to his standard. He hesitated then not a moment in assuming the character of the champion of liberty, and issued a proclamation,* of which the following are some of the kindling sentiments.

"What is easier," it said, "than to surprise and crush cowards, enervated by opulence and by pleasure, wretches, who know nothing but to quarrel and strive among themselves about their luxuries. Feasters and sacrilegious! the golden cups of their drunken revels belong rightly and solely to the altars of the gods. In our blind and shameful submission is all their strength. Let us resume this day the superiority which is ours. Consider the multitudes who groan in chains, as we have groaned; despise the riches which are the glory of our tyrants, and which alone make them *look* dreadful whilst they *are* contemptible. Rise up! brave comrades, without delay or deliberation. The courage which hesitates is cowardice. It depends upon you to deliver your country from its oppressors; and the land belongs, by right, to the most fearless."

Such words possessed an illusive spell which they have not yet lost. The effect of the proclamation was, that ten thousand combatants, in the space of one month, were added to the force of Spartacus. When this army, for it deserved at that period the name, had been furnished with arms and horses, Spartacus exercised it long in military discipline;

divided it into companies and cohorts, into light and heavy troops and rifle corps, and placed it under the command of the seventy gladiators who had accompanied him in his second escape. The force being composed chiefly of Gauls and Thracians, the two principal generals immediately under himself were, the one a Gaul and the other a Thracian, and national jealousies were thus avoided. Many small towns were, in the course of the first march, taken, the slaves every where liberated, who in a short time swelled the army to the number of forty thousand; and horrible retaliations were perpetrated on the noble and the rich. Outrages and atrocities of this kind, however, Spartacus did all in his power to check, but in vain.

The Roman senate now sent another army against this formidable band of insurgents. Ten thousand men were put under the command of Varinius, for the purpose of extirpating them. The smallness of this body shows in what contempt the Romans held the slave army. Spartacus, though so superior in numbers, resolved, like a great general, not to attack the disciplined and compact force sent against him in regular battle, if he could avoid it, knowing that mere wild and tumultuous courage, little amenable to command, is no match for skill and obedience, though numerically in vast inferiority. He ordered a retreat behind the mountains of Lucania; but the Gauls especially, with Crixus, their commander, at their head, looked upon this as pusillanimity. They were determined, separating themselves on the occasion from Spartacus, to fight, and were completely defeated. The retreat took place. The rebel army arrived in Lucania without being attacked or incommoded. On the contrary, Spartacus found an opportunity during his march to fall upon a Roman division commanded by Furius, and completely routed the two thousand men of which it was composed. Varinius had nearly, a few days after, by skilful manœuvring, shut up his enemy in a sterile spot, enclosed on the one side by mountains almost impassable, and on the other by the swollen and rushing water courses

which fall into the Gulf of Tarentum.

The way in which Spartacus extricated himself from this difficult position is striking. His camp was regularly formed. Soldiers mounted guard continually at its gates; sentinels relieved each other, and military order and precision seemed to prevail throughout. But one night at the second watch, just at the time of relieving guard, Spartacus and his whole army marched out, keeping the deepest silence. A trumpeter was left in the camp; and at proper distances a number of bodies, lately dead, were stuck up, armed and dressed in imitation of the sentinels of the advanced posts. From time to time the trumpeter sounded the accustomed signals. Great fires were also lighted to complete the deception. The Romans conceived no suspicion. In the morning they found the camp void, and were struck with stupefaction at being so completely duped.

From this time the offensive war of Varinius was turned into a defensive one. He felt the superiority of his adversary. He was also obliged to divide his army into two corps. He detached Cossinius to the south, and marched himself in the northward direction. Spartacus learning this disposition from volunteer spies he had all over the country, resolved to profit by it. He left the main body of his force under Crixus, and marched with his light troops with incredible speed upon Cossinius. By sunset he had crossed the Aufidus. He found his adversary encamped by the salt marshes, at present called the *Lago salso*. Cossinius heard at the same moment of the approach and attack of Spartacus. Just as the night came on, the slave general fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon the Roman legions. Cossinius was at the moment bathing in a neighbouring fountain. He had hardly time to flee away, naked as he was. Baggage, camp, and all which it contained, fell into the hands of Spartacus; but brilliant as this success was he stopped not to enjoy it. He pursued the enemy, and forced him to action. The battle was to the insurgent army a victory; the Romans were beaten and dispersed, and Cos-

statulus himself remained among the dead upon the field.

Spartacus now felt himself strong enough to meet Varinius in a pitched and regular action. The Prætor offered him battle and he accepted it, though his men were still badly armed. The greater part of them had for weapons, pitchforks, rakes, flails, and other agricultural instruments; or pointed stakes hardened into an iron strength by fire. Before the action, Spartacus harangued his troops; * "Comrades," said he, "we are entering into not merely a single battle, but a long war. We must behave ourselves as true soldiers. A first success will be the sure promise of a train of other successes which will follow it. We must live upon continual victories, or become the victims of an infamous and torturing death," &c.

The Roman Legions were routed, Varinius, thrown from his horse, hardly escaped; his war-horse, his arms, his purple *toga*, his lictors, and *fascæ*, all the emblems of his dignity, fell into the hands of the victor. With these ensigns of authority, Spartacus, the slave, the champion of liberty, and the hero, was afterwards, not very consistently, accustomed to robe himself. By his victory all the lower part of Lucania was open to him. He first established his quarters at Metopontum, a city said to have been built by Nestor, at the time of the Trojan war, and subsequently at Thurium, built originally by a colony of Athenians, and of which the ruins even yet may be seen on the Gulf of Tarentum; Torrana is its present name. In this latter place he endeavoured, with some success, to make his army amenable to discipline; and as they were now living not only in abundance but superabundance of all necessary provisions, lest his hardy warriors should become effeminated by luxury, he enforced a regulation by which money of every kind was excluded from the camp. It was made a high crime to be in possession of the circulating coin. He himself gave away all the gold and silver he possessed to the poor and to those who had suffered by the war, and

many of his generals followed his example.

Varinius had now got another army on foot. Despairing of dislodging his enemy from Thurium, he contented himself at first with watching his movements from his fortified camp, and engaging from time to time in partial encounters. But the snows beginning to fall upon the mountains, he perceived that he could no longer keep the open field, and was obliged to come to a decisive action.

Spartacus, desiring not to attack, but to be attacked, made a movement in retreat. This had the effect aimed at. The Roman army advanced with confidence. Somewhat disappointed they were, however, when they saw those whom they had regarded as fugitives drawn up in battle array, and a moment afterwards moving forward with shouts, as if victory were already theirs. The first attack on the Romans was by Crixus, who had been placed at the head of his Gauls in ambush, in the deep bed of a dried-up torrent. Issuing therefrom suddenly, he fell upon a Roman division with boldness and with success. Varinius coming to the support of this division, the action became general, and the defeat of the legions complete. Thus ended the first campaign of the war of Spartacus.

Its results to the insurgents had been immensely advantageous. In the course of a few months, from seventy gladiators, they had become seventy thousand experienced warriors. And this was altogether owing to the merit of the extraordinary man at their head. He had been victorious in three pitched battles, in two obstinate and bloody engagements, and in several smaller combats, without being once defeated. None of his plans had failed. He was now master of nearly all the south of Italy, his resources were great; his army in fine condition; and he was ready for a second campaign with every hope of success. Yet was he well aware, that one battle lost would make twenty victories useless. It was his design, therefore, to retreat with his army

to Sicily, or to get into the Alps. From the difficulty of finding conveyance by water, he was obliged to determine on the latter project. In this, however, he was opposed by Crixus and his Gauls, who were, like wild bravos, for marching straight upon Rome. They separated with their leader, to the number of thirty thousand, from Spartacus, encountered the Roman army, under the Prætor Arrius, on the frontiers of the Samnite country, and gained a great victory. In a few days afterwards, Crixus and his Gauls were attacked by the Consul Gellius. At the moment of the attack, the insurgent leader was plunged in a deep debauch, and all his faculties lost in drunkenness. His army was utterly destroyed, and himself slain. It was in this action that Cato, afterwards so famous, but then a young volunteer, first distinguished himself.

Rome was at present fully roused out of her contempt for the power of Spartacus. She sent her two consuls, Lentulus and Gellius, with two separate armies to oppose him, and made preparations for sustaining the war, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal had been her enemy.

Mean time the hero against whom all these preparations were directed, had, by forced marches, advanced as far as that part of the Apennines which traverses Etruria, not far from the Arno. The Consul Lentulus first came up with him, and his object was to bring that general into action before he could be joined by Gellius. Lentulus, however, would not be drawn into an engagement. A junction of the two Roman armies became inevitable; separately, however, Spartacus was resolved to attack them. For this purpose he detached a corps of Thracians from his main body to cut down trees, and thus block up the road over which Gellius must pass. The Thracians had also in charge to attack the arriving army, yet not so as to get seriously engaged, but sufficiently only to amuse and detain the enemy. These dispositions being made, Spartacus again offered battle to Lentulus, and the latter knowing that his colleague was in the immediate neighbourhood, no longer declined the provocation. An action ensued, in

which the Romans were thoroughly beaten, while expecting and relying upon aid from an army of their countrymen, almost within sight of their defeat. Hastening from this scene of triumph, Spartacus joined his Thracians, and convinced the astonished Gellius of the overthrow of his brother Consul by inflicting, within the space of half an hour, the same humiliation on himself. Here were two great victories gained, not only the same day, but within a few hours of each other, over the picked troops of Rome, headed by distinguished generals. Neither the taking of three enemy's camps by Cæsar thirty years later, nor the double victory by sea and by land of Cimon, were more brilliant than this achievement. Throughout Italy Spartacus got, from henceforward, the name of the Second Hannibal.

Between this new Hannibal, as he was called, and the Alps there were only now the two Roman armies, ten thousand strong each, under the command of Cn. Manlius, the Prætor, and E. Cassius, Proconsul. This force occupied the road to the Alps which traverses Modena. The obstacle it opposed to the march of Spartacus was overcome by another victory. Master now of all the open country of Italy, and having subdued so many formidable armies, he changed his plan and decided to march upon Rome. The road was free to him. His own force had increased to more than a hundred and twenty thousand picked soldiers. Multitudes who offered to enlist themselves under his banners were sent away. None but chosen men, robust, courageous, and intelligent, were suffered to follow his standard. In order to accelerate his advance, all superfluous baggage was burnt, the prisoners massacred, and all the beasts of burden that could be dispensed with, killed.

The senate and people of Rome, in the utmost consternation, sent Arrius, who had commanded the rear guard of Gellius' army, to arrest the progress of Spartacus. Arrius had under him a force at least sixty thousand strong, besides what remained of the legions of the two consuls. He was encountered by Spartacus at Picenum, not far from Ancona. And here another battle

took place, of the details of which Roman historians give no information; but its result was the utter destruction of the Roman army.

It is surprising that after this victory Spartacus abandoned his project upon Rome, though he might, at the moment of panic, have executed it almost without impediment. It had, however, never been one from which he had hoped the realization of a complete success, and a transient triumph, however brilliant, was not what he aimed at. Just at this juncture, he received intelligence that he might effect his passage into Sicily by engaging the pirates who infest the Italian and Sicilian coasts to furnish him with boats. That island was then governed by Verres, rendered immortally infamous by the eloquence of Cicero; its inhabitants were all ripe for insurrection; Spartacus foresaw that if he could once reach this refuge, he might be able to establish there a permanent government, and place himself at its head. He would have the means too of organizing a powerful fleet, and thus have become a thousand times more formidable to Rome, and more independent, secure, great, and free for the execution of whatever ambitious designs he might contemplate, than he ever could be at the head of wild unmanageable multitudes, who depended upon daily victories for existence, and whose defeat, in a single instance, would have been utter destruction, nothing being realizable between the two alternatives.

The change of the enemy's plans gave the senate of Rome time to recover from their consternation. Crassus, then the richest and most popular man of the republic, was sent with an army about two hundred thousand strong against the terrible foe. He began his expedition by a shocking act of severity. Attributing the repeated discomfitures of the Roman legions to the luxurious habits and effeminacy introduced among them by Sylla, he revived an old law of the sternest cruelty, by which every man who showed the least vacillation of courage in action was condemned to be beaten to death with bludgeons; and his lieutenant having a few days previously been routed with all his

division, by Spartacus, four thousand of his men perished by the sentence of a court martial in this way, and the rest, deprived of their arms and uniforms, were made the scavengers of the camp.

Mean time, Spartacus had advanced within sight of the coast of Sicily, but he found himself deceived by the pirates: they had taken his money, and thought not of fulfilling their engagements. His army was encamped by the forest of Silla; and here Crassus found him. The hostile forces were in sight of each other, but neither were inclined to risk an action. During the long suspense of fortune which took place, Crassus determined to employ his vast army, whom he feared to leave idle, in one of those gigantic works, which are peculiar to Roman genius. He resolved to surround the enemy's position on the land side by profound ditches, walls, and pit-holes, so that he should be completely shut in; whilst by sea the Roman fleet would shortly cut him off from all resources. The stupendous work, occupying an extensive circuit, and employing daily near an hundred thousand hands, was nearly completed before its design was discovered. Spartacus became aware of his danger only when he found himself in the net, and his extrication most difficult. By dint, however, of constantly harassing the Roman troops, and drawing their attention towards a point the farthest from that through which he was bent upon opening a passage for his army, he at last succeeded. He marched one night with the greater part of his force out of the camp, and reached the Roman works at a spot where they were not finished. So impassable were the ditches which had been dug, from their depth and breadth, that it appeared vain to attempt to advance further. Fortunately, the night was stormy, and a heavy fall of snow prevented the tread of feet being heard. The movements of Spartacus and his men were consequently undiscovered. They began by endeavouring to fill the ditches with earth and snow, and heavy bundles of wood, but of these not having enough, they flung in all the dead bodies that could be found, and killed beasts of burden to throw in likewise. By this means they at

last marched over carcasses into the free country; those whom they had left behind them in the camp followed them gradually; and Crassus, when in the morning he found the enemy gone, was so alarmed, that he sent despatches to the senate, informing them of the fact, and telling them to prepare for the advance of Spartacus on Rome, the high-road to the capital being again open to him.

That hero had not yet, however, given up his project on Sicily; he therefore remained in Lucania. Besides, divisions had broken out among his generals, which greatly weakened him. The Gauls had again separated from him, and were shortly after discomfited, in a most bloody battle, by Crassus. This disaster, it is true, was subsequently repaired, by a victory of Spartacus over Crassus himself, near Clibanum; yet he became aware, that as the whole power of Rome was now roused, and all her resources would be brought into play against him, he had no time to lose, but must strike a decided blow to renew and increase his superiority, or must daily diminish in the estimation of his army and of Italy, in which his great strength resided. He was anxious, therefore, for a crowning battle. Crassus also wished to draw one on. Pompey had been sent for from Spain to supersede him in his command, and he was not willing that the laurels of the campaign should be snatched from him by a rival.

In these dispositions of their chiefs, the armies met on the banks of the river Silarus, not far from the bay of Pestum. Spartacus, when he had drawn up his men in order of battle, addressed them in a brief and spirit-stirring harangue. In order to impress them deeply with the fate that awaited them, should they be vanquished, he had a prisoner of war

nailed to a cross, on a height, so that his agonies might be conspicuously seen by the whole force. He then had his horse led out, and killed it in presence of the assembled troops. "It is my resolve," said he, "to share in all your perils. I will have no advantage over you. If we are conquered, I shall need a horse no more—if conquerors, I shall get horses in abundance from the enemy."

The signal for the attack immediately followed these words. He was himself the first, at the head of his most chosen corps, engaged hand to hand with the enemy. The battle instantly became general on all points. The shock and the carnage were terrific; but victory was evidently inclining towards the insurgents, when Spartacus received a deep wound on the thigh. Supported on one knee, he still, however, with his buckler and his sword, defended himself, and dealt fiercely on his assailants, cheering on his men all the while. In this situation he was slain. His men, notwithstanding, maintained the fight, not with the hope of victory, but to sell their lives dear. They were at last overcome. Thirty thousand of their bodies were found dead on the field, and not one of them, as Sallust observes, had a wound behind. The Romans lost 20,000 men, and had as many wounded. Three thousand Roman prisoners were found in the insurgent camp, which argues humanity on the part of Spartacus; for he and his followers had been put by the senate out of the pale of quarter. Every man of the six thousand taken by Crassus on this occasion were nailed to crosses, at certain distances from each other, along the highway on either side of it, and the Roman legions then marched between them, to gaze upon them whilst agonizing in their long tortures.

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS.

FROM J. P. RICHTER.

"No man ought to be privileged to laugh at mankind, but he who right heartily loves them."

The Earth.

THE earth is the *cul de sac* in the great city of God—the camera obscura, full of inverted and diminished images from a more beautiful world—the cloudy halo round a better sun—the numerator of an unknown denominator. Verily, it is almost an absolute nothing.

Wise men—Gecks.

A wise man holds his tongue a hundred times before a fool, because he requires three-and-twenty sheets to set forth his opinion. A geck needs only a line or two; his opinions are new islands that rise out of the sea, and have no connexion with any earthly thing, save vanity.

Coldness and Coolness.

Not coldness, but cooling down, is the true wisdom; and our inward man, like a glowing metal cast in its form, should be allowed to cool only by degrees, that it may form itself into a more smooth and perfect shape; for no other reason has Nature cast our souls in hot bodies, even as the forms of metal are heated before the cast is made.

The Court atmosphere.

I hate the Simoom wind of a Court, which passes innocuous over those who lie on the ground, but dries those to powder who stand upright.

Life.

Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies.

But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the head of man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.

Sympathy.

Two noble souls discover their relationship first by the like love that they bear to a third.

Two Friends.

Mute moved around them the vortices of love, and drew them nearer. They stretched out their arms to one another, and sank voiceless together, and betwixt the brothered souls lay nothing but two mortal bodies. Overwhelmed by the flood-tide of love and joy, for a minute their drunken eyes were closed—and when they looked up again, the solemn Night, with his suns sunk in the eternal depths, stood before them—the milky way, like the ring of Eternity, clasped the immeasurable space, the sharp sickle of the earthly moon came with a gentle cut upon the short days and joys of humanity.

But there was something there yet more high than the suns, yet more solid than the ring of eternity, and yet more bright than the sickle of the moon—and that was the undying friendship of two souls in two frail frames of dust.

Memory.

The distance of memory alone can change the drops of time through which we swim into the rainbow of enjoyment.

Memory—Hope.

Two perspective painters lead us, poor bewitched mortals, through the whole theatre of life, and these are *memory* and *hope*.

Rule of Study.

Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it, and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

Existence of God.

To prove the existence of a God only two things are necessary—two men, of whom one may be dead, that the other may the more leisurely study and peruse him.

Poetry and Philosophy.

From the Stora and the Portico of thought we must have a view into the Epicurean Gardens of poetry.

True greatness.

Be great to despise the earth—be greater to honour it.

Rule of life.

Man should carry life like a spirited falcon in his hands, allowing it to mount into the ether, and being able to call it back again to earth, whenever it is necessary.

Music.

Holy music reveals to the souls of men a past which they never have known, and a futurity, which in this life at least, they never can know.

Reviewers.

The Reviewers are a set of miserable gourd-painters—they are the statues of the god Terminus that stand upon the marches of science without either arms or legs. As Minerva with her magic wand changed Ulysses, so they, with their critical baton, would fain change all authors into beggars like themselves.

Poetry.

Poetry is like a pair of skates which run flatly over the smooth crystal of the ideal, but are worse than a pair of Dutchman's shoes on the rough highway of life.

The Beggar's Heaven.

There is one heaven which is open to all, even to the meanest beggar—the Heaven of the *Toilette*—for by some chance a glittering rag is wafted to him with which he patches up his most needful rents; and with this he struts, regenerated, before his brother-beggars, and offers himself, self-complacent, to their silent admiration.

The Poetical Character.

Poetry forms its professors to no definite human character. Like horses trained to play tricks, they can put themselves into all sorts of strange and surprising postures—but they are generally useless on the road.

Money.

No man needs money so much as he who despises it.

The Theologians.

Mere theologians are the greatest and narrowest of all egotists; they

make God the *frere servant* of their petty parish, and imagine that eclipses of the sun are sent only to shade and cool them on their way to the church.

Greek Literature.

The Greek literature is like the shafts of a mine, always warmer the deeper we penetrate, though it be cold on the surface; most modern poems have heat only on the outside.

My Church.

My church is my mother; and no proof, however strong, that there are better mothers than she, can tear me away from her bosom.

How to value others.

It is a common error—of which a wise man will beware—to measure the worth of our neighbour by his conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls might we not rejoice in the knowledge of, were it not for our pride!

Belief in a Future Life.

Taking men in the mass, and regarding more their habitual feelings than their mere outward professions, I find much fewer than we should at first imagine, who either with firm faith believe, or with bold scepticism deny a future life. There are few who venture absolutely to deny it—for this would at once take away, as it were, the pivot on which the present life moves, and deprive it of all unity, completeness, and hope. There are few who are bold enough habitually to believe it; for they have no eyes to look upon their own transfiguration, and the diminished earth turns pale for fear. But most men seem to me to be moved by the impulse of alternating feelings, in the mid-space betwixt the two opinions.

As we paint devils more easily than gods—Furies more easily than the Venus Urania—hell more easily than heaven—so also we believe in those more readily than in these; in the greatest misery more readily than in the greatest bliss. How, indeed, should our souls, inured to disappointments and chains, look without occasional doubting on a Utopia on which our vulgar earth is to go wreck?

Immortality.

Man were upon earth vanity and ashes, and smoke, did he not feel that he was so. O God! this feeling is our immortality!

Conversion.

Who shall explain to me the mystery of our inborn sympathies and desires? We are not made *good* (though we are made *better*) because we are converted; but we are converted because we are good.

The Moral Law.

Pure reason, with all its triumphs, cannot make men good. It is only the outstretched wooden arm that directs us upon the road of virtue; but this arm can neither carry us thither, nor give to us wherewithal we may carry ourselves. Reason has the legislative not the executive power. The power to love the commands which reason gives forth, is a second conscience beside the first. As Immanuel Kant cannot set down in ink what it is that makes men bad; so, on the other hand, neither can that be described which sustains them above the slough of moral pollution, or lifts them out of it.

Measure of Character.

All men are better than their ebullitions of evil—but they are also worse than their outbursts of noble enthusiasm.

Our Passions.

We are all like Adam in the epic poem; we look upon our first night as the crack of doom, and the first setting of our sun, as the setting of the sun of the world. We bewail our friends as if there were no better futurity *yonder*, and bewail ourselves as if there were no better futurity *here*; for all our passions are born Atheists and Infidels.

Talkativeness.

It is a common remark that those men talk most who think least; just as frogs cease their quacking when a person brings a light to the water-side.

Reviewers.

The Reviewers are seldom men who have written any books themselves, and in this way, they have

the more time to read books written by other people, and to take them to pieces; or, if they have written books, they are generally bad ones; so that they can know at once from experience what a bad book is when it comes in their way. Many of them have become the patrons of authors and their books, for the same reason that Saint Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges, and of those who go upon them—because, on one occasion, happening to go half-drunk along the bridge at Prague, he fell into the Moldau, and was drowned.

Happiness—Misery.

To make us happy we require not much less than every thing; to make us miserable, not much more than nothing will suffice.

Progression.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

Smooth waters.

The streams that run most rapidly do not run most clearly; water purifies itself by flowing calmly.

Polemics.

Is life then so long that men have time to be angry?—and are good men so plentiful in the world that we can afford to quarrel with the few that are?

Stoicism.

No stoicism is worth any thing but that which we make to ourselves; we must be capable of passion in order to be capable of commanding it. The overflowings of the will are like the overflowings of the streams which for a time trouble all the wells in the neighbourhood; but, if you take away the streams altogether, you take away the wells with them.

Superstition.

All the systems of heretics and heathens have some truth in them, just as the human face divine is repeated in the brute creation, with features that run more and more into caricature. No man *believes* absolute nonsense though he often *speaks* it.

Innate ideas.

There is an inward world suspended within our hearts, which breaks forth through the cloudy mantle of the corporeal world like a warm sun. I mean the inward universe of virtue, beauty, and truth; three inward heavens and worlds which are neither parts nor copies of, nor emanations from, the external world. We are not lost in admiration at the unexplained existence of these three transcendental heavens-globes, only because they continually float before us, and because we foolishly ween that we create them, whereas we only know them. After what pattern, by means of what plastic nature could we inoculate into our minds a spiritual world which is one and the same in all and each of us? Let the atheist, for instance, ask himself, how he originally came to the ideal of that God whom he now either denies altogether, or at least materializes?—how he ever arrived at a notion which could never have been towered up from the mere comparison of quantities and degrees, because it is the very opposite of all measure and of every given quantity?—this is a question which the atheist cannot answer: for his system involves the absurdity of a type without an archetype. As there are idealists of the external world who believe that our perceptions of objects make the objects—whereas the objects of perception make the perception—so there are idealists for the internal world, who deduce substance from show, sound from echo, and existence from the observation of existence, whereas, conversely, all seeming must be explained, from the existence of something which seems, and all consciousness from the objects of consciousness. We deem vainly that our *chemistry* of the internal world is its *preformation*, i. e. the genealogist confounds himself with the father of the race.

This internal universe, which is more glorious, and more admirable than the external, demands another heaven than that above us, and a higher world than that which warms itself by a sun. The harmonic triad of Virtue, Truth, and Beauty, which has been wafted over from

the music of the spheres, calls us away from the hollow moans of earth, to the vicinity of a more melodious globe. Whence, I say, and for what purpose are we gifted with those *extramundane* capacities and desires, that, like swallowed diamonds, seem to cut away our fleshly tenement from within?—Why was a creature, with supererogatory wings of light, made to cleave to the dirty clogs of earth, if it have no higher destination than to rot back again into the clay, without once unfolding its ethereal pinions?

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness, which is a quality peculiar to man—a brute being capable only of enjoyment—opens, like Spring, all the blossoms of the inward man; a discontented God were a contradiction, and salvation is an eternity older than damnation. Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind—be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession—and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction, with that on which you have allowed it to grow up—and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate—truly you will wonder at your own improvement.

Existence.

D'Alembert used the expression "*le malheur d'être.*" This was the word of an atheist. In this view nothing would be absolutely happy but the absolute nothing, and God, who is the origin of all existence, were the most miserable of all. But the French philosophy is as false as it is blasphemous. All beings proclaim *le bonheur d'être*, and the best proof of this is the pang which it costs them to die, even to their sorrows.

Scholarship.

What shall we say of our great classical scholars and philologists? Are they not—many of them at least—engaged in the soulless occupation of unrolling the mummy-bandages

of the ancient graces? If we cannot see the graces except in the guise of a mangled mummy, 'twere better not to see them at all.

Life.

Life is an opium, it excites us a little at first, and then leaves us sleepy, weary, and disgusted!

Subordination.

An Englishman made the remark that, in madhouses, the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found: Bedlam is inhabited only by gods, kings, popes, and philosophers.

The French Nation.

From the French we may expect much political sagacity, especially on a sudden emergency; here lies their strength. This is a point of their character in which they agree with the women. Like the women also they are very refined, very decorous, and very humane when they are good; but like them they are at the same time very wild, and very reckless when they are exasperated. There is not much difficulty in explaining how, in a war of freedom, they surpass every other people in valour. This produces a dazzling effect; and yet, after all, there is nothing so rare as a nation of cowards.

Genius—Infidelity.

Clever women are often infidels; men of high genius are generally believers.

Self-Portraiture.

A man never portrays his own

character better than by the way and manner in which he portrays the character of another.

The Perspective of Life.

What has life to show us but the glass door of heaven? Through this we see the highest beauty, and the highest bliss; but it is not open.

True Greatness.

Of great deeds I make no account, but a great life I reverence. *Splendida fucinora* of that description every sinner may perpetrate.

Character.

By Heaven! upon the same man, as upon a vine-planted mount, there grow more kinds of wine than one: on the south side something little worse than nectar, on the north side something little better than vinegar.

The Dutch Nation.

The Dutch are a cheaper edition of the Germans, on unsized paper, and without copperplates.

How to be Silent.

If you wish to speak, go into the company of those who speak little; but if you wish to learn silence, court the society of those who are eternally prattling.

A Friend.

A friend is to a friend sun, and sun-flower at once; he attracts, and he is attracted.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CADIZ DURING THE SIEGE—(1810, 1811, 1812.)

In recalling to memory the events of this long-protracted siege, the mind is relieved from the distressing task of recording such scenes of suffering and of slaughter as those which marked the sieges of Saragossa, of Gerona, Tarragona, and other places of minor note during the first glorious days of the Spanish struggle for national independence. Would that it were possible to blot out from the page of history all record of these atrocities! but the wanton cruelties inflicted by the invaders can never be effaced from the memory of the Spaniard; they will rankle, to the end of time, in the mind of a brave and proud nation, and be handed down from sire to son as a legacy of eternal execration to the very name of Frenchman!

That Cadiz and Isla de Leon, during a close and vigorous investment of two-and-thirty months, did not escape their share of those calamities inseparable from a state of war and siege, must be reasonably expected; but if to these are added the horrors of pestilence, which threw its withering blight over a dense population, sweeping hundreds to an untimely grave at every setting sun, the heroic firmness of the garrisons and inhabitants under this double scourge must secure to them for ever the admiration of posterity. One evil alone, in the long catalogue of the calamities of war, was happily averted;—with the resources of the whole world open to them by the possession of their noble bay, guarded and protected by a faithful and powerful ally, gaunt famine was not suffered to approach!

Cadiz, once the richest ornament in the Spanish diadem—the city of wealth—the gem of the ocean! is situated at the extremity of an isthmus which connects it with La Isla de Leon. The city, built on rocks, is boldly projected into the sea, at the distance of two leagues from the latter town; and when approached from either the Atlantic or Mediterranean, has the appearance of an

island rising majestically from the bosom of the ocean in silvery splendour. Thousands of fantastic towers and minarets (pointing their alabaster peaks towards the clear ethereal canopy) burst on the view at every bound of the vessel, from the deck of which the anxious voyager gazes on the wished-for port; on nearer approach the lofty sea-wall, based on the solid rock, rises to the height of sixty feet above the level of the sea (by which this beautiful city is on three sides laved), presenting a long line of protruding guns, bidding grim defiance to any attack from shipping; while on the lower or eastern quarter, in which are situated the sea and land-gates, a triple line of fortifications, extending from sea to sea, present an almost insurmountable barrier to the advance of an enemy in that quarter.

The portion of the sea enclosed by this isthmus forms what is called Cadiz Bay—a noble child of the ocean; extending from Rota (a town at its N. W. entrance, famous for its *Vino tinto*, which we call *tent wine*) to the highest point on which the sea has encroached on the main, between Puerto Real and Isla de Leon, to the length of upwards of four Spanish leagues, with a medium breadth of one and a half, without rock or shoal, when once the reef called Las Puercas (which are at all times visible) are passed.

The harbour of Cadiz, properly speaking, is but that portion of the bay which, from the crescent-like form the land assumes in the immediate vicinity of the eastern parts of the city and its widely-extended fortifications, thereby becomes more sheltered and land-locked. The anchorage extends over a range of several square miles, where ships, whether of war or commerce, may in ordinary weather ride at single anchor in perfect safety. But there are occasions when, to escape the fury of a fierce Levanter or eastern hurricane, the cautious seamen consult the safety of their ships by running to sea to a distance of fifty, or even a hundred leagues, to await

the abatement of its violence. At the latter distance, however incredible it may appear, the blighting and debilitating effects of the fierce sirocco have been felt! This visitation, however, is fortunately not of very frequent occurrence, and generally exhausts itself about the third day. The various channels with which the never-ceasing encroachments of the sea have indented the mainland, at high water present the appearance of rivers, which, as the tide recedes, restore their tributary streams to the parent ocean, leaving many tongues of land, which but an hour or two before seemed so many islands, accessible to troops or even carriages. Some of the most prominent of these were in possession of the French during the siege; the advantages of which they did not fail to bring into use by constructing powerful batteries thereon, for the annoyance of the fleet and for the bombardment of the town.

Cadiz, besides its importance as the guardian sentinel of the grand naval arsenal, and the marine as well as military depots at Isla de Leon, was, in consequence of its being also the great emporium of the commercial wealth of the Spanish empire in Europe and the Indies, too rich a prize not to tempt the rapacity of the Ruler of France, on his first invasion of the Peninsula.

The army under General Dupont, which, after the subjugation of Madrid, remained for some time inactive at Toledo, was destined for the important conquest of Andalusia. The march of this general met with no serious interruption until he reached the Guadalquivir, where he first became aware of the startling fact, that the whole province was in arms to resist the invaders. He nevertheless passed the river by the bridge of Andujar, and pursued his march on the left bank until he reached that of Alcolea, where the river again crosses the Estrada Real. In this spot Dupont was destined to receive a foretaste of that humiliation which has linked his name with eternal disgrace. The patriot General Echevarria, who was at the head of a force, hastily collected, of about three thousand regular

troops, and between four and five thousand armed peasants, had thrown up fortifications for the defence of the bridge, and made such arrangements on the banks of the river as would, he trusted, retard the advance of the enemy; thus affording time for the junction of the troops from Estremadura and from the district of Seville. It will excite no surprise that this small but spirited body of patriots were compelled to give way to a force overwhelming in numbers and complete in all the equipments of an army; yet so determined and gallant was the defence made by this band of heroes, that Dupont deemed it prudent to retrace his steps;—the march of this general's army was marked by one of the most unprovoked and atrocious acts of butchery against the unresisting and unoffending population of Cordova, ever perpetrated by even that inhuman army of butchers—the French invaders of Spain! But the hour of retributive vengeance was fast approaching; and a few short weeks beheld him and his proud army, humbled and disarmed, at the feet of the heroes of Baylen. By this important victory (the news of which spread through every province of the kingdom, inspiring fresh vigour in the patriotic cause) it afforded Andalusia a respite from the impending evil. Happy had it been had it produced that wise policy which would have drawn more closely together those bonds of amity into which Great Britain had lately entered, heart and hand! Instead of which, the Supreme Junta, then established at Seville, denied entrance into Cadiz or Isla to the British division, under General Spencer, which had been specially sent for their defence and support. The appearance of five thousand British troops, under a general of such distinguished military reputation, was not, however, without effect. Spencer landed at Ayamonte; summoned, and took Faro; and, by his presence, contributed to the brilliant victory of Custarios at Baylen, by interposing his army between the Spaniards and that of General Avril, who had been despatched by Junot to the support of Dupont, but who quickly per-

formed a retrogressive movement. This refusal, on the part of the Supreme Junta, was, it must be admitted, in deference to the general sense of the Spanish nation. Besides a vain and exaggerated opinion of their own power and resources, there existed at that time strong doubts as to the disinterested views of England: the seizure of their treasure-ships and the battle of Trafalgar were still too fresh in their memory to allow of that cordiality of spirit which England had been taught to expect. But to that unfortunate refusal Andalusia ought to attribute a great portion of those calamities which the subsequent invasion of the province inflicted on it. With such a "*point d'appui*" as Isla de Leon to rest on, Lord Wellington, if he could not wholly prevent the irruption of the French into Andalusia, would have placed the eagerly sought prize of Cadiz and Isla in such a state of perfect security, that one of his enterprising generals, with a couple of divisions (combined with the Spanish army of the province), would have been able to contend every inch of ground from the Sierra Morena to the sea; and, if at last compelled to retreat, leave a desolate country to their pursuers, and withdraw within an impregnable line of defence. But it was not until after two years of defeat—of bitter humiliation; and the approach of the enemy to their *very doors*, that the awakened province stretched forth its arms for British aid—but when? not until the ordinary chances of war and elements might have rendered that call unavailing. The Sierra Morena had been passed, with but feeble resistance on the part of its defenders, who were unskilled in the art of war; Arasago's army, of twenty thousand men of all arms, melted away before the invaders; and, in a few rapid marches, the proud city of Seville, where lately nought was heard but sounds of loud and boastful defiance, opened her gates to the intrusive King!

By the conquest of Seville, the French became masters of the finest train of artillery and the most magnificent cannon-foundry in Europe. The facility with which Joseph possessed himself of the most import-

ant cities of what are still termed the four kingdoms of Andalusia, tended to flatter the belief that the province of Seville had been so humbled and subdued by defeats and misfortune, that no opposition would be made to his triumphant entry into Cadiz. But that bitter calamity was spared the already too heavily afflicted nation, by one of those hazardous experiments of insubordination to superior authority, in which the daring party risks both life and fame.

Nelson *would* not see the signal of recall hoisted by his commander-in-chief, when rushing on to storm the crown batteries at Copenhagen;—he conquered! and the fault of the *moment* was unremembered in the *eternity* of his victory. Who does not deplore that our great Wellington could not shut his ears to the order of "Hold, enough!" when issued by that cold and cautious guardman, Sir Harry Burrard, at Vimeiro—thus checking, in his proud career of victory, the hero of that glorious day; who, if left to the unfettered operation of his own vigorous judgment, would have continued in pursuit of Junot's flying columns, and probably the next day have planted the British standard, in union with that of Portugal, on the castle of Lisbon.

The Duque del Albuquerque, who commanded the army of Estremadura, received the commands of the Junta, previously to their flight from Seville, to move his force with all possible expedition to Cordova—a movement which he justly contemplated would lead to its utter annihilation; he therefore secretly determined to apply this force to a more important purpose.

By some extraordinary oversight, which can only be accounted for by the contemptuous opinion entertained by Soult and his master of both the Spaniards and their army, two days were suffered to elapse, after the capture of Seville, before the army of Victor was put in motion; instead, therefore, of pushing that general on at the "*pas de charge*" to seize on Cadiz, in the first moments of alarm, which the knowledge of the surrender of Seville, and of their own imperfect state of defence, would have caused the in-

habitants—these two important days were thrown away. Mean while, Albuquerque, taking advantage of this error, moved on his infantry by forced marches on the route to Isla de Leon, avoiding that by which Victor's would necessarily traverse, while he himself, at the head of his cavalry, followed to protect and cover their march; by the most consummate skill and intrepidity the Duque accomplished his object, keeping together and subsisting a body of upwards of eight thousand men, destitute of all the attributes of an army, save the indomitable spirit of the patriot soldiers; nor did he dismount until he saw the last man of his ranks pass over the Puente de Suaza into the Isla de Leon; at which moment the head of Victor's advanced column appeared only half a league in his rear, on the long arcife or causeway, by which the land communication between Isla and the main is maintained. This narrow causeway is flanked on one side by a morass, on the other by the Salinas, or salt pits, which cover many hundred acres, and which the possessors of Isla have at all times the power to inundate. Before the marshal could push forward a gun to clear his road or cover his advance, his march was arrested by the thunder of fourteen pieces of heavy artillery which swept the whole of his projected route. The Puente de Suaza was itself strongly barricadoed and defended, while on each flank was a half-moon battery of six guns. To advance within their range was to court certain destruction; the veteran marshal (out-manœuvred by the volatile Albuquerque) was compelled to countermarch, taking up his quarters at Puerto Santa Maria; and distributing his army in the towns which are situated on and near the bay of Cadiz, St Lucar, Rota, Xeres, Puerto Real, &c., while on the left bank of the river St Petri (which insulates Leon), the town of Chiclana, and the neighbouring country, was occupied by one of his strongest brigades, thus cutting off Isla de Leon from all communication with the interior on the land side.

The supreme Junta, then sitting in Cadiz, in a state of agonizing suspense as to the fate of the city, received the intelligence of Alberquer-

que's movement as the death-blow of their authority, while they had imagined the Duque to be on his route to Cordova (Heaven knows for what purpose, except to increase the difficulties of a beaten army, by swelling its number without a chance of successfully operating on the flanks or rear of the French, as it was vainly hoped by the Junta they could). Albuquerque flung their order to the winds, and thus saved Cadiz.

The Junta, shorn of its power and authority, made room, by their resignation, for the nomination of a council of regency, retiring from a responsibility for which, except on the score of integrity and firmness in the cause of their country, they were wholly unfit.

It was their acknowledged honesty of purpose, and their devotion to the independence of Spain, which alone preserved them, during the first burst of popular fury, when their injudicious orders to Albuquerque became generally known.

This salutary change of government at such a critical moment, tended to remove those mean and unworthy prejudices which had hitherto prevented a more cordial co-operation between the forces of Spain and her generous ally Great Britain; unfounded suspicion gradually gave way, and at length yielded to a sense of common danger. The invader was at their gates; his rapacious troops, burning for the blood and plunder of their splendid city, already encircled by the imperial robbers; not a moment was to be lost; proposals for the aid of British troops were instantly made to the Governor of Gibraltar, and also to the Commander of the Forces in Portugal. To the latter, Lord Burghersh, who was then on the British staff, and a casual visitor at Cadiz, was selected by the Regency to be the bearer of the proposal. Lord Wellington, by singular good fortune, happened to be in the immediate vicinity of Lisbon the very day Lord Burghersh reached the Tagus. Taking advantage of the inactivity of his army, his Lordship had made a hasty visit to the neighbourhood of Lisbon, in order to inspect the progress of those lines on which his masterly retreat and subsequent defence

have conferred immortal fame. With that quick perception of advantage which is a distinguishing trait in his character, Lord Wellington saw at a glance the immense benefit of the preservation of Cadiz—a second Gibraltar—from the grasp of the enemy; recent reports as to its chance of safety were of the most gloomy character, even at that moment the universal opinion in Lisbon was against the possibility of its holding out until succours arrived; to be efficacious, therefore, Lord Wellington saw that the relief must be instantaneous. Spanish pride had made the first and important step in the march of concession, and his Lordship determined to improve the advantage; the assembling and immediate embarkation of a strong brigade was but the work of thirty-six hours; and the second day after Lord Burghersh's arrival with the call for succours, this force was not only embarked, but actually under weigh for the beleaguered city.

Mean time the troops and inhabitants, both of Isla and Cadiz, omitted nothing that could tend to strengthen their position. The summons to surrender was sent to Isla, and also to Cadiz; that to the former was dismissed by Albuquerque, with a bold defiance to the French Marshal to meet him at the PUENTE DE SUAZA! The summons to Cadiz, which was sent across the bay by a flag of truce, and which claimed the protection of the British Admiral, was treated with equal disdain; the troops and the excited populace crowded on the walls, and the mob, brandishing their arms and their knives in the air, shouting out "GUERRA! GUERRA! HASTA LA GUARNICION!" WAR, WAR to the HILT; thus improving on the cry of the brave Arragoneze, of "WAR TO THE KNIFE." This enthusiasm was general; all classes of the inhabitants, strangers as well as citizens, nobles, generals, ecclesiastics, merchants, and artisans, even women! volunteered their services to work on the defences constructing in front of Cadiz; nor were their brethren in loyalty, the Islañeros, less active or enthusiastic in the patriotic cause.

Matters were in this state of feverish anxiety as to the result of the great and mortal struggle about to

commence, when, shortly after day-break on the 12th February, 1810, his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war, Myrtle, followed by a small fleet of transports, appeared off the coast, under a press of sail, steering direct for Cadiz. In three hours they were abreast of Rota; the hopes of succour, so fondly indulged in by the anxious Gaditanos, were now about to be realized—as the ships came more distinctly within their view, the delighted citizens saw the decks and lower rigging of all the transports swarming with red coats, who, on seeing the golden flag of Spain still flying over the city, waved their little white foraging caps in the air in answer to the faintly-heard acclamations of the people on shore. The wind blew fresh and fair, the transports ploughed their way up the bay under every stitch of canvas they could pack on, followed by the gallant Tom Innes in the little Myrtle, who clutched his fleet together as a careful hen would her unfledged brood. An exchange of signals between Captain Innes and Admiral Purvis explained all. A boat was seen leaving the flag-ship to announce the glad tidings of the arrival and strength of the force from Lisbon to the Spanish regency; another half hour saw them all safe moored in the inner bay.

The general immediately went on board the flag-ship to pay his respects to Vice-Admiral Purvis (who had his *blue-at-the-fore* of the Queen Charlotte). The moment the customary salute of compliment had been fired by the flag-ship, it was taken up by the batteries on shore, whose commanders, not regulating their fire by reference to rank, welcomed their allies by a general discharge from more than a hundred pieces of ordnance, sounding as if the thunders of heaven had been released! In the bay the line of Spanish and British gun-boats, moored in a crescent, opened their fire, and in order that the compliment should not be an *empty* one, the officers took especial care to *shot* their long eighteen-pounders, which they continued to pour for half an hour unremittingly on the French working-parties employed in constructing batteries in the several creeks, and who were soon seen scudding away

by hundreds, bearing off their wounded to every spot which afforded a temporary shelter. As for the people of Cadiz, their joy knew no bounds; far as the eye could sweep along the lofty and extensive line of wall, a triple row of heads were to be seen, not one of them covered, under a waving canopy of hats and fans; while the distant shouts of forty thousand voices crying out "*bien venida Ingleses—viva Inglaterra*," broke on the listening ear of the troops like the music of a distant peal of bells—while a tear, the generous tribute of an honest heart sympathizing with a brave nation, might then be seen glistening in the eye of many a gallant soldier! Oh, it was a sight worthy of the gods! Out of a population of more than seventy thousand, crowded within the city, all but tender infancy, extreme old age, decrepitude, or the careful mother surrounded by her children, came forth to shout a glorious welcome to their British allies, who, on their part, had the happiness to behold thousands and tens of thousands of men, of youth, and even women! unsubdued by the misfortunes and danger of their beloved country, holding out a brave defiance to their perfidious invaders, and prepared to bury themselves under the ruins of their beautiful city rather than see its streets polluted by the tread of a Frenchman.

Amidst the roar of cannon, the deafening peal of bells from more than one hundred churches and convents, and the increasing "*vivas*" of the populace, the admiral and the general landed at the Mole. The naval commander has already been named. The military one was the late Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir William Stewart, K.C.B. then only brigadier, an officer who, by his gallantry and services, had already established a high professional character. General Stewart had but just arrived at Lisbon on his way to join the army, when Lord Wellington availed himself of the presence of such a competent officer to take command of the expedition to Cadiz.

The splendid 79th regiment (or Cameron Highlanders), full one thousand strong, and in the highest state of discipline and equipment, toge-

ther with the 94th, had opportunely arrived in the Tagus about that critical period. To these regiments were added the 87th, and some artillery, which force was to be further augmented by the 88th from Gibraltar, and the 20th Portuguese regiment to follow from Lisbon in two days. Here then was a force of nearly five thousand effective troops collected at the moment by the ever-energetic Wellington to meet this new and pressing emergency. Six days only had elapsed between the despatch from Cadiz of the application for British aid and its actual arrival at the scene of danger! Many favourable circumstances, it is true, conspired to give effect to Lord Wellington's wishes—the troops were on the spot—transports ready to weigh anchor at a moment's warning—commissariat stores afloat—weather propitious—and wind, as fair as if bespoke! But the moral effect of this promptitude on the Spaniards was most powerful.

The troops disembarked without delay—laden with knapsack, haversack, great-coat, blanket, &c., thus bearing about them all those comforts to which the poor "*soldado Español*" is a stranger. By noon the splendid line of red coats in grand parade (extending nearly a mile in length) were drawn out on the city wall, which, broad and beautifully paved, forms a magnificent esplanade. The Cameron Highlanders were the chief objects of attraction; the warlike appearance of this fine battalion—every man of which, in his full-plumed bonnet, appeared to the Spaniards to stand *six feet* high at least, struck the people with astonishment;—then the kilt, the philabeg, the naked knee, and tartan stocking, were altogether novelties hitherto unseen in those countries. The fair sex, who honoured them with their smiling regards, soon overcame the feeling of bashfulness which the first sight of these warriors created, and so greatly had this favoured corps grown on the good graces of the beholders, that when it became known that its destination was Isla de Leon, a murmur of regret ran through the admiring crowd.

The word "*attention*" struck the multitude suddenly mute—not a whisper was heard. At the next word

of command, "SHOULDER ARMS," the effect on the people was absolutely electric!—the whole five hundred file, like a mighty engine moved by a single spring, came to the "shoulder" like clock-work; after which, the line appeared as if suddenly petrified into a wall of porphyry. The astonishment and admiration of the spectators was too great to be expressed; they stood gazing in mute amazement at that steadiness under arms which can only be acquired by the most rigid discipline. But when the line broke into column of sections, and commenced its march, the wild and warlike music of the national bagpipe was almost drowned in the cheers of the people. "*Vivas los Escoses.*"—"Viva los sin calzones!" (breechesless) was heard on all sides; nor were such noisy demonstrations of pleasure confined to the male sex alone; thousands of men, women, and children accompanied the regiment to the Puerta Tierra, with complimentary greetings. The bagpipe is an instrument not unknown to the Spaniards; it is the music of the peasantry of Galicia, and called the "*gaita Gallega*"—the said Gallegos, be it observed, having, from their habits of industry, frugality, and trust-worthiness, time out of mind, obtained the name of the "*Highlanders of Spain.*" Next came the 94th regiment (Scotch also, but not Highland, being the remnant of the Scotch brigade of 1794). This corps was what might be justly termed a fine, well-set up, steady-looking body of men, accurately clean in person and accoutrements, and every way calculated to impress the Spaniards with a favourable idea of the character of British troops. Marching in the rear of the Highlanders, they partook of those uproarious gratulations so lavishly bestowed by the people on their new allies.

The last in the order of march was the 87th, or Prince of Wales' IRISH HEROES, a title which (although since exchanged for that of *Royal Irish Fusileers*) that gallant corps has ever nobly maintained;—they were Hibernian to a man—(and, as the Spaniards concluded, "*Catholica por supuesta*"). They each wore in front of their cap a leaf of laurel (which they took care to bring

with them from their suburban quarters near Lisbon), in testimony of their share of the victory of Talavera. Having been nearly two years in the Peninsula, no inconsiderable number of the officers and men spoke a motley mixture of Portuguese and Spanish, which, with that total absence of bashfulness, added to the reckless gaiety of manner for which their nation is famed, strongly recommended them to the favour of the Spaniards of all ranks. Another circumstance tended to insure their favourable reception, and that was their uniform, which happened to be exactly the same as that of the *Regimento de Irelando*, one of the Irish brigade in the Spanish service, which produced some of the most distinguished officers of their army. Persons of all ranks crowded round the regiment, front and rear, to shake their hands, *English fashion*—and "viva" them—courtesies which the officer in command very prudently did not attempt to repel, but, on the contrary, participated in them with every mark of respect and goodwill.

This regiment was destined to occupy the fort and barracks of Santa Elena at Cadiz; a post of distinguished honour assuredly, as it was the guard of the land gate. When the order to march was given, the drums and fifes (for men were too valuable to afford bands in those times), struck up the lively air, "*A las armas! corre Patriotas!*"—(Patriots, fly to arms),—then so popular in Spain. This completed the conquest of the hearts of the populace, which in a living tide almost carried the regiment to its quarters. Those who have only seen an English mob excited by some passing event to the expression of its feelings, whether of pleasure or of discontent, know enthusiasm only by name.

Nothing could exceed the spirit of harmony and goodwill which then prevailed between the Spaniards and their British friends; and, let it for the honour of each be recorded, that this feeling of confidence on the one side, and of zealous devotion on the other, to the cause they supported, was never loosened, notwithstanding the base attempts of a secret anti-national and peculiarly ANTI-ENGLISH party (the

offscourings of the corrupt court of Madrid) to infuse suspicion and distrust in the mind of each, but happily without effect. With all the drawbacks on the Spanish character, they are, when once assured of honourable intention, a noble, a generous, and confiding people.

The tumultuous joy of the first portion of the day having subsided, and three-fourths of the lately assembled multitudes now enjoying their tranquil siesta, numbers of the most respectable members of the commercial body of Cadiz waited on the officer in command at St Elena, entreating to be allowed the pleasure of entertaining the officers at their respective houses, until their arrangements for establishing their regiment's mess were completed, a well-timed mark of attention; and as the men (thanks to the commissariat and their quartermaster) were already *chin-deep* in an excellent meal of fresh provisions, every man with his pint of wine beside him, the polite offer was gratefully accepted. The major, who held the command (with four or five of his officers, without distinction of rank), was led off in one direction, while others of the merchants took charge of the remainder of the corps, by threes and fours, that gentleman seeming most happy who could enlist the largest number to partake of his hospitalities. This was not intended as the mere display of civility for the day or the occasion; it had a more substantial character. The guests, when taking their leave after coffee, were informed that the dinner hour of the "*house*" was two, three, or four, as might be (generally the latter), where, on their visits to town, they would always find *their* cover and a welcome. Such was the custom of Cadiz, the most hospitable of cities for a century. But, alas, how fallen!

The worthy merchants alluded to (many of whose names will figure with credit in these sketches), were for the greater part Irish, or the descendants of Irish settlers; who, on the score of religious *persecution* (let us charitably say *exclusion*) in their own country, had found a home in all the great cities and seaports of the Peninsula. Of mercantile establishments, purely English by

birth and religion, there were none, but many English houses had resident agents in the great commercial cities of Cadiz, Malaga, Valencia, Alicante, &c., into whose religious opinions, Spanish "*delicadeza*" (the most refined species of politeness) never presumed to enquire; so long as a stranger refrains from any act offensive to the ceremonies of their national religion, he will never be pressed into a personal observance of them. Of Scotch (Catholic) houses, there was no want either in Spain or Portugal; the principal one in Cadiz for many years was that branch of the once all-powerful establishment, Gordon and Murphy, of (Austin Friars) London, and of Madrid, Cadiz, and Vera Cruz (Mexico)—committed to the care of Mr Duncan Shaw, transformed by Spanish etiquette (which always addresses by the "*Nombre christiano*") into *Don Duncano*, at whose hospitable board not only the dinnerless North Briton, but the Southern, whether soldier or sailor, ever found a hearty welcome.

But the grand reunion on that memorable day, on which the British colours were allowed to be unfurled, and *enthusiastically cheered*, within the walls of Cadiz!—was at the house of Don Diego Duff, the venerable and respected consul:—Mr James Duff (who, at nearly the close of a long life of honour and integrity, was honoured with the dignity of Baronet) was then in his eighty-fifth year, but with all the anti-Gallican fire of a youthful patriot of twenty. The old gentleman was a very Pangloss in optimism—every calamity which had already befallen—or that was likely to befall the beloved country of his adoption, was to his mind *all for the best*! The invasion of Spain by the French, *he* insisted, was an act of Heaven's beneficence and favour, in order to bring before the nations of the earth proofs of the superiority of Spain beyond all others in wisdom, courage, and constancy. On the news of the capture of, and cruel massacre at, Madrid reaching Cadiz, he exclaimed "so much the better; *now* the *Madridenos* will not allow ONE of the rascals to live!" Even the roar of the cannon from the opposite shore could only raise a

ghastly smile on his corpse-like countenance. On the day in question, when meeting his friends and guests in his saloon, which he did in full costume of scarlet and embroidery, and when the loud and continued peals from the French batteries (practising their range against the fleet in the bay) caused the massive windows of the old Consulate to vibrate and rattle in their ancient frames, the old man mumbled, "*Fools! fools! you are wasting your powder.*" Then turning to his guests, "*this night—yes, gentlemen, this very night, the rascals will pack up, and be off!*" Poor Don Diego, however, had nearly a three years' experience of these noisy courtesies ringing in his aged ears; and just retained life and sense enough to know that the "rascals" had at last "packed off," and left him in peace to take his spiritual flight to another and better world. It was really painful to look upon the countenance of the kind old gentleman; nothing that still bore life looked half so deadly; and if possible still more distressing to hear him attempt to speak; his teeth, to the last stump, had long before absconded, and his lungs (always, it was said, weak and delicate) scarcely retained power to perform their functions; yet his spirit was unbroken, and his devotion to the cause of Spain as sincere as it was enthusiastic.

His party on that day consisted of the Right Hon. John Hookam Frere, some time ambassador to the court of Spain—General Stewart, and his personal staff—the officers acting *pro tem*. at the head of the adjutant, quartermaster and commissary-general's respective departments—three captains of the British navy—a captain of British artillery who was serving with the Spaniards under the brevet rank of *colonel*, and another of engineers, similarly honoured—(and both not a little gratified at their speedy step from *captain* to *colonel* by a trip across the Bay of Biscay). There was also a certain Don Pedro Cruz, an *intendente del exercito*, a kind of *commissary-general*; but the Don, not being burdened either with money or viveres, his commissariat character

lost its most interesting and attractive attributes; he was, however, a most jovial little fellow—a great admirer of the English and their customs; in proof of which the worthy *intendente* claimed, as a peculiar favour, a stock of London bottled porter, which, to the number of four bottles, he kept at his feet, acting the butler on each in succession with all the address of a Cockney waiter, not losing a spoonful of the creaming contents. Apparently indifferent to wine, he did ample justice to at least a gallon of "*Whitbread's entire.*"

Don Pedro had passed some time in England, and being one of the lions of the day (rather a dark-browed one) at the period of the visit of the patriots in 1808, was very hospitably and generously entertained, which he never spoke of but in terms of the warmest gratitude; but the most flattering mark of British favour which he prided himself on was the soubriquet of "*Charles Fox*," bestowed on him at Lord Holland's table; and certainly, in bust, in feature, in eye, brow, and, above all, in voice, he bore a powerful resemblance to that celebrated statesman. "*I tell the Prince of Wales*," said the Don, "*that I like very much England, very much King George; and the Prince tell me I was double Charles Fox*" (his *double*, we are to presume). The daughter of this gentleman, Dona Madalena, then decidedly the most beautiful woman in Andalusia (that land of beauty), had been lately married to General Whittingham, a field officer of British cavalry, who, on joining the Spanish army under Cuesta, received the rank of colonel; but his talents and his bravery soon advanced him to the rank of general of cavalry, which he held with undiminished honour until the close of the Peninsular war. Neither the general nor his lady was of our dinner party; but, to the great and agreeable surprise of the John Bulls, the cloth had scarcely been removed ere Dona Madalena and her sister entered the room to partake of the desert—and with no previous announcement than merely the major domo flinging back the door to its utmost range—saying,

"LA GENERALA!" * a general (but sly) pulling up of collars, and rubbing up of toupees became visible. No time was wasted in useless introduction—all the company knew who Mrs General Whittingham was; and if she did not know their names, that circumstance caused no awkward diffidence in the visitors, who received the attentions of the company with that ladylike and graceful familiarity which would have made a pupil of the *Almack* school of *hauteurs* ready to faint. To see such an angel of life, youth, and beauty beside the living mummy on whose right hand she was seated, was an awful lesson to humanity! The old consul poured some champagne into the glass of his fair neighbour, and, although toast-drinking is a folly in a great measure unpractised in all civilized countries except our own, she raised the glass of sparkling liquor to her lips, and with an irradiating smile to all around, toasted "*Viva! nuestros amigos, los Ingleses!*" The delightful half hour of their presence too soon fled, when the ladies (neither of whom, by the by, spoke a word of English) retired with as little preparation or ceremony as they entered, returning, with a kind and elegant acknowledgment, the solemn, and would-be-thought graceful bows of the standing Bulls. Major-General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, then a major of dragoons, and one of the handsomest young men in the army, had the happiness to bear an arm of each to the saloon.

The presence of their father was no restraint on the tide of praise which all bestowed on his charming daughters—more particularly *La Generala*. As our entertainment had been good, our wines were excellent; but a long sitting after dinner is happily not the custom in the sunny south. Six o'clock saw us all on our feet. The officers of the staff had to make good their billets—but in that important affair no difficulty was encountered, for the merchants to whom these drafts at sight, not only for lodgings, but for board, were addressed, were all in waiting at the coffee-table of the consul to

take charge of and welcome their "*alojados*" (the billeted). That grand point arranged, we strolled off in parties to the Plaza St Antonio, the fashionable evening promenade at that early period of the year, when the sea breeze is too keen to allow of the enjoyment of the more beautiful walk called the *Alameda*, or Mall, one of which (great or small) every town—indeed almost every village in Spain—can boast. The honourable member for Sheffield must have had these in his eye when he brought in his bill for public walks for the population of our cloudy climate! If such were ever to be established, an umbrella depôt at each end of the walk must follow as a matter of course for public convenience. On such of our party as were equal strangers to the costume as to the customs of Spain, this moving panorama produced a strange, a striking, and at first not agreeable effect. The unvarying uniformity of the female dress, and that of the solemn raven hue, threw an appearance of gloom over the *coup d'œil*—but the impression was soon dissipated—the longer they looked, the more attentively they gazed on the sweet expressive countenances, lit up by the laughter-loving *Andalusian* eye, which met them on every side, the more they became enamoured of the scene. Another custom struck the new comers with surprise—not one of the ladies, aged and sage, or young and lively, took the arm of any of the gentlemen by whom they were for the most part attentively galanted in their promenade. A little observation, however, soon explained the cause of this apparent reserve. So long as a glimmering of daylight lasts, both the hands of the fair Gaditana find ample employment—the right in the exercise and conversation of the fan (which requires almost a life to attain to perfection), and the left in the management of the mantilla (or veil), which, whether black or white, never remains a second minute in exactly the same position. Variety with the Spanish ladies is the spice of life which gives it all its flavour—thus their mincing walk,

* An admiral's lady is in like manner styled "*La Almiranta*."

their flirt of the fan, the play of the mantilla, the tones of their soft half-lispings voice, and the glance of their speaking eye, are for ever changing.

In the midst of the confused hum of a couple of thousand voices a bell is heard to toll—once! twice!—every sound is hushed, every foot at rest, every eye depressed—a third toll!—prayers are whispered in subdued tones—half a minute passes—toll! toll! toll! in quick time, tells that the ceremony of *Las Animas* is concluded. During these brief orisons, observed universally at the moment of sunset throughout all Spain, from the palace of the king to the cottage of the peasant, how many hundreds (perhaps thousands) of half-roasted poor souls are released from purgatorial pangs, and wafted on the wings of faith to happier regions! Well—if four-fifths of the Christian world think so, why should *we*, the other fifth, presume to question their faith? At all events let them enjoy the pious delusion without intruding our impertinence upon them. Yet there have been John Bulls stupid enough to keep the hat on his dull and muddy-brained head during this ceremony. At the last toll salutes are exchanged with those nearest, even though the parties should happen to be strangers to each other. Hats are donned by the men, fans once more unfurled by the ladies, and the gay promenade is resumed. Twilight soon follows—the cigar-box or bag is unpocketed—the boys who hawk about a rope-match for the use of the smokers, sing out in their shrill cheerful tones, “*Gandela! Cavallero!*” Hundreds of cigars soon show their twinkling light—the beautiful features which so lately beamed on every side can no longer be discerned; but the same delightful form, which partial darkness cannot obscure, glides beside or before us. The mantilla is now at rest! the arm of the fair one is no longer withheld from the husband, or more generally the *cortejo*; the latter character, together with a padre confessor (sometimes doubled by the same individual) is a necessary appendage to every well-regulated family; the one the guardian of the body, the other of the soul, of Heaven’s fairest portion of the creation. Under such pro-

tection, who can wonder at the unbounded connubial confidence which reigns in modern Spain!

The evening promenade is followed by the *tertulia*. Such ladies as have indulgent spouses (and who have not? *bless them all!* in those days), with liberal allowance for the household, receive their own particular knot of friends of both sexes, nightly at their houses. To these agreeable assemblies, gossip, tea-drinking, and scandal have never yet found entrance; music, vocal and instrumental, sometimes pass away the hours from nine to twelve; but the truth must be told, card-playing is the great end and aim of all these parties. The juniors may perchance amuse themselves in music and love-making in the *gabinetta* of the saloon, but the seniors of both sexes are too deeply engrossed by the absorbing seductions of the gambling table to attend to any thing but their national vice. Hundreds of dollars momentarily exchange owners under the chances of *maco*, *pecado* (Sin—a most appropriate name), *monte*, or *trente et quarente*. In those *tertulias*, where gentlemen are the chief actors in the drama of *chance*, *rouge et noir* is the favourite, because most destructive game.

One of the firm of the house in which it was my good fortune to obtain my billet took me to the *tertulia* of his relative, the then celebrated Dona Maria S—, the resort of the élite of Cadiz, as well as of many of the noble refugees from Madrid and the provinces. My introduction into the saloon, on my friend’s announcement of my name and rank, made me quite as well acquainted with all present as if an hour had been spent in formal and individual introduction. My name, too, took their fancy—not a jumble of jaw-breaking consonants, like my immediate predecessor in the room, Major *Wrigglesworth* (as good a fellow as ever made it a point to stop in a mess-room till all the candles became to his eyes duplicates of themselves), but short and sweet, four liquid vowels in the six letters which composed it; in short I was well received. The Spaniards, like other really polished nations, seem to consider that the presence of a lady or gentleman in a certain

society, on the personal introduction of a friend of the house, is a sufficient guarantee for what is called in England their *respectability*; a foreigner once seen in that society is honoured with the salute or the *brazo* of the first grandee of the land, and to the honour of whose company he can ever afterwards be admitted. A stranger, therefore, finds himself treated with coldness or cordiality just as he renders himself agreeable or repulsive to a highly sensitive and discriminating people. Some of our most *respectable* English gentry—ay, and nobility too, who visited Cadiz from 1810 to 1813, made themselves such *respectable bores* by their dulness and hauteur as to be deemed fair subjects for laughter, and were avoided as “*hombres pesados*” (heavymen). The Spaniards, with all that *gravity* of character attributed to them, are in reality a lively, witty, and joyous people. To be sure the Dons of Iberia do not distort the fine expressive features which nature has bestowed on them by affecting a *stupid simper*, nor expend that rich sonorous voice, which is singularly musical to the ear, in *drawing* out conventional compliments, like our own *exquisites*, to some insipid beauty, as cold and heartless as the fop by whom she is addressed; but they are tranquilly cheerful, and gracefully gay—proud in essentials, but condescendingly yielding in trifles; and they seem to think that a grandee loses nothing of his grace or consequence by being kind, free, and familiar—while the wealthy or titled John Bull sadly fails to enforce his *dignity* by being dull, cold, and distant.

Dona Maria, the lady of the house (addressed by her friends in the endearing diminutive Maraquita, according to the custom of the country), was of English parentage on both sides, but born in Spain; she spoke the English language fluently, but with an accent which betrayed her foreign birth—she also spoke French and Italian, and was a delightful pianist, possessed great taste, a fine ear, and brilliant execution. Her husband, Don Pedro S—, a merchant in opulent circumstances, was of Irish extraction, and perhaps the very best tempered and best natured man in Cadiz. He always maintained

a hospitable establishment; never interfered with his wife's administration—*foreign or domestic*—generous, witty, well-informed, and loquacious, he was universally liked. There was one drawback, however, on his many excellent qualities; he admired regularity in most matters; in those of business he was not excelled by any merchant in Cadiz, but this virtue in him degenerated into a vice by the unvarying *regularity* with which he got drunk every night in the year—fast-day or festival, high-day or holy-day—at or about eleven o'clock. This, it may be supposed, proved unfavourable to his connubial felicity? By no means, never did a happy couple in Spain or elsewhere pass their lives in more perfect concord.

Dona Maria, although treated unkindly by nature in her distribution of personal beauty, was a woman of much talent; and although without a single visible *charm* to hang the humblest compliment on, no one ever passed an evening in her society who did not pronounce her a very *charming* woman. It may be enquired whether Don Pedro (or rather Perico, as he was always called) did not entrench his honour within the unapproachable defences of his wife's lack of personal attraction? *Que se yo?* (how do I know?) Whatever preferences she had hitherto evinced in the selection of her particular friends of the male sex, never did woman more discreetly leave herself less in the power of man—ungrateful man—to taunt her with the want of those charms which he himself might boast of; for it had been a general remark amongst her fair friends, that all her *cortejos* were entitled, by figure and feature, to claim the presidency of the ugliest club in Europe! such men, in fact, one glance at whom would have disarmed even Spanish jealousy of the olden time. But it is doubtful whether Perico ever gave himself the trouble to think one moment on such an ordinary subject. The matrimonial menage of the house was perfectly known to all their visiting friends; each had their separate wing of the mansion; and as neither party complained, but, on the contrary, exhibited at all times the most perfect good feeling and kind attention towards each other, it wa

nobody's business to enquire further —“viva la confianza! viva!”

Dona Maria, after a brief acquaintance with a stranger whose manners pleased her (and in that respect she was as fastidious as any beauty of her gay circle), used to display the wound on her right arm which she received from one of the assassins of her ill-fated friend Governor Soluno. This officer, with, it is believed, the best intentions towards his country, had suffered his mind to be so deeply impressed with the impossibility of contending against the overwhelming power of France, that his whole thoughts were devoted to the hope of obtaining favourable terms for the province of which he was then captain-general, whenever its invasion took place. As governor of Cadiz he did all that was possible to tranquillize the people and keep down that rising spirit of resistance to the invaders which every day gathered fresh strength. By this temporizing policy he lost much of the popularity he once possessed. But the act which sealed his unhappy doom, was his timid refusal to co-operate with Admiral Purvis in the attack proposed to him by the latter on the French squadron under Admiral Rossily, then (May 1808) blockaded in Cadiz harbour. The weak or traitorous Soluno urged on the inhabitants of the city under his government, the fatal consequences which they must ultimately expect from such a show of premature hostility to France. The slave met his desert! The excited populace flew to arms—his house was besieged—it was a large mansion, forming the rounded angle of the Barrio St Carlos, and, like all the other houses of the better order, impervious to ordinary attack. Various means were adopted by the maddened mob to batter in the outer doors—they still resisted all their efforts. Huge logs of mahogany, weighing several tons, were borne to the spot in the palanquas or slings of the labouring gállegos, and used as battering-rams against the still unyielding portals;—at length the desperate measure was taken of blowing open the premises at every hazard of evil which such a step might have produced in the neighbourhood. A twenty-four

pounder was dragged from the town wall, not fifty yards' distance, into which seventy-two pounds' weight of metal (a triple charge) was rammed down; the gun was then placed with its muzzle to the porch, and the match applied—another moment beheld the front of the house in ruins! Soluno now attempted to escape from popular fury by means of the roofs of his own and the adjacent houses, which are a succession of flat terraces, often laid out as gardens or ornamental grottoes. But the bloodhounds were quickly on his track—he fled from roof to roof with an agility strengthened by his fears, until he reached that of the house of his friend Don Pedro, which had always been to him as a home, and was in the act of descending by the flight of steps which led to the attics, when he was overtaken and dragged back by the foremost of the sanguinary crew. It was in the struggle for his escape, assisted by Dona Maria, who had hastened to his relief, that she received her wound. The fellow who inflicted it made a rude apology for the unintended violence, and with all the gallantry of the *majo*, insisted on binding it up with his handkerchief. To enable him to use both hands in the operation, he very coolly *stuck his knife* in the shoulder of the unfortunate governor! The last few moments of the doomed Soluno were those of the most pitiable suffering—he was dragged bleeding down the stairs, and through the hall of Don Pedro, into the street called Cinco Torres, where the exulting shouts of the ferocious mob burst on his ear. It was intended to have executed him on the roof of the Aduana, or custom-house, on his route to which the wretched victim passed under the windows of those friends at whose tables he had always been a welcome and an honoured guest, but not one of whom dared to appear, or exhibit the slightest sympathy for his unhappy fate—the infuriated populace, thirsting for his blood, could not be restrained to defer the work of death even for one short quarter of an hour!—the devoted, and at last pitied, wretch, had *twenty knives* in his body at one and the same moment, and his heart was literally

cut out and trampled on in the public streets! Not the slightest insult or violence was offered to the generous woman who had bled in his defence—the most ferocious of the assassins did honour to and applauded her motives;—had any man rendered him such assistance he would have shared his fate! With a disinterested spirit of patriotism which we should in vain look for in countries calling themselves more civilized, all the property in money, plate, jewels, &c. found in Soluno's house, was held inviolable and sacred by this ruffian crew, the very dregs of his countrymen! "*We will take nothing that belonged to the TRAITOR!*" was their unanimous declaration, while placing all the property in the public treasury for the support of the patriotic cause, undiminished by the plunder or loss of a single quarto!

Every old campaigner recalls with pleasure the memory of a *good billet*—it is a prize amid the thousand blanks in the lottery of war. At twelve, taking my departure from the supper-table of Dona Maria (where two dukes, one duchess, with a fair sprinkling of counts, generals, and admirals, graced the festive board), I entered on my quarters. My excellent friends had made every thing so comfortable for my accommodation as not to leave me a want unprovided for—" *Muy buenas noches*" interchanged, I was left to myself, and was soon fast asleep.

Early hours are the order of the day in the South. Before eight our breakfast party was assembled—at the conclusion of one of the best that taste and plenty could produce, I prepared for my journey to Isla. Having despatched that branch of the service which claimed my particular attention (and solicited the companionship of my mercantile friend and joint host), off we set. Our means of travelling was by post coach, which was in waiting outside the Puerta Tierra, no carriages (except the custom-house carts) being at that time permitted to enter the town or ply in the streets without the especial permission of the governor of the city. Not having any wish to claim a favour which would have been instantly

granted, I had requested that the carriage should remain outside the walls—besides, having a natural curiosity as a stranger to see a portion of the town, I preferred the walk. We passed through the Calle Ancha (or wide street), a handsome avenue which opens on the Plaza St Antonio, and the shady side of which is the Royal Exchange of the city from one to three o'clock each day of business, besides being the lounge of all idlers and "*quidnuncs*." About midway on the north side of the street stands an elegant marble building called the "*Casa de los Gremios*," or "*House for the Corporations*," containing a council room, with the chambers of trade, manufactures, and commerce. It had within a very few years been the crowded focus of public business, but Cadiz, in 1810, was already fast hastening to her decline. The Calle St Francisco, a street of shops (none of them approaching those of our fifth-rate tradesmen), has in it nothing to reward the trouble of walking through, except its extreme cleanliness. This street terminates in the Plaza St Juan de Dios, the *general* market for all the necessities of life, yet still by its appearance supporting the character of Cadiz as the cleanest city in Europe, Bilboa perhaps excepted, which may equal Cadiz in that respect, but cannot possibly surpass it. The Grand Sea Gate opens on this Plaza, affording a view of the fortified mole and the ships at anchor; but no persons were then admitted, not even officers, without a passport, or when accompanied by an orderly serjeant from the main guard. Some of our naval officers, however, had so conciliated the Spaniards by their frank and kind manners, that this ceremony was frequently relaxed in their favour; amongst others, *Little Chamberlain*, who commanded the Great Temeraire (a 98), became so well known to the marine guards, that, when putting his hands into his pockets, affecting to search for his *general* pass, which he knew was not there, the sentinels used good-humouredly to say "*No es preciso chico ustedes, bien conocido!*" (no necessity, my fine little fellow! you are well-known). Arrived at the Puerto

Tierra, it became necessary for us to be passed formally through the vaulted casements under an officer's surveillance, and then to enter my name and suite in the guard-room book, also to lodge a certificate that the coachman and his assistant were to be employed on the public service; upon which *their* passport was granted, to save them from embargo (*pressing* we should call it) by any of the Spanish authorities, either on the road or at Isla. These tedious formalities having been gone through, our party was hurried on, over the second drawbridge, scarcely allowing us time for even a hasty glance at the magnificent fortifications; a few yards in front stood our carriage, which almost defies description; we occasionally see wood-cuts of such a vehicle in children's story books, Cinderella for example, but in modern times it would be viewed as a remnant of the fashions of the carriages of the sixteenth century. Into this venerable vehicle we stepped, myself, the young officer called my secretary, my mercantile friend, and a medical officer, who requested a passage to Isla (there was room enough for as many more); the coachman (or *Mayoral*, to give him his proper title) stood beside his team of five, giving his orders to the Zagal (his adjutant), who held the head of the leader, while the bells of the whole team kept clanging most unmusically in our ears. We were all struck with admiration at the sight of our *Mayoral*; he stood full six feet high, erect and graceful; his whole form and limbs of the finest proportions, and his face the perfection of what may be termed handsome in the male sex; with the advantages of dress and address, the fellow would have made his way in any court in continental Europe; but *these* were never indispensable claims to favouritism in the former courts, either of Spain or Portugal. On his head he wore a shallow-crowned and rather broad-brimmed hat, with a band of many gaudy-coloured narrow ribbands, secured by a black silk band under his chin (like the picadors of the bull ring); his narrow and embroidered shirt-collar, white as snow, secured in front by a showy brooch,

was thrown back, displaying a throat like a pillar of marble slightly bronzed by sun and wind; his "*Spanish-Brown*" jacket (the seams, epaulettes, and pocket-flaps of which were ornamented with scarlet cloth devices tastefully let in) was enriched by a double row of hanging filigree silver buttons (long known in England as "*Spanish buttons*"), while his velveteen waistcoat could boast of a *triple* line; his velveteen short breeches were laced from the hip to the knee with a stout silver cord, which was tied in a bow at the knee, the ends or tags, mounted in thin silver, hung half way down the leg; his feet, which appeared small for the fine muscular limbs they had to support, were loaded with a massy pair of silver buckles reaching almost to the toes. El Señor *Mayoral*, taken altogether, would have proved a rich prize to a highwayman. It seemed a sad falling off of his dignity that he had no driving-box to receive his portly person; a few ropes drawn from side to side of the foresprings was all the seat he seemed to require; he mounted, and at the words "*andar, andar,*" the zagal, a fine light-limbed fellow, flew beside the leader like a winged Mercury, until the whole team had taken up the pace of their leader; he then withdrew his hand from the horse's head, and most dexterously sprung up beside his chief. Thus released from restraint (for the *wheelers only* are under the guidance of reins), the team rushed along in their wildest speed, while their clanging bells and the thundering voice of the *Mayoral*, formed a concert by no means agreeable. Never shall I forget my horror, my self-reproach, at committing myself into such a vehicle, and under such an apparent madman's guidance; our route lay along the causeway of solid masonry (built in the reign of Carlos Terceiro), the connecting road between Cadiz and Isla, having been, previous to that period, an exposed strand for nearly two-thirds of the distance, occasionally obstructed by huge drifts of sand, the effect of storms from the Levant, or from the south-west. On this causeway (or wall more properly), only thirty-six feet wide, there is no parapet whatever, and as the galloping team took their course to the

right or left, sometimes to almost the verge of the causeway, the *insides* (except my Cadiz friend, who laughed at our apprehensions) expected nothing less than to be pitched on the strand (a decent tumble of about a dozen feet), in that ponderous vehicle. The centre of the causeway, fortunately, was a mass of loose sand, and deep enough to reach half-way up the spokes of our wheels, so that, before we reached the Corta Dura the spirit of the fiery team had been pretty well cooled.

The Corta Dura is a large redoubt, about one mile and a quarter from Cadiz Lines; it was then in its earliest state of progress. This fort (as its name indicates), cuts across or severs the causeway—so that an artificial road, formed of beams and fascines on each side, was then constructed for the passage of carts and carriages to and from the Isla. Here we dismounted, and saw our rumbling carriage take its downward route, heartily glad to have escaped from it without fracture of head or limb.

The appearance of the Corta Dura at that moment was every way calculated to inspire our profound admiration, mixed with feelings of the deepest pity, for a brave people basely betrayed and invaded by a perfidious enemy, who entered with his army on the Spanish soil as the professed guardian and protector of the nation's rights and liberties! Did these reflections never wring the tyrant's heartstrings as he gazed from that solitary rock which eternal justice had planted in the "*wide unbounded sea*," to be at once his prison and his grave? Oh yes they did! remorse, that "worm which never dies," fed on his faithless heart to the last moment of lingering life—and Spain, brave, betrayed, but UNCONQUERED SPAIN, was deeply avenged! Not less than one thousand persons, from the highest to the very humblest classes of society, were then working as voluntary labourers on this important outwork;—each gang submitting to its task, not to say with cheerfulness, but with striving emulation! all active, zealous, and obedient to the orders of the engineers, and their taskmen and overseers.

The Spaniards have always maintained a high character in the science

of naval and military architecture; future ages will recognise a proof of their excellence in the work now mentioned; which, although commenced under all the disadvantages incident to the general distraction of the country at the time—and latterly carried on under the additional impediment caused by its exposure to the fire of the enemy's mortar batteries, was, in the course of a very few months, rendered capable of defending itself without any extraneous support.

On that day were to be seen grandees (setting the good example) wheeling barrows of earth—officers of all ranks yoked by dozens to carts or cars, drawing heavy loads of timber, stone, sand, or lime; lusty monks and friars by scores, wielding the pick-axe, the spade, or rammer; while crowds of masons, carpenters, smiths, builders, &c. were busy in their several vocations. About noon it was customary for the merchants of Cadiz (particularly those foreigners who had found a home in the hospitable bosom of Spain) to come down with refreshments to distribute amongst the labouring throng—while groups of women, the wives, the relatives or *queridas* (sweethearts) of the workmen were daily present to cheer them on in their patriotic toll:— Perched aloft on some massive stone, out of harm's way, the *Ciego* (or blind ballad-singer), accompanying himself on his cracked guitar, chanted out the praises of "PALAFOX and the Defenders of SARAGOSSA!" or of "CASTANOS the Hero of Baylen!" with the general chorus of "VIVA EL REY FERNANDO!" If a shot or shell from the French batteries (which were then not sufficiently advanced to do injury) did happen to fall within a short distance of the working parties—raising, as it was sure to do, an almost blinding cloud of sand, it was welcomed with a universal cheer and a stave of some patriotic song! There was not a particle of fanfaronade in all this; never were people more sincere in their enthusiasm, more energetic in the contribution of their strength and labour, or more prodigal of their blood, in the great work of their country's defence. Passing through the Corta Dura after nearly an hour's

observation of the interesting scene, we resumed our journey in the same abhorred vehicle; but the ebbing tide having left an uninterrupted space of beautiful level strand of upwards of two miles, we did not reascend the causeway (to effect which there are inclined planes on each side) until all fears from the intemperance of our cavalry were at an end. The gallop of two miles, with such a back-breaking incumbrance in their rear, must have tamed them all, had each horse been a Bucephalus. We entered Isla at a quiet pace, but still under the annoyance of the bells of the team; it was my opinion (which experience long since confirmed) that both men, mules and horses would fall asleep without this constant check on somnolency.

Isla de Leon is a large and populous town; the main street (at least a mile in length) is of considerable width, and contains many excellent buildings, both public and private, with the usual number of churches and convents. From the main street a number of thickly-inhabited streets and lanes branch off; those on the right (from Cadiz) terminating in various creeks and basins formed by the St Petri river; and those on the left, to the town of St Carlos, which, although growing out of, and in fact a suburb of Isla, has been honoured with the rank and privileges of a royal city, in honour of its founder Carlos III., and as being the seat of the government buildings, viz. the grand naval and military arsenals, the military school of instruction, the ordnance depot, &c. The united population of these towns, including military and civil functionaries, at that period exceeded forty thousand. These, together with the population of Cadiz, which, during a great portion of the period of the siege, was little under seventy-five thousand! derived almost the whole of their means of subsistence from distant ports. The consumption of American flour alone (as one article of imported supply) amounted on the average to thirty thousand barrels per month! and (strange to say, of a besieged city) bread of a superior quality seldom or never exceeded one real (a fraction under threepence) per pound; and good wholesome ammunition bread, simi-

lar to our household, at little more than *three halfpence per pound!*

The regency were then residing at Isla, and thither the Brigadier-General (who had the good fortune to obtain a passage for his horses on board the *Myrtle*) had repaired at an early hour that morning; and having made the necessary arrangements for the distribution of his troops, and for establishing his own quarters there, was about to return just at the moment of our arrival. His presence afforded me the honour of a presentation to two of the three members of the council of regency, also to the Duque del Albuquerque, then governor of Isla, as well as commandant of the troops. Accompanied by my Cadiz friend (of whose services as an interpreter I was happy to avail myself whenever my limited knowledge of the Spanish language failed me), I accepted the Duke's invitation to take a view of the celebrated Puente de Suaza, and a bird's eye peep at the enemy's positions. On our route we picked up General Whittingham, between whom and Albuquerque there appeared the most perfect cordiality and good-will. Indeed the man must have been a cynic by nature who could not feel a respectful kind of attachment towards the lively Duke, even after a short acquaintance with him. His late and providential retreat, of which, as it may be supposed, he was justly proud, formed the chief portion of his conversation. To us strangers he addressed himself with winning condescension. My mercantile friend from Cadiz he at first considered as some recent importation from the Land of Beef (for, in truth, he had as perfect a London face as ever gaped at an opera, or stared at a ballet); but the circumstance of his speaking the language of the country of his birth with such classical purity, and his unaffected easiness of manners, quickly undeceived him.

Arrived at the Puente de Suaza, the Duke pointed out the effects of the various but fruitless attempts of the Spanish engineers to blow up or otherwise demolish this lasting monument of Roman architecture. Its amazing solidity, after a lapse of so many centuries, was an object of our general astonishment. The piers,

sunk originally at the depth of upwards of three fathoms, appeared as fresh and undecayed as if the work of recent years; a portion of the parapet alone yielded to the powers of powder or the wedge. But the barricadoes, formed of the large iron gratings which defend EVERY window in EVERY Spanish mansion, were the perfection of that species of defence. It was fortunate that such ready means presented themselves on the urgency of the moment. It has been already stated, that the bridge is flanked by formidable batteries; so long, therefore, as powder and ball held out, the position on that side might fairly be deemed impregnable. We crept through the small aperture left in the barricade for the transit of the advanced picquets, and marched along the arcife towards the post of the last sentinel. Albuquerque, always lively and communicative, gave us some curious anecdotes of his retreat, which an officer of his cavalry (an extract from the British dragoons) described to me as a regular *steeple chase*, for the last twenty-four hours of which Isla was the goal, confirming my opinion, from reading the accounts of the route at Ocana, Medelin, &c., that, when once the Spaniards determined on running away, "*their unanimity was wonderful.*" Some dead horses lay on the causeway, whose putrifying carcasses proved equally offensive to the sight and smell; but, with true Spanish indolence, no one attempted to remove them, or even to burn them, which is the most ready way of getting rid of the nuisance, in the absence of carts for their removal. The Duke and Whittingham jogged on in front. The light elastic figure of the former (whose head did not reach to the Englishman's shoulder) formed a strong contrast to the robust and portly figure of the latter, whose whole appearance, particularly the gravity of a very comely but manly countenance, struck the beholder as the *beau ideal* of the haughty Don of the days of chivalry. While we all formed a group around Albuquerque, who, when arrived at the last sentinel's post, was pointing out the various positions occupied by the enemy, a musket ball whistled through the party, and lodged itself,

spent and harmless, in the neckcloth of the spokesman. The Duke, who on that occasion wore a very unmilitary thick roll of blue India-print muslin round his neck, very coolly pulled off the neckerchief, from which he shook out the ball, which had merely caused a bruise about the breadth of a dollar; then looking towards the Salinas (from whence it evidently came), pulled off his hat, and laughingly said, "*Muchos gracias cavalero!*"—(much obliged to your honour). He then called to the serjeant in attendance for a musket, which was handed to him loaded; and casting his sharp blue eye over the many hundred salt-pits into which that wide swamp is divided, without seeing any object on which to direct his fire, was about to resign the musket, when something like a human head seemed to pop up from behind one of the low banks, then suddenly sink again. In a few seconds appeared another, and another, which were instantly fired at, both by the Duke and the picquets. By and by, two or three soldiers, in their long canvas frocks, were observed rolling themselves first up one bank then down another, endeavouring to get beyond the range of the balls. At one time three were distinctly visible. At last, one more daring than the others, sprung on his legs, and holding his gun in one hand, and the skirts of his frock in the other, scudded along from bank to bank, jumping, running, and wading, until he distanced the fire, which it appeared he had the good fortune to escape. Nothing was seen of the others. They had either fallen, or lay concealed in the salt-pits until nightfall, when the outlying Spanish picquets were withdrawn. The poor devils were probably in pursuit of cray fish, with which the place abounds, and seeing a group of officers, were tempted to fire.

The French, ever on the alert, had sent down to the margin of the Salinas, on the Puerto Real road, a field-piece, drawn by four or six horses, with which they began to blaze away. But it was a piece of useless bravado—not one shot in three came within an hundred fathoms of our position. My Cadiz friend, however, by no means relished his new situation; and never

from the first moment of the invasion of his country were his curses upon the French, in mixed English and Spanish, more profoundly and sincerely bestowed.

We all, however, got back to the Puente de Suaza "sans touche;" but his perils on this involuntary expedition afforded my excellent friend a something to boast of during his amiable and honourable life.

Within the brief hour of our absence from Isla, a flaming signboard, purporting to be a portrait of Albuquerque, which had for several days been in preparation (and still wet from the artist's studio), was elevated over the door of a Posada, or inn, one of the last of the line of houses which terminates the main street, and which then assumed the title of

"Posada del Duque;"

for in those days of his popularity no other Duke in Spain was thought of, although they were as plenty as blackberries both at Isla and Cadiz. The good-natured grandee, wishing to encourage the loyal Posadero, insisted on our party entering the house, where, in the common room (for they had but one for *cooking and consumption*), his Excellency nauseated our stomachs with a plate of choricos (an imitation of Bologna sausage), so highly impregnated with garlic, that three days scouring with eau de Cologne could not purify the palate from the odious flavour—a couple of quartillos of such wine as our Mediterranean sailors and soldiers call *Blackstrap* (but compared to which the soldier's ration wine was Tokay), served in a wooden can, and with little filthy tin cups to drink from, was the best entertainment mine host of "El Duque" could lay before his patron, and for which, although the whole cost might be defrayed for *sixpence*, the generous Duke flung the host a gold ounce (sixteen dollars)! Such

a present would have brought the whole family of an opulent inn-keeper in England to the outer door to bow and curtsy his Excellency off. But behold the difference of manners—between gold—and pride! This gruff, posadero, who would have *knifed* any one who would not have joined him in the cry of "*Viva el Duque*," neither bowed nor cringed, but muttered a simple "*gracias*," and which, to our amazement, seemed all that the grandee sought for or expected!

On returning up the main street we were all brought to a stand-still by the approach of General Castaños (now *Duque de Baylen*), one of the Council of Regency. Over his bright, *brimstone*-coloured uniform coat, which was richly embroidered with silver, he wore the star and riband of Charles III. The hero of Baylen was, even then, advanced in years, fifty at least; short in stature, not stout, and any thing but graceful in carriage and deportment. After the customary homage of standing uncovered (from which homage Albuquerque was exempt by virtue of his privileges, having no less than *three hats* on his family shield, that is, that if he had three heads he would be entitled to wear a hat on each in the presence of royalty, a very safe plurality of honours it must be conceded), Castaños soon threw off the reserve of the representative of royalty, and entered into familiar conversation with all the party. He laughed heartily at the adventure at the outpost, while congratulating his "Amigito" (little friend) on his escape. Our party accompanied his suite to the gate of the house of the noble Conde de Altamira*—(a DWARF in stature, a GIANT in honour, courage, and patriotism!)—where, making our respectful obeisances, we waited the entrance of "*his High-*

* This splendid little man (for he was only four feet two, and it might be said, with equal correctness, "*by two*," for he was an upright parallelogram), who could boast of the title of Prince, with three Dukedoms, although using the *ancient* title as that of chiefest honour, would never bow his neck to the yoke of the usurper. When many of the grandees, deluded by the specious promises of Napoleon, threw themselves into his arms, and subsequently accepted office under the mock King Joseph, the proud Altamira withdrew in disgust from this scene of national degradation! He it was who made the appropriate reply to that wittol Charles IV., when he said, "Cousin, what a little fellow you are." "Yes, Sire, but in my own house I am a GREAT one."

ness," ere we ventured to turn our faces to the west.

After concluding the arrangements which were the object of my visit, I took my leave for that day of Isla de Leon, which was destined to be the busy scene of my humble, but arduous services, during the three ensuing years.

We got back to Cadiz before four, in time to dress, and meet at dinner a large party of guests, Spanish, English, and Irish, civil, mercantile, and military, over a capital dessert, and a table crowded with wines of the most superior quality, particularly such Xeres (Sherry) as I had never before tasted (my hosts being extensive merchants in that trade). My friend Don T— entertained the guests with a detail of the perils he had that day encountered.

Although it may appear uninteresting to enter into the particulars that immediately follow, yet, as affording a sketch of Spanish manners, the introduction may be tolerated. At eight o'clock on that evening I had an engagement with the Junta de Hacienda, to attend upon that board in order to present my credentials and my requisitions, agreeably to the orders of Lord Wellington. The Junta de Hacienda (or Treasury) was chosen from amongst the most intelligent and wealthy of the Spanish mercantile body; to them was intrusted the receipt and the expenditure of the public revenue, the purchase and the distribution of supplies, and of all the munitions of war. Another junta was formed for the purposes of preserving public peace, and the security of person and property, and a third for the regulation of the means of transport by land and by sea, military quarters, &c. &c.; in short, every contingency that could possibly arise was provided for—in theory—but that was all! Eight o'clock found me and my friendly interpreter (whose services now became important) in a dark and shabby antechamber, where we were left to concoct our address, while their workshops were loudly wrangling in their own chamber with some obstreperous characters, who seemed, as far as a volley of vociferations could go, not to yield *their* point. A calm at length succeeded, and on

their withdrawal we were allowed to enter. The apartment called the chamber of the junta was very inferior to the smallest of our police offices, resembling, in some degree, those humble chanceries called COURTS OF CONSCIENCE (where the hardest and most reckless swearer always gains the cause)! Seated behind a raised desk sat three gentlemen, whose faces faintly showed through a cloud of smoke, each using his cigar in "*full puff*." As light is a rare commodity in Spanish houses, I was for some time puzzled to open my credentials; a very dim lamp, stuck on a bracket at the lower end of the room, was the only visible luminary; that which enlightened the worthy junta was shrouded from my view by an umbrageous canopy of brown paper, which imprisoned the few rays of light it was calculated to afford, for the exclusive use and benefit of the "*bench*." After my eye had become somewhat reconciled to this darkness visible, and a considerate cessation of puffs had allowed the body of smoke to ascend to the dark ceiling of this gloomy apartment, I laid before those potent, but I cannot add "*grave and reverend*" Señors my budget. On reading my long list of requisitions (which I must confess were startling), and referring to the copy of the stipulations entered into by the Regency when inviting the aid of a British force, a general expression of surprise and dissent (I may add *discontent*) burst from the triumvirate, who appeared to be quite confounded at, and quite unprepared for, the sweeping demands made on those resources which they were husbanding with a miser's care. Nothing tries the temper of a stranger more severely than the appearance (and in truth it is but appearance) of the violent irascibility which a Spaniard exhibits in argument; but I know their placability when they are heard out with respectful patience.

The first by whom I was taken to task for my presumptuous requisitions was Don Pedro Daguirre, a pale-faced, keen-eyed, little man, with a frightful volubility of speech, which he interlarded with that never-absent expletive—which is rendered endurable to ears polite by being qualified into the milder term *Ca-*

RAMBA! He asserted that the English were taking an ungenerous advantage of their necessities to extort that which they could not afford without starving their own army; that there was an "*equivocacion grande*" in Lord Wellington's construction of a certain article of these stipulations; that *asistencia* did not mean *subsistencia*; in short, that they could not, would not comply. After the little man had expended his displeasure on me, he thrust his cigar in his mouth, and drew such a draft upon it that the flesh of his thin pale cheeks seemed to be so collapsed, one within the other, that I feared he never could succeed in unlocking them; but a long and lusty puff (which sent a volume of smoke rolling over the heads of my friend and self) effected that purpose. Having thus relieved himself of all ill-humour by that safety valve, his mouth, he addressed my friend in the kindest tone of voice, saying, "*Senor quiere fumar?*" (would the gentleman wish to smoke?) handing over at the same time his Havannah cigar purse, or bladder, containing some splendid samples of that Spanish luxury. I accepted two with many thanks.

The second lecture I was destined to receive was from a good-looking, full-faced, and rather handsome man, not more than thirty (if so much), who had more the appearance of an English gentleman than any Spaniard I had hitherto seen, with the exception of his neglected and miserably decayed teeth! This member of the board took much pains, and in mild, but firm language, to convince me of the misconception, on the part of the British Commander-in-Chief, of one article, the terms, &c., a task which he candidly admitted he might have spared himself, knowing that my personal opinion, one way or the other, could not affect the question at issue, except as it went to convince me that the Junta could not mean to throw any impediments in the way of a cordial co-operation between the troops of the two nations, but that it was wholly unprepared for such terms. "In short," concluded the speaker, "as the guardians of the public resources, we cannot, under any circumstances, give a reception to these requisitions." There was a

calm yet firm resolution in the address of this gentleman, which made a deeper impression on me than the blustering tirade uttered by his predecessor, who, I was afterwards informed, was one of the warmest admirers of the British, and as generous in heart as he was passionate in speech. The person here mentioned was the late Don Tomas Isturiz, who appeared to be one of the few who did not look upon the entrance of the English into Cadiz with feelings of entire satisfaction. He had a dash of the Republican in his character, as he evinced by his motion in the Cortes, in May, 1814, which denounced the beloved Fernando as unworthy to reign, should he refuse to swear to and accept the constitution of 1812. He had been elected by his fellow-citizens of Cadiz as their representative on the first assembling of the Cortes, and certainly did not discredit their choice. At the period referred to (1810), he was Syndico of Cadiz; and being a well-educated and talented young man, obtained a considerable degree of influence in his native city.

The third and last member of the Junta who felt it his duty to address me was Don Bustamente de Guerra—(a pompous name! admitting of a most elaborate interpretation). This gentleman seemed to be of the same opinion of the worthy candidate for the representation of Bristol last century, who, having neither the power nor the wish to add a syllable to the long and brilliant harangue of his more highly-gifted fellow-candidate, contented himself and his auditors by saying—"Ditto to Mr Burke!" The round-faced, bald-headed, and good-humoured looking Don Bustamente, in a few words, gave his "*Ditto to Don Tomas*," "*Ditto to Don Pedro*."

Now came my turn to reply. It is not necessary to dwell on that; but merely to state, at the end of such a stormy conference, we parted the best friends imaginable, each party agreeing to make due representations to their respective superiors; but, what was to me a matter of triumph, the Junta (I presume in consequence of the unbounded patience and respect with which I bore their scoldings) assured me, on tak-

ing leave, that, pending the discussion of the question, their "friends the English should *want for nothing!*"

Half an hour afterwards I encountered the stern Syndico of Cadiz, at the tertulia of Dona Maria, with his little transatlantic Querida by his side (a pretty Mexicana) gambling away like another prodigal son! His recognition of me was quite friendly—what might be termed "*free and easy.*" Who will deny that the Spaniards are an extraordinary race? *

The differences to which I have but merely glanced, were for some time a source of much inquietude; daily threatening to disturb that harmony which it was of vital importance to both nations to maintain uninterrupted. The timely arrival of the Right Honourable Henry Wellesley (now Lord Cowley) took this discussion out of humbler and less competent hands; and under his diplomatic, and subsequently of General Graham's military influence, my Lord Wellington, if he did not yield, at least con-

siderably modified his demands; after which we rubbed on (with occasional little frettings) in tolerably harmonious terms with all the public authorities for the three following years.

Early in March, 1810, about a week before the arrival of General Graham, Cadiz was visited by a frightful storm, the recollection of which, from its awful consequences, is still a subject of painful reflection. The hurricane, on this melancholy occasion, came from the west. It commenced at daylight on the sixth, but did not attain to its greatest fury until the evening of that day; and when night fell, the dismal sounds of signals of distress were heard in every quarter of the bay. At daybreak on the seventh, no less than one hundred and ninety vessels of all sizes and nations were on shore! The *Temeraire*, a three-decker, was discovered to be dragging her anchors. Shortly after, this noble vessel was, to the utter dismay of the admiral, seen completely adrift. Captain Chamber-

* For the escape of Don Tomas Isturiz from Madrid in 1814, refer to the interesting article, headed *Ferdinand the Beloved, or Royal Gratitude*, in Blackwood's Magazine for August, 1830. This gentleman, after passing some months in France, repaired to London, where some of his companions in exile had found a hospitable reception; but by far the greater number were suffering (in the deepest privacy) the total want of all the comforts of life. A very humble monthly allowance granted by Government was their only support; and to obtain which they were reduced to the necessity of pleading their absolute *poverty and destitution*, in order to being placed on what was called the *Duke of Wellington's List*, as this poor relief was not extended to any but those whom his Grace recommended. The Duke, in the dispensation of charity, whether personal or public, is known to be a *rigid economist*; as a proof of which, it is only necessary to observe, that CAPTAIN GENERAL V—, Dr A. D—y M— (late MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR IN SPAIN)—with several others of *that class*, were placed on his Grace's list for the *noble allowance of FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per WEEK each!*

Don Tomas Isturiz was a person of considerable wealth; his mother's house in Cadiz (a large mercantile concern engaged in the South American trade), under the firm of "*Isturiz Vinda y Hijos*," was still carried on, and large remittances were at all times at his command. It did not appear, however, that the emigrant "*LIBERALS*" were ever objects of his generosity or solicitude, even when, by an extraordinary and unexpected increase of fortune, he had the means of alleviating their privations, and cheering their days of exile. Don Tomas was one day walking near the Royal Exchange, during the drawing of the lottery in 1815, and feeling an inclination to sport twenty pounds, went into the office of Martin & Co., Cornhill, where, referring to his pocket-book, he counted the number of days that elapsed from that of his providential escape from Madrid (and the tender mercies prepared for him by the *beloved Fernando*); he found them amount to 261, and then demanded to buy *that ticket*; but it was nearly half an hour before it could be obtained, and only after a strict search amongst the lottery offices in the city. At length a *half ticket* of No. 261 was procured at TWO o'clock, and at FIVE it was drawn a prize of forty thousand pounds, the only one ever exhibited to that amount in England. The lucky Don lay down that night twenty thousand pounds richer than he had risen!

lain, and several of his officers, had but just reached the ship at the peril of their lives, having been engaged during the whole of that horrid night in saving the crews of those unfortunate vessels which were foundering on every side. Drenched, and almost expiring with fatigue, from their generous exertions, the captain and officers were obliged to be hauled on board in slings, two of their boats having been stove in their attempt to board. The sight of the beautiful and powerful *Temeraire* drifting on a lee shore, and that shore lined by a shouting ferocious enemy, roused all their energies; and after a quarter of an hour's agonizing anxiety, Admiral Purvis had the inexpressible delight of seeing the *Temeraire*, under the skilful Chamberlain and his experienced master, running under his stern, with a mere shred of a sail to give her steerage way, and in another minute drop her best bower in new and secure moorings. Sad as was the scene of desolation on every side, the bold and skilful seamanship exhibited on this critical occasion by Captain Chamberlain and his fine crew excited such admiration through the fleet, that, when he telegraphed "ALL SAFE, NINE FATHOM!" the *Temeraire* was honoured with three cheers from between two and three thousand glad voices from the British squadron.

The *Maria Primera*, Portuguese flag-ship (a three-decker also), was not so fortunate. This magnificent vessel (on the eve of her departure for Lisbon) had taken up an outside station a day or two previously to the commencement of the gale, and had reached the mouth of the bay when the awful swell from the mighty Atlantic indicated the quickly approaching evil. The admiral put back at nightfall, unfortunately dropping his anchor in the most exposed part of the bay. On the morning of the seventh the gale raged with

such fury, that all chance of bettering his position under such circumstances became hopeless. An unusual bustle on the shores of the bay occupied by the enemy, showed that he had a double danger to encounter. Hundreds of men and horses were seen near Fort St Calalina, drawing on artillery; and before noon the *Maria Primera* became exposed to the fire of that powerful battery. Showers of shot and shell were poured on the devoted vessel, whose fire in return made but slight impression, rolling as she did almost yard-arm to every moment. Still the Portuguese admiral would neither strike his flag, nor, by slipping his anchors, seek a precarious chance of escape by running up the bay. His vessel soon became a wreck—and at mid-day went down under the "vivas" of the brave crew, with her flag nailed to the masthead; and to the unutterable grief of the many thousands assembled on the towers of the houses at Cadiz who had beheld the unequal contest. But a scene of greater horror was yet to be witnessed. Moored at the upper part of the bay, about a league from the Mole of Cadiz, were five large pontoons of prison hulks—old line-of-battle ships—on board of which several thousand prisoners of the army of Dupont had been confined for nearly two years. The rigour, nay cruelty, with which these unfortunate beings had been treated, had, it was but too truly stated, reduced their number in that period to nearly *one half* the original amount. But the French set the example of cruelty, and all feelings of *mercy towards a Frenchman* were by the Spaniards deemed *treasons towards Spain*. These wretched prisoners were constantly in a state bordering on mutiny; which the daily rigours and privations they suffered tended to foster. Driven to despair by long suffering, and hopelessness of relief,* they were prepared to meet death in the attempt for freedom.

* Napoleon's indignation against Dupont and his army for his disgraceful surrender to a rude and half-disciplined body of troops, inferior in number, science of arms, and all the tact and art of war, to that which grounded its arms before the patriots, was so great, that he never would listen to any proposal made by his marshals in Spain for the exchange of the prisoners confined in the Cadiz hulks. He sullenly left them to their fate—and that was terrific.

The Spanish authorities, aware of this state of desperation in the mind of the prisoners, always maintained a strong guard on board each pontoon, who carefully prevented more than an extremely limited number of them to enjoy the air of the deck each day. This relief, so necessary to their health, and indeed existence, therefore seldom came to the turn of each individual above once in the course of a fortnight.

The Spanish Government had formed no depots of provisions on board, so that these unhappy wretches had to depend from day to day almost for the supplies, not only of bread, but also of WATER, on the visits of the provision barques, which were at all times irregular—the guard on board, so long as they could procure food for themselves, were regardless of the horrid sufferings of the hungered and thirsting prisoners. The third day had now arrived since the last issue of bread, salt fish, and water had been made—all the attempts made by the provision barques to approach these huge floating prisons, with sides rising to the height of thirty feet from the water's edge, were found ineffectual. The storm seemed to gain fresh strength every hour—a dark haze hung over the bay; one continued unceasing roar, resembling neither the thunders of the heavens, nor noise of cannon, rung on the ears of all with a stunning, awful din! Maddened by hunger and by raging thirst, burning for revenge and reckless of danger, the desperate prisoners burst into open mutiny; all that were on deck were slaughtered, but not before they had gained some stand of arms in the scuffle, which they passed below. The sentinels guarding the hatchways of the second and lower decks were overpowered, and instantly sacrificed. The shouts of the emancipated prisoners passed from one hulk to the other, until the mutiny became general. Hundreds were slain in their struggles to gain the upper deck; and when they at last succeeded in that object, and became opposed to the whole of the guard, scores of each were swept off at every surge of these huge vessels, which, with scarcely ballast enough on the ground

tier to keep them upright (now that the prisoners from below had enlarged themselves), rolled almost gunwale to, under the double influence of wind and sea. The desperate captives, having procured fire, sought to burn the hawse-holes—but the storm effected what their feeble means could not accomplish. The pontoons, one after the other, broke from their moorings; and in a quarter of an hour grounded on the shore occupied by their countrymen! On the first moment of striking (which threw each vessel nearly on her broadside, hundreds of the poor wretches were plunged into the foaming sea, and were soon seen making every effort to reach the shore, under a heavy and unrelenting fire of shot, shells, and grape from the British ships, gunboats, and batteries! The French cavalry, which poured down to the spot (one of those points or tongues of land already mentioned), made the most gallant efforts to save their struggling fellow-creatures; many were observed dashing into the foam, until his horse lost all footing, and snatching some drowning wretch, drag him along beside his swimming animal—the next moment, a shot, a shower of grape, hurled both into eternity! The red-hot shot fired both from the British ships and the Spanish fort of Puntales (half a league from Cadiz) at length took effect on those huge dark masses, from which flames were seen to burst—every effort of the miserable survivors on board to check the rising conflagration was ineffectual—a succession of volleys of twenty-four pounders from the Queen Charlotte, Temeraire, and Tonnant swept the slanting decks with horrible precision, swelling the awful catalogue of the slain by hundreds every passing minute. The distracted prisoners, as a last and desperate hope, flung themselves into the boiling sea, now crimsoned with blood, making one struggling effort to reach the shore—but, alas! not one in ten succeeded. The evening of that day, on which the sun never cast even a momentary ray, closed on this frightful scene of slaughter, just as the small magazines of powder established on board for the use of the guards successively exploded,

shattering the already half destroyed wrecks to the very keel.

The numbers of unfortunate human beings sacrificed on that memorable day to a cruel point of duty, was not less than FIVE THOUSAND !

For several days after the subsidence of this tremendous hurricane, the whole coast of the bay of Cadiz was covered with the bodies of the slain and drowned. Working parties, to the number of six hundred men, British as well as Spaniards, were employed from day to day digging graves in the sandy beach from Cadiz to Isla, to conceal from human eye those frightful testimonials of the almost *general* destruction of the unfortunate prisoners of the pontoons !

The arrival of General Graham (now Lord Lynedoch) about the middle of March, bestowed a more important character on the British auxiliary force, then increased, by the reinforcements by which he was accompanied, to the respectable number of ten thousand infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and six brigades of artillery, all in the most complete order, equally fit and ready for any service. Brigadier-General Stewart, on resigning his temporary command, declined a longer service in Isla de Leon. He had felt his situation for some time by no means comfortable. Viewing every thing with the eye of a soldier, he never would condescend to enter into any discussions, or even listen to the representations pressed on him by the Spanish authorities (his contempt for whom he took little pains to disguise); he looked to the letter of his instructions, and would not make the slightest concession to circumstances. General Stewart, to an honest, manly, and feeling mind, united a rather fretful temper—a counterpart, in that respect, of the lamented Sir John Moore, than whom a braver soldier or better man never existed; and he was gratified by the opportunity of the arrival of a superior officer, to retire from a troublesome command. He proceeded immediately to join the army in Portugal, with which his subsequent career was marked by a series of distinguished service. At the close of the war, Sir William Stewart's services

were acknowledged by all those honours and rewards which a generous sovereign and a grateful nation could bestow on military merit of the first order. But his gallant spirit burst the bonds of frail humanity at a period of life when a long series of years of repose and happiness might have been reckoned on to gild the evening of his honourable life. He died in his prime, leaving behind a name and a fame which eloquence could not exalt nor envy obscure.

General Graham's first care was naturally directed to the increase and improvement of all the defences of his widely extended position. Cadiz itself only required a brave commander and obedient garrison to bid defiance to every effort of the enemy to possess it. But the Isla de Leon demanded all his attention, and the constant exercise of that military genius which seems to have been a portion of his nature, as well as of that cool yet vigorous judgment, which all through his long and brilliant career has ever preserved him from rashness and from error. The river Santa Petri (the left bank of which and its surrounding neighbourhood, it has been already mentioned, was possessed by the enemy) presented a vulnerable point from which his whole position might have been assailed. The old works for the defence of the river frontier were immediately repaired, strengthened, and improved, while a new and powerful line of redoubts, each supporting the other, were erected along the whole of the heights commanding the river's bank, which soon presented a front of almost unassailable strength; while on the several creeks or caños on the sea-side of the towns of Isla de Leon and St Carlos, batteries were established, in addition to the ancient defences (which were by no means few or ill disposed), in such positions as threw a shield of perfect security over the grand naval arsenal Las Carracas, as well as the marine and military depôts of St Carlos.

Nor were General Graham's ever-active powers less watchful of the long extent of coast between Cadiz and Isla exposed to the possible incursions of an exasperated because a baffled enemy. Between Cadiz

and the Corta Dura (but much nearer to the former) large sand-hills had been formed by the operation of the winds of centuries, under the shelter of which, could any enemy have landed, a lodgment might have been made. On these heights (scarp'd wherever necessary) General Graham soon formed a consecutive chain of defences which would have effectually checked any attempt at an hostile approach in that quarter, while more to the eastward, or rather north-east, directly opposed to the afterwards celebrated *Tracadero*, stood the Fort of Puntales, protecting the strand to the east and to the west. Between Corta Dura and the Isla two formidable batteries, each intersecting the causeway by a canal, were speedily erected—indeed the most distinguished officers of both services, foreign as well as British, who, in the course of the period of the siege, had viewed these several defences (formed under General Graham's own eye and direction), pronounced them to be the very perfection of the art of field fortification. One of the many tongues of land which project into Cadiz Bay, that on which was situated the half dilapidated fort of Matagorda, had for several weeks been an object of Soult's serious attention. His attacks upon the fort during those few weeks were feeble, as his temporary batteries were, from the nature of the swampy soil on which they were established, subject to lose their level after a few discharges of his great guns. The Marshal, however, soon overcame that difficulty, and, by the compulsory labour of the whole population within his reach, he formed a more permanent basis for his operations against the fort, and to which every day gave additional strength. The place had been originally one capable of sustaining a vigorous attack—it was insulated at high water, but the ebb tide left it exposed to the attack of a daring storming party. That species of warfare is one in which the French, with all their high character as soldiers, must ever yield the palm to the British, and is generally avoided by them when, by slower or less destructively hazardous means, they can effect the reduction of a place.

Matagorda had been put into the best state of defence which the hurry of circumstances on the advance of the French on Cadiz admitted; and had hitherto been defended by a small garrison of Spaniards in a manner creditable to their gallantry. But General Graham, seeing that some more powerful efforts must be made to retain it, at least until the completion of those batteries constructing in the vicinity of Cadiz, which would eventually (if it became necessary to abandon it) render its capture by the French a useless acquisition, sent in British engineers, and strong working parties, to repair and improve the defences; the small party of Spanish troops of artillery and of the line were withdrawn, and a British detachment sent in to fight the arduous battle. The officer on whom the defence of this post of danger and honour devolved, was Captain (now Colonel Sir Archibald) MacLaine, who, with his company of the 94th, and a party of the Royal British Artillery, were landed on the little isthmus. MacLaine nobly defended his post for several weeks, during the latter period of which his brave garrison had to withstand the fire of twenty pieces of heavy artillery, to which the enemy had from day to day increased their power of annoyance. His casualties of course were heavy, but he never slackened fire, giving, not to say gun for gun and shot for shot, but generally two for one! Although the brave commander personally exposed himself both by day and night on the battery, he was fortunate enough to escape both shot and shell! Others were less favoured by chance—or Providence! Major Le Fevre of the Royal Engineers (who visited the fort by order of the General, to inspect its strength and resources, in order to report on the expediency of a longer contest), was killed by a twenty-four pounder, which cut off the upper part of his body while he looked for a moment over the parapet with his telescope to catch a hasty view of the enemy's batteries. The gallant commandant, who was within a few yards of the unfortunate major at the time, and equally exposed, revenged, with all the fury of an ancient Gael, the death of this accom-

plished officer; he set every man in the little fort to work, and himself assisting, with his coat off, poured an incessant shower of shot on the enemy as long as he had a man able to stand to a gun. Their fire was so rapid, so capitally directed, that the French were silent for the next twenty-four hours! Their embrazures had been battered in, and many of their guns dismounted. This was the gallant Gael's last act as commandant. That the place was utterly untenable was long believed; and had Major Le Fevre lived to make his report, the garrison would probably have been withdrawn that night, but the indomitable Scots scorned to be the first to make such an announcement, while his own, and the existence of this little garrison hung by a mere thread! Every spot on which officer or soldier could rest his head for sleep or shelter had been destroyed! And, when exhausted and sinking under the weight of constant labour, the brave defenders threw themselves on the flinty platform to snatch a few moment's repose, many, while indulging in the restless dreams of the world, never arose to taste either its joys or its dangers! Having performed all

that the most unflinching courage and professional zeal could effect, and *endured* all that human nature was capable of bearing, the gallant MacLaine and his brave handful of heroes were withdrawn by the boats of the British fleet, but not until a heap of ruins marked the spot where MATAGORDA ONCE HAD STOOD!

The services of this brave son of Caledonia were immediately rewarded by his equally brave and generous countryman, Graham, with a majority in the 87th regiment, which being still under the General's command, did not remove from the scene of his renown an officer who had, by his courage and constancy, established his claims on the esteem and admiration of the whole army.

Amongst the wounded in the defence of Matagorda the name of another gallant Scot is entitled to honourable mention; that of Lord Macduff, now Earl of Fife. But the noble Thane deserves a more distinguished place than the fag end of a chapter. His Lordship shall, therefore, be introduced to the reader, *under a flourish of bagpipes*, in a future Number.

O.

POOR WILL NEWBERY!

THESE words have occasionally haunted my memory for more than twenty years, and still vibrate on my ear in the same mournful tone of grief, regret, and tenderness, as I last heard them uttered by one, through the course of whose life the sentiment that gave indescribable pathos to the simple ejaculation, "Ah, poor Will Newbery!" had never been forgotten.

"Ah, poor Will Newbery!" who and what was he? It was a mystery to the younger part of our household. In the neighbourhood, in the whole extent of our acquaintance, there were none who bore that name, nor was it associated with any of our family traditions, although they went back through several generations; yet his identity we could not doubt, and we associated something very romantic and dismal with the name of this unknown and mysterious person. And now, methinks, I cannot give due effect to my simple recital, without introducing my

readers to the circumstances which kept the seal of secrecy so long unbroken. I have alluded to one in whose bosom this secret seemed mournfully treasured. She was a gentlewoman far advanced in years, my maternal aunt, Mrs Lloyd.

I may, perhaps, hereafter have occasion to mention the circumstances that rendered her an inmate in our house. It is sufficient to my present purpose to state, that she was extremely beloved and respected by the family with whom she dwelt, and especially interesting to those between whose age and her own lay an affecting sojourn of so many years; nor is it singular that these travellers in an unknown world should be peculiarly acceptable to the curiosity and inexperience of childhood and youth: but that difference of age, which did not preclude the most amiable and delightful sympathies, would have prevented any approach to familiarity on the subject in question;

and it was only when she sat in a state of deep abstractedness, evidently imagining herself alone, or forgetful of those around her, that we ever heard her thus ejaculate—
“Ah, poor Will Newbery!”

I have at this instant before me the face and figure of that fine old age, as she sat in that dim hour of evening which, in the stillness of country life, is so conducive to meditation and reflection. In the old-fashioned parlour which was the common family room, we sat one or more of us, abstracted and silent as herself, watching the last fading colours in the distant horizon, when a deep sigh would draw our attention, and our eyes instantly turning on our venerable relative, we again beheld the clasped hands, the supplicating uplifted countenance, and heard again the affecting apostrophe to the never forgotten dead, “Ah! poor Will Newbery!” There were four of us, and if we were all present, actuated by the same feeling, we stole out of the room so quietly that not a step could be heard; and then, at that romantic period of girlhood, in the pensive twilight, did we walk in our garden or orchard, and alone or together, meditate or converse in conjectures on the circumstances that could so have hallowed the memory of “poor Will Newbery.”

We had for a long time, each of us, entertained an idea that he must have been the lover of her by whom he was so tenderly remembered; and at last we began to communicate our thoughts on the subject to each other; for whatever we thought, we talked very little of love; and never, as I recollect, till the approaching night threw its veil over our faces, did our lips dare to utter, oh, how softly! the few and cautious words that gave expression to our sentiments.

The extreme reserve that was always observed by the heads of our family on this subject, continued, no doubt, to protract our shyness beyond the usual period when confidential intercourse is generally established; but an event occurred which introduced it, cautiously indeed, but at once, into our family conversation; this was the marriage of a young lady, one of our very few relatives. Bride favours were of course sent to us. We received

them with blushes, and appeared in them at church on the following Sunday with downcast looks. I remember that for some days after this event, we frequently found our mother's eyes fixed on us with an unusually thoughtful expression. The eldest of us then was about seventeen, a year older than the young bride. A short time after, we were sitting together in our garden bower; the evening closed in upon us slowly and imperceptibly; our little pieces of work rested in our hands on our laps; Julia's book was closed; the spirit of musing stole over us, and we sat quite silent, until a deep sigh from my mother was followed by a few remarks which had nothing particular in them, but which riveted our attention from the manner in which they were spoken. But it is not my purpose here to relate the whole of my mother's discourse of that evening; it is sufficient to state, that while she held up to her daughter's example, with inimitable simplicity, the conduct of a line of females distinguished for their virtue and piety, with a voice that suddenly faltered, she acknowledged that there was one whose youth had been marked by an error, so serious in itself and pitiable in its consequences, that all the succeeding years of her long life, regulated, as they had been, by the strictest rules of morality and piety, had not been able to obliterate it from her memory. “Ah, poor Will Newbery,” added my mother, “is all I have ever heard from her own lips on the subject.” Oh! that I could give my readers any portion of that intense curiosity with which we listened to the developement of this long pending mystery! but vain as this wish is, the incident is in itself so singular, that I am induced to offer a slight sketch of the life and character of her whose otherwise simple history it so unfortunately distinguished.

Mrs Anne Johnson, my father's maternal aunt, was the eldest daughter of a substantial yeoman at Up Ottery, in Devonshire. He would perhaps, in these days, have been called a gentleman farmer, for he rented considerably, and was, beside, the owner of a small freehold; but the title was not then in existence, and he was a plain, sensible man, who coveted not titles, or any thing

that belonged to them, if we except the youngest daughter of a neighbouring baronet. As he was a very handsome man, he succeeded in gaining the young lady's favour, and she became his wife, but without the consent of her father, who never bestowed any fortune on his offending daughter. Of this remote and somewhat unequal alliance I never heard any thing more, than that the lady lived very happily with the husband of her choice.

In the first years of her marriage she became the mother of two daughters—Anne, the subject of this memoir, and Margaret, who was my grandmother. When Anne was in her sixteenth year, her father received a proposal of marriage for her from a young man, whose situation and character were such as to render the prospect of her union with him very agreeable to both her parents. To their daughter, however, Mr Newbery's proposal appeared in a very different light: happy in herself and in her home, without one care for the present or one anxiety for the future, a proposal so serious as that of marriage startled, disturbed, and intimidated her, and she entreated that her parents would allow her to decline Mr Newbery's addresses; but as she continued to declare, in answer to every anxious interrogatory, that her heart was perfectly free from any predilection in favour of another, they imagined that her indifference towards Mr Newbery, and her reluctance to marriage, might be conquered by the tenderness and devotedness of an affection which appeared to themselves so amiable and generous, and they positively forbade her declining his addresses.

Her parents had not so entirely forgotten their own feelings as to have entertained a thought of forcing their daughter's affections; but where there was no affection, where the heart was free, they thought it was quite reasonable and proper that they should dispose of it themselves to a handsome young man, whom Anne would be sure to love as a husband, however cold and reserved she might be to him as a lover. Assailed at once by parental authority, and parental kindness, Anne gave a reluctant consent. The day for the union was fixed, and all due preparation made for solemniz-

ing the nuptials. The day opened auspiciously, and, in the primitive and simple manners of that remote period, the whole wedding party walked across the fields to the parish church at Up Ottery.

How Anne went through the ceremony I never heard related, but it is probable she betrayed no other emotion than might properly be imputed to her youth and timidity. I have said that the whole wedding party attended to witness the solemnization of the nuptials. It was a large party; and, upon leaving the church, the bride, declining the arm of him who did not appear to presume upon a right so recently obtained, mixed with those young companions who had attended her upon the occasion.

The wedding party was, by some chance, broken into little groups, and when they all assembled in the great hall of her father's house, the bride was not amongst them. She had not been missed sooner, because one group had imagined she had joined the other. "But where was the bride now? She must have returned before them—was in her garden or in her chamber." The garden and chamber were searched—Anne was not to be found. Enquiries were made of the servants—they had not seen their young mistress. "She was certainly not returned, then." Her companions all declared this was some little jest of Anne's—she was always so lively—she had certainly given them the slip coming from church, in order to make them search for her—they knew all her haunts; and they were all off instantly, in high glee, for a game of hide and seek with the pretty bride. In about an hour they dropped in again, with the enquiry, "Who has found Anne?" And the last scout had returned, and still Anne was not found.

When the jest first began to wear a serious aspect—when the breast of the bridegroom was stricken, and the countenances of the parents fell, and the jests of the assembled party turned into assurances that no harm could have happened to Anne, can only be imagined; but in a few hours the whole household were out in search of her. As the evening advanced, increasing terror spread from house to house, and, during the whole of the night, all the inha-

bitants of the village were out for miles in quest of her. The old men, leaning upon their sticks, and women, with children in their arms, were standing at the yard gates of her father's house, to catch the first tidings. The lights in the deserted house were dismal to behold; where no one rested for a moment, but where returning guests came only to find disappointment, and to hurry off again with lessening hope and increased alarm; but it is impossible to describe the consternation and dismay that pervaded every breast, and spoke in every look, when the morning broke upon their unavailing search. As the day advanced, every pond and well, for miles round, was dragged—messages were sent in every direction; yet, notwithstanding this general and strict enquiry, no clue could be found to account for the mysterious absence of her, to whom all now began to assign some terrible destiny.

It is probable that those bosoms which were the first given up to fear, were the last in which some slight hope of her return was totally extinguished; but when day passed after day, and weeks and even months came into the reckoning, when this appalling event was named, those flittings of hope hovered only for an instant over the darkest abysses of terror and dismay. Her parents and sister had at least some companionship in their strange and heart-appalling circumstances; but the miserable husband was alone in his grief; alone he wished to be—he soon ceased to seek sympathy in kindred or friend—he absented himself from his habitation for days and weeks together; no one would doubt that he went in search of her whom he had thus mysteriously lost; but upon his return he soon ceased to make any communication whither he had been, and the looks with which he was received anticipated his own enquiries.

Month after month passed away, but time, whose lenient influence soothes other griefs, only increased the despair of the forlorn and bewildered man. By degrees his health and strength failed him, but the blow had come upon him in the vigour of youthful manhood, and the struggle of grief with youth and strength was long and doubtful, although deadly at last. When his

strength became so exhausted that his feeble limbs could carry him no farther, he still continued to walk to the church where Anne had become his bride. He always took the same path, and was observed, in certain spots, in deep abstractedness of mind; but he started if a leaf fell at his feet, or at the rustling of the wind, or the flitting of a shadow, and the earnest gaze of his sunken eye bespoke a blended feeling of expectation and fear. It was a look of intense desire to behold some object, but of doubt and dread whether that object were of this or of another world. He used to stand for whole hours at the church porch, on the very spot where he had last parted from Anne. The late villager, or the sojourner returning to his home, sometimes passed within sight of him with feelings of the deepest commiseration, but no one intruded upon a grief that seemed to admit not of comfort or alleviation. Had the unhappy man stood by the grave of his bride, consolation might have lighted upon his soul, as the soft dew falls from heaven; nay, had the earth opened and buried her quick before his eyes, even this calamity would not have been so dreadful as was his.

At the end of two years, the friends who had attended him in the triumph and exultation of his heart to the nuptial shrine, bore the corpse of the unfortunate young man to his long home of forgetfulness and rest; and the concern and pity not only of friend and relative, but of the whole neighbourhood that had marked the decline of his health and strength in that long and bitter struggle, was now awakened afresh for her who had occasioned it. What were the feelings of Anne's parents then, and what, when a few days afterwards, they received a letter from their long lost daughter, no pen can possibly describe. And she, their daughter, was well—in security, and wanting only their forgiveness to be at peace; and he, the victim of her caprice, whom they had loved almost as their own son, for whom they had felt, even in the midst of their own anguish, unutterable pity—he was newly in his grave, and no art could restore his broken heart, no tidings could reach his ear.

It will readily be imagined that, if satisfaction was mingled with the

first feelings of surprise and indignation, sentiments of resentment and displeasure were soon uppermost in their minds.

Anne's beauty and sprightly and amiable disposition had rendered her a general favourite in the neighbourhood, and those who had loved her had never ceased to deplore a fate so singular, mysterious, and fearful; but no sooner had the tidings spread abroad, than every voice and every hand was raised, accusing, reproaching, and upbraiding her cruel conduct.

But in pursuing the narrative, it is best now to return to the morning of that unfortunate and fatal marriage, which had probably no sooner been completed than the hitherto reluctant girl and now revolting bride determined on sudden and instant flight. Thus resolved, she found little difficulty in withdrawing unobserved from such a party as I have described, passing through small enclosures with hedges, intersected with lanes, and where spots of copse wood and orchard were interspersed. The first point gained, that of withdrawing herself without observation or suspicion, her knowledge of the country for some miles round enabled her to pass to a considerable distance by a tract the most uninhabited, and by paths the most unfrequented.

It is not probable that in a resolution thus hastily formed, she had conceived any plan for her future proceedings. To fly to a distance so remote as to screen her from present research or enquiry was the first impulse of her feelings, and she had left her native village eight or nine miles behind before she dared to sit down to rest and reflect. Bred up in the peace, comfort, security, and kindness of such a household as that in which during the whole of her short inexperienced life she had been a favourite and cherished inmate, what must have been the feeling of a girl not quite sixteen at such a juncture, and under such circumstances, in quitting at once all she had loved, known, and trusted, to enter upon a world to which she was a stranger, the rumour of which had probably reached her peaceful retirement in all that colouring, at once so inviting and fearful to the youthful and ardent mind, but to one in her situation, so young and

so unfriended, truly appalling. "Without one friend!" thought poor Anne as she sat at the foot of a tree which spread its grateful shade over the weeping and exhausted girl—"Not one friend!" The distressing reflection brought at length to her memory a young girl who had left their neighbourhood about a year before, and was now residing with an uncle in London: she was an orphan, and had been Anne's school-mate and favourite companion; and she wiped away her tears, as her heart was eased of more than half its load of anxiety and fear, in the thought that her once favourite play-mate might befriend her in her sad exigency, and assist her views. The difficulties and dangers of a journey to London, even at that time, were very secondary, in the apprehensions of one whose first resolve had been so decided and desperate. It is probable also that the distance of London, the total absence of all communication with the retired little spot in which she lived, and (at the remote period of a century ago) the conviction in Anne's mind that her friends would as soon think of seeking her in a foreign country as there, might have been another inducement to her finally determining on such a plan.

Persevering in her resolution thus formed, without any other refreshment than a draught of water from the way-side stream, she had, before the close of the day, proceeded to a distance of more than twenty miles: and this she had done without making one enquiry, and carefully avoiding all recognition. She was now on the old London Road, and although exceedingly fatigued, she continued to walk slowly on, doubtful whether she should rest for the night in the first respectable dwelling that would afford her an asylum, or remain the few hours of a short midsummer night in the building or shed attached to some farm house, where she might be equally secure from observation or interruption; and her perfect acquaintance with that sort of building, was, she knew, sufficient to render her choice very tolerably secure. Still, though faint and exhausted from want of food, she continued to walk irresolutely on, until, sitting down on a bank by the way-side to settle her bewildered mind, she was roused

from her reflections by the appearance of a party of persons on horseback coming towards her. Rising as they approached, though not without difficulty, being more exhausted than she had imagined herself, she walked on a few paces; but her air and manner betrayed not only extreme exhaustion, but also trepidation and alarm. Two or three horsemen passed first, and then some ladies riding on pillions behind their servants. The appearance of such a young woman alone, at such an hour, and in such a situation, attracted their attention, and the elder of the ladies, giving her the usual salutation of the hour, perceiving that she faltered in her reply, ordered her servant to slacken his pace; and upon a nearer observation of her ingenious countenance, she enquired in a tone of great kindness, "May I ask whither you are journeying alone, at this hour on the highway, fair mistress?" The gentle and considerate manner in which this enquiry was made, struck the full heart of the poor fugitive, and her painfully suppressed feelings burst forth at once. "Oh! pity me—pity me—save me!" she exclaimed, with raised hands and streaming eyes. The whole party now halted, and the poor girl, quite overcome, staggered a few paces, and then sunk upon the bank where she had before been resting. Two or three of the party alighted, and amongst them the gentleman who was at the head of it; he was the husband of the lady whose notice Anne had attracted, and was travelling to London with his family and domestics. It was some time before Anne was sufficiently recovered to make any other reply to the questions that were put to her, than by tears, sobs, and inaudible attempts at speech. "Press her not with questions—give her time to recover herself," said the lady who had first addressed her. In the first ebullition of feeling, Anne would probably have disclosed her real situation; but in the short interval thus obtained her, she had sufficiently recovered her presence of mind; and collecting her scattered thoughts, the poor girl gave to the little fiction which she had that day invented, an air of the most perfect truth and simplicity, by the emotions of genuine grief with which it was de-

livered. She represented herself as a destitute orphan, who, by strange and disastrous circumstances, had been rendered dependent on one, who taking advantage of her helpless situation, had formed the most cruel designs against her, until at length she had been obliged to quit abruptly and clandestinely, and all unprepared as she then stood before them, the only little spot in the wide world with which she was acquainted, the place of her birth, and, up to the period of these afflicting events, the home of her affections; and as Anne continued, through her short narrative, to pause and to weep, the lady to whom she particularly addressed herself, manifesting the warmest interest in her story, when she had finished, in a kind and most pitying tone, asked where she was going, and whether she had formed any plan for her future proceedings. To these questions Anne replied that her first thought was indeed only to fly from the danger which awaited her; but that she had, after much perplexing reflection, determined, if it pleased Heaven to defend her from the terrors and hazards of such an undertaking, to proceed on to London, where there now resided a friend of hers, one who was an orphan like herself, and with whom she had grown up from infancy, until about a year before, when her young friend had been sent for by a relative of her deceased father, who, being a man of some account in the city of London, would perhaps be induced to take pity on her sad circumstances, and recommend her to some situation. "And who was this young person, from whose good offices she expected such assistance." "She was a very virtuous, respected young woman, one Mrs Betty Hope." Poor Anne's countenance brightened as she pronounced the name of the only friend whom she now dared to claim. "And Hope is the name of thy pretty mate, and is now thy only friend, poor wanderer!" exclaimed the lady; "but cheer up, my child, I trust that the presage is a gracious one!" and then turning and speaking a few words apart with her husband, the lady offered to take Anne to London, and she was immediately placed on a horse, which was led by a servant, for the accommodation of one of the young ladies, who chose occasionally to change a

pillion for a saddle. With the name of the family who at once became the protectors of our interesting relative, I never was acquainted, or I have forgotten it through a lapse of years; but "Mrs Betty Hope" was a name never to be forgotten in so singular an adventure.

With this worthy and amiable family, Anne proceeded towards the great city; but before they reached the end of their journey the slow and lonely travellers met with an adventure not very uncommon. They were attacked and plundered by highwaymen, but pity even in such breasts still prevailed for poor Anne; for when accosted in her turn, she presented her purse, containing only one solitary piece of gold, and declared with streaming eyes it was all she possessed in the world, it was instantly returned to her.

Precious little piece of gold! that preserved from pecuniary obligation the independent spirit of its singular possessor.

During her long, tedious, and, as it appears, somewhat dangerous journey, Anne's disposition and behaviour had so far gained the goodwill of her benevolent protectress, that she would willingly have granted her an asylum in her own house; but while her spirit would not brook obligation of this nature, she had also, reflecting on the strange step she had taken, and the perplexity of her situation, resolved upon such a plan as should render her independent of the protection of those friends, whose favour might have been forfeited by the discovery of her real situation.

Anne's education had been extremely well attended to; and simple as it would now be considered, she was so perfect a mistress of all that young females were then generally taught, that her friends were brought to approve of her scheme of opening a school, which, with their assistance and recommendation, offered a very fair promise of success.

The sudden and total change in her situation produced at once great solidity of character and seriousness of demeanour; and her undertaking was soon crowned with success beyond her expectation.

It was not many months before she was fortunate enough to discover

the residence of Mistress Betty Hope, with whom she managed so well to obtain a private interview, in which she disclosed all that had befallen her, and engaged her confidence and secrecy. I have said that two years had elapsed before Anne communicated to her friends, in an epistle, a brief account of what I have here detailed; she pleaded, in palliation of her most strange and apparently unfeeling proceeding, that the engagement she had entered into on that fatal morning, never appeared to her so dreadful as when it was indissolubly fixed, involving her, as it did, in circumstances too fearful for her to abide, and from which she had suddenly determined to fly, at any hazard or danger; and in concluding, she besought, in the humblest manner, the forgiveness of her parents; but she held a higher tone towards him, who had, she declared, unadvisedly pressed on a suit so disagreeable to her, and she ended by avowing her fixed resolution never to acknowledge those ties which had driven her from the home where his misplaced addresses had found her a cherished and happy child.

I have already stated the manner in which this letter was received; and when at length it obtained an answer, she was informed, in no softened terms, of the fatal issue of her "rash and cruel proceeding;" their forgiveness, they did not withhold, but this forgiveness was coldly accorded; and they added, that, as it had pleased Providence to raise her up friends and to open to her an honest way of living after her rash adventure, they advised her not to return to her former home, unless she was prepared to meet the displeasure and reproof of all who had formerly thought but too well of her. They further added, that she, who had once credited those who had bred her up, and had withal been considered a comfort and a blessing to them, was now become to them an occasion of shame and confusion of countenance; that even her name, once so familiar and sweet to hear, now sounded harsh and stern in their ears, as when one speaks of a guilty and proscribed creature; and when they added, "we seek for consolation in the sanctuary of the afflicted—when

with broken hearts we kneel at the altar where you pronounced those sacred vows which you so fearfully profaned, we pass by the grave of that most dear and worthy man whom you have destroyed."

Anne never appealed from this interdiction; she never returned to her native place, nor, as I think, ever beheld the faces of her parents again. Thus, young and affectionate as she was, cut off by her own act from parents and kindred and friends, in a situation so stern and so forlorn, that her heart had relented in grief and remorse, and entertained kinder and tenderer thoughts of him whom she had forsaken, no one could doubt who heard from her tremulous lips, after such a lapse of time, and when she was upwards of eighty years, that one forlorn, affecting expression, "Ah! poor Will Newbery!"

And now perhaps my narrative ought shortly to close; but I am fain to hope that those whom it has interested might like to hear something more of the character and circumstances of the after life of one whose youth was marked by so extraordinary an occurrence.

With the detail of many succeeding years I am totally unacquainted, further than that she continued to pursue very successfully the occupation she had first chosen, until the death of her father. A few years after that period, she left London for the first time, on an excursion into the country; she went into Somersetshire on a visit to my grandmother—it was a wedding tour.

"And could she, after such an event, marry again?" some fair reader may be ready to exclaim. Gentle reader, be not hasty: Anne continued the widow of the man whose name she had never borne, for a period of more than twenty years. She was upwards of forty when she married a gentleman of the name of Lloyd.

After a short stay with my grandmother, she returned to London, and never afterwards visited the country until she finally departed from town, and came to live with my father in her seventy-ninth year. Her husband had then been dead several years. The occasion of this removal was no less disastrous than the loss of nearly her whole property, which she had consigned to a person who

had abused a confidence which had been implicit and unlimited. I remember, as it were but yesterday, the coming of the letter by the evening post that acquainted my father with the loss of the property which he had always expected would have been bequeathed to his children; but his own disappointment on the occasion was soon absorbed in more generous feelings. I remember the reading of that letter; there was something exceedingly fine in its perfect simplicity; it was at once pathetic, pious, and dignified; it won every heart in that innocent and artless circle.

My dear mother was the first to express her wishes that my father would immediately write and invite her to come and live with us; my father wrote a few lines by the returning post, and followed his letter the next day; and in the course of the ensuing week he returned, bringing with him, in his aged relative, a stranger to his whole family; but a dear and welcome stranger she was.

Previously to this event, occasional letters, short and far between, accompanied with small presents to and from town, had been all the communication that had passed between the aunt and nephew—an only aunt and an only nephew; but oh! how close did misfortune on one hand, and benevolence on the other, draw this neglected tie between these amiable relatives.

My grandmother, who, surviving her husband, had resided with my father from the period of his marriage, had died a short time before; and Mrs Lloyd very nearly resembled her, and as that dearly remembered countenance seemed presented to us again, the tears with which we embraced her, gave to our artless welcomes an assurance of affection and feeling most soothing to her situation and circumstances.

How happy we were with her, how happy she was with us, during the remainder of her days, will often be a sweet reflection to the end of mine. From the first day in which she became an inmate in our house, her confidence in the affection, esteem, and kindness of my father and mother was entire; but it is probable her sweetest sympathies were with their children; we were the constant companions of her "in-door comfort" and "out-of-

door gladness;" most interesting was it to behold one who had been the child of nature, returning into her bosom after a separation of more than sixty years. Every dormant feeling was awakened, and every well-remembered pleasure enhanced by previous privation; and she met her favourite flowers again—the humble flowers, which in her youth were reckoned rarest and sweetest—with tears of delight, the pink, the stock, the polyanthus, the wall-flower, and the homely rosemary; we made our little beds of them, and cherished them more than ever for her sake; we caught even what might be called her prejudices, and gave no place to their newly imported rivals, "who came," she said, "to flaunt in gaudy colours over their modest heads." Nor did the garden, or orchard, or pretty home-field bound her walks; she was a rambler and wanderer amongst us, by stream and hedge-row, through the tangled copse, and over the open heath, and abroad in our meadows, when rich in the perfume and beauty of the sweet cowslip.

Days, weeks, and seasons passed on, and when I look back upon them, I often wonder how they could seem so long, when they were so happy—were they as long and happy to her? I think they were; for she seemed a child amongst children—a girl amongst girls. With the wisdom and experience of age were blended the simplicity of youth; and the ties of blood, from which she had been so long estranged, gave a new tone to her feelings, a fresh charm to her existence. Almost entirely in her company, while we thus continued to enliven many of her hours, we acquired habits of silence and reflection in those intervals of quietude that were necessary to age like hers; yet it was a fine old age, without sickness or infirmity, during the first years of her residence with us. Her memory was the faculty that was first impaired; and it gradually decayed, until by a singular lapse, she entirely lost the whole of the period which she had spent in London. She forgot her second marriage, the man with whom she had united herself, and with whom she had lived, contentedly at least, for several years. All the various incidents that had occurred to her, and the acquaintances she had formed

during her long sojourn, had passed from her mind like a forgotten dream; but the occurrences of her youth seemed fresher than ever to her imagination; and however confused and perplexed was the recollection, she never forgot the strange and impressive event that marked that remote period of her life; and the last faltering tones that gave utterance to the name of him whose heart her indifference had broken, were full of tenderness, pity, and regret. As her imagination continued as lively as ever, her lapses of memory were sometimes extremely amusing to our thoughtless age; she had been a great reader from her youth upwards; books of romance and devotion had been the amusement of her youth and the consolation of her advanced age; and with the history of her own country, at least, she was tolerably acquainted.

As her sight began to fail, and at length, when after shorter and shorter attempts, her spectacles were laid down by her largest printed books with a sigh, she began to relate to us stories which she had read in her youth, with a pretty modest introduction.—"Some," she said, "simply for our amusement;" others, she hoped, "might tend to strengthen and improve our memory; and others," she observed more seriously, "she would relate for our edification." She would draw from the sacred writers, from the books of martyrs, and from works of many of the most approved theological writers, the most affecting examples of faith and piety, with great precision and propriety of adaptation; but her memory continually betraying her on those subjects, she would transfer some of the most affecting of the scripture narratives to story-books which she had read in her youth. "I remember such a one, my dears, and truly a pretty story it was. There was a lady—dear me! I forget her name, and the place where the author had laid his scene; yet it was a wonderfully ingenious tale: well, I think I have it now—the lady's name at least: she was a woman of high station, a great woman in her day, and exceedingly pious withal—my Lady Shunem—I think that was her title"—thus would she proceed, and was certainly eminently diverting in her details.

At another time she would commence—"There lived, a great many years ago (I think it might have been somewhere in Devonshire), a gentleman of the name of Jacob. Now Mr Jacob was a family man," and then she went on with the history of the Patriarch and his sons. She frequently modernized these narratives in such a way as one would have thought must have cost great pains and contrivance; and these undesigned alterations displayed a turn and talent which, had it happened to have been called into action, would have made her a pretty romance writer of any period. The Scripture chronicles she blended with the history of her own country—dear woman! but she could not see the smiles go round when she admonished us of the necessity of treasuring up in our memory some of the most whimsical mistakes. To the crimes of Mary were frequently added all the atrocities of Jezebel; and the next day, perhaps, she made Jezebel a return in full of all Mary's crimes; and then conclude all with remarking gravely, that all young women ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the history of their own country. And then she sung too, and how sweetly did her voice blend with ours in our evening hymn, when gathered round our large hall fire; and sometimes, if we asked, though she certainly required a little pressing, she would sing alone, and often did she commence with "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament," and after a few melancholy notes, gliding into the doleful ditty of "Cruel Barbara Allen," on a sudden raise her voice to its highest pitch in the lively air of "Kilkenny was a Fine Town," and then with breath a little exhausted by the quickness of the measure, sink, in sweetly querulous tones, into the sacred dirge, the pathetic and solemn 88th Psalm.

I have never seen so fine, so happy, so engaging an old age as hers: her bright figure—her firm step—her cheerful countenance—the bland and chastened expression of her fine dark eyes—her measured movements, stately without the smallest approach to formality, formed altogether a person and address that exceedingly became her rich and old-fashioned attire, her brocades, her laces, her strait waist and stomacher, her high cap with its

lappets and ribbons intermixed. What a picture! when the Sabbath morning especially brought her down for the day. How we gathered together round her, and praised her appearance and her looks; and how she smiled upon us, and blessed us! her smiles and her looks are before me still, and her tones are in my ear.

I think she had nearly reached her eighty-sixth year before her sight became materially impaired; and when in the course of a few years she totally lost it, she did not appear to be sensible of the change; at least, during the two remaining years of her life, no one of the family ever heard her advert to the loss. When she first perceived the decay in her vision, she had occasionally evinced great distress of mind in her apprehensions of her approaching blindness; and we had dreaded the effect as a fatal shock to her cheerfulness. But it was over, and she seemed not to be aware of her misfortune. The little circle around her had been anxiously watching and assiduously attending her steps and her motions; and as the dimness gathered darker and darker, every hand was ready to guide her, and to set every thing right about her, in such a manner that she might not discover their aid to be necessary. I remember one evening, my father wishing to ascertain if her sight were entirely gone, waved a candle two or three times near her eyes without its exciting her attention; we were then perfectly convinced of the total extinction of vision. We had all feared and expected that it was so, but there was not a dry eye in the circle that surrounded her; she smiled, however, and chatted as usual, and was, I think, the most cheerful of the party that evening.

When her sight became extinct, and the remains of memory were only faint gleams or misleading guides, her fancies and imaginings seemed to lose nothing of their vividness or buoyancy; and over these fancies the most inauspicious seasons or times had no effect. Even our delightful Mitford herself might have borrowed a scene from her description. Often has she startled me from a musing dream by her side, where I was generally stationary in that dear warm corner in the cold dreary winter afternoons, by

declaring that our valley lay all before us in the promise and brightness of spring, or the beauty and richness of summer; and these fancies generally ended in her expressing a wish for a walk, it being, she would say, a sin to sit at home on such a morning: then, her bonnet and cloak being brought, we set out on our walk; while the different rooms, one after the other, and the long passage that led down the suite of apartments, and which was indeed sufficiently cool, afforded to her imagination pasture and lane, and breezy heath, wanting nothing to engage and refresh the senses; memory supplied to her the honey-suckle and wild-rose, wherever she had seen them grow. Her favourite flowers still bloomed and breathed for her, for she often praised their beauty with her accustomed sensibility, and declared that every gale brought their sweet perfume. The deception of her senses could not have been so complete, but that she never gathered a flower. A course of observation convinced us that it was one of her little ruling maxims not to cut short their transient lives; and, noting this pretty tenderness—is this, I have often thought, she who broke the heart of “poor Will Newbery?”

I could, through the course of many pages, dwell upon the simple and affecting incidents that crowd upon my mind; but I will venture only one, which formed almost the closing scene in the simple but romantic drama of the life which I have sketched, and would not willingly leave till its close.

A serious and affecting charge devolved on her youthful relatives, when at length, her bodily strength and all the remaining faculties of her mind daily and rapidly declining, she was entirely confined, first to her chamber, then to her bed. For several weeks she had been lying in a state of extreme helplessness, but apparently without suffering, for she generally slumbered through the day, and showed no other signs of recognising those about her than by never-failing to thank them with her usual politeness for any attention she received: this was all; but the few and tremulous accents were sweet to hear. We leaned over and repeated her words to each other, as a fond mother repeats the half form-

ed expressions of her child. “And is it so,” we exclaimed, “and is her fine mind really reduced to that state of infantile weakness! and when we shall tell her tale, will it end thus?” Not so—she left a more gratifying memorial behind her.

I remember it was a fine afternoon in the late autumn, when, tempted by the favourable weather, we all went into the orchard to assist in gathering the hoard apples. Our parents were both from home, and we left our charge to the care of a faithful domestic who was much attached to her. Every hand was busily engaged—we gathered our fruit—laughed, rallied each other, and boasted of the finest apples, as each emptied her well-filled little basket into the general stock. I feel at this moment the panic that struck my mind with the reflection that I had been absent more than an hour from the room which my mother requested me not to leave many minutes together. Vague and startling apprehensions gave wings to my feet, and quick as thought, I was through the orchard, down the garden, and up the stairs. The interval of a few minutes longer would probably have subjected me to a life-long remorse. I found our aged relative in a state which gave such a pang to my heart, as, I hope, sufficiently atoned for my negligence; she had arisen and partly dressed herself, but had sunk in a state of insensibility at the foot of her bed. From her shrunken frame, cold and senseless, every spark of life seemed to have fled: there was no time to reflect—it was necessary to act, and on the instant I caught a long warm cloak from the peg where it hung, raised the dear insensible object of my terrors, and wrapping it round her, took her, carried her in my arms down stairs, and along the passage and the large hall where we usually sat, and placed her in her own easy chair by the hearth; and drawing a table that was near, I set it before her to prevent her falling: I then ran to an outhouse, got a faggot of light dry wood, which I placed on a few embers still slumbering under the ashes; and when the flame burst brightly up the chimney-back, I had a cordial in a little saucepan ready to warm. My eyes were continually turned on the object of my solicitude; soon I saw the grateful warmth bring a faint colour to her

countenance, and relax her cold and stiffened limbs; and when, presenting the glass to her lips, she drank a little of the cordial, not only without difficulty, but with apparent satisfaction, it seemed to me the first time, during this short but trying scene, that I dared to breathe. But I could not speak. I kneeled down before her and pressed her hand in mine, while tears of grief and joy fell upon them. She soon addressed me by my name, which she repeated, observing, "For I know that it is Mary," and her utterance was clearer, and her voice stronger than I had known it for several months past.

The words of one risen from the dead could scarcely have impressed me more than her subsequent discourse, from which I discovered that she had been perfectly conscious of what had passed, from the moment I had found her in a state of seeming insensibility.

"I had come," she said, "to revive the trembling flame of life, to give one more proof of my affection, and to receive her last thanks and last blessing." She adverted to my tender age (I was then about seventeen), and to the delicacy of my frame, and she blessed him who had, she observed, so strengthened me, that my steps tottered not under a burden so strange, and in circumstances so trying. She proceeded in an affecting strain of devotion, pouring out her heart to that God whose forgiveness, mercy, and love had extended over all the days of her life; who had brought her in age and destitution to those dear and beloved relatives, for whom she now besought grace and favour, and more especially every spiritual good. She named each individually, beginning with her "dear nephew" (my father), and in this most affecting and solemn appeal she discovered a perfect and lively sense of the distinguishing characteristics of these objects of her solicitude and tenderness. Finally, she laid her hand upon my head, and blessed her "beloved Mary," for whom, she said, she besought not, with submission to the Divine will, that her life should be prolonged to days so helpless as hers; but if so protracted and so en-

feebled, that it might also be as tenderly ministered unto, and so close in the bosom of kindred kindness and peace.

She had but just concluded this farewell benediction when others of the family came in; my father and mother also returned home; she spoke cheerfully to all; tea was prepared, and we were delighted at having her partake of it with us again. But in the midst of our simple social meal, she sunk into her accustomed slumber, and my father conveyed her in his arms to her bed, from which she never rose again. A few days after, sitting by her bedside, and perceiving her dissolution was near at hand, my father addressed to her a few words, to which she endeavoured to reply; but in a voice scarcely audible, and with some difficulty, she could only articulate "my dear nephew." It was, however, a most dear and welcome recognition; and in the extreme yearning of the heart, at this painful moment my father put a few questions of solemn import and affectionate solicitude, entreating her to press his hand, in token that, in this awful extremity, her God was with her. Twice she repeated the desired and affecting token, and then the spirit returned to God who gave it.

On the morning of her interment, before the funeral attendants had arrived, we stood once more round the closed coffin that contained the remains of our venerable and beloved friend, and shed showers of tears over the mournful shell, which, from its approximation to the dead, is more afflicting to the mourner, than even the grave which hides poor mortality in the bosom of its mother earth, covered with her softest robe, besprinkled with the little flowers which she loves best. I have bent over the simple memorial of ninety-two years, in the affecting trust that in that world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, the fine and delicate spirit was reunited to him who had loved, "not wisely, but too well"—to the ill-fated in this world—to him whom a broken heart had laid in an early grave—to "poor Will Newbery!"

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.—PART THE LAST.

SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDIES.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKSPEARE was the first who gave to comedy its most elevated and (strange as the expression may appear) its most serious character. What was the conception of comedy before his time, as it appears in Aristophanes, in Menander, and Terence, or in the few rude works of his predecessors on the English stage—in Gammer Gurton's Needle, for instance, where the whole plot relates merely to the loss of a needle with which an old woman was mending an ignorant countryman's nether raiment, and which is afterwards detected in most inconvenient approximation to the seat of honour of the proprietor of the apparel? or in the farcical extravagances of Ralph Royster Doyster? * It appears simply as a *parody* of tragedy; the antipodes of every thing earnest, exalted, or agitating; a gallery of human absurdities, vanities, and misconceptions; of desires and passions seemingly born of nothing, and ending in nothing; an accumulation, in short, of every thing which could display the perfect meanness and nothingness of existence, and the momentary and delusive character of "all this world is proud of." A painful picture—and neither morally nor poetically a true one. As the ideal of tragedy does not consist in a collection of all the virtuous and lofty emotions, so neither does that of comedy consist in an exclusive and one-sided exhibition of the vices and animal propensities of our nature. The elements are so mixed in us, that he who represents man truly, cannot admit this total separation of the earthly and the divine. There can be no pure and unmixed tragedy or comedy, if by tragedy be exclusively understood an ideal of seriousness and loftiness, and by comedy an ideal of the ludicrous and the low. Yet it may be convenient for purposes of art to use these terms, as indicating the preponderance of the one ele-

ment or the other in the picture, and showing the point of view in which the poet has chosen for the time to place himself, and according to which the one or the other class of emotions are brought most prominently forward. In this sense only does Shakspeare seem to understand these terms. With his deepest tragedies, comedy mingles; and through almost all his comedies, a vein of earnestness, more or less perceptible according to the nature of the play and the object in view, may be seen to run like a deep stream among flowers.

The comedies of Shakspeare differ not, then, from his tragedies in the exclusion of tragic matter; but in the manner in which that matter is handled. While in his tragedies the depth, earnestness, and apparent steadfastness and permanency of the passions represented, the high hopes which are awakened, the concentration of means upon an end, and the ultimate failure of human labours and struggles, excite, during the progress of the piece, a lofty feeling of the energy of human nature, and a profound but not painful sympathy with the catastrophe which sends the hearers weeping to their beds;—in the comedies, on the contrary, these passions are represented as transitory and evanescent, liable to be turned aside or converted into their opposites by a thousand trifles; chance and caprice are seen guiding the current of affairs rather than counsel; the fool detects the plot which escaped the notice of the wise man; the sagest resolves of wisdom and philosophy are seen to vanish at the dictates of desire and opportunity; the points of resemblance which connect all men are dwelt upon, as in tragedy the points of distinction which elevate uncommon over common natures; and the result is a feeling of quiet irony, which vents itself not

* Though Gammer Gurton's Needle has generally been considered as the earliest regular English comedy which has come down to us, it would rather appear from Mr Collier's enquiries, that Ralph Royster Doyster, supposed to have been written by Nicholas Rudall about 1550, is entitled to that distinction.

in loud Aristophanic laughter, but in still smiles not unallied to tears.

The tendency of the youthful poet is towards the complete separation of the tragic from the comic. He is unwilling to sully the grandeur of solemn tragedy by any intermixture of less noble elements. He loves to look upon human resolutions and passions, as stamped with an impression of eternity on the mind; on love, friendship, devotion, duty, as pure and unmingled with any stain of selfishness, and as triumphant over circumstances. Or if in a different mood, and under the influence of disappointed experience, he casts his eye over human life, he is likely to run into the opposite extreme; to regard this whole existence as a troubled dream, and to place his whole philosophy in extracting matter for mirth out of its absurd or unexpected combinations.

This is sufficiently visible in the plays of Shakspeare. In the earliest of his tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, how little of a comic character is allowed to delay the rapid and tragic movement of the scene. Less even than is admitted beside the melancholy of *Hamlet*, the madness of *Lear*, or the remorse of *Macbeth*. This play is the true reflection of the poet's spirit in its first prime, when it feels as if by its own strength it could make or unmake a world, or shape the conditions of the world, that is, according to its longings. So, in the same way, in Shakspeare's earliest comedies, human nature is viewed in a purely ludicrous light, and life as a mere pageant, diversified by droll rencontres, absurd misconceptions, and bewildering enigmas, without any stay of noble or durable feeling. To this period belong the perplexities of the *Comedy of Errors*, where the characters seem the puppets of accident, sent into the world apparently for no other purpose than to confound and to be confounded; the gay capriccio of *Love's Labour Lost*, with its epigrammatic points and cutting satire against the wise saws and goodly resolutions of scholars, and the mock dignity of melancholy and gentlemanlike cavaliers; the airy masque of *Mideummer Night's Dream*, in which this world, with all which it inherits, appears avowedly but as a vision; the levity of the

Two Gentlemen of Verona, where love and friendship seem to come and go, and return like summer clouds at the breath of accident, leaving on the mind scarcely any impression of reality; and the broad coarse satire of *The Taming of the Shrew*, written as if to disenchant love of all its graces and courtesies, and to instal force in the seat of affection.

But juster and more comprehensive views of the true field and scope of comedy soon appear to have replaced these earlier, and, we cannot help thinking, defective notions of its character. In *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, though the whole result is truly comic, awakening not the feeling of sorrow, but of that chastened irony to which we have alluded; there is no want of an intermixture of higher principle to leaven and support the mass of meaner motives and desires, nor of steadiness of feeling amidst the shifting accidents of life. The fresh breath of youthful love and ancient fidelity in *As You Like It*; the suddenness, the all confiding influence of passion in *Twelfth Night*; the offended dignity of maiden innocence in *Much Ado about Nothing*; the strength of friendship unto death in the *Merchant of Venice*;—these are the fixed centres of earnest emotion, round which the shifting comic panorama of human life revolves in so many smiling and amile-exciting aspects—these give meaning, importance, and dignity to what were otherwise unsubstantial or farcical. Yet they form, it will be observed, the background only to the piece; they do not obtrude themselves; they appear rather as sentiments than passions. Compare the love of Orlando with that of *Romeo*. The former is a still delight, a feeling which brightens existence to him, but interferes not with his plans. He could enjoy the woodland freedom of the forest of *Ardennes* with the Duke and old Adam, though "*heavenly Rosalind*" had still adorned the court of the usurper *Frederick*. He has no "*lean cheek*," as *Rosalind* tells him,—no "*blue eye and sunken*"—he is still "*rather point de vice*" in his accoutrements, as being himself more

than seeming the lover of any other." His attachment is serious, but the seriousness rises out of, and sinks again gracefully back into, the comic. It is presented only in bas relief. The fiery passion of a Romeo, to whom

"There is no world beyond Verona's walls

But Purgatory—torture—hell itself"—

could have found no place beside the calmly contemplative spirit and pastoral melancholy of this enchanting comedy. It would have been a harsh discord among the soft echoes of those woods. So in the same way love forms the tragic basis of *Twelfth Night*; but a love quite as much of the fancy as the heart, or springing up so unaccountably, that we regard it more as the result of the influence of a magic charm than as a feeling naturally awakened. Much as the melancholy Duke speaks of his love, we believe he loves the music, which was its food, better; and we feel from the first but little surprise that this visionary attachment is so lightly diverted at last to another object—while the suddenness with which the dignified and mourning Olivia yields to her passion, with the impossibility of its requital, divest her love, fervid as it is represented, of any too tragic character, and give to it that fantastic and semi-comic character which brings it into harmony with the frolics of Sir Toby, and the follies of an Aguecheek or a Malvolio.

Of all the plays of Shakspeare, however, that in which he has most happily and harmoniously combined all the elements of the higher comedy, is the *Merchant of Venice*. The main incident, the fate of the royal merchant Antonio, and the bargain for the pound of flesh, is in itself completely tragical, but it is so surrounded with other accessories, and our confidence in a happy solution of the difficulty so skilfully excited and maintained, that it loses its tragic and agitating character, and merely gives interest and elevation to the more familiar incidents of the piece. Dryden used to boast of the dramatic tact with which he had managed to combine the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*. But here three plots are combined far more skilfully

and naturally; and without this union the comic character of the play could hardly have been preserved. The relation of Antonio to Shylock, as we have said, borders on the tragical; and in fact, in the judgment-scene, did we not feel certain that the invention of Portia will triumph over the malignity of the Jew, the situation would be far too agitating for comedy. As it is, we feel at once that some gradations are necessary to let us down naturally to the level of the comic, and to bear on the mind that feeling of quiet cheerfulness which it is the aim of comedy to produce.

The first of these gradations is afforded by the love of Portia and Bassanio. Here we are withdrawn from the fierce and tragic reality of the bond into the region of romance. Every thing in this portion of the piece is, particularly in the commencement, airy, fantastic, magical. Belmont is like a fairy palace, tenanted by some spell-bound princess, whom thronging adventurers flock to liberate. The strange condition attached to the hand of the heiress by the solution of a riddle; the locked caskets with their quaint inscriptions; the foreign Princes of Morocco and Arragon, who come to try the adventure, powerfully excite the imagination, while they give repose to the feelings. Even when the two lovers stand trembling on the brink of that choice which is to unite or separate them for ever, the soft music which precedes his choice, the wild fairy-like chant, "Tell me where is fancy bred," give a dream-like character to the scene, and restrain our interest and suspense within the boundaries of the pleasing. From the higher elevation of the attachment of Bassanio and Portia, and the half-magic machinery by which their fates are united, we descend a step lower, to the level of common life in the third plot of Lorenzo and Jessica. Here common beings are united by common means. A sudden attachment of a young and good-natured Venetian, to a pretty, laughter-loving, thoughtless Jewess; a love in which levity and accident mingle much more than strong feeling or imagination; a marriage effected by the simple

medium of an elopement; the practical jokes of a roguish servant against his poor high gravel-blind father; all these bring us back to ordinary life and to the levity and familiarity of the comic, so that, as Bassanio says—

“Every something being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy.”

Of the art with which these different plots, all necessary to the production of the final result, have been blended, the most ordinary reader need not be reminded. It is indeed, as Schlegel justly remarks, a play “popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most wonderful effect on the stage; and at the same time, a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic.” The preparations for Bassanio’s courtship are the cause of Antonio’s subscribing the dangerous bond; and Portia again, by means of the advice of her uncle, a celebrated lawyer, effects the safety of her husband’s friend. In short, the personages who have awakened our interest and love in the retirement of Belmont, are inseparably connected with the more agitating scenes on the Rialto and in the court at Venice; Portia is not less indispensable to the tragic portion of the play than Shylock himself. The portion of the play which relates to Lorenzo and Jessica is no doubt more of an under-plot, but still sufficiently connected with the main plot to take from it all appearance of being a needless excrescence. Not only has Shakspeare, as Schlegel observes, “contrived to throw a veil of sweetness over the natural features in the fugitive daughter of the Jew,” but this elopement leads to two of the most characteristic scenes in the play—that where Shylock, baited by Salanio and Salarino, unveils to us, in the agony of his heart, the whole depths of his fierce and implacable soul, with a fervid eloquence which for a moment takes the reason prisoner, and makes us feel as if his great revenge were justice; and that other, where he is alternately tortured by the cruel Tubal’s news

of his daughter’s extravagance in Genoa, and consoled by the account of the losses which are bearing the royal merchant down.

But did this underplot hang more loosely on the piece than it does, what reader would look upon that as an intrusion which leads to the charming moonlight dialogue in the gardens of Belmont in the fifth act, and to the scenes that follow? This fifth act is like a musical afterpiece, tranquillizing the feeling which the deep suspense of the judgment-scene had awakened. Antonio has been saved; we have no longer to tremble for the forfeiture of the bond. Shylock, defeated, trampled upon, insulted by such nothings as Gratiano, has retired to his desolate home, with a composure which almost awakes our pity; but to have finished the piece with the fourth act, would have left upon the mind a gloomy and perturbed, rather than a tranquil and cheerful impression. Hence Shakspeare has introduced a succession of scenes in which nothing is placed before or around us but the tranquillity and verdure of the country, moonshine, illumination, music, the conversations of newly united lovers, the playful contest of badinage, a series of mirthful surprises, and the gay solution, in smiles and laughter, of all the enigmas and embarrassments of life. The very spirit of still beauty sits upon these scenes at Belmont. It is impossible to read them without feeling the mind calmed, the spirits sobered, and attuned to cheerful harmony. The noises and tempests of the world seem to recede into the background. From the spot “where the moonlight sleeps upon the bank,” and the little candle burning in the hall, throws its beams far into the night, “like a good deed in a naughty world,”—“its murmuring waves are heard, but scarcely heard to flow.” Our thoughts are raised, like Lorenzo’s (on whose somewhat commonplace mind the scene produces an unexpected impression), to the contemplation of a better existence.

“Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

We must confess, with all deference, however, that it has always appeared to us that the plot of the Merchant of Venice, ingenious and deeply interesting as it is, is in one point deficient in probability, and this is the more to be regretted, because the slightest change would have removed the defect. We do not speak of the improbability of the condition in the bond receiving effect from any court—though, to our notions, the matter would probably have been very shortly settled in most courts on the plea of illegal contract. But it does seem to us improbable that Shylock should have proposed an arrangement, by which he is to have "no doit of usance" for his money, merely on the chance that the bond might be forfeited, and the pound of flesh exacted. Had he been represented as aware at the time, from some secret source, that Antonio's argosies had been lost, which might very easily have been supposed, his conduct would have been characteristic; but when Antonio solicits the loan,

"His ventures are not in one bottom
trusted,
Nor to one place, nor is his whole estate
Upon the fortune of the present year."

He is rich apparently, and surrounded by rich and faithful friends; so that the contingency of the forfeiture of the bond appears the remotest possible; far too remote to make it probable that Shylock would in that hope abate the usances.

Pre-eminent, of course, among the characters of the piece is the great conception of Shylock, of which Schlegel thus justly speaks:—

"Shylock the Jew is one of the inconceivable masterpieces of characterisation of which Shakspeare alone furnishes us with examples.

It is easy for the poet and the player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is any thing but a common Jew; he possesses a very determinate and original individuality, and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in every thing which he says or does.* We imagine we hear a sprinkling of the Jewish pronunciation in the mere written words. In tranquil situations, what is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceptible, but in passion the national stamp appears more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor alone can properly express. Shylock is a man of information, even a philosopher in his own way; he has only not discovered the region where human feelings dwell; his ethical system is founded on disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire of revenging the oppressions and humiliations suffered by his nation is, after avarice, his principal spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who possess truly Christian sentiments; the example of disinterested love of our neighbour seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol. He refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which speaks to him from the mouth of Portia with heavenly eloquence; he insists on severe and inflexible justice, and it at last recoils on his own head. Here he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation."

These views have been expanded by Horn, though perhaps with no very substantial addition to the ideas they contain.

"Shylock," he observes, "is a Jew

* How true and fine is this remark! In how many little traits does the Judaism of Shylock manifest itself! How appositely does he bring the Old Testament narrative in aid of his "defence of usury." How natural the oath, "By Jacob's staff I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;" and the reply to Tubal, when he learns that the turquoise he had of Leah when a bachelor had been given in exchange for a monkey, "I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." So, in the same way, his occasional neologisms, "Flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats."

in the loftiest style. He is proud of being so; he seems to himself to move like a prince among his people. The highest pride of nobility among us is thrown into shade by his. With this feeling he sees himself the object of hate, nay, of contempt, to Christians, and these Christians are the rulers of Europe, and, as he thinks, the oppressors of his people. Against them, therefore, he holds all things lawful; and as fortune has favoured his endeavours to amass wealth, he lacks not opportunity to still the fever of his heart, glowing with the thirst of vengeance, not for his own sake only, but for that of his people. He knows and will hear of nothing beside his Jewish law, which he can interpret to suit his purposes: but faith, love, hope, and the doctrine of grace, are to him mere fantasies, and as such hateful and intolerable. Thus he has become such as we see him, a mixture of the serpent and the tiger; but to maintain this position, the character requires a constant caustic *humour*, which, strangely enough, so far as I know, has not yet been adverted to.

"The poet knew well that without this vein of humour the character would want tone and harmony of colouring, and accordingly he has richly invested him with this quality. The whole part indeed is full of it; but we may here notice the allusion to the land-rats and water-rats, the habitation which the Nazarene prophet conjured the devil into; the humorous application of the story of Jacob's thrift—the biting wit of the reply, in which all his rankling recollections of former injuries and insults are enumerated, 'Hath a *dog* money? Is it possible a *cur* can lend three thousand ducats?' The irony of the assurance that 'a pound of man's flesh taken from a man,

'Is not so estimable, profitable, neither
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats;'

his unbounded insolence, even in presence of the Doge, when he goes on enumerating, with studied coarseness, all kinds of strange idiosyncrasies in defence of his own appetite for blood—

'Some men there are love not a gaping
pig,' &c.

"But why is Antonio the chief object of his hatred? Not merely because he is the most distinguished merchant in Venice, nor because he has received most of his ill-treatment at his hands, nor (although he does allude to this) because Antonio takes no interest, and by this excess of beneficence, has brought him into evil repute as a pitiless usurer; all these, no doubt, might afford cause enough, but the chief cause lies deeper—Antonio appears to him as the purest representative of Christian virtue; which is to him inexpressibly odious; for it appears to him but as a fantastic sadness—a poetic dream—ever found in connexion with harshness towards his own nation, which he looks upon as the elect of God."

What alone, however, redeems the character of Shylock, is the strength of his intellectual resources. There is a grandeur and firmness of purpose about him, a power of argument, a readiness of reply, which make it impossible for us not to sympathize with him to some extent. All that he says or does is the emanation of a bold and masculine understanding. He sees his end from the first, he keeps it steadily in view, he adapts himself with consummate art to the characters of those with whom he has to deal, and whom he would persuade. Observe with what art he negotiates his bond, his seeming coolness, his plausible exaggeration of the dangers to which Antonio's property is subjected, his mixture of bitter sarcasms and insulting gibes in the outset, with his affected candour and desire of reconciliation at the close; hear the rapid and unanswerable burst, "Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands," &c. Follow him to the tribunal, where he stands alone against a hostile court. Behold him maintaining his superiority in argument, unmoved by insult, unawed by power, till the suddenness and completeness of the ruin that falls on him strike him dumb—and we are made to feel that there is a spell, in intellectual vigour, a species of gloomy fascination which the display of mind must always exercise over mind, and which even its combination with cruelty and malignity cannot entirely impair.

In strong contrast with the relentless Jew stands the noble merchant Antonio, a character on which Shakspeare has bestowed much care, and to which he has succeeded in imparting a scarcely less marked individuality than he has given to Shylock. There is a calm dignity about all his conduct, an unobtrusive magnanimity, such as appears suitable to the character of a royal merchant. We see in him a kindred spirit to the Medici, the Merchant Princes of Florence, scattering his treasures around him with a truer liberality than kings. The shade of melancholy which is represented as hanging about him from the first—inmate it would seem, for he can ascribe it to no outward cause,* gives a softening and pathetic interest to his character. When he repels with a “fye, fye,” the conjecture of Salanio as to the cause of his melancholy: “Why then you are in love,” as if the very possibility of such a feeling were in

his case hopeless, we are led to regard with the more admiration, that warm sympathy with which he enters into the love of others, and which leads him to peril his own life to procure for his friend a happiness which he knows but by name. His stern deportment towards Shylock when he looks down upon the Jew, in all the Christian might of the middle ages, is not less characteristic than his lavish generosity and tenderness to his friend. For that friend's sake he has condescended to solicit what he never would have asked for himself; but he will not descend to obtain it by disguising one jot of the just indignation with which he regards the merciless usurer; he will not retract, but rather repeats, the harsh expressions of which the Jew complains; in the language of cool contempt, he makes him fairly and fully aware on what footing alone the money is to be given and received.

“I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.”

One is tempted to wish that Bassanio had stood out a little more firmly against his generous friend's

committing himself to the miser's stipulation of the pound of flesh. The mere protest—not repeated—

“You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity,”

seems rather a weak resistance to a proposal which even to him appeared to carry with it an evil intent. “I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.” But Bassanio has been the child of fortune and good luck; every thing has hitherto gone well with him; sanguine and confident, he cannot believe there is any serious danger for Antonio; he neither fears for himself nor for him, for at this moment his natural reliance on his good fortune is increased by the intoxication of passion—and so

he passively allows the fatal bond to be prepared. Melancholy as Antonio naturally is, he throws aside every such feeling when his friend's interests are at stake, and urges on his future preparations with a warmth and energy which throw all Bassanio's other friends into the shade.† The lines in which Salario describes the parting of Bassanio and Antonio are at once strikingly characteristic of the gentle-spirited, self-sacrificing noble merchant; and, as Malone observes, afford in the close the outline of a

* In sooth I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.

Act I. Scene I.

† Fye, Fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest? &c. *Act II. Scene VI.*

beautiful picture. "Many passages of his works," says he, "might furnish hints to painters. It is, indeed,

surprising that they do not study his plays with this view."

"Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return : he answered,—Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time ;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :
Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there :
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Salanio. I think, he only loves the world for him."

"Of his letter to Bassanio," says Horn, "which the latter receives in the sunshine of his good fortune, we shall say nothing, because we perceive that no one can mistake that divinity in the human breast which here speaks with such still but deep meaning. That Shakspeare is the richest of all poets we all know ; but that he is also simple, child-like, and gentle, many do not know ; and to these we would especially recommend this scene, that they may learn to know it.

"Antonio's bearing during the universally admired trial scene, is truly classic. From Shylock he has never expected any thing else. The latter, who knows nothing but The Law, expects to triumph through it. Antonio willingly concedes to him this triumph : for he, a pure Christian requiring not such, lives in grace, and through that alone is blessed. His hatred of the Jew is over ; for in the feeling of the higher happiness which is approaching, there remains in his spirit nothing but a dignified pity. He has once more found his friend ; all his fellow-citizens regard him with esteem and sympathy ; the Doge himself pleads in his favour ; and thus from all sides a halo of noble renown surrounds him, which might lighten death even to one less worthy."

Portia's character has, on the whole, received little justice at the hands of the German critics. Schlegel, who has so well seized the features of Shylock's character, dismisses that of Portia in three words ; and Horn's remarks, though somewhat more expanded, seem quite un-

satisfactory, vague, and unworthy of the character. Yet Mrs Jamieson is right in saying that "Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way than Portia is in hers. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other, worthy of being placed together within the same rich framework of enchanting poetry and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt."

"Portia," says Horn, "the supporter of the whole piece, expresses her noble individuality so decisively, that she may be comprehended at the first glance. It is with this character as with sky, it is at once clear and yet of unfathomable depth. Her father has been a strange and mysterious personage who has left her boundless wealth ; but a fettered will in the all-important choice of her life. In this, perhaps, her untiring and full-streaming wit has its origin ; a superabundance of wit which would make us apprehensive of a defect of heart, did not her deep and generous love for Bassanio, and her active sympathy for Antonio, satisfy us on this point. Thus she stands before us almost perfection, yet without mere generality, but, on the contrary, firmly defined and bounded."

Of the elements which make up the perfection and peculiarity of Portia's character certainly no one, from these vague expressions of Horn, could form the least idea. Let

us see how much more acutely and eloquently these features have been seized by our English critic.*

"Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities which Shakspeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but besides the dignity, the sweetness and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself, by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate. She has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures have ever waited round her, and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly, there is a commanding grace, a high-bred airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does or says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, over cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry, and gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is

full of penetration, wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy, and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

"A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond in the young, argues in general some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education; in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination. In the casket scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial on which more than her life is hazarded; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear. While Bassanio is contemplating the caskets, she suffers herself to dwell one moment on the possibility of disappointment and misery; then immediately follows that revulsion of feeling so beautifully characteristic of the hopeful, trusting, mounting spirit of this noble creature.

'But he may win;

And what is music, then? Then music is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea monster: I stand for sacrifice.'

"Here not only the feeling itself, born of the elastic and sanguine spirit which had never been touched with grief, but the images in which it comes arrayed to her fancy—the bridegroom waked by music on his wedding-morn—the newly crowned monarch, the comparison of Bassanio to the young Alcides, and of herself to the daughter of Laomedon, are all precisely what would have suggested themselves to the fine poeti-

cal imagination of Portia in such a moment.

"Her subsequent surrender of herself in heart and soul, of her maiden freedom and her vast possessions, can never be read without deep emotion; for not only all the tenderness and delicacy of a devoted woman are here blended with the dignity which becomes the princely heiress of Belmont, but the serious measured self-possession of her ad-

* Mrs Jamieson's *Characteristics*, vol. i. p. 71, *et seq.*

dress to her lover, when all suspense is over, and all concealment superfluous, is most beautifully consistent with the character. It is in truth an awful moment, that in which a gifted woman first discovers, that besides talents and powers, she has also passions and affections,—when she first begins to suspect their vast importance in the sum of her existence,—when she first confesses that her happiness is no longer in her own keeping, but is surrendered for ever into the dominion of another! The possession of uncommon powers of mind is so far from affording relief or resource in the first intoxicating surprise, I had almost said terror, of such a revolution, that they render it more intense. The sources of thought multiply beyond calculation the sources of feeling, and mingled, they rush together a torrent deep as strong. Because Portia is endowed with that enlarged comprehension which looks before and after, she does not feel the less, but the more; because, from the height of her commanding intellect, she can contemplate the force, the tendency, the consequences of her own sentiments,—because she is fully sensible of her own situation, and the value of all she concedes, the concession is not made with less entireness and devotion of heart, less confidence in the truth and worth of her lover, than when Juliet, in a similar moment, but without any such intrusive reflections, may check but the instinctive delicacy of her sex, flings herself and her fortunes at the feet of her lover. In Portia's confession, which is not breathed from a moon-lit balcony, but spoken openly in the presence of her attendants and vassals, there is nothing of the passionate self-abandonment of Juliet, nor of the artless simplicity of Miranda, but a consciousness and tender seriousness approaching to solemnity, which are not less touching."

* * *

It is observable that something of the intellectual brilliance of Portia is reflected on the other female characters of the Merchant of Venice, so as to preserve in the midst of contrast a certain harmony and keeping. Thus Jessica, though properly kept subordinate, is certainly "a most beautiful Pagan, a most sweet Jew." She cannot be called a sketch; or if a sketch, she is like one of those dashed off in glaring colours from the rainbow palette of a Rubens; she has a rich tinge of orientalism shed on her worthy of her Eastern origin. In any other play, and in any other companionship than that of the matchless Portia, Jessica would make a very beautiful heroine of herself. Nothing can be more poetical, more classically fanciful and elegant than the scenes between her and Lorenzo; the celebrated moonlight dialogue, for instance, which we have all by heart. Every sentiment she utters interests us for her; more particularly her bashful self-reproach when flying in the disguise of a page.

* * *

We should not, however, easily pardon her for cheating her father with so much indifference, but for the perception that Shylock values his daughter far beneath his wealth. "I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! —Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin."

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters; she is a clever, confidential waiting-woman who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes her favour conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and, in short, mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay, talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLII.

OCTOBER, 1836.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE

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PARLIAMENT.

THE 20th of August put a close to a session, one of the most busy, yet most unproductive in the annals of British Legislation. Incessantly disturbing every great interest of the country without improvement; assailing old principles without establishing new; postponing all the great objects of a national senate to the poorest objects of party; and loading the statute book without strengthening the law, the whole session has exhibited only the worthlessness into which the noblest institutions may be degraded by the absence of dignity, wisdom, and manliness in their conductors. The Whigs acknowledge and defend this under the plea of unexpected difficulty. The Radicals acknowledge and rejoice in this, in the belief that Whig impotence is only the natural descent to revolution. The Tories acknowledge and lament this, in the consciousness that it is the inevitable result of a large and long-sighted conspiracy against the constitution, the religion, and the existence of the British empire.

Is this conspiracy a regular and organized machine? Unquestionably it is. A faction lives at this hour, whose sworn purpose is the overthrow of the British government in its own dominions. That faction has already felt its power sufficient to dispense with disguise. It is Popery. We found it bound hand and foot by the wisdom of our ancestors. They had deeply suffered from its fury, and they gave it down to their posterity in the only state in which its existence is compatible with the peace of nations, in chains.

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All its subsequent rise has been the work of party among ourselves. It would have lain on the ground for ever, if it were to wait for the return of its own energies. Popery is slavery. It is the religion of the slave. It has no elevating principle in its nature. It is of the earth earthy. It makes man a miserable dependent on the priest for his knowledge, his feelings, and his rights. No Popish country has ever obtained even a glimpse of freedom, but by some strange and desperate effort of nature against the discipline of the monk. It tore off the bandage which the monk had tied for ages over its eyes, and which, after tottering in vain in pursuit of liberty, and exhausting itself by the wild excesses of the blind thrown into the sudden blaze of day, the monk fastened on again. All the Popish kingdoms of the present time are despotisms.

Whiggism in England and Ireland adopted the cause of Popery. The spirit of ambition which would "worship the devil for his burning throne," was not to be repelled by the squalid ferocity and essential slavery of its new ally. Like the demon of scripture, exiled from higher abodes, it flung itself into the frame of this fugitive wanderer, filled it with a bitter and daring defiance of man, renewed it with a strength not its own, taught it a lofty and scoffing contempt of authority, and brought it from the wilderness and the tombs, to threaten and terrify among the people.

This was the original sin of Whiggism, and for this it will be im-

peached by the British historian until its name has perished from all record. *Its nature is falsehood.* When Lord Grey, the very emblem of arrogance, tells the rabble that they are the true judges of public affairs; when Lord Holland, labouring all his life to wipe off the stain of having had a shopkeeper for his grandfather, and glad to creep up the backstairs to the humblest alliance with greatness, tells the listening cobblers of Kensington that they are wise in leaving their stalls to discuss politics in the open air, what must be the name which these noble persons earn for themselves in any place where truth is yet to be told? What higher niche will political swindler fill in the temple of hypocrisy? When the blood of the Bedfords, the Howards, the Carlises, goes forth to play the sycophant among the populace, whom they scarcely believe to be compounded of the same clay with themselves, what can we say of them all, but that they voluntarily exhibit the lowest degeneracy of the human mind; that they are mountebanks selling poisons to the crowd for the sake of a contemptible gain; that they are pilferers disguising themselves in the habit of clowns to cheat clowns; or by a still deeper brand, that they are liars, and the truth is not in them?

That Whiggism should have ever been suffered to subsist in a great, honest, high-minded, and truth-loving country is among the problems of human things. Unless it is to be accounted for on the facts, that it has fallen on us for the punishment of national negligence; that it is the thorn and thistle, to make the political soil sterile by a curse, the penal demand for the sweat of the brow, the seed of disease, and disease sown in the physical frame to chide the moral infirmity of nations.

The point which we think it most essential for public safety to regard now is, that within the late period of Whiggism its power has been continually progressive. Within the last twenty years, all that it has done has been in advance. It has never receded an hour. If it has not startled the public eye by these sudden thunderclaps which awake the sleeper, and compel the waking to cast their eyes to the fiery spot from which the bolt has come, it has been the al-

lent spread of her invisible mischief, discernible only in its effects on the life of the land, a poisoned exhalation moving from the marsh to the plain, and from the plain to the mountain, delivering over the noble establishments of the country to successive desolation, mingling with the wholesome atmosphere, till all political truth withers, and the vigour of English freedom is emaciated and made ready for the grave. Within the last few years we have seen the anti-Trinitarian act, by which the scripture doctrine of the Godhead was given into the hands of the scoffer. The anti-test act, by which the Protestant constitution was laid at the mercy of all schismatics and infidels,—the fearful anti-Protestant act of 1829, by which Popery was restored as the national religion of Ireland, and the rival religion of England. The anti-marriage act, by which the whole religious obligation of marriage is done away, and the great text nullified, "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" and the anti-baptism act, by which a name with or without baptism must be given, implying the virtual nullification of the command, to baptize all.

It is remarkable that, with the exception of the Reform Bill, and its effect, the Municipal Bill, all the measures of Whiggism have been directed to matters of religion, to the overthrow of those safeguards for the Church, which our ancestors regarded as the most important of their constitutional labours, and to the encouragement of all that sullen and acrid multitude of conflicting faiths and no faiths, bitter frenzies and moonstruck follies, which marshal themselves under the general name of hostility to the Church of England. Is this without a reason? No. Nor without a reason infinitely deeper than the shallow minds or profligate hopes of party. We fully believe that of all the subjects of legislation, Whiggism in power most reluctantly approaches the subject of the Church; that it feels as the moth feels approaching the taper, fluttering with the perfect consciousness that the slightest contact may strip it of its wings and lay it for ever helpless on the ground; that it weighs the full peril of the encounter, and comes, as the slave in the aim-

phitheatre, only dragged by the chain to meet the lion; that it would rejoice to escape the subject altogether, and spend its days and nights in its little congenial pursuits of securing sinecures for itself, near and dear dependents, and listening to itself in the endless effusions of an oratory worthy of an audience of Gullys, Roebucks, and Humes. Yet to a perpetual assault upon the Church has this shrinking combatant been driven. Faction behind drives it on; that furious, dark, and perjured faction which wraps the cloak of public principle round its limbs, only to conceal the naked knife within. But what drives on the faction? "The spirit of revenge, immortal hate," long thwarted malignity, crushed pride, trampled power, the passion for ruin, with the impotence of execution. If those impulses could be made visible to the human eye, we should see them rushing like a swarm of embodied evils above and round the steps of that faction, stimulating, sustaining, and urging it on to the havoc of the religion and liberty of the Protestant empire. Is this language of Popery exaggerated? Wo be to us if we think so. We have yet to learn the true nature of a system compounded of all that is craving in human desires, and haughty in spiritual domination; the hottest mingling of human profligacy with the severest oppression of the human heart; the profoundest tyranny over the mind, with the most daring assumption of divine authority; the throne of the great usurper, whose days are already numbered in the judgments of Heaven, who shall yet drink the cup of blood that the Papal harlotry has so long pressed on the lips of Europe, and who shall perish in the brightness of that coming which is to restore the broken sceptre of Christianity.

In this crisis, we call with a still more unrelenting voice, from a still stronger impression of public necessity, on every honest man to unite in one great effort of resistance to a tyranny which cannot exist but by a progress in public evil. That faction has deeper objects than ever tempted the eye of party; it looks farther than the overthrow of political antagonists. What are the feeble victories of debate, the meagre

possession of the Treasury Bench, or the transient spoil of the Treasury itself, to those who contemplate the downfall of religious truth, honour, and the scripture, rewarded by the most gorgeous honours of Rome, and hailed by the acclamations of the whole Popish world!

On Thursday the 4th of February, the Session of Parliament was opened. We give merely the heads of the speech from the throne. The King said:—

"That he received from all Foreign powers assurance of peace, and congratulated the country on the amity subsisting between England and France, as a *peculiar pledge* of the continuance of that general peace.

"That his mediation between France and the United States had been well received.

(The clause on the Spanish affairs was more important and more marked.) "He had still to lament the continuance of the contest in the northern provinces of Spain. The measures which he had taken, and the engagements into which he had entered, sufficiently proved his deep anxiety for its termination. And the *prudent and vigorous* conduct of the present government of Spain (!) inspired him with the hope that the *authority of the Queen would soon be* established in every part of her dominions, and that the Spanish nation, so long connected in friendship with Great Britain, would again enjoy the blessings of internal tranquillity and union."

He further ordered the Treaty with Spain for the suppression of the Slave Trade to be laid before the two Houses.

To the House of Commons, he said, "He had directed the Estimates of the year to be laid before them. There had been an increase in consequence of the increase of the Navy, and that increase for the purpose of maintaining the naval force and protecting the commerce of the country."

The state of Trade and Manufactures was highly satisfactory.

The depression of the Agricultural Interest was recommended to their peculiar attention.

To both Houses, he said, "That the Commission on the state of the

English and Welsh Dioceses should be laid before them, with a view to rendering the Establishment more effective.

"That a measure on Tithes should be offered, to render the clerical income less fluctuating, and extinguish disputes.

"He recommended the adoption of measures to relieve the *grievances* of the Dissenters.

"Herecommended a consideration of Law Reform, especially of the Court of Chancery.

"Tithes in Ireland were to have a speedy settlement.

"The Corporations in Ireland were to be reformed, on the same principles as the Corporations of England and Wales."

All King's speeches are, of course, to be regarded merely as the manifesto of the minister. Their habitual object is therefore concealment; to say nothing, with the semblance of saying something; to give the nation an announcement of the Ministerial designs, which is at the same time to hoodwink the Ministerial adversaries; and finally, to avoid all preliminary objections, extinguish all debate upon the speech itself, and pass over at least one night in which there could be no division. The only art hitherto known for these purposes has been to render the speech a succession of nothings.

But on this night a piece of Ministerial chicane broke down the pacific system, and produced a long, anxious, and passionate debate. The object of the present Cabinet is place all over, to find place, to make place, and to perpetuate place. Selfishness is the spirit of the Whig, as hypocrisy is his instrument. The constitution may be shaken by his experiments, but while the experimentalist himself can be a gainer by the shock, the attempt will be made with all the zeal of mean cupidity, and all the insolence of bastard ambition.

The King's speech having grown, by common consent, into a string of truisms, it is understood that Ministers, in its concoction, virtually pledge themselves to avoid every topic that can prematurely pledge the House. What was, then, the astonishment of the Conservatives, to find a clause introduced which would have tied up all their pro-

ceedings, and given over all constitutional interference in a most obnoxious measure? In the Lords, the Duke of Wellington threw down the gauntlet at once—charged the minister with duplicity—and moved an amendment to the clause. The speech had said, "You are already in possession of the Report of the Commission appointed to enquire into the state of the Municipal Corporations in Ireland, and I entertain a hope that it will be in your power to apply, to any defects and evils which may have been shown to exist in those institutions, a remedy, founded on the *same principles* as those of the acts which have already passed for England and Scotland." The Duke strongly proved, that by thus laying down the rule, Parliament would be fettered by the artifice of the Minister; he therefore moved, that a promise of general enquiry should be the only one. Lord Melbourne, in his usual style, begged to assure their Lordships that the Ministerial ideas had been totally mistaken, and that *no* intention had existed of taking the House by surprise. Their Lordships, however, did not believe him, and the amendment was carried without a division.

In the Commons, the same ground was taken by Sir R. Peel. He charged Ministers not only with artifice, but with direct culpability, in assuming that the Corporations were guilty before evidence. The debate was long, and it wandered through the principal questions of the last year. In its course, Lord Howick, adverting to the charges of Ministerial dependence on O'Connell, had the singular hardihood to deny the connexion. "He admitted that the power existed, but was sorry for its existence; but he was not, and never could be, the personal friend of Mr O'Connell." Better be any thing than his personal slave. Lord Stanley, for the first time, threw off his neutrality, and supported Sir R. Peel. O'Connell raged for "justice for Ireland." The Recorder of Dublin stripped and lashed him. The new combination of Popery and Dissent—the Radicals and the Papists united—carried the helplessness of the Whigs through their difficulty, and the amendment was thrown out by a

majority of forty-one; exactly *one* more than the tail.

Mr O'Connell seemed destined to be the hero of Parliament as much as he was the champion of the Ministry. On Tuesday, February 16, Mr Hardy brought forward his motion for a committee to enquire into the case of the sale of a seat in Parliament to Mr Raphael. Mr Hardy commenced by desiring the Clerk of the House to read the standing order against Parliamentary corruption. "That if it shall appear that any person hath been elected or returned a member of this House, or endeavoured so to be, by bribery, or any other corrupt practices, this House will proceed with the utmost severity against all such persons as shall have been wilfully concerned in such bribery or other practices."

The order was no sooner read, than a roar of laughter burst from the Ministerial benches. Mr Hardy, unmoved by this insolent attempt to embarrass him, proceeded, in a plain, brief, and clear statement, to unfold what, to this hour, we must regard as an act of infamy, and what, to many a future year, will stamp the character of its supporters.

On the 27th of May, 1835, the committee on the Carlow Election had declared the return of the sitting members, Messrs Bruen and Cavenagh, void. On the 28th of May, but the very day after the decision, and when from that circumstance no opinion of the Carlow electors could have been consulted on the subject, the member for Dublin, Mr O'Connell, called upon Mr Raphael, and proposed to him to become a candidate for the county, recommending the attempt, particularly as the expense would not exceed L.2000. A meeting had been appointed with peculiar haste, namely, on the next day, and with peculiar eagerness on the part of Mr O'Connell, as was evident from the note which he sent to Mr Raphael on the spur:—

"May 29.—My dear sir—I remained at home, to some inconvenience, until after the hour I mentioned. I was sorry I did not remain longer, as you called shortly after; but as you left no letter, or other indication of acceding to *my proposal*, I take it for granted that

you decline my offer. Be it so. I only add my belief, that you will never again meet so *safe a speculation*." (This practical hint excited great laughter in the House). "I am quite sure I shall never hear of one. I have the honour to be, my dear sir, your very faithful

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The style of traffic was so completely adopted in this note, and the placarding of the commodity on hand so palpable, that the House long continued in a roar of ridicule. "Sir," said Mr Hardy, "I am not surprised that language of this kind should amuse the House. The language and the results are equally natural, as one of our old poets has said—

'The thing for sale calls forth the seller's praise.'

"If one of the seats for Carlow was to be puffed off, nothing could be more attractive than the honourable and learned member's assurance that it was a safe speculation, and that he was quite sure he would never hear of so good an article again in the market—(cheers and laughter)." In consequence of this captivating note, it appeared that a meeting actually took place between the parties, at Mr O'Connell's house, on the 1st of June, when the following note was written and delivered by Mr O'Connell to Mr Raphael:—

"My dear sir—You have acceded to the terms *proposed to you* for the election of the County Carlow—viz. you are to pay before nomination L.1000—say L.1000—and a like sum after being returned. The first to be paid absolutely and entirely for being nominated—(loud cheers and laughter)—the second to be paid only in the event of your being returned. I hereby undertake to guarantee and save you harmless from *any and every other expense whatever*, whether of agents, carriages, counsel, *petition against the return*, or of any other description; and I make this guarantee in the fullest sense of the *honourable engagement*—(loud exclamations)—that you should not *possibly be required to pay a shilling more in any event, or upon any contingency whatever*. I am, my dear sir, your very faithful

"DAN. O'CONNELL."

The House rang with scorn and ridicule at this exposé of the patriotism of the Agitator.

"How," said Mr Hardy, "was the bargain entered into? I would beg to ask his Majesty's Attorney-General to have the goodness to state to the House if he ever witnessed a more complete bargain and sale?—(hear, hear.) What was the subject of it? If it had been a house instead of a seat in Parliament, who could for a moment doubt that it would have been enforceable in a court of law? and it was not enforceable in a court of law, merely because the subject of it was a seat in a house of parliament—(hear, hear). Could any man pretend that Mr Raphael would have had his seat in that House, if it had not been for that L.1000—(hear, hear)—or that he would have been recommended by that honourable and learned member but for that sum?—(cheers.) What more could be wanted to constitute a bargain?—(cheers.) And if it were pretended that the money could not be an object with that honourable and learned member, he would beg the attention of the House to the notes subsequently written to Mr Raphael, urging him over and over again for the L.1000. He would remark in the first paragraph, that it contained a curious instance of electioneering prediction:—'My dear sir—I have heard from Mr Vigors this day that our prospects are quite bright.' Now, as the bargain was made only on the first of June, while this note was written on the 4th, it was rather early for him to begin to cheer the purchaser. But the note proceeded—'I will arrange your address for to-morrow's post—(loud cheers from the Opposition)—and my own for immediate publication—(renewed cheering). I at present entertain no doubt of success. You will hear again from me to-morrow. Who is the Mr Hamilton with whom you have deposited the L.1000?—(loud cheers and laughter.) I do not know any person of that name in London. I hope I shall soon have the pleasure of sitting by your side in the House'—(continued cheers). On the 8th of June the honourable and learned member wrote again.

"My dear sir—I sent off yesterday my letter to the electors of Carlow

on your behalf. All my accounts confirm my opinion of an easy victory. I doubt whether there will be more than the *show of a contest*—(loud cheers). But I am assured, in any event, of success. I send you a slip of a Carlow newspaper, showing that you are already nominated under the most favourable auspices. I also send you the draft of an address. I beg of you to peruse it, and return it to me (cheers) with any corrections you may deem necessary; or if you approve of it, with your signature. My wish is, that you should alter it as little as you possibly can. I send you a sealed letter from Mr Vigors. I beg of you to return the address as near to four o'clock this day as you can, that I may transmit it to the *Dublin Pilot* for insertion on Wednesday next. All the good men of Carlow see that paper—(cheers and laughter). Let me know who the Mr Hamilton is with whom you have deposited the L.1000—(renewed cheers and laughter). I expected you would have lodged this at Mr Wright's. *It is time this were done.* Faithfully yours,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

Mr Hardy then proceeded to considerable length to draw the inferences from these notes, which were, in fact, dunning letters, the regular style of a trafficker, urged with the importunity of a regular mendicant. We shall give merely a few of his leading remarks. "It might not be proveable that Mr O'Connell had been able to put the whole L.2000 sheer into his pocket, because there had been an election and a petition. Yet there was *something* in the anxiety with which he had enquired after Mr Hamilton—(cheers). But as the petition had been abandoned on the second or third day after the committee sat, he could not see how the whole of that money *could have been expended*. Carlow was a small county, with not more voters than the burgh (Bradford) which he represented, and he could not understand how so large a sum could be necessary. But what would be the case had there been no contest?—(loud cheers.) Had there been no contest, of course there could be no petition, and yet the L.1000 was to be *paid on nomination*? In the honourable and learned member's es-

timate, there was to be none, not merely an easy victory, but scarcely the shadow of a contest. What was then to be done with the money?—(cheers.) It might be part of the bargain that Mr Raphael should not be called on to pay for the petition; but where was the provision that he should, in any case, *have any part of what he had paid* RETURNED TO HIM (cheers). It was alleged that such transactions were common, and that Mr Vigors possessed the popularity, the half of which was thus to be purchased by Mr Raphael's money. Now, he was to learn that any member of that House who might enjoy popularity, and happened not to have a very plentiful purse, had a right to barter his popularity, and say, 'You shall pay half my expenses, and enjoy half of my reputation'—(cheers). If such a transaction were legal, it was the first time he ever heard of its legality—(hear). He could not conceive how any person calling himself an agent in such a bargain, more especially if he were a member of that House, *could attempt to vindicate such a transaction*—(cheers). But he could not consider the honourable and learned member as an *agent*. He had never heard of an agent undertaking to be responsible to such an extent as this. 'I hereby undertake to guarantee and save you harmless from any and every other expense whatever, whether of agents, carriages, counsel, petition against the return, or of any other description'—(hear). He was inclined to think, that Mr Vigors was much more the agent of the honourable and learned member, than that member the agent for Mr Vigors. At all events, that member had put in two members for Carlow; Mr Vigors, his friend *ex animo*, and Mr Raphael, his friend *ex contractu*—(cheers and laughter). It had been said that the honourable and learned member only exercised his moral influence. But he would appeal to the many able lawyers in the House, whether he had a right to sell even that moral influence *for money*—(hear, hear). He would put a case. A new writ had been moved for a burgh, on the elevation to the other house of one who, from having been a third of a Lord Chancellor, had now become a whole one—(laughter). It was well known that a

noble lord had great moral influence in that burgh; but what would be said of him, if he attempted to make such a bargain as that?—(hear, hear.) To take a case still more analogous. He believed that there were constituencies in the country, who would be glad to receive a recommendation from the right honourable baronet (Sir R. Peel), who sat under him. Now, suppose that right honourable baronet were to say to any candidate, 'I know that in such a burgh, or such a county, if I recommend you, you are sure to be returned. But you must give me L.1000 for being nominated (hear hear), and another L.1000 for being returned—(hear, hear). Then I shall send a laudatory letter, introducing you to the constituents, and make you sure of your election as far as moral certainty can go'—(hear, hear). He should be glad to know whether, if such a circumstance had transpired in the history of the right honourable baronet, those walls would have stood the vibration of the cheers with which the honourable and learned member himself would have been hailed, while he shot forth those arrows of invective with which his quiver was so abundantly supplied against the right honourable baronet?—(hear, hear). The whole question before the House was, how the honourable and learned member had the power of *spending this money*? Nothing whatever in the bargain prevented him from applying every farthing of it, which had not been spent at the nomination, if there had been no contest, to his own private emolument—(hear, hear). It might be also considered as remarkable, that Mr Raphael, who knew nothing of the people of Carlow, and of whom the people of Carlow knew nothing, should have been the sole object of Mr O'Connell's choice. Was there no Irish *patriot* at hand? No one who could or would spend L.2000 for 'Justice to Ireland?'—(hear.) It so happened that there was one who offered himself for the representation. And of this the honourable and learned member had full knowledge; for in one of his notes, he writes to Mr Raphael, 'It is not my fault that Mr Fergus O'Connor called upon you. Refer him and *every body else to me*—(loud laughter). I want part of the L.1000

to send over; then shall I communicate with Mr Hamilton—(continued laughter). All quite well at Carlisle. On the same day he attacks Mr Hamilton. He writes to him, 'Sir, I beg you will hand my son, Mr John O'Connell, the £1,000 placed with you by Mr Raphael for my use—(cheers). My son will give you a voucher at foot. I have the honour, &c.'

'D. O'CONNELL.'

Mr Hardie concluded by saying, "that his purpose in bringing this gross transaction before the House was justice to England. He demanded whether his conduct in all the cases of bribery which had come before the legislature had not been consistent. He defied any Ministerial member to charge him with flinching on any of the late cases of Warwick, Stafford, or Ipswich—(hear, hear). But he desired to be consistent—(cheers). He could not understand the principles of those gentlemen, who, having hunted out with a keen scent every petty detail of corruption, immediately found all their energies paralysed when they approached a wholesale dealer in seats—(loud cheers). He had been startled at the policy of those gentlemen who monopolized the name of Liberals. Liberality indeed!—(hear.) He was determined never to belong to this sect of political Pharisees who could strain at a gnat and swallow a camel—(loud and continued cheers)." He then moved for a Select Committee, to enquire into the *traffic and agreement* alleged to have taken place between Daniel O'Connell, Esq. and Alexander Raphael, Esq. touching the nomination and return of the latter.

Mr O'Connell made a long and angry, yet a feeble and vague reply. He contended that the true question was, how the money was expended? The Radicals in the House, with of course the whole tail, seized on this contemptible evasion; and Mr Warburton moved an amendment, that the manner of spending should be among the instructions of the committee. The Ministry aided their champion, or rather suffered themselves to be dragged at the heels of their master, and the amendment was carried. The committee thus furnished, proceeded to investigate the transaction. All the facts stated

by Mr Hardy were proved, but the course of the committee turned simply on the application of the money. This was found to have been employed in the whole, or the greater part, to promote Mr Vigors's election, and they brought in a verdict of acquittal, qualifying it, however, by the phrase "that Mr O'Connell's conduct had laid him open to strong suspicion and animadversion." Lord John Russell was "free to confess that Mr O'Connell's conduct was *not precisely* the proper one in a parliamentary election," but he thought the mitigated censure was all that it deserved! After a two nights' debate, in which the conduct of the Ministry, the tail, and the master of both was reprobated in the keenest terms by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and the Opposition, the Ministerial resolution of acquittal was carried by 243 to 169.

We have gone into this subject, from its exhibiting in the most unanswerable point of view the principles of the time. We pronounce those principles corrupt, partial, and hypocritical in the deepest degree. Before the Reform Bill the outcry was against the "iniquities" of the borough proprietors and voters. It was clamoured, that the exercise of influence by lords or men of property in the neighbourhood of the towns was treason against all liberty. If it was answered that money had neither been asked nor accepted, that the candidates returned by this influence were the natural objects of politic respect, by their rank, connexion, and fortune; that their representation placed them alike on the side of Whig and Tory; all was crushed under the general indignation at this trespass on the rights of popular election. The other class of boroughs in which the seats were actually sold (a sale, in our estimation, wholly bad in principle, however it might be palliated on the pleas of ancient habit, of recognized custom, and of practical utility in introducing men of talents, giving a representation to the great mercantile bodies, and allowing other than landed property to have a voice in the national deliberations) was condemned with every expression of contemptuous hostility. The declared necessity of the Reform Bill was that both classes should be

finally extinguished. The declared triumph was that influence and sale alike were at an end for ever.

But what was the practice introduced by this transaction in the face of the country? A man walks the streets of London, offering the representation of an Irish borough to whom he will. So much for the rights of the constituents. He finds a stranger, of whom he knows nothing but that he has money, or of whom he knows worse than nothing, for in Raphael's case O'Connell subsequently acknowledged that he had heard a bad character of him. His first and only demand is for money, L.2000! So much for the purity of the transaction. He puts this stranger's name upon his placard, and has him returned by a majority of voters, who had never seen him, for he did not go over to the election; who had never had any intercourse, public or private, with him, who had never heard of him before, and who probably were never to hear of him again. So much for independence. In this train of low and radical vileness we have all the vices of the earlier system combined, yet with deeper, more distinct, and more repulsive abomination. We have the corruption of influence without its palliative, in the character, family connexion, personal honour, or political independence of the individual. We have the corruption of sale, and sale solicited with the meanness of a beggar, and urged with the keenness of a dun. If all this is disgusting in its simplest shape, we have the more disgust at its squalid shape, covered with the rags of an O'Connell conscience. The stranger gains his election, only to find himself exposed to a petition. Mr O'Connell's personal performance now comes on the stage. He has already received L.1000. He suddenly urges the payment of the second L.1000, with an eagerness which shows what had been his object from the beginning. His notes rise from meanness to impudence, and from impudence to menace. Raphael, aware of the peril in which his seat is placed, refuses the second L.1000. But the money is the sole point, it is demanded and re-demanded, until he at last gives it up, with such pangs as a man might feel on seeing the

pound of flesh cut from him. But he has still to learn another lesson. The petition is before the committee; there of course he is secure from further demands; he has Mr O'Connell's notes, promising, in the most distinct language, "to save him harmless from all charges, agents, carriages, counsel, *petition against the return*, and all and any of every other description." Before the week is out, he is informed, that if the petition is to be defended, it must be at his own cost! Not a sixpence will be advanced by the lofty legislator. Astonished and indignant, he charges him to the teeth with his own writing; he is received with a sneer; he turns from the trafficker with disgust, and makes his appeal to the common sense and common honesty of England.

We never remember any matter relating to an individual which called forth a stronger feeling of scorn throughout every part of the country. What were the worst cases of boroughmongering to the principles developed in this transaction? Who was to tell how many bargains of the same kind might not have been already made? How were the highest interests of the nation placed in jeopardy, if such arts had been practised to any extent; and who could tell how many of those uncouth, barbarian, anomalous visages which had obtruded themselves into public life since the fatal year 1829, owed their obtrusion to the sweeping traffic of this wholesale dealer?

Mr O'Connell was partially acquitted by the committee. But on what ground? That he had not eventually put the money into his own pocket. But what was this to sanction? Was it thenceforth to be lawful to take money for seats if the money was to be legitimately used afterwards? On the same principle, might not the highwayman justify his shooting the passenger and pilfering him? He had but to take the money home to his wife and children, whom every man, highwaymen included, is bound to support. Or might not a sovereign justify the severest tyranny against the subject, provided he turned his plunder to build palaces and churches, both essential to civil convenience? On this principle, the criminality of doing evil that good

may come, would be wholly extinguished, and the new code of morality, which, after all, is only the old code of Rome, as created by the Popes, reduced to system by the Jesuits of the continent, and perpetuated by the Papists of Ireland, would be the law of the land, and the corruptor of all to whom it was law. "The end sanctifies the means," is the true doctrine of the conclave. But what could prevent any political swindler from carrying on the largest scheme of chicane for his personal enrichment under the broad coverture of this guilty principle? What could prevent any political liar from lying to the largest extent of public robbery, if his own account of the distribution of his plunder were to be taken as an acquittal?

But the offence has still another and not less glaring excess above all the old complaints of the borough system. Allowing the widest sweep to the guilt of lordly influence, or actual sale, it could scarcely amount to more than that the individual peer sent into Parliament a member bound by his will; a Whig, if his patron were a Whig, a Tory, if his patron were a Tory. In the case of sale the purchaser was chiefly independent. It mattered but little to the seller on what side the purchaser voted. His single purpose must have been to obtain his money. Thus, even in the most corrupt condition of the borough system, and we by no means desire to conceal the slightest of its corruptions, the balance of parties in the House was scarcely affected. As many Whigs as Tories, or perhaps more (for the Whig interest was, with all its purity, the great borough-monger), thus entered Parliament. The way by sale was actually and notoriously the source of the chief independent voting. Opulent men got in who had no masters, who represented only their own large properties, who had little to desire from either Minister or Opposition, and who, thus acting as they pleased, constituted a most important and independent section of the legislature.

But what is the condition of things now? An individual uniting in his own person at once the reprobated principles of influence and

sale constitutes himself the head of a party, on the sole ground of being the parliamentary creator of his faction. Every man whom he brings in is from that moment in his chain—pledged to follow him without daring to dissent, without daring to open his lips but by command, without daring to have a thought but in total submission to the will of his master. The penalty is the inevitable loss of the seat. Parliament thus has never before seen so complete an union of party, so utter a deference to the will of an individual, so stern, fixed, and unremitting a pressure of all the powers of a body of men to the purposes of an individual. If the "forty" were an automaton they could not exercise more obedience or less volition. If, as they sit ranged behind their leader, they were so many figures of bronze, they could not be more mute, until the showman heaves the bellows that makes them all vocal together. If they were so many plaster busts in a perruquier's window, they could not more placidly yield to every new fashion of the chief artist's taste. If they were forty galley slaves they could not pull their heavy oar, or eat their horse beans, with more servile discipline in sight of the taskmaster who flogs and feeds them.

But, if by the twofold operation of the Romish Bill and the Reform Act, we have thrown this formidable capacity for mischief into the most obnoxious hands, how alarmingly is this fatal error deepened by the nature of that darker agency which moves even the master of the machine. What is now the confessed mover? The Papist priesthood of Ireland. And what are their denunciations? The utter and immediate ruin of Protestantism in Ireland, and its subsequent fall in England. Well may we lament the blindness which did not see the inevitable consequences of trusting to the faith of perjury on principle, of giving power to those who never used it but for tyranny, of degrading the religion of the Scriptures into a community with the religion of Rome, of desecrating Protestantism into the partner and the victim of the worship of stocks and stones.

The next remarkable event of the session was the suppression of the

Orange societies. This was another evidence of the dictation of Mr O'Connell.

The Orange societies of Ireland had been established about thirty years, by the mere necessity of self-defence. A system of nightly plunder and assassination had been organized by the Papists in the northern counties. The Protestant peasantry associated for self-protection. As they were chiefly descendants of Scotch and English settlers, and strongly attached to the memory of their great deliverer, William III., they speedily adopted the name of Orangemen. The sudden power of Popery, and the apparent desertion of Protestantism by the successive Cabinets prior to the time of Canning, compelled the higher orders of Irish Protestants to regard these societies as the only security against Popish ascendancy. Many noblemen and gentlemen joined them; and from a mere peasant association, Orangeism became an embodying of the chief personal rank and constitutional principle of Ireland. But Popery admits neither a superior nor a rival. The vigilance of the Orange Societies too keenly impeded its progress to be suffered to exist any longer. One of O'Connell's first antipathies was to the Orange principles; and one of his first pledges to party in Ireland was that they should be crushed. He found a compliant ministry and a ready instrument.—Mr Hume, than whom a more paltry slave of the lowest popularity does not tread the earth, memorable for ever by his infinite meanness in the Greek loan, and craving at once for mammon and Papist applause, offered himself as the tool on the occasion. By an act of violence, which proves, among a thousand instances, what the conduct of the most clamorous patriots would be if the country should ever be unhappy enough to see them its masters, the house of the Secretary to the Orange Club in London was entered, his papers were carried off, and out of this extraordinary proceeding was gathered the materials for the report of Mr Hume and his coadjutors. The report contained a mass of trivialities and follies worthy only of the collector; no possible impeachment of the loyalty, good sense, or

manly intentions of the Orange Clubs could be brought forward. The only plausible pleas were, that the meetings of the lodges were with closed doors—that they had secret signs of mutual recognition, and that lodges had, in some instances, been formed among the Protestant soldiery. The answer to these was obvious, and was fully given—that the lodges were merely meetings of individuals of known opinions, and no more private, and no more dangerous than the meetings of freemasons—that their signs arose out of the actual position of the Protestant peasantry in Ireland, who required them for their safety at the markets and fairs frequented by the Papists—and that the lodges in the army were few, those few unauthorized by the institution, and capable, at any time, of being closed by a word from the Horse-Guards. But faction had a higher game still. The Duke of Cumberland had long been obnoxious to all disturbers by his uncompromising loyalty. As the Grand Master of the Institution in England, he was to be stricken down; and an attack of the most violent yet ridiculous order was made on him, as the abettor of a design to subvert the succession to the throne. The prince instantly repelled the charge with the indignation it deserved. If it was insolently brought forward, it was shufflingly retracted, and the result of the attack was only to place the Duke of Cumberland in a higher rank of confidence with the country. A message from the throne decided the conduct of the Orange Lodges. The King having declared his desire that they should be dissolved, a final meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland was held in Dublin, at which the following resolution was adopted:—

“Resolved—That, in consequence of the recent vote of the House of Commons, and the reply of the Sovereign to an address from that body, expressing his Majesty's disapprobation of the continuance of the Orange Association, and his determination to take such measures as might appear to him to be advisable for its effectual discouragement: It seems to this Grand Lodge, that the end for which the Orange Association was originally

framed—namely, the promotion of the interests of the Protestant population in Ireland, will no longer be served by the further continuance of that institution; and that, in conformity with the expressed will of the Sovereign, the Orange Association, at the rising of this Grand Lodge, ought to be, and is hereby dissolved.”

Thus closed the Orange Association. It had acted an important part, and in better times it would have been remodelled and invigorated, not destroyed. But it will be fairly allowed, that its original system contained objections which tended to diminish its natural influence. Its exclusiveness, its secrecy, and the language of its forms, originally constructed by peasants, and surcharged with the Presbyterian phraseology of the north, indisposed a great number of sincere Protestants to be of its body. Its honesty was unquestionable—its vigour was as far from violence as its loyalty from slavery—and its firm resistance to Popery, and its faithful attachment to English connexion, placed it easily at the head of all the associations of Ireland. A wiser spirit in the Cabinet would have constructed upon its foundations a great moral fortress for the principles of the Constitution. But that spirit, acting only under the impulses of a still stronger and gloomier spirit, was made to destroy, not to renovate. A triumph was given to faction, and by it another layer was added to that Babylonish mound on which Popery hopes yet to build her throne in the centre of England.

Another striking instance of the all-engrossing power which the faction claims in Ireland followed. In one of the O'Connell harangues in 1835, that improver of the Protestant Church railed at the system of promotion to the rank of Bishops, and was extremely indignant that “two *Irishmen*, as Drs Sadlier and Sandes, should not have had mitres.” In other times the opinion of a notorious enemy has been seldom taken as the rule; but in these times Popery is the guide. In other times the praise of an ignorant, false, and crafty disturber would have made men suspicious of those on whom it was so zealously

lavished. But in these times the avowed champion of Protestant overthrow is regarded as a high authority alike in Church and State. Dr Sadlier had earned the Papist panegyric by being a member of that Irish Education Board, a mongrel and party contrivance which, consisting of Protestants selected for their Whig flexibility, and Papists selected for their Papist zeal, has been employed to supersede the Protestant system of national instruction. Dr Sandes was an Irish Whig. We have no desire to throw any personal stain on the character of either. They were both fellows of their College, and, of course, both of considerable acquisitions in learning, though, as scholars and theologians, they have undoubtedly still to substantiate their claim before the public. We owe no work of any kind to the pen of either. Their ultra-Whig politics and the Papist calculations that, as both have been found willing instruments in the lower ranks of the Church, they will be found active abettors of Popish objects in its highest position, were the known grounds of the O'Connell patronage. But what is a modern Whig but a spoiler and a slave? What is a Whig clergyman but a partisan of a tribe, who, in or out of power, alike have held up the Church to the utmost scorn of which their worthless faculties were capable? And, above all, what is an *Irish* Whig clergyman? He cannot escape the stigma branded on his party under any affectation of the remoteness of Church ruin. The reality is before his eyes. If the English Whig may vaguely plead the improbability of a Popish prelacy usurping the titles, rank, and office of the Church, the Irish Whig Churchman sees this daring usurpation taking place in the open day; the titles of his prelates seized in utter defiance of law, and in the habitual Popish disregard of the most solemn pledges. He sees a project of unequivocal spoil announced as an “appropriation,” by which one of the poorest churches on earth, already living on alms, is to be reduced to final pauperism. He sees another project, whose inevitable result would be to abolish Protestantism in 850 parishes, one-third of the Protestant livings in

Ireland, to be as inevitably followed by planting Popery in their room, publicly proclaimed. He sees Popery exulting in what it most wickedly pronounces the approaching downfall of heresy, the ostentatious consecration of Popish chapels and cathedrals. A train of no less than fourteen bishops, with all the pomp of Romish pageantry, with processions, and multitudes, with mitres and robes sent direct from Rome, with archbishops haranguing circles of worshipping priests, and thousands of prostrate peasantry in speeches equally contumacious, violent, and unscriptural. He sees the chief manager of this glaring spectacle boasting of his Roman melodrame, spreading his placards on every wall of the country, and blazoning the long list of his actors and exhibitions before the Protestant empire. Yet he is still a Whig. He sees his unhappy brethren forced to solicit the charity of strangers, to expose their personal privations to the general eye, and, by acts of the most unblushing rapine, subjected to the humiliation of begging their bread; the Lazarus sitting at the gate of the Popish Dives, and glad to feed on the crumbs which that selfish and haughty tyranny prohibits them to receive. And yet he is a Whig. He sees a conspiracy notoriously constructed for the ruin of the Protestant religion in Ireland, and by direct consequence in Europe; he cannot escape hearing every voice of its deliberations, he cannot shut up his belief to the nature of those bonds, those pledges in blood, that reckless sacrifice of human life, which seal the allegiance of rebellion to the Catlines of our day. If he sins, it is with all the opportunities that vigorous remonstrance, learned detection of artifice, and the most unanswerable appeals to the history of Papal influence in every land, can give him for returning to truth. No period of our scriptural literature has more amply and honourably abounded with manly efforts to guard all men against the delusions of Rome. If, with all those opportunities, he clings to party for its dole, what more miserable character can be coveted by the blindness and absurdity of a meagre ambition? Yet we shall not willingly charge

any clergyman with more than that selfishness of heart or shallowness of capacity which prompt so many to degradation. And perhaps this view of the case is the true one after all. If the Irish minister of the gospel is incapable of discovering the purposes of these men who now domineer over every department of the state, coercing alike the Cabinet, the Church, and the people, we must rather lament his weakness than blame his guilt, warn others against following his steps, and leave him to his degeneracy.

The story of the process by which Dr Sandes was placed on the bench is thus given in the papers: "The Papist bishop, Dr Murray, who figured so jesuitically in the well-known affair of Dens's Theology, by sanctioning the publication of that work until it was brought to light by the activity of the Protestant clergy, and then most unhesitatingly denying his sanction, rather inconsiderately, while the public feeling on the subject was still alive, thought proper to offer himself for admission into the Dublin Society, an institution for promoting Irish science and literature. The society is extensive, and contains men of all religions and political opinions. Dr Murray, bishop as he was, was instantly rejected. But the services of those who undertook to introduce the patron of Dens into the society were not to be forgotten. Dr Sandes was among the most prominent, if not the most prominent, of those few who bestirred themselves for the Popish bishop. The death of Dr Butson left a diocese vacant. Mr O'Connell's recommendation came into play. Lord Cloncurry, a peer whose early history is too well known for us to recapitulate, worthily suited as it is with his late public and abject reconciliation with O'Connell, was the fitting agent on this occasion. The result was the appointment of a Protestant bishop, on the memorable ground that he had canvassed for the admission of a Popish bishop into a society which refused to admit him. We now find this trebly fortunate individual, fortunate in the recommendation of Mr O'Connell, fortunate in the introduction of Lord Cloncurry, and fortunate in the favour of Lord Mulgrave, already anticipating higher

honours still by more active services. The new board of mixed Protestant and Papist education has been flattered with his public approval, even at his first visitation; and his Lordship, with a liberality which promises great things in future, has even gone to the extent of subscribing to it thirty pounds! Thus were even the radical claims of Dr Sadlier postponed. The canvass did the business.

Another instance of the O'Connell supremacy immediately followed. His return for Dublin had been petitioned against by Messrs Hamilton and West. After a struggle, transferred from London to Dublin, and from Dublin back again, protracted by all the arts of delay, and actually costing the petitioners upwards of L.20,000, they were declared duly elected, two hundred of the voters on the opposite side having been declared incompetent. But what can discomfit the great dealer? Mr O'Connell was thrown out Saturday the 13th of May, on the 16th he was returned for Kilkenny. Thus his parliamentary rejection was but three days old. And this was not all. The committee, from which every man who was not of it expected some strong declaration of its sense of the extraordinary resistance to the petition, actually pronounced that it was *not* "frivolous or vexatious!" More still was to come. Mr O'Connell, true to his customary calling, felt that he might fasten a begging apparatus even upon his defeat, got together a knot of his dependents, put Mr Joseph Hume at their head, and sent them on a new commission of mendicancy through the highways and byways of England.

It is painful to our sense of industry thrown away, to state that Joseph's financial mission dishonoured his faculties. The man who sold out of the Greek loan with such rapid prudence, who collected his interest upon that loan with such intelligent economy, and who grasped at his interest upon that interest with so praiseworthy a feeling of the fitness of getting all that was to be got in all ways, deserved a better fate than to come back to the open-mouthed mendicancy of the Irish Beggarman, with the startling news, that England would not be *begged*. The whole machinery of meetings,

addresses, supplications, and oburgations produced, after some months, but L.8000 on *paper*; of which probably not one-half ever will assume the shape of specie. Even though the radical Duke of Bedford subscribed L.100 of it, about the same sum which he subscribed for Hone, and which has so impoverished this luckless, though zealous old man, that he is absolutely unable to advance a shilling to the fund for building churches, the fund for the perishing and robbed Irish clergy, or any other ostensible fund for charity, the poor Duke's sympathies swell, and his purse-strings relax only for the O'Connells and Hones of this world. In short, the subscription failed so condignly, that it was closed a month since by advertisement, and "O'Connell's occupation in England is o'er." Why was not the mendicant able to extract from the opulence of England for once a sixth part of what he extracts from the pauperism of Ireland every year? The reason is, that in England he has nothing but the spontaneous bounty of Radicalism, with Joseph Hume and similar dullards for its collectors, while in Ireland he has the fierce partisanship of Popery, with three thousand of the bitterest priesthood of Rome to squeeze their farthings from the peasantry. The scheme has failed. To say that it has thrown shame on its speculators would be superfluous. Shame is their natural garment, and Daniel O'Connell without a begging-box would be as much out of reality as Joseph Hume without a scheme for gathering interest upon interest out of the first patriotic loan in which he dabbled for the honour of humanity!

A debate in the House of Commons on the 17th of this month, the very day of Mr O'Connell's election for Kilkenny, further illustrated the furious agency of the priesthood and the wretched misgovernment of the country. A Mr Wallace brought forward a radical motion against the conduct of the Protestant gentlemen of Carlow, in their resistance to the system of traffic pursued by the Papist wholesale dealers in elections. The charges were powerfully and totally repelled in a long detail by Colonel Bruen, a man of fortune and character, member for the county. Instances were given of the

most atrocious use of the priestly office, for the purpose of compelling the Roman Catholic peasantry to vote against their landlords. One of those ruffians howled from his altar, "I will visit the electors who vote for Bruen and Cavenagh with the mitigated penalties of *proscription* in this world, and *eternal damnation* in the next!"

In another case, one James Butler had promised to vote for Colonel Bruen. His priest hurried with a mob at his heels to him, and said, "*Mark this house. Grass shall grow at his door. He says he will vote against his country!*" The result was the ruin of this unfortunate man; he was a small tradesman, the curse stripped him of his trade, and he, with a family of eleven children, was exposed to starvation. Another priest made the following speech in the face of day, in the presence of the magistracy and gentlemen of the county, at the hustings.—"All who vote at this election, being Catholics, and who vote for Bruen and Cavenagh, we shall take our stand here daily, in *our capacity as priests*, and know the name of the man who shall vote *against us*. We will watch the recreant till he goes to his grave! Yes, upon the Catholic slave will we set our mark who will vote against God and his country."

Another priest, in his harangue, exclaimed in this language,—"*Any person who signifies his intention of voting for Cavenagh has ceased to be a member of his church, and is delivered over to Satan.* The people shall not drink, or sleep with them. Even their wives shall abandon the apostates who shall vote in the face of their God for Bruen and Cavenagh. And the *curse of the Almighty* shall fall upon them in this world, while, with the mark of Cain upon their brows, they shall go down to the grave for betraying their religion and their country." Thus are elections carried on in Ireland. Thus are men who vote in the exercise of their liberty driven out from every means of existence, cursed from the altar, libelled as traitors and apostates, and pointed out as already condemned for execution in a country where assassination is a regular trade, and where the priest is the regular absolver of the crime. If we are to be asked, how is it that

the Popish priesthood exercise such detestable mastery over the wills of the populace? nothing is clearer than the answer. The whole principle of Popery is slavery. It first enslaves the mind by representing a long list of foolish and presumptuous ceremonies as essential to salvation, and it next enslaves the body by putting those ceremonies wholly in the hands of the priest. The Papist who dies, without the rites of the Church, as they are termed, is in the most imminent hazard of being consigned to eternal punishment. The Papist who lives without confession and absolution, and dies without being anointed on his breast and forehead with holy oil, will never see heaven. The Papist who dies with both, and besides pays the priest for them, is *sure of heaven*, let his crimes be what they will. The Papist in whom conscience prompts any remaining fears on that subject, and who is willing to compound for a thousand or a million of years in purgatory, may purchase off that thousand or million at so much a-year or a-century, by paying beforehand for so many masses, cash having the power of acting as a holy lever to lift him up from the burning beds of the tortured. The true wonder is, that such absurdities can be believed by the human understanding; and the true horror, that such abominations can be trafficked in by men calling themselves responsible beings. But where they are believed, all wonder at their effects must be at an end. The peasant sees in his priest a man who claims the actual power of a Divinity on earth, who carries the keys that unlock the gates of heaven and hell; who can equally privilege him to go through any career of public atrocity, of vicious indulgence, or of personal revenge, with impunity at the last; or who can plunge him into those regions where all is despair. Are we, then, to be any longer surprised at the perpetual tumults of Ireland; at their continuance during 600 years; at their incurable inveteracy? or surprised at any thing, but the matchless folly of those legislators who can believe that Popery is ever to be reconciled with a Protestant Government; or that the blackest perjury, the bitterest outrage, the most envenomed

hatred of England, and the most sanguinary determination to endless revolt and revenge, should not be the standing moral of the Popish rulers of the unhappy mind of Ireland? But are we to be told that those dreadful doctrines of Rome have been abandoned in the superior light of later times? The Papist is indignant at the surmise, and says, haughtily, "the doctrines of Rome never change." The Protestant feels, by the sad experience of his fears and injuries in the midst of a bigoted population, that the doctrines of Rome never change. The priest daringly pronounces from his altar the same anathemas which rang from the altar of the Hildebrands; consigns the Protestant to ruin with the merciless rage of the oldest interdicts of his Church against the Reformation, and marks the reluctant door of his will for the grave, in language flaming with all the fury of the Inquisition.

"See here," says Colonel Bruen, with all the force of truth, "the evidence of the tyranny exercised by faction over Ireland. Has the field of *agitation*, which has borne so rich a harvest to the honourable and learned member, never been watered by the tear of *the orphan and the widow*? Has the well-ordered compact, first established in Carlow, to *defraud* the Protestant clergy of their lawful property, to dash the very *food from their lips*, to denounce them to a fanatic rabble, so that they are literally considered as sheep appointed to the slaughter; has that compact never been cemented by the *blood of parents and husbands*?"

In another passage of this manly speech, he asks, "How long will honourable gentlemen opposite,—*English gentlemen*—gentlemen of probity and honour, be deceived by the audacious fabrications circulated by the very people who are guilty? How long will this House permit those atrocities to be perpetrated in order that a paramount influence may be gained, *per fas et nefas*, which boldly steps forward in this House to beard King, Lords, and Commons, to trample under foot the laws of the country, to dismember the empire, and drag captive after its chariot-wheels the executive government of the country." * * *

"Let this commission," said Colonel Bruen, "or any other fair and unbiassed enquiry go forth; I tell the house, that when the aggregate of human misery inflicted by *selfish and sordid ambition* on my unhappy country is accurately summed up; when the actors in these tragedies, be they who they may, must answer it, I care not at what bar, the bar of this house, the bar of the country, or a more awful bar, where the cry of the widow and orphan can be no more made the pretence of subterfuge, or the fiction of party malevolence, I would rather take my stand among the landlords and gentlemen of the country who have nobly stood forward in defence of the rights and liberties, the lives and properties of their fellow countrymen, than endure the *load of guilt* that must then attach to the *disturbers and agitators* of their country."

The effect of this speech on the House was irresistible. It had the force of truth: the general voice was against the commission; the Ministry dared not oppose the feeling, and the motion was thrown out by 123 to 52.

In the debate in the House of Lords, of the 8th of June, on the petition of a Romish priest against the oppression of his archbishop, Lord Lyndhurst adverted to a gross instance of the spirit of Popery, an instance, too, taken not from the rude habits of the peasantry, but from the highest ranks of its ecclesiastics. In passing the Romish bill of 1829, it had been especially stipulated, as a protection to the Established church, that no Romish bishop should assume the title of any Protestant see. The condition was of obvious necessity, and it was fully accepted. Yet the Popish bishops in Ireland had no sooner obtained the bill, than they assumed the titles of the Protestant sees. Men who had hitherto derived their titles from nominal dioceses at the ends of the earth, bishops of Nova Zembla, Abyssinia, Monomatapa, or Madagascar, now dubbed themselves bishops of every existing see of Ireland, and even the whole Irish Church Establishment was partitioned among them without delay. To this violation of compact and law, Lord Lyndhurst called the attention of the House. "There was one point," said his

lordship, "which showed how little regard was paid to certain restrictions insisted on at the time of passing the act, which at the time was considered and received as a boon. By the 29th clause of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, it was provided, that no person should assume the title of archbishop of a province, or bishop of a diocese, who was not entitled to do so by the law of the land. *That was a point insisted on at the time.* Now, on looking over the correspondence connected with this petition, he saw the name of a Roman Catholic as archbishop of a Protestant diocese. It would thus appear, that these titles were assumed, though forbidden by act of Parliament."

Lord Melbourne attempted a feeble reply, that, as the Romish religion required bishops, they must have some kind of titles.

The Duke of Wellington, himself the framer of the bill, now rose; strongly observed on the usurpation; and charged this breach of the law on the weakness or negligence of the Ministry. "The law," said the duke, "had forbidden the adoption of those titles, and had succeeded in preventing the use of them in England; but had not succeeded in preventing the use of them in Ireland. The law, the execution of which rested in the hands of noble lords opposite, was thus not at present sufficient to prevent the use of those titles in Ireland. But, if they looked to other countries, they would find that those titles were abolished, and if they looked to this country, they would see, that though there were persons exercising those powers and authorities in the Romish church, yet that the law in this point had been obeyed. And in his opinion, the law ought to be, in like manner, obeyed in Ireland."

Lord Melbourne finally admitted, that the act forbade the assumption by Roman Catholics of the titles held by Protestant prelates, and accounted for his mistake by saying, "that he had supposed Lord Lyndhurst's objection applied to their calling themselves archbishops at all." The debate closed with the reception of the petition; but notwithstanding the Premier's conviction, no order on the subject has gone forth from his council, and the Popish bishops usurp the Protestant titles by their own authority still.

So far as the Popish clergy are personally concerned, the whole transaction is of the most extraordinary kind. To a man of honour or conscience a promise is as binding as an oath. They have promised, and, in the Duke of Wellington's words, promised readily and without remonstrance; they accepted the Relief Bill with all its conditions, and accepted it as a boon. This, too, is vouched openly before the world by the man who conducted the whole unhappy business; yet the Popish prelates have, without hesitation or palliation, broken the promise, and persist in breaking it. It is to be observed, as a further evidence, that they have thus broken it *only* in Ireland. If they felt that the assumption was capable of being defended by law or conscience, and was either a matter of concession or a matter of right, who can doubt that they would have asserted their claim here and assumed the titles of the English prelacy? If they call themselves archbishops of sees in Ireland, why not call themselves archbishops of Canterbury and York in England? But no, they felt that the law had a vigilance in England which slept in wretched Ireland; that in England their personal power was nothing, while in Ireland they had only to domineer at will over a populace enslaved by bigotry, and govern all else by faction. Thus they dared to usurp in Ireland what they have not even ventured to ask for in England. We have remarked on this proceeding, as an evidence of the designs of Popery, of its utter incapability of being bound by any compact, and of its palpable conspiracy to overthrow the Established Church in Ireland. Let Protestants beware.

The 27th of June witnessed one of the most memorable debates of the year, the much talked of collision of the Lords and Commons, in the discomfiture of the O'Connellite Irish Municipal Bill. Mr O'Connell, at the earlier periods of his career, had found his progress to supremacy grievously checked by the Protestant spirit of the Irish corporations. He vowed their ruin accordingly. Nine out of ten of those corporations had been formed for the express purpose of being bulwarks to the existence of Protestantism

against the treacheries and violences of the Romish superstitions of Ireland. They were the strongholds of English principles, constitutional as well as religious, and during two centuries of change and revolt, they had effected this essential duty. Of course their downfall was sworn. A bill was brought into the Commons, by which the whole Protestant spirit of those corporations must have been utterly extinguished, and their power transferred directly into the hands of Popery. The offices of the corporations were to be laid open to a rabble election in all the great towns where the majority of the populace were Papists; and in the peculiar case of those towns where the householders were chiefly Protestants, the election was to be thrown open to a district of half a dozen surrounding miles, with the inevitable result of swamping the Protestant voters by an inundation of the Popish peasantry. The bill was carried triumphantly through the Commons on the shoulders of the O'Connell forty. But, to the Lords, it seemed unaccountable why Englishmen should be called on to break the chief link between the two islands, and why Protestants should be expected to conspire against Protestantism. After long and deliberate discussions, the bill was returned to the Commons with amendments. It was met with furious declamation by O'Connell and his dependents, and the Lords were threatened with a trial of the strength of the two Houses, which was to end in the ruin of the delinquent Peerage. Notice of a motion for the "Reform" of the Lords was given. By this they were to be driven out from their House, deprived as a body of all legislative functions, and replaced by an assembly of 120, chosen from among the Peerage by popular election. This insolent menace was echoed round the country by all the trumpets of Radicalism, pronounced in rabble speeches, roared by revolutionary mobs, and exulted over in traitorous journals. Still the Lords stood firm, and declared their resolution to sustain the laws. The Commons sent back the bill with their refusal to receive the amendments. On the 27th of June it was moved, "That the House do agree

with the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, as returned amended by the Commons." To this motion, which would have carried the original O'Connell measure with all its follies on its head, Lord Lyndhurst replied in one of those temperate yet vigorous, and argumentative yet feeling speeches, which place him in the foremost ranks of modern debate. He proved, that in the amendments proposed by the Peers, the object had been not to destroy the work of the Commons, but to render it fit for national service. The original bill had embraced three points—the abolition of the old corporations; the formation of new; and the separation of the judicial from the municipal functions. To the first and third their lordships had agreed. Thus they had retained the major part of the original bill. To the second they had expressed their dissent; they had objected to the new incorporation of twelve towns, and to the compulsory application of the act 9th George IV. to twenty others. If he was prepared to give up the old corporations, on the ground that they were wholly Protestant, he was equally compelled to resist the formation of the new, on the ground that they would necessarily be *wholly Papist*. Their declared purpose was to reverse the whole system of English Government in Ireland, and to substitute a new power. He could not regard the proposed corporations but as so "many normal schools of *perpetual agitation*."

The Earl of Ripon followed in the same views, and exposed the formidable difference which must result from applying the principles of the English corporations to new establishments in a country in which the countless majority were peasantry, and those peasantry chiefly Papists. The Duke of Wellington strongly opposed the motion, as generating a new power inefficient for all purposes of good government, and resistless for all that were hostile to public security, "as having no direct occupation but to tax, and possessing that faculty without any limit whatever." The motion was finally rejected by 220 to 123, a majority of 97.

The rejection was followed by the appointment of a committee to pre-

sent "their Lordships' reasons" to the Commons. A "conference" was accordingly held. Lord John Russell, on returning to the Commons, stated, that as the reasons held out no prospect of agreement he should propose—What! proud vindication of the baffled supremacy of the Commons of England? What! decimation of the rebellious Lords? What! appeal to the King to set his signet upon their doors? What! manifestation of the irresistible wrath of the Whig-radical Treasury Bench, headed by his lordship in person, marshalling the indignant multitudes of outraged England? What! call for Lord Lyndhurst's head in a charger, to complete the festivity of the banquet where his little lordship expanded all his charms, and danced before the grim voluptuousness of the King of the Beggars?—His lordship, smaller than ever, humbly moved, "that the reasons should be taken into consideration *that day three months!*" So much for the crush of the Lords; so much for the O'Connell proscription; so much for the boasted collision! All vanished in smoke. The smoke obfuscated the frightened Ministry to the end of the session, and the little Lord and his little Cabinet were glad to hurry over the rest of their task, escape from the frowns of their ferocious task-masters, and run into the country for fresh air.

On the 1st of August the Registration Bill, and on the 4th, the Marriage Bill, passed the Lords,—the only measures of innovation in which we cannot discover the O'Connell hand from the beginning of the session. Of the Marriage Bill it is enough to say that it directly and premeditatedly recognises the monstrous idea that *marriage is merely a civil contract*. In other words, that it is merely a compact made by human law for a man to live with a woman just so long as that law may command, and not an hour longer. But that law itself being, of course, liable to be changed by a vote of the legislature as it now stands, or by a vote of the House of Commons, if it should become supreme; or by the voice of Mr O'Connell, if he should proceed to become its master; the obligations of wife and husband may be as fluctuating as the price of corn or coffee, and may be wholly abo-

lished at the pleasure of the legislature within any six months to come. The declaration of the scriptures is, that marriage duly solemnized according to the forms of the state is *divine*; and as such, permanent during life. The Marriage Bill allows it to be regarded as simply civil. The Scripture says, "*What God hath joined, let not man put asunder*;"—the Marriage Bill sanctions no firmer junction than the existence of the law from session to session. The Bishop of Exeter attempted to recal the Legislature to a sense of the true nature of the bond, by making the marriage declaration in the following words:—"*In the presence of Almighty God, and these witnesses, I, A, do take thee, B, to be my wedded wife, to live together according to God's holy ordinance; and I do here, in the presence of God, solemnly promise before these witnesses, to be to thee a loving and faithful husband during life.*"

Nothing could seem less objectionable than this language. It touched upon no controverted doctrine—it involved no acknowledgment which every man acknowledging God might not be supposed willing to make—it made no distinction between Churchman and Dissenter; yet the Lord Chancellor and Lord Melbourne repelled this declaration as "hostile to the whole object of the Bill." And now, instead of the old, honest, and scriptural declaration of love and fidelity,—"I, M, take thee, N, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish *till death us do part*, according to *God's holy ordinance*; and thereto I plight thee my troth," we have the curt, narrow, meaningless sentence,—"*I call upon these persons here present, to witness that I, A B, do take thee, C D, to be my lawful wedded wife, (or husband).*"

It would be gratuitous to expose the details of a bill which thus offends principle. The whole machinery is at once useless and ponderous beyond all precedent; its expense to the public excessive; and its operation, almost by necessity, tending to increase clandestine marriages, and lower the general

respect for marriage among the people. Its professed object was to please the Dissenters. If the Dissenters are to be pleased only by *abolishing the name of God*, in a rite which he has pronounced to be under his peculiar safeguard, we must learn to think more contemptuously of their Christian professions even than we have ever done before.

The original state of the Bill altered the whole form of marriage; but its passage through the Lords disarmed it of such parts of its evil as resulted from directly interfering with the solemnities of the Established Church. The Churchman *may* still marry according to the pure ritual of his forefathers; but the enlightened generation who despise that ritual, may now marry in any cabin, and be married by any cobbler they please, provided that cabin have had "a congregation for a year before," let that congregation be what it will. The first practical results has been a prodigious run on the Treasury for appointments to the multitudinous offices of registrars, sub-registrars, clerks, &c. &c., amounting to hundreds, or probably thousands.

The session now approached its close. The Cabinet, defeated in every attempt to resist the manly determination of the Lords, gave way to bitterness; and Lord Melbourne, on the occasion of the English Municipal Amendments Bill, made a sweeping attack on the Opposition Peers, as treating the Commons with injury and insult. This diatribe gave rise to a vindictory motion by Lord Lyndhurst, for "A Return of the Public Bills amended, passed, or withdrawn during the session." And on the 18th of August, this motion gave rise to a speech by the noble mover, "whereof all England rings from side to side."

As this speech is in every one's hands, it would be superfluous on our part to recapitulate its forcible, acute, and eloquent exposure of the O'Connell Ministry. "Gazing on those two pictures—(of the Premier at the beginning and the end of the session)—one is tempted," said Lord Lyndhurst, "to apply to the noble Viscount what had been said of one of his predecessors in the office of First Minister, who, in the

careless confidence of his character, I cannot help thinking, bore some resemblance to his noble successor—

'His promises were, as he then was, mighty;—
His performances, as he now is—nothing!'

Yet we cannot resist quoting the following sketch of the Cabinet of 1836:—"And this, my lords, is a Government! Was there ever, in the history of the country, a body of men who would have stooped so low, as to attempt to carry on the Government under such circumstances? In this House they are utterly powerless. They can effect nothing—(hear, hear). We, on this side of the House, are obliged to perform the duties of Government for them—(hear). In the other House of Parliament, measures which they themselves have advised, and proposed, and brought forward, involving, as they tell us, the most important interests of the country, they, without scruple, tamely abandon at the dictation of any section of their supporters—(hear). Yet, thus disgraced and trampled upon, they still condescend to hold the reins of Government. Proud men! eminent statesmen! distinguished and high-minded rulers! But is this description of their domestic policy counterbalanced by the splendour of their foreign administration? Is the gloomy and wretched state of one side of Downing Street relieved by the brilliant glories of the other? They have compromised the honour of their Sovereign, and tarnished the character of their country. And yet the noble Viscount stands erect and confident amid those accumulated disasters and disgraces, and, reversing the rule of the poet, is lofty and swelling in his tone and language in proportion to the abject and fallen state of his fortunes and the reeling and staggering condition of his Government. In former times, amid such defeats, and unable to carry those measures which he considered essential, a Minister would have thought, that he had only one course to pursue. But these are antiquated notions—every thing has changed!"

On the 20th of August the King put an end to the session. In reviewing the proceedings of those seven months of British Legislation it is impossible to avoid the evidence, that the O'Connell faction have been masters of the Cabinet. Ireland, the Irish Church, the Irish corporations, were perpetually before the House of Commons; all was Irish business, in the shape of bills, originated, urged, and shaped by the faction. Mr O'Connell's defence, in the purchase of Raphael's seat, was adopted as the especial business of the Ministry. Mr O'Connell's election for Dublin, and the progress of that wily business before the moveable committees of London and Dublin, were the especial anxiety of the Cabinet. O'Connell's offer of a baronetcy to Raphael, to heal the wounds of his purse by the unction to his pride, showed how far the demagogue thought himself entitled to dispose of the Ministry. The declarations of his tavern dinners, in the ardour of his soul, opened by the libations of the hour, that "*He would keep in the Whigs, and keep out the Tories,*" showed the nature of their existence. His interposition to save them, when their fate hung in the balance between the hands of Hume, on the Irish Church bills, shows alike his sense of their trembling dependence on himself, and the notorious acknowledgment of that dependence, by Radicalism and Dissent of every hue. If all this be wholly unquestionable, we ask, what should be the conduct of Protestants and lovers of the constitution? What, but the most instant, strenuous, and principled combination of all their strength, on all occasions, to restore the House of Commons to its original representation of the people. The elections are the true places for their efforts. Let them return the honest, manly, and Conservative gentlemen of England. Money, labour, talents, the most indefatigable diligence, are not too much for this task; nor will the reward of success be inferior to the purchase. Let them beware too of suffering their deserved contempt for an imbecile Cabinet to relax their efforts. While those men remain in authority, all is unsafe. Every week of every session

will bring forth some hazard, that makes the future more perilous. The bolder efforts of overthrow may not yet be within their power; perhaps not yet even within their wills. But how can they resist? They have a desperate trial to undergo, when it shall please their ruthless and sanguinary master to urge them beyond their own temporizing. Without innate strength to sustain their power; without innate principle to carry it on by the constitution; and without innate dignity to lay it down, when they find it only makes them the more slaves, they have a love of place which, of all the meannesses of public minds, is the most pregnant with hazards to a country.—England is no more immortal than the hundred dynasties that have expired under the vices of meagre avarice and low ambition. The breasts of weak governors are more fertile of death than all the swords of invasion. But what can be more perilous than the condition of a state, in which a furious faction, alien in religion, in blood, in memories, and sworn to wage eternal war against its noblest institutions, essays the daring adventure of commanding that Government to do its bidding under penalty of extinction? Who that sees the "forty" nightly ranged opposite the Treasury bench, can doubt on which side sit the masters and on which the slaves? With a turn of its finger the faction could send the Ministry into the streets, three-fourths of them to beg their bread. We again say, what sense of alarm could exaggerate the reality, if O'Connell were to pursue his career, unrestrained as it is, for a few sessions more? He has already covered Ireland with his patronage, like a pestilence. Not a constable can be made there against his *command*. But how long will he be content with blackening the constitutional atmosphere *there*, and loading the soil with contagion? Is not England a fair field for his ravage? And is it such a Cabinet as the present that would dare to assume the prophet, and stand between the dead and the living, that the plague might be stayed?

Again and again we call upon the nation to look round it, and look *above*. All the great kingdoms of continental Popery are heaving with

an unnatural convulsion, a new birth of factious freedom, engendering in the fevered brain of crowned superstition sceptred on its throne. What horrid pangs are yet to announce that Satanic progeny, what terrors and tribulations are to seize upon the living empires, as they see the triple-crowned head

“Flames thick and fast
Forth throwing, till its frontal bursting
wide,
Likest the fiend, in shape and countenance
fierce,
Springs forth the goddess armed!”

These may be beyond our knowledge, but they will not be long beyond our experience. If England is to be saved from this vast convulsion—if she is not to be even the first sufferer and the most condign sacrifice, she has not an hour to lose in preparing to resist the evil hour. What is her condition at this moment? Her Ministers are at the mercy of a faction which burns for uncontrollable power. The House of Commons, the most vigorous, ambitious, and inflammable branch of her legislature, is at their mercy. What have we for the defence of Protestantism, property, and the constitution? What! The House of Lords! Well and manfully have they done their duty in this session. But what more than madness is it for Englishmen to rely on any thing but themselves for their own safety; themselves and that eternal and saving Providence which keeps watch over the strenuous, the true-hearted, and the *watchful*, but leaves the selfish and the sluggard to perish by their own neglect. The House of Lords are but men. They may have their hour of weakness like other men. A storm of obloquy has been already raised against them. They are, at this moment, threatened with the whole fury of the repulsed faction. The itinerancy of rebellion is even

now haranguing throughout the land. Every weapon of sedition is gathering from the old armoury of treason, and furbishing up for the reckless use of Radicalism. The Lords may fail. They failed in 1829, after a resistance of a hundred and fifty years. And by that single failure they let in a tide of bitterness which threatens, at this hour, to turn into a tide of blood. Let them shrink for but an hour in the coming session, and there are measures enough actually on the order-books of the House of Commons, any one of which would instantly establish a revolution. How then are we to secure the House of Lords? By giving that noble bulwark the buttress of the people. By sending to Parliament men who will spurn the Irish faction under its feet, until, in God's mercy, we shall be able to send the criminal “to the place whence it came;” leave it to the justice of the laws, and recover from the disgust and hazard of its presence. “Have we not hands, and can we not use swords in them?” is the language of one of those nameless but most insolent dictators, on his return to the presence of his dictators, the mob of Dublin. “Have we not rights, and have we not hearts to defend them?” is the language of England to her sons. And now or never is the time. A NEW ELECTION MAY COME ON THE COUNTRY LIKE A THUNDERCLAP. Let every man be prepared. Twelve months more, and we may have lost the language of liberty. The constitution may be the ballot, universal suffrage, and annual Parliaments; the state a heap of civil ruin, the religion a mass, a wafer, and a cardinal; the Englishman a serf, a soldier sadly girding himself for civil war; or a chained wretch sending up his last breath at the stake, in the midst of exulting monks and the familiars of the Inquisition.

ADVENTURES IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE DEMON OF THE MIST.

What ! can the devil speak true ?

Macbeth.

LATE in the summer of the year 17—, the —th regiment of light infantry received orders to march from Dublin to a city in the north of Ireland, which was to be their headquarters for the ensuing year. The day after their arrival, the officers were assembled to learn what stations they were to occupy with detached parties in different districts of the country. It was rather an anxious moment—each individual anticipating with horror the chance of being doomed to pass the winter in the comfortless barrack of some Irish village, with no better substitute for the brilliant balls and crowded soirées of the gay metropolis they had just quitted, than the Sunday dinner and quiet glass of whisky-punch with the worthy rector, or the homely tea-table and countryfied gossip of his “womankind.” Such were the fearful visions which floated through the imaginations of our fashionable lieutenants and ensigns whilst their lot was yet undecided. At length the decrees of fate were pronounced, and amongst others the following:—

“Lieut. Howard and twenty-five men to be quartered in —, at the foot of Craig-na-shioux mountain.”

We will not dwell upon the various exclamations of disappointment, annoyance, or exultation, which burst from the lips of the young men, as one by one they went off to prepare for immediate removal to their new quarters. As Lieut. Howard was leaving the room, he was thus accosted by a brother officer:—“Well, Howard ! how do you feel ? I can fancy myself already a prey to a whole legion of the devils. I am banished to a back settlement, where half my time will have to be spent in studying how to pronounce its name—and pray where are you to go ?”

“To Craig-na-shioux.”

“Craig-na-what ? Why, you pronounce it as glibly as if you had al-

ready been living on potatoes there for a month ? Unluckily, my schoolmaster never taught me to speak Irish, and I suppose I am too old to learn now—and they say these wild people will murder you if they think you are making game of their outlandish lingo.”

“Well ! there is nothing for it but to make the best of things ; and at any rate, it is to be hoped we shall not be kept more than three months at a time in these out-of-the-way places.”

“Three months ! and may not a man die of ennui in three months ? to say nothing of the chance of his being knocked on the head in the mean time because he speaks English !—but seriously, my good fellow, I hope you mean to carry pistols always about you, for I have heard stories of the ferocity of these people that would make your hair stand on end. They consider it a meritorious deed to stick an English Protestant, and for aught I know, to scalp him afterwards.”

“Why, as to the scalping, Nugent, I think that somewhat doubtful ; and I mean to be so civil to them, that they will never find it in their hearts to cut my throat. But it is high time to be off, so, good by ! and let us see which will get on best with these wild Irish.”

The village where Howard now found it his interest to domesticate himself possessed but few attractions in the way of society or amusement. The old rector was courteous and kind, but he lived in “single blessedness ;” and though the English officer was a not unfrequent guest at his Sunday table, there was too little sympathy in their characters and pursuits for this intercourse to warm into any thing beyond ordinary acquaintance. The agent to the estate of the chief proprietor, a noble absentee, was one of those little great

men who shine only from the borrowed lustre of their employers, and whose mental vision takes in nothing further in the circle of this planet than his lordship, his lordship's agent, his lordship's friends and tenants. The first day that Howard dined at this gentleman's house he had to undergo a close investigation as to his acquaintance with "his lordship's" family, possessions, political influence, and so forth; and being unluckily not quite so much *au fait* upon these points as was expected, he found himself, to his great amusement, treated thereafter with undisguised contempt by his host and hostess and the few guests who had been collected to meet him.

It will readily be supposed that there was but little attraction in such a circle of acquaintance for a young man of intelligence, good sense, and good-breeding. No wonder, then, if Howard sought that interest in the natural beauties and wild scenery of the neighbourhood which he failed to find within the narrow limits of its society. With his dog and gun he would wander for whole days amongst the glens and mountain-passes of this Alpine region; he would scramble up the precipitous sides of Benbradagh, to obtain a view of the sea from its lofty summit; or, gaining with difficulty the pinnacle of Cairntogher, would scare the fell hawk from his eyrie amongst the crags, or perhaps bring him to the ground whilst in the very act of pouncing on his prey. At other times, he would fall into a long reverie amidst the unbroken stillness of these rocky solitudes, or indulge in an involuntary smile at the singular outline of that long-backed ridge of mountain, to which honest Pat has given the quaint appellation of *Muckish*, or *Piggy*. The ascent of Craig-na-shioux itself he destined for the last of his achievements, and, hitherto deterred by the threatening aspect of its clouded brow, the hope of finer weather induced him to delay this expedition from day to day.

At the time which this narrative treats of, the frauds practised upon Government, in the shape of illicit distillation, existed in Ireland to an almost incredible extent; and though

carried on to the very height of audacity, no effectual measures had as yet been taken to check the increase of the evil. The Revenue Police, which has since been the means of reducing this contraband traffic to the precarious and desperate calling it now proves to its followers, had not then been organized; and it was consequently the disagreeable duty of the military to protect the gauger in his efforts to discover and apprehend such offenders.

This duty, so repugnant to the feelings of a British officer, Howard had hitherto been fortunately exempted from; but one day he received a notification from the gauger of the discovery of a private still within a few miles of his quarters, and a consequent requisition for his assistance in destroying this nuisance, and delivering the guilty parties over to justice.

With a bent brow and a chafed spirit, Howard set forth the following morning at the head of his party, in the direction indicated by the gauger's informant. When arrived at the miserable hovel pointed out as the spot where the illicit manufacture was carried on, he looked around him with mingled feelings of disgust and pity. Situated on the bleak north-eastern side of a barren mountain, which, from its summit down to the valley beneath, presented nothing but alternate ridges of crags, heath, loose stones, and black patches of burnt gorse, the cabin was only accessible by a kind of sheep-track, winding perilously around and across the jutting fragments of rock. It was constructed of merely a few sode, piled one upon another; the thatched roof, so full of holes that the wind had free passage through the whole wretched fabric, was propped up by a few rickety pine trunks; and as for chimney, any one of the aforesaid holes in the roof might lay claim to the title, as the blue smoke found equal egress through all of them. A small patch of ground had once been enclosed round the hut, but seemed to be cropped with stones rather than potatoes; whilst a broken down cart, a half-famished pig, screaming out for his breakfast,

with a group of squalid bare-legged children joining in the chorus, completed the desolate picture; unless, indeed, we add those never-failing accompaniments to an Irish cabin, the accumulations of all that is horrible, which yawn, like Scylla and Charybdis, ready to engulf the unwary stranger on each side of the wretched threshold. The interior of the hut was divided by a partition, composed, like the outer walls, of piled turf, but reaching only about five feet from the ground. The furniture of the first room consisted of a wheel-barrow, turned upside down in a corner, to form a pig-sty; two or three clumsy wooden stools; a substitute for a table, made out of the bottom of an old cart, and a kettle; the hearth was a broad slate stone, with another placed upright at the back. In the inner compartment, which was almost dark, might be dimly descried a miscellaneous heap of rags and old clothes in each corner, from one of which lairs proceeded the hoarse asthmatic cough of a poor superannuated invalid, apparently doomed to pass the remainder of his days in this den of darkness and misery, every object in which was begrimed by the ever-brooding cloud of turf smoke, dense enough to suffocate any but a native. Besides the children and the sick man within, the only visible inmate of the cabin was an old woman, who sat, like a witch over her cauldron, moodily smoking her pipe at the fire, intent upon the boiling of a pan of potatoes. The old hag did not rise from her seat at the entrance of Howard and the soldiers, and but for an increased action of vehement puffing at her short black pipe, she might have been supposed both blind and deaf; but when the Irish countryman who had acted as informer and guide slipped in at last behind the soldiers, her indifference, real or assumed, suddenly forsook her, and uttering a bitter imprecation, she rose, with a countenance of fury, and dashed her pipe to atoms on the hearth. "In the name of the holy Mother of God," exclaimed she, turning to Howard, "what want ye frae the lone widow in her desolate cabin?—and you, ye black-faced villain, Daniel MacTaggart, remind-

ber the fate of ye'r father, an' tell me who silenced the tongue that spoke against his own people?" The informer did not answer a word, but looked full at the old woman with a scowl of deadly hatred. She soon sank down, as if exhausted, and with her eye still steadfastly fixed upon MacTaggart, she continued—"But tak ye'r wull, gentlemen, tak ye'r wull, an' sarch the house through an' through, for the God that's above knows there's little in it but this last male for the children." So saying, she relapsed into gloomy silence, and seemed to regard with perfect apathy the preparations for a rigorous search immediately commenced by the soldiers. They ransacked every corner of the dilapidated dwelling; overturned, or rather restored to its natural position, the misplaced wheelbarrow; drove out the reluctant sow and her noisy litter; searched the straw, the rags, the bed of the invalid, and sounded the turf stack, and the dunghill, but all in vain.

"Well sir!" said Howard, turning to the informer, who, with his slouched hat half concealing his sinister countenance, was leaning very composedly against the wall with his arms folded—"A pretty dance you have led us for nothing, after all your boastings of the certainty of making a seizure in this very cabin!" A sort of savage smile passed over the man's face as he slowly raised his finger and pointed. Howard's eyes followed in the direction indicated, and rested on the hearth-stone. There sat the old hag, whose eyes, still riveted with an expression of indescribable malignity on the informer, sparkled with such a fiendish glow in that uncertain light, that Howard felt his flesh creep, and almost involuntarily averted his gaze; but he looked again, and discovered the meaning of the sign. The old woman had risen with a strange alacrity, and swept away the burning turf; and in the centre of the hearth-stone a small orifice was now visible, with a piece of iron bent into it like a handle. MacTaggart coolly walked up to the stone, and slowly lifting it, with the assistance of the poker thrust through the handle, he pointed,

without a word, to a rude ladder descending into a dark vault below. Howard looked down, it must be confessed, with something of a shudder, into the gloomy abyss, but quickly rallying, he called, in a cheerful voice to his men,—“Come, my lads, we shall have some work here yet I see. Now show me how cleverly you’ll ferret out the fox.” Then with one foot on the ladder to lead the way, he turned to MacTaggart—“You, my good fellow,” said he, “will have the goodness to come down after us, and stay at the foot of the ladder to watch this opening.” The informer hesitated, and looked as if he would fain have shrunk back, but seeing Howard’s eye begin to flash with suspicion and anger, he at length with a desperate effort screwed up his courage, and prepared to follow the men. Most of the soldiers had reached the bottom, and were groping about, by the aid of the glimmering light from above. The last man was half way down, and MacTaggart a little above him, when suddenly was heard a fall, a crash,—all became immersed in darkness, and the soldier, violently struck by some heavy body from above, was precipitated to the ground down eight or nine steps of the ladder. He was stunned for an instant, but soon recovered himself, and a breathless “what was that?” was ejaculated by the alarmed party, now involved in utter obscurity. A dreadful groan and gasp of agony arose as if from the earth, and the stoutest heart amongst them was thrilled at the sound. A moment afterwards, the trap-door above was again lifted, and on turning their eyes towards the re-appearing light, they beheld the haggard face and dishevelled grey locks of the hideous old woman, her fierce eyes glaring down upon them with an unearthly expression, whilst a wild grin of fiendish exultation lighted up her withered features. They remained for an instant transfixed and bewildered, when Howard suddenly called out, with a voice of horror, “Oh! God! secure her, she has murdered the guide!” Such was indeed the case—stretched at their feet lay the unfortunate wretch’s body, bleeding profusely from an

enormous fracture in the skull. The heavy stone from the back of the fireplace, had been dropped upon his head as he was in the act of descending. All efforts to restore him were unavailing—it was his death-groan that had pierced their ears a few moments before. Howard now rushed up with some of the men, and secured the old woman, who offered no resistance, but tossed her arms in the air with fearful laughter, or pointed down into the pit, uttering loud exclamations of diabolical triumph—her whole demeanour proving her to be a maniac. “Ha! ha!” cried she, “are you the man that was to see me and mine rotting in a gaol? Ye’ve seen ye’r last sight noo, I doubt! but I warn-ed ye long ago that a black heart would win a bloody head, and there ye lie to prove it, ye mean rascal informer that ye were! Get up, noo, and gae and tell the magistrates that Geordie’s still has been foond in the mountain, and ye’ll get ye a share of the profit may be—ha! ha!” They secured her firmly with cords, and leaving a guard at the top of the ladder, with orders to fire and sound the alarm, should any one attempt a rescue from without, Howard redescended into the vault, and proceeded to explore its mysterious recesses, leading the way through a low winding passage, lighted only by some chinks in the rock, its roof and walls expanding by degrees, and at length terminating in a spacious cavern.

At sight of this place Howard perceived at once that he had made a very valuable discovery. The whole space was filled with distilling apparatus on an unusually extensive scale, and numerous kegs of the prepared spirit were lying about; but what seemed remarkably strange, was, that although the still was actually in full operation at the moment, not a trace of any human being was discoverable! This was the more unaccountable, as Howard knew that the process of distillation requires incessant and careful watching. The most rigid search through the cave terminated, however, with no further success than finding a man’s hat of rather a peculiar shape under one

of the rude benches. On examining it, Howard was startled to perceive that it had evidently been the regimental cap of a soldier, uncouthly altered and battered into a hat. He could even distinguish, half effaced upon a button, the number of the regiment which had preceded his own in this part of the country; and this circumstance seemed but too confirmatory of certain rumours he had heard, of some of the privates of that corps having more than once been missing, after their mountain expeditions. Keeping his thoughts, however, to himself, he merely placed the cap aside on an empty cask in a dark corner, intending to inspect it more narrowly by day light; and having noticed a piece of paper sticking out of the lining, he thought it not impossible some clue might be afforded by it towards discovering the fate of its former possessor. In pursuance of his orders, the men proceeded to break up the whole apparatus, preparatory to its removal, and when they were ready to carry off their booty, Howard returned to the corner for the cap, when, marvellous to say, it had disappeared. Every man of the party was separately interrogated—not one had seen it since it was in Howard's hands. Every nook and cranny was again searched, but no cap could be found. The men, ready as they were to brave open danger, were evidently affected strangely by this mysterious circumstance; and Howard himself emerged from this den of horror, completely bewildered by the occurrences of the day—the dreadful deed he had witnessed, and the extraordinary disappearance of the cap, which he could not by any imaginable means account for. The party returned to their quarters in safety with their subterraneous spoil, the dead body of the unfortunate guide, and their wretched old prisoner, whose incoherent ravings threw no light upon her associates, and whom they were obliged to transfer from a prison to a madhouse. The sick man and the children had escaped unnoticed, probably at the moment of their first descent into the vault—and all attempts at further discoveries proved for the time unavailing.

About a month after Howard's adventure at the still, a beautiful autumnal morning found him, with his gun on his shoulders, half-way up the steep side of Craig-na-shioux. He stepped forth firmly and boldly; but his eyes were cast to the ground as if in deep thought, and his brows contracted, as though the subject of his meditations were any thing but pleasant or amusing. He would now and then raise his eyes with a keen searching glance to the summit above and rocks around him; and then handling his gun-stock with a tighter grasp, resume his toilsome ascent with increased vigour.

Now, reader, cast your eyes a little lower down the mountain, and you will perceive, just at the mouth of the ravine from which Howard emerged a few minutes ago, the figure of a tall old man, leaning on his staff beneath a jutting rock, watching the progress of the young officer with apparent interest, and a sorrowful expression in his looks. Now you may hear him muttering to himself in a suppressed voice, "Well, well, e'en let him gang! A wilfu' man maun hae his way, and am not I an auld fule that would be hindering a red-coat from getting his deserts; and yet he was kind to puir auld Allie in her daftness, and I'll no be lettin him dee that way neither. So I'll e'en gang and warn his party to look til him." With this resolve, the old man suddenly raises himself from his drooping posture, and turning his back to the ascent, strikes down the ravine with an activity beyond his years, and soon becomes lost to the view.

Howard, meanwhile, during his long and wearisome ascent, was perplexed by strange thoughts and unwelcome presentiments. "How extraordinary," thought he, "an old man, whom, as far as I can recollect, I never saw before, to come and exhort me so pertinaciously to give up my day's shooting, and when nothing else would do, to swear that he had seen my *fetch*—that I stood before him last night in my winding-sheet! In spite of myself, there is something in this that haunts and oppresses me. And yet what a fool I am to bestow a second thought on such nonsense. By Jove! all the old croakers in Ireland sha'n't stop

my day's sport. And there goes a pack of grouse, I declare.—Now for it." And setting off with joyous alacrity in pursuit of his game, he speedily forgot the ominous bodings which had for a brief space over-loaded his buoyant spirit.

The sun shone cheerily, and the bracing mountain air infused an unwonted vigour and elasticity into his whole frame. Heedless of time or distance, he bounded many a mile over the heather, till, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he found himself, with a well filled game-bag, on a sort of table-land at the top of the mountain, stretching out on all sides without any apparent limits. The sun had at this moment become obscured by an ominous black cloud, and a veil of mist seemed thickening in the distance; but these portentous signs were utterly lost upon our young mountaineer, in whom a keen sense of hunger was then the paramount impulse. He sat down, drew out his provisions and flask, and applied himself to the enjoyment of them with that determined relish, which perhaps none but the thoroughbred sportsman can fully understand. Sandwich after sandwich disappeared, each accompanied by a corresponding draught of genial "half and half," and he never thought of looking up till both flask and tin-case were fairly emptied. When at length he did so, he perceived, with some dismay, that the sky was far more threatening, and the mist much denser than before; and as the heath spread around him in one vast, unbroken surface, with nothing to serve as a landmark, he had not the least idea from which direction he had reached his present position. He saw at once that there was no time to be lost, and starting up, began to stride rapidly across the moor in the direction which he instinctively took to be the right one. But the heath seemed interminable, and at every step he seemed to be more thickly enveloped in the mist. Still he wandered on, consoling himself with the hope that whichever way he took, he must surely at length come to some road or track which would lead to a human habitation. Unhappily, and to him unaccountably, no such track appeared. Alas! he little knew the desert soli-

tude of a range of high hill-tops in Ireland! By this time the fog had acquired such a fearful and bewildering density, that, to use a common expression, "he could scarcely see his own hand;" the thick damp air became oppressive to the lungs, and impeded his respiration, and his clothes were wet as if with rain. Though almost overcome with fatigue, annoyance, and perplexity, he still bent his steps "faint and wearily" forward, when suddenly his foot struck against something hard;—another step, and he felt he was no longer treading on springy heath, but on solid rock. At the same moment a strange unaccountable shudder thrilled through his frame, and he stopped, he knew not why. Then he became aware of a rush and flapping motion in the air close above him, as if some huge body were whirling rapidly about his head:—his blood became chilled, and he involuntarily closed his eyes for a moment;—then opening them again, endeavoured, but in vain, to pierce, with straining vision, through the "palpable obscure" which enveloped him as with a shroud.

"This will never do," thought he, and he was about to advance another step, when a sudden gust of wind, rushing through some unseen fissure, transfixed him with the sharpness of a knife, and cleft asunder the rolling masses of fog. At the same instant, a horrible scream ran through the air above him, and turning upwards his bewildered glance, he beheld, magnified to a supernatural size in the vapoury atmosphere, the form of an immense black eagle, wheeling round his head with outstretched pinions, like an evil genius, or the "Demon of the Mist," uttering fierce cries of awful bodement. He hastily averted his eyes, but on looking downwards, what was his horror to find himself standing on the very brink of the tremendous Craig-na-shioux precipice; one single step further must have been his last! Some hundred feet of the perpendicular wall were open to his view—the rest of the fearful chasm was shrouded in the unfathomable mist. He stood for a moment paralyzed—his brain grew dizzy, and he felt as if about to lose his footing—but collecting, with a last effort, his fast

ebbing strength, he flung himself backwards, and fell at full length on the heath. The fragment he had been standing on, loosened by the impulse, dashed headlong down the gulf with a fearful crash; the stunning sound rang confusedly in his ears—his senses forsook him, and he swooned away.

When Howard awoke to consciousness, he stared vacantly around him, unable to divine where he was lying. The faint glimmer of a rush-light just sufficed for him to distinguish that he was in some subterraneous abode, with an arched roof above and a dark recess beyond him. The first image that flashed upon his mind was that of the old man on the hill, when he lifted up his warning hand and exclaimed, "Dinna gang up Craig-na-shioux the morn, sir, for I saw ye'r fetch in a white shroud at my bed's foot last night." "What! can the devil speak true?" was the question he involuntarily asked himself; but as his returning senses gathered strength, he became aware that he was not only still in the land of the living, but that he was equally free from broken bones or other bodily injury. By degrees all the circumstances of his mountain adventure began to unravel themselves in his memory, though he was perfectly unconscious of what had befallen him from the moment of his providential escape at the brink of the precipice. As his eyes became better accustomed to the twilight obscurity around him, he was able to distinguish a few other features of the vault (for such it appeared) in which he now found himself; but nothing which could give him the slightest idea where he was, till at length they rested on an object which made him turn sick at heart; a cask placed in a dark corner, and lying upon it—an old hat! The whole truth, and all the sinister recollections of this place, burst at once upon his mind; and forgetting the languor and prostration of strength which had hitherto kept him supine and motionless, he attempted to spring up and feel for his gun. The movement, however, was suddenly checked, and the whole horror of his situation was brought before him when he discovered himself to be firmly, though

not tightly, bound down to a rude kind of bedstead. Agonizing were the convictions that ensued upon this discovery; he could no longer doubt that he was in the power of the smugglers, and that they could have no other intention but that of murdering him. "This, then," thought he, "was the source of the old man's prophecy! Fool that I was, to imagine for an instant that he could have foreseen my danger at the precipice! No, no! his second sight was derived from a much surer quarter. No doubt these villains were lying in wait for me whilst I was wandering bewildered in that awful mist. Yet why not have told me in plain terms the real danger I had to fear, instead of dropping those mysterious hints? Can it be that he is one of them, and feared to make further disclosures? Yet in that case, how strange that he should warn me at all!" To these reflections succeeded other and more bitter thoughts, as the lonely helplessness of his situation pressed itself more and more upon his mind. At one moment his blood boiled with rage at the idea of being bound down like a culprit, deprived of every means of defending himself, and destined thus to become a prey to the knife of the despicable assassin—at the next, visions of his happy home in England floated before his eyes—he thought of his father—his mother—his sisters—of all most dear to him, and of how little those fond ones dreamed of the cruel danger that menaced an existence so precious to them—and, blame him ye who are strangers to the sweet charities of home, he wept long and bitterly. But to this mood succeeded one of a firmer and more manly strain. Despair aroused all the energies of his nature, and he resolved, should all attempts at escape prove ineffectual, at least to sell his life dearly, and that his dastardly assailants should see a British officer die like a man. Determined to leave no means untried for regaining his freedom, he began cautiously to work about his wrists in the ropes that bound them. By degrees, to his great joy, he felt them stretching, for they were only made of straw. One hand was at length set at liberty, and breathless with hope and

agitation, he was proceeding to disengage the other, when a powerful grasp seized him by the throat from behind, and he was instantly pinned down again to his wretched pallet. Gasping for breath, and half suffocated, he looked up and saw a fierce-looking ruffian bending over him, his hideous eyes peering through the shaggy elf-locks of matted red hair which hung about his face.

"Now, jist be asy wid ye, my jewel," cried he with a frightful grin, "for I'm no so soft as that neither, and I set here to watch on ye. May be, though I did shut my eyes for a while, I'm no going to let you off yet." So saying, he coolly put one knee upon Howard's chest and pressed him tightly down, whilst he secured him with the ropes more firmly than ever.

"In the name of God," exclaimed Howard, as soon as he could speak, "What do do you mean to do with me?"

"Is it what I'll do wid ye?" answered his ferocious jailer. "An what ha'e ye done wid our stills, that niver did yerself any harm? Couldna ye let a puir body mak his livin' quietly, ye black-hearted Englisher, widout comin' ower the say to ruin us intirely? Is it what I'll do wid ye? Troth there's the black pit o' the Shiouk no very far from this, that no man ever seed the bottom of, and nothin' ever cam out alive or dead that once went in; an whin the rascally gauger cam last year to speer at us, ye see we jist threw him down head foremost for spakin about it, an' may be the Captain will be for sendin' you after him, and that 'ill be what we'll do wid you, if it's no somethin' waur." Perceiving that his victim was evidently writhing with horror at his language, the wretch went on with his taunts. "An' ye had a sharp eye, to be sure, on yon sodger's cap t'other day; an' more fule ye, that niver looked inside the cask—may be if ye had, I hadna been here the day to laugh whin I see ye leapin' whin ye can't help yersel down the pit of the Shiouk. He was a pretty man enough that owed the cap, but I doubt his mother 'ill niver wake his body. But here comes the Captain his own sel, and ye'll soon

know what we'll do wid ye." With a savage leer he arose, and going towards the entrance of the vault left Howard in a state of suspense too dreadful to describe. He distinctly heard the tread of a body of men approaching above ground, and with a half-uttered, but fervent prayer to heaven, he endeavoured to steel his mind for the worst. They came heavily on, and every reverberation sounded like a knell to his fainting heart. At length they seemed to have reached the mouth of the cave, and stopped to parley. Howard now held his breath in an agony of excitement, when suddenly his hideous tormentor came rushing back in a frenzy of rage. "By the eternal powers," cried he, "ye've brought yer sodgers on us again, but ye'll no 'scape me yersel any how yit,"—and darting aside, he seized a tremendous pick-axe which lay in a corner. The desperation of the moment lent Howard the strength of a giant, and with one convulsive effort he burst asunder the ropes that bound him, and sprang forward to seize the uplifted arm. Just then he heard the voice of his own sergeant in the passage.

"Forward! my lads, and we'll save our officer yet!" The ruffian struggled fearfully at the sound, and shaking himself loose, was just aiming another blow at Howard, when a musket shot levelled him to the ground, and the instant after, six bayonets were thrust through his body.

"Stop," cried Howard, "secure him alive," but it was too late—the enraged soldiers would almost have torn him piece-meal.

"Faith, your honour," cried the sergeant, "you might as well have cried stop when he had that ugly pick-axe over your honour's own head just now."

When Howard, safely housed in his quarters, had leisure to recapitulate his extraordinary adventures and escapes, he found that an old man, answering in description to his warning friend of the mountain, had come and apprised the sergeant that he would find his officer in great peril at the cave where they had seized the still. After giving this hint he immediately made off, with-

out a word further in explanation. As a climax of good fortune, he also found waiting for him a despatch from headquarters, containing his recall from this always disagreeable, and now insupportable station. Losing no time in preparations, he immediately bade adieu to Craigna-Shioux, bequeathing to it his heartiest maledictions, as having more than realized all the "raw-head and bloody-bone" stories he had ever heard in the nursery about Ireland and the "wild Irish."

The first person he chanced to meet in the streets of Derry was his old friend Nugent, to whom he hurried up with the extended palm and warm greeting of cordial intimacy. "Ha! my dear fellow, how delighted I am to see you! Why, I declare you are grown as fat and jolly as an alderman! You have been recruiting at home on leave, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, Howard—can't say I have; but I certainly find this climate agree with me admirably."

"This climate! confound the climate, and the country, and all belonging to it, say I! Ah! my dear fellow, how truly you spoke of these villainous people when last we parted! if you did but know what I have seen of them!"

"Why, really, Howard, do you know that my notions on this sub-

ject are a good deal changed since I last saw you, and I am beginning to think Ireland not such a bad country after all. I've really had some very pleasant society at my quarters, and found some devilish nice girls, do you know."

"Nice girls, indeed! Why, Nugent, what a turn-coat you are! I was actually regaling myself with the thoughts of how heartily you would join me in abuse of these bloody-minded savages, and here I find you become half a Paddy yourself."

"Well, Howard, I see it's no use keeping the secret from you any longer, so I may as well out with it at once in my own defence. You must know, then, that I've fallen over head and ears in love with a charming girl, Miss O'Shaughnessy; and—bark, in your ear—I'm to be married to-morrow, and have come over here to buy the wedding-ring."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Howard, "can it be possible?" and he hurried off, resigned his commission forthwith, and the next packet bore him on his way to his happy home in Yorkshire, sick of campaigning in country quarters in Ireland, and so disgusted with every thing belonging to the country, that he was never afterwards known to eat a potato, or to suffer a bottle of whisky to be opened in his presence.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLIMACHUS.

BY FITZJAMES T. PRICE, OF HEREFORD.

AT Jove's high festival, what song of praise
Shall we his suppliant adorers sing?
To whom may we our Pœans rather raise,
Than to himself, the great Eternal King,
Who by his nod subdues each earth-born thing;
Whose mighty laws the gods themselves obey?
But whether Crete first saw the Father spring,
Or on Lycæus' mount he burst on day,

My soul is much in doubt, for both that praise essay.

Some say that thou, O Jove, first saw the morn
On Cretan Ida's sacred mountain side;
Others, that thou in Arcady wert born:
Declare, Almighty Father—which have lied?
Cretans were liars ever: in their pride
Have they built up a sepulchre for thee;
As if the king of gods and men had died,
And borne the lot of frail mortality.

No! thou hast ever been, and art, and aye shalt be.

Thy mother bore thee on Arcadian ground,
 Old goddess Rhea, on a mountain's height,
 With bristling bramble thickets all around,
 The hallowed spot was curiously dight;
 And now no creature under heaven's light,
 From lovely woman down to things that creep,
 In need of Ilithyia's holy rite,
 May dare approach that consecrated steep
 Whose name of Rhea's birth-bed still Arcadians keep.
 There, when thy mighty mother laid thee down,
 Fresh from the womb, she sought some cooling wave,
 Into whose calm delicious bosom thrown,
 Thee and her own defilement she might lave;
 Lads, yet uncreate, no ripple gave,
 Nor Erymanthus, lovelier than all
 The streams of earth; all Arcady was slave
 To drought as yet; but soon, at Rhea's call,
 Through that delightful land were copious streams to fall.

Her zone thy mother Rhea there unbraced,
 Where many a trunk above Iacon stood,
 And many a chariot swift as lightning chased,
 Above sweet Melas' earth-embosom'd flood;
 Where now Carnion flows, full many a brood
 Of savage beasts in covert lurk'd for prey;
 Rippling through pebbles soon Metope flow'd,
 And Crathis where the traveller went his way,
 Nor dreamt beneath his feet what buried waters lay.
 There venerable Rhea in her gloom,
 Bent with the weight of sorrow, said, "Like me
 Do thou, dear Earth, unload thy teeming womb:
 No racking pains of childbirth harrow thee."
 Then raising high her sceptred right hand, she
 The dry rock smote: apart the masses spring,
 And her swollen eyes with heav'nly rapture see
 Forth from the chasm those waters issuing.

Wherein she bath'd her sacred self and thee—O, King!

Then, to be secret reared on Cretan earth,
 To ancient Neda gave thy mother thee,
 That oldest nymph who aided at thy birth,
 And chief of all save Styx and Philyre;
 And, that her office might in memory be,
 By Neda's name she called those waters fair
 That wash Leprium's walls, as to the sea
 They glide in beauty, and whose drinkers are
 The race descended from the old Arcadian bear.

When, bearing thee, the Nymph to Theræ hied,
 Passing the spot where Gnosus' towers stand,
 There fell thy navel string, great God, untied;
 Whence Cretans call the place the Omphalian land.
 The Corybantes' loves, the Melian band,
 Dwelling where Dictæ's summits heav'nward rise,
 Did nurse thee in their arms; Adrasta's hand,
 Attended on thy young necessities,

And in a golden cradle closed thine infant eyes.

Milk was thy drink, from Amalthea's teats,
 Richest of goats; thy food the honeycomb:
 For thee did labouring bees sip all the sweets
 Of all the flowers that on fair Ida bloom.
 Meanwhile, incessant, to avert thy doom,
 The mad Curetes danced their war-dance wild,
 And smote their arms, that their loud crash might come
 To Saturn's ears, and by that din beguiled,
 He might not hear the prattle of his growing child.

Fair was the promise of thy childhood's prime,
 Almighty Jove ! and fairly wert thou reared :
 Swift was thy march to manhood ; ere thy time
 Thy chin was covered by the manly beard ;
 Though young in age, yet wert thou so revered
 For deeds of prowess prematurely done,
 That of thy peers or elders none appeared
 To claim his birthright ;—heaven was all thine own,
 Nor dared fell Envy point her arrows at thy throne.
 Poets of old do sometimes lack of truth,
 For Saturn's ancient kingdom, as they tell,
 Into three parts was split, as if forsooth
 There were a doubtful choice 'twixt Heaven and Hell
 To one not fairly mad ;—we know right well
 That lots are cast for mere equality ;
 But these against proportion so rebel
 That nought can equal her discrepancy ;
 If one must lie at all—a lie like truth for me !
 No chance gave thee the sovrantry of heaven ;
 But to the deeds thy good right hand had done,
 And thine own strength and courage was it given ;
 These placed thee first, still keep thee on thy throne.
 Thou took'st the goodly eagle for thine own,
 Through whom to men thy wonders are declared ;
 To me and mine propitious be they shown !
 Through thee by youth's best flow'r is heaven shared—
 Seamen and warriors heed'st thou not, nor e'en the bard.
 These be the lesser gods' divided care—
 But kings, great Jove, are thine especial dow'r ;
 They rule the land and sea ; they guide the war—
 What is too mighty for a monarch's pow'r ?
 By Vulcan's aid the stalwart armourers show'r
 Their sturdy blows—warriors to Mars belong—
 And gentle Dian ever loves to pour
 New blessings on her favour'd hunter throng—
 While Phœbus aye directs the true-born poet's song.
 But monarchs spring from Jove—nor is there aught
 So near approaching Jove's celestial height,
 As deeds by heav'n-elected monarchs wrought.
 Therefore, O Father, kings are thine of right,
 And thou hast set them on a noble height
 Above their subject cities ; and thine eye
 Is ever on them, whether they delight
 To rule their people in iniquity,
 Or by sound government to raise their namè on high.
 Thou hast bestowed on all kings wealth and power,
 But not in equal measure—this we know,
 From knowledge of our own great Governor,
 Who stands supreme of kings on earth below.
 His morning thoughts his nights in actions show,
 His less achievements when designed are done,
 While others squander years in counsel slow ;
 Nor rarely when the mighty seeds are sown,
 Are all their air-built hopes by thee, great Jove, o'erthrown.
 All hail, Almighty Jove ! who givest to men
 All good, and wardest off each evil thing.
 O ! who can hymn thy praise ? he hath not been,
 Nor shall he be, that poet who may sing
 In fitting strain thy praises—Father, King,
 All hail ! thrice hail ! we pray to thee, dispense
 Virtue and wealth to us ; wealth varying—
 For virtue's nought, mere virtue's no defence ;
 Then send us virtue hand in hand with competence.

ALCIBIADES THE MAN.

SCENES I.—X.

"The career of Alcibiades was *romantic*: Every great event in which he had a share has the air of a personal adventure; and, whatever might be said of his want of principle, moral and political, nobody ever doubted the greatness of his powers and the brilliancy of his accomplishments."

J. G. LOCKHART.

ASSIST us, Powers of Condensation! Shade of Tacitus, sit upon our pen! Without Bramah's patent, or hydrostatic energies, have the goodness to compress into some twenty pages, more or less, the form and substance, pulp, bones, and marrow, of about as many solar revolutions, less or more! Such a feat is nothing for Maga: and yet that SCORE OF YEARS determined the destinies of the world. Here we are, comfortably established in an airy chamber, twenty-two feet by fourteen, looking out on dahlias, holly-hocks, and monthly roses, a beautiful stripe of blue ocean defining our horizon, a bottle of Stephen's writing fluid before us, a grey goose quill in our dexter hand, a page of spotless post (we are as particular in paper as the author of *la nouvelle Eloise* himself) becoming spotted as the growing thoughts slip down from our cerebral organ, by a Jacob's ladder of transcendental nerves, to take earthly, but not mortal shape, in calligraphic characters—here we are, just about to keep up the public excitement, already (as the *Carlton Gazette* assures us) dangerously high, by another touch of Alcibiades; and what *should* we have been but for the historic fruits of our sequent scenes, enacted on the great theatre at a time when our respected ancestors on both sides were painting their naked bellies with blue woad, or cutting capers round the hollow altar of Crotho, to the tune of their own children roasting and roaring within! We might have been, perhaps, a worshipper of Pallas in a *finished* Parthenon on the Calton Hill. Perhaps a prosperous Sophist, welcome from a distant colony, lecturing (as Gorgias did) for L.400 *per course, per head*, in the pillared porches of (not *modern*) Athens. Perhaps a victorious general, converting the Chinese at point of lance to the mysteries of Eleusinian Ceres. Perhaps an ambassador to the Great King, metamorphosed by Attic legerdemain into the Little King, and trembling at the haughty requisitions of the paramount Republic. Perhaps a satrap. Perhaps a slave. Mean while here we are, we trust, a good Christian; and though not speaking the language of the Greeks, doing the next best thing—writing about them.

Before PERICLES was cold in his deathbed, the gravest Quidnuncs of the barbers' shops had settled it—"Alcibiades only *can* replace him, but *will* he? Will he exchange the sweets of pleasure for the stimulants of danger, or the languor of voluptuousness for the toil of state-pilotship in troubled seas?" What say ye to another plan, most sapient grey-beards—not to *exchange* but to *identify*, or at least *amalgamate* them all?—Soon did the soldiers find in him a second Theseus, to whom victory was sport, and death a toy. Soon did the citizens applaud him on the bema, suing them not for himself but for his friends, and receiving for *both*.

Cleon and Nicias was his great competitors:—as unlike to one another as Thersites was to Nestor. Cleon rash and fiery; Nicias timid and cold. Cleon hoped every thing; Nicias feared every thing. No danger seemed terrible to the first; no trifle unalarming to the second. To the first all opponents bowed; the second bowed to all opponents. The superstition of Nicias shuddered at a mouse; the atheism of Cleon laughed at a god. To the people Cleon was a bully; Nicias a craven. The first spoke always; the second hardly ever. Cleon detested Lacedemon; Nicias was her ancient friend. By many was Cleon hated; by not a few was Nicias despised.

While these two adverse weights at either end of the beam kept oscillating up and down, Alcibiades was the tongue of the balance. But a blow struck by a Thracian targeteer on the field of Amphipolis changed the face of things. Cleon departed to the place appointed for all demagogues; and Nicias was

left to wreak on Alcibiades the remnant of an old grudge and the venom of a new contest for supremacy. Then arose the war-cry—upon one side, *the son of Clinias!* on the other, *the son of Nicaretus!* Patriots, or those who passed for such, began to talk of getting rid of both. Whispers of *ostracism* were put in circulation. Never did a shabby policy want for a fitting organ. Hyperbolus the lamp-seller appeared. He was the very focus of all vice and infamy; loathing and loathed; the butt of satire; the darling mark of those terrible archers, the poets of the ancient comedy. But the people are not nice in the choice of scavengers, hangmen, and representatives of the popular will. “Ostracism! Ostracism!” Hyperbolus is right; and Hyperbolus shall move it.” Such was the voice of the million.

It must have been pigeon’s milk to Alcibiades to have to deal with a fellow of this class. Whigs and Tories take a lesson, and learn how Radicals should fare between you!

SCENE I.

*The House of NICIAS.*NICIAS. *A Slave.* ALCIBIADES.

Nic. Thou’rt dreaming, knave.—
Who, sayst thou, is without and asks admission?

Slave. Alcibiades, the son of Clinias. And I should be worse than dreaming, master, not to know *him*.

Nic. But what brings him to *me*? Impossible! Under our present circumstances!

Slave. If it be he, however, shall I show him in?

Nic. Unquestionably. (*Exit Slave*). Could it be this extraordinary visit, of which the victim’s liver at morning sacrifice, so thickly charged with intermingled good and ill, forewarned me?—(*The door opens*). Ha! By the great gods, ’tis he. My slave was right.

Alc. (*Laughing as he enters*). Capital! Nicias, thy Euclio has betrayed thee.

Nic. (*Startled*). Betrayed?

Alc. That you would scarce believe him, when he announced me.

Nic. (*Embarrassed*). Why, in good truth —

Alc. (*With a tone as confiding as if he spoke to his best friend*). Is it then so utterly unheard of, that a statesman should visit a statesman, a popular leader his colleague, a younger officer his senior?—Are we not both Athenians? Do we not unite on us the eyes of all men? And shall we alone refuse each other our esteem? Be assured, O Nicias, I withhold not mine from

thee. I honour thy experience, thy foresight, and (*with a significant smile*) that too, which thou thyself so honour’st—thy luck. Must not thou, in return, find much in me that cannot displease thee—something, perhaps, thou wishest for thyself?

Nic. Trust me, Alcibiades, thy address is ten times more extraordinary than thy visit. When have I asserted I had no esteem for thee?

Alc. (*In the same tone as before*). Never! Only ’tis a pity that, in spite of this mutual consideration between two persons so near to one another, each of us seems always persuaded his neighbour is not merely his neighbour, but his screen moreover—in the sunshine of prosperity and fame! Pity that two runners, so close on the same track, should seem to think the one impedes the swiftness of the other; and so should turn from comrades into rivals, from rivals into enemies!

Nic. I know not, son of Clinias, whether thou art mine, but at least I am —

Alc. (*Interrupting with a laugh*). Ha, ha, ha! Dear Nicias, forgive my saucy interruption! But if you *did* mean to add the words, *not thine*—I entreat thee spare them! *Greek veracity*—even without this instance of it—’s no compliment in the mouths of foreigners. And for that very reason we should study truth *at least among ourselves*.

Nic. (*Somewhat offended*). A virtue I have ever prized, the want of which my foes themselves have never charged me with; and which, on the contrary, I have not heard thee renowned for.

Alc. Let us see then in what proportion thou possessest it!—You know what takes place to-morrow?

Nic. An ostracism.

Alc. (*Briskly*). Tell me what name hast thou bid thy partisans inscribe upon their shells? MINE?

Nic. Alcibiades, I am confounded at thy bluntness. I have not yet asked thee.

Alc. What I have been recommending to my friends? O, that I will readily confess to thee:—until early this morning, a name not difficult to imagine—THINE.

Nic. Excellent! You may well permit, then, to pay off like with like.

Alc. Until early this morning, I said. Dost understand me?—But since that time I have revoked my orders, for reasons thou couldst never guess untold, although they do lie straight before the eyes of every one who bestows some reflection on the nature of things in general, of our state in particular, and of ostracism most especially—reasons which to a certainty, if you would or could hear me without prejudice, would also wipe away my name from the shells of your retainers.

Nic. You almost make me curious to learn what these reasons can be.

Alc. Well, as I said, can you hear them without prejudice?

Nic. The very question is an affront; yet will I answer it with a passionless *yes*.

Alc. Say then, my good Nicias, what was this ostracism invented for? What was its source, and what its aim?

Nic. Ha! ha! Pupil of Socrates, art thou there with thy far-fetched, entangling interrogatories, learned from thy master?

Alc. Well for me had I learned much from Socrates! What he teaches is VIRTUE. But at least, by all that is sacred, entangling my present questions shall not be! Only I must put them in the first place, if I am to speak at all.

Nic. Out with them then.

Alc. I simply repeat, what was this ostracism invented for?

Nic. For the removal of powerful—often meritorious—but yet, in the people's eyes, suspected characters.

Alc. Right! And *who* most probably invented it? The few, or the many?

Nic. Undoubtedly the many.

Alc. There too I agree with thee; only that methinks the few, when it was once established to their prejudice, understood how to turn it now and then to their advantage, and have banished by ostracism many a one who was not so much a terror to the state as a hinderance to their own ambition. Remember Themistocles and Aristides, Pericles and Cimon, not to cite a hundred other instances. Dost think their policy in this was wise?

Nic. Not unwise at least, since thus they made room for themselves.

Alc. Room for a moment—to be soon deprived of it! Ah! Nicias, to have rivals is something very common, or rather indispensable; to wish to overthrow them something excusable enough; but *so* to overthrow them, as to fall into the same pit the next instant, is not *absolute wisdom*. Fools, who let a private hate so blind them as not to see beyond the span of the present! Fools, who first taught the people how to bend a bow, speedily turned against themselves! Themistocles subdues his just competitor:—follow him for a few brief years, and lo! his own name upon the shells! But a truce with example; if our annals read one lesson plainly, it is this; that the ostracism is a two-edged weapon, and wins one rather a respite than a victory.

Nic. Perhaps it is.

Alc. And more, 'tis a *disgraceful* one for him that uses it. What else does the *banisher* than make proclamation that the *banished* surpasses him in worth and services? What does exemption from such a punishment denote, but want of genius, courage, and power? To be forced to dread that a man may endanger us hereafter, in so far, indeed, does no honour to the dreaded one, that it testifies distrust of his heart; but to hope that he never can endanger us, is to him much more degrading. Deemest thou not so?

Nic. A subtle distinction! It sounds correct, at all events, if nothing more.

Alc. O, it sounds a hundred times less so than it is. Dost thou consider *whom* this plan of ours—if revenge must have recourse to it—is giving arms to?

Nic. To whom?

Alc. To the PEOPLE, that unmanageable mass, which every gust twirls round—more boisterous than a stormy sea—more cruel than a Phalaris—ever athirst for novelties—thankless and insatiate—eager to pull down the gods itself has raised—now fierce as a tiger, and now fearful as a woman;—a congregation of maniacs; at one time menacing to make of Asia and Africa a single mouthful; at another ready to creep into a hole for a handful of Spartans and Bœotians; now worshipping a Cleon for his frenzy, and now exiling an Aristides for his justice. Has it not already been often enough our master? And shall we make its yoke still heavier, its petulance more irresistible, its domination more oppressive? Shall we sharpen the teeth of the crocodile more bloodily to rend us?

Nic. Admirable friend to the people and the state!

Alc. O full surely a fast immovable friend to the second, and even to the first, so soon as we talk of its better portion. But *here*—the general seeks out the boldest of his warriors, when purposing some great exploit; the orator turns him to the shrewdest of his auditors;—but *here* must he, that would escape the ostracism, court the meanest olive-huckster as obsequiously as the most honest citizen—the shells of both tell equally?

Nic. But why all this to me?

Alc. To that I was coming—am already come. O, Nicias, I swear it to thee, the proposal I will make is proffered by no coward fear, no vanquished one suing for grace. Alcibiades thrust out of Athens would continue Alcibiades; would still find lands where he might shine, where he might rule; some, peradventure, wherein not even (*with an ambiguous smile*) the terrible neighbourhood of a Nicias would set limits to his course.

Nic. Flatterer! thy proposal?

Alc. Moreover, I make it not from distrust of my own strength. I am content with the number and the

zeal of my adherents, and this very morning has Phæax tendered his support against thee with the voices of six hundred citizens.

Nic. (*Alarmed*). Phæax! Against me! And yet but yesterday—

(*Stops, and seems to recollect himself.*) *Alc.* He promised *thee* the same; I know it well. But O, experienced Nicias, do you think that you alone are awake to your own advantage? that you alone have faithful emissaries? Do you forget how much a single night—how much a single show of idle hopes—can alter the intentions of a man, especially of an ambitious one? But be composed! Unless you yourself compel me to it, the power which Phæax puts into my hands I will not use—at the utmost will but use it to make you more propitious to measures by which you shall be enabled to play your part as a true statesman, a good citizen, and a lofty-minded man. Dost thou incline to this?

Nic. If I find your measures reasonable, wherefore not?

Alc. Let us then for a little while forget that we are adversaries! Let us seize with united forces on a means wherewith to deal a deadly blow for ever to this injurious, this opprobrious ostracism; wherewith we shall consign it to universal scorn, give the people themselves a surfeit of it, and turn what once was formidable to every man of worth into a mere scarecrow for acknowledged knaves and good-for-nothing scoundrels.

Nic. A mighty enterprise! But how to set about it?

Alc. Nothing easier, so soon as we—I repeat it, because it is indispensable—so soon as we permit not jealous rivalry, but a mutual understanding, to regulate the votes of our retainers. Hitherto has ostracism ever smitten the foremost in the land. That made it dignified and dreaded. Let it only once select a victim from the dregs of the community, and from that hour it becomes a despicable juggle. Let a HYPERBOLUS be chased away by ostracism, and to a certainty no Nicias—no Alcibiades, need fear it for the future.

Nic. (*In amazement*). Hyperbolus, saidst thou? That worthless clown!

Alc. Precisely because he is so worthless; precisely because by him himself the present ostracism was contrived, or at least was suggested. See you not how this will magnify the rarity, the laughableness of the whole transaction? and make but Athenians *laugh*, your game is won. Already have I laid the train among my own adherents. Phæax is pledged, with all his troop. Only add your assent, and to-morrow beholds Athens with *one voice*—a voice, too, of so strange a kind that our grandchildren will still be fain to wonder and to laugh at it! (*Nicias shakes his head*). Not yet determined? Be a man, O Nicias! and for once let the interest of all honest folk weigh more with thee

than thy own uncertain profit. For our battles and our stratagems an ample field remains. Each of us the other's neighbourhood impels to great achievements—to greater than solitary eminence could dictate. Hence is each the other's benefactor. And should benefactors banish one another? Or, grant that *revenge* is to be the mainspring of all thy policy;—well, then, Hyperbolus has sought to terrify and harm us equally. Let the reptile feel that he must not strive to cope with mighty ones; and let the Athenian people learn, that its power over the heads of the state is an illusion as long as the heads themselves are not at variance. (*A short pause*). Shall it so be?—Have I thy hand upon it?

And Nicias gave his hand!

Imagine the scene of the next day! Imagine the sensations of the Athenian multitude, crowding from all quarters to the market-place, again, as they hoped, to enjoy the immolation of a great man;—figure to yourself the faces of those not in the secret, when from every shell, except a few of the unbullied or unbribed, was read out the name of—Hyperbolus! At first, an indifferent shake of the head; then ears pricked up and eyebrows elevated; then certain pericraniums advancing a yard or two nearer, to make sure they *heard* correctly; then visible amazement, causing mouths to gape; then eyes dilated; then muscles distorted—on one side by indignation, on the other by a sort of contumelious grin; then a long, low, but still increasing murmur; and at last, when it was still *Hyperbolus*—and again *Hyperbolus*—a loud peal of inextinguishable laughter.

But this laughter soon passed into more articulate exclamations,—*A master-stroke! Alcibiades's doing! Worthy of the pupil of Pericles!*

And all this time we have forgotten to marry him. As he did few things like other men, so we hope that in some things few men will do like him. With a fellow-feeling for the happy parents of marriageable daughters, we by no means recommend the following mode of wooing the “old gentleman.”

SCENE II.

A Street of Athens.

ALCIBIADES, ANYTUS.

An. (*Seeing ALCIBIADES hurry past him*). Alcibiades—dearest Alcibiades!

Alc. What's the matter?

An. The beautiful Phillinna—I have just come from her—salutes thee—

Alc. (*Impatiently*). Is that all? I kiss her fair hands. Away!

An. (*Detaining him*). And bade me ask thee wilt thou not sup with her to-night?

Alc. (*Pressing on*). Perhaps.

An. (*Still detaining him*). I, and

Antiochus, and Glaucus will be there; and we have hopes of getting the young Corinthian.

Alc. What babble next! (*Again pressing on*).

An. You are in a desperate hurry. What can you be after?

Alc. The doing of a good deed.

An. Ha, ha! in such haste for that! Alarmed, I suppose, lest you repent beforehand.

Alc. A subtle jest! I make thee welcome to carry it elsewhere.

An. In earnest, then, may I know where you are bound?

Alc. To Hipponicus.

An. (*Amazed*). To Hippo—

Alc. (*Laughing*). —nicus; if the name's so hard to utter.

An. But not that Hipponicus who dwells here in the next street?

Alc. I know no other.

An. (*Angrily stamping*). Now, how I do wish all liars and slanderers on the face of the earth were writhing on Ixion's wheel!

Alc. (*Laughing*). An old wish of mine. Although I cannot guess how you should come to join in it.

An. Tell me candidly for once, what think you of this Hipponicus?

Alc. That, let him die when he may, Athens will lose in him one of her richest and best citizens at once.

An. And yet, so help me, Phœbus! can you believe that half the town

is busy with a story of you and this very Hipponicus?

Alc. (*Significantly*). Ay! Which is?—

An. As he was passing yesterday, they say, all alone, without molesting thee so much as by a look, you gave him, as composedly as if bidding him good morning—a box upon the ear! At least twenty dear friends of ours have told me this to-day already; but I flatly contradicted the whole of them.

Alc. Away with you, then—make a round of the whole twenty—and beg pardon for your contradiction.

An. (*Astonished*). What! This fable was—

Alc. No fable at all, but pure downright truth.

An. Why, what could induce thee to do so?

Alc. A pretty historian you would make, not to guess at such manifest causes! My will and pleasure.

An. Wonderful!

Alc. Not near so wonderful as the company in which I find myself.

An. Much obliged for the compliment!—And will you go to him notwithstanding?

Alc. If your heart is as curious as your mouth and your look, come with me—see—and hear!

An. A permission you shall not have to repeat. (*They go out together*).

SCENE III.

The next Street. Before the House of HIPPONICUS.

ALCIBIADES knocks loudly at the door.

A Slave. Who goes there?

Alc. Call thy master.

Slave. Instantly. (*Exit*).

[*In a few moments HIPPONICUS comes out. Recognising ALCIBIADES, he starts back two paces in amazement*].

Hipp. What, son of Clinias, dost thou pursue me even hither—a poor, old, unoffending man? Am I not secure in my own house from thy assaults and thy boyish petulance?

Alc. More secure than in Minerva's temple.—(*With a tone of reverence and almost of shame*). I have

wronged thee, venerable ancient—bitterly wronged thee. But call it not malignity, call it madness, frenzy. With a troop of young good-for-nothing coxcombs—they have seen me grow up beside them, but now methinks they see themselves outgrown—I was yesterday ranging through Athens. They were all drunk to a man; I indeed was not; but I blushed to seem the only sober one among them. Every one was bragging of his wantonness and mischief. For my part I talked down the whole set; uniting in my-

self, by my own account, the caprices of at least ten generations. "Hast thou then," cried one, breaking in upon my narrative, "hast thou then, having dared so much already, spirit enough to give a blow in the face to the first noble Athenian that goes by?" "I have! although it were the shade of Clinias!" "Art thou mad? Never!" "Yes! yes! *This blow*, would I say, *receive as a citizen of Athens, and the subject of my wager! This prostration at thy feet—as my father!*" Scrutinize it not, O wise Hipponicus. I know it was insanity; but who has not a fit sometimes? And with what else should one greet the drunken? A loud bravo rewarded my frantic declaration: unhappily, in the very moment of this tumult, you went by, and I—I—kept my word.

Hipp. Fortunate for me, that thy gentle comrades had not wagered with thee on the head of the first passer-by; to a certainty wouldst thou have been off with mine.—Hardly shall I venture to walk the streets in time to come.

Alc. I could not have pledged myself for yesterday; but for to-day and every day hereafter.

Hipp. Every day hereafter?

Alc. Without an instant's hesitation. Too deeply have I felt the pangs entailed on levity like mine. For nothing else but to appease them, Hipponicus, I am here. (*He throws off his mantle*). Behold me in thy power. Take now a just revenge; and deal with me exactly as you please! I place in thy hands a scourge. (*Giving him one*). Summon hither thy meanest slave. Give but the word, and I—the free-born, the Greek of Greeks, the citizen of Athens, the issue of her noblest blood—I, encompassed with the honours of a statesman, a captain, a victorious captain—will bare my back and endure the chastisement thou shalt think it proper to assign me.

Hipp. Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Jest not with me! sport not with my slumbering wrath! It may awaken, and hold thee to thy word.

Alc. (*Pointing to ANYTUS*). Here is a man who shall in such case bear thee witness thou hast done only that to which my own mouth

invited thee. And may no god be ever gracious to me, may my life be dishonour, and my name be infamy, if I am jesting or sporting in this matter.

Hipp. Well, then, thou art right; an outrage like thy yesterday's does merit a punishment, which may remind thee, for a few weeks at least, that thou hast erred.—Carion!—Carion!

An. (*Who up to this moment has listened to all in mute astonishment*). Hipponicus, what art thou about?—Bethink thee—

Alc. Peace! Let him proceed! I brought thee as a witness, not a counsellor.

(*A Slave enters*).

Hipp. (*To the slave*). Take this whip, and—(*Looking long and hard in the face of ALCIBIADES, who delivers the whip without altering a muscle of his countenance*)—and carry it to my chamber! (*Exit the Slave*). There, as long as I live, shall it hang for a memorial of this day. (*With an altered tone*). Alcibiades, impetuous, often petulant, but still oftener magnanimous young man, I forgive thee; forgive thee with a willing, undissembling mind. (*Embraces him*). But, alas! who shall give me back the respect of the people?

Alc. He gives it back to thee, who robbed thee of it—I. Come with me! On the open market-place will I summon the many around me. I will tell them how I offended, to what penance I had doomed myself, and how nobly thou hast pardoned me. (*After a short pause*). Perhaps indeed I know yet another way to convince the people most unanswerably how real our reconciliation is, and how close our future friendship is to be. But, to say the truth, I scarcely dare to make thee this proposal to-day.

Hipp. Thou not dare any thing! Speak it freely, incomprehensible young man! And if accomplishment of thy desire fall within the compass of my powers, be assured of it beforehand.

Alc. Thou hast a daughter, Hipparete.—She is beautiful, so says the whole city; so have I long felt. She is virtuous; since she sprang from thy loins. I am young, wealthy, respected in the state.—My past life is not poor in fame;

my future shall be *rich* in it.—What, if thou wert to place the hand of Hipparete in mine? If thou wert to give token of thy unreserved forgiveness, by taking *him* as a son-in-law, who offered himself to thee as a slave!

Hipp. (Somewhat disconcerted).—Alcibiades—

Alc. I know already what you may say, perhaps will say. Thou wilt reckon up a thousand instances of voluptuousness and fickleness; and I shall deny none of them. But give me credit, on the other hand, for a clear apprehension of the maxim, *New condition, new duties*. What pleased the youth, what was excused in him, what often enough even recommended him, the man can cheerfully decline; especially the man who has thee for a father, and Hipparete for a wife.

Hipp. (After a few seconds of silent reflection). Alcibiades, was it a touched heart, or an eloquent tongue, that spake all this?

Alc. A touched heart—profoundly touched.

Hipp. So be it then!—I will straightway to my daughter, and prepare her. Follow me in a few seconds.

Alc. But will she too show herself so rapidly inclined to meet my wishes?

Hipp. Be that my care. Will

you make believe, young profligate, that you don't *know* how dangerous thy form, thy tones, thy wild wit, and thy whole self are wont to be to our daughters—and our wives? (*Exit*).

Alc. Now, Anytus, what makes thee stand there so mute?

An. Mute and marvelling.

Alc. Why, what thinkst thou of all this?

An. That the most deceitful beast upon the earth is a mere sheep to thee.—Well! Well! (*Shaking his head*).

Alc. Now! out with it.

An. Methinks thou art very like the bird, which, for the sake of a few red berries, clings fast to the lime-twigs. Young, free Alcibiades! Ha, that sounds royally! Demure, married, fettered Alcibiades!—O, how pitiful!

Alc. In thy case perhaps, but not in mine—'tis but the little bird that clings to the lime-twigs; should chance bring the eagle thither, soon does he burst the snare, and sometimes carries it away with him.

An. And wilt thou hold to thy promise?

Alc. Very possibly; although, to say the truth—Hush, he is here again.

Hipp. (Returning). Precisely as I anticipated. Come, to see that thou hast triumphed long ago.—(*Exeunt*).

And O, cry our fair friends, what sort of a husband *did* he make?

Why, my sweet Emily, you must not believe that silly proverb, *a reformed rake makes the best*, &c., was one bit more true at Athens than elsewhere. As long as Hipponicus lived, matters, they say, went on pretty smoothly. But he could not last for ever. The eagle began to shake his plumes; and soon it was all over with the lime-twigs. Of *Timandra* you have heard in former scenes. And there was a certain Nemea; and a certain Lysilla; and a certain Zoe. In short, one fine morning Hipparete made her appearance in the consistorial court, according to the liberal provisions of Attic (and Scottish) law. What the Messrs Gordon, Tod, and Ross of that day might have done for the fair plaintiff we cannot tell. Alcibiades coolly took her in his arms at the very bar, and carried her back to his own house—upper story. She made no more efforts, to her dying hour, for a separate maintenance; but how much of this beautiful forbearance was owing to double bolts, and bread-and-water regimen, it would have been idle to conjecture.

Athens had other things to think of. Fourteen years after the death of Pericles, seven years after the death of Cleon, she took the Sicilian fever. It was the grand pivot-point of her fate; but she rushed upon it in the humour of a child craving for fresh toys. The mania was epidemic.

You went into a gymnasium; there were the young knights and magnates, chattering, with all the volubility of their country, of their new arms and their already-counted trophies. You took a turn in the Lyceum;—there were the aged—*emeritus* professors of the killing art—drawing on the sand the well-known outline of Trinacria, the sea that washed its *southern* shores, and every town and haven that pointed towards the quarter of *Africa* and *Carthage*. You passed on to the assembly;—there was the warning wisdom of Nicias, but there too was the winning lisp of Alcibiades, and we need not say which way his eloquence encouraged the listeners, nor with what result. Waving the wand of Asmodeus, we will rather beg leave to exhibit him in the circle of his nearest friends, a few days before the signal for sailing.

SCENE IV.

House of ALCIBIADES. A great Banquet. Time, towards Midnight.

ALCIBIADES. PHÆAX. ANTIOCHUS. ANYTUS. POLYTION. THEODORUS.
Five or six other Guests. TIMANDRA (in a masculine dress, calling herself CHARICLES).

Pol. So you are seriously resolved, fair Timandra, to go with us?

Tim. (Smiling). Not with you, only with *this one*! (Pointing to ALCIBIADES). Know ye not that male inconstancy and female truth are for the most part found together?

Alc. (Mockingly). By that reckoning my inconstancy can be no great thing to have only *such* truth for its portion.

Tim. *Such* truth! How? Is it not enough for thee? Ingrate! Set thyself up to auction among all of my sex that carry themselves so proudly with their virtue and their prudery, and see if one of them will bid for thee what I bid—if one will leave, for thee, her friends, her country, and her safety!

Theod. Come now, which do you fear the most—land-fight or sea-fight?

Tim. More than both—the bright eyes of the Sicilian maids. The one can rob me but of life—the other of something I love better.

All. Happy Alcibiades! Brave Timandra!

Alc. By the gods, well said, Timandra!—Charicles, I would say!—Hearken: I was doubting whether more than one companion might not be needful; for payment of this flattery, you *alone* shall content me.

Tim. Really? A noble promise,

and yet—not to be too literally taken.

A Slave. (Entering the hall, and approaching the table). My lord, the hour of midnight is come.

Phæax. That means, in other words, the hour of breaking up.

Alc. Nay, a moment's law! The lyre here! The scollum is with me. (Sings).

Live thou, love thou, drinking, laughing,

Festive garlands twine with me!

Quaff with me, when I am quaffing!

Then I'll sober be with thee!

(The catch and cup go round).

Alc. (To the attendants). And now, slaves, away with the goblets.

Phæax. By heavens, a strange entertainment! We are to tarry, and you let them take our cups!

Alc. That you may get fresh ones—get such as match our hands alone.—Slaves, remember my commands!

(They bring each guest a highly wrought helmet of costly metal).

Phæax. What? Fresh cups? These helmets!—

Alc. Listen to me before you give vent to your astonishment. 'Twas not for nothing I promised to be sober with you in my turn.

All. Explain! Explain! Explain!

Alc. At the court of the Great King it is the use and wont to offer him presents at coming and depart-

ture. In riches and in power I am not, unluckily, his equal; but I am above him in sense and valour, and I will be above him, too, in generosity. Often have ye been my guests, and now are about to be my comrades. Accept from me a gift that may serve you in both capacities! Look here!

(*He turns round the helmet before him; touches a spring, and the lion on its top flies off, and becomes the foot of a goblet.*)

All. (*Doing the same*). Ha! Admirable!

Alc. At least ingenious enough, but still a mere plaything! I will try to make somewhat more serious out of it. Fill these cups! (*They fill: he rises, and glances round the circle with an air of majestic earnestness*). My brothers, we all, if I except this single one (*pointing to TIMANDRA*), have once seen the solemn night of the Eleusinian Mysteries; we all have gazed with wonder on its sudden alternations of radiance and gloom; we all have felt what a new zeal inspired our souls for things unknown or profuse before. Noble youths, let us reap the harvest of that lesson now!—Here indeed are no life-like images; no Ceres, no Prosperine engendered of a dragon! But forms which fancy draws can fire such minds as yours. Bethink ye of your COUNTRY. Her teeming bosom has been proffered to your thirst. She demands your blood in return. Bethink ye of that country, of which ourselves are no small part. Be *here* and *now* affianced to her cause! For her sake ratify a vow, as warm and as inviolable as that which erst ye vowed amid the peals of the attesting thunder.

All. The vow! The vow!

Phœax. And that this instant!

All. This instant!

Alc. Whom then hold ye fit to be arch-priest?

Phœax. And who else should be than thou? In age, in unblemished frame, even in hue of hair and power of voice, the first, the meetest among us!

All. Be our Hierophant! Be our Hierophant!

Alc. Let then Theodorus be my herald, Polytion my torch-bearer!—Herald, do thy duty!

Theod. Be far from us, all ye

whose hearts are yet unclean! All ye on whom the stain of bloodshed rests, be far! Be far all ye who cannot hold aloft free hands! (*The slaves withdraw*). Approach ye that remain, in silence and in awe. The gods are near!

Alc. (*Solemnly raising his helmet*). To THEE, that bore us; to THEE, that hast reared us, holy city of Minerva; to THEE devote we heart, and hand, and soul. More than life to us be thy glory! More than love to us be thy welfare! More than peace and happiness to us be the enhancement of thy greatness! Does any one gainsay?

All. Not one!

Alc. Here have we oft-times quaffed the cup of joy. Stern as the fashion of these goblets be our draught to-night! Red as this wine is the blood of our foes. With this, ye gods, we moisten for you now the ground. Grant it to be as wet in battle with the gore of Syracuse! Grant us to raise the sword in fight as boldly as now these helms! Grant that conquest be our paramour, and honour our booty! Drink to the pledge!

All. Conquest our paramour! honour our booty! Alcibiades our leader!

Alc. (*Signs to POLYTION, and he shakes the torch*). So may the Furies shake their brand o'er him that thinks of flight!—(*Another sign; POLYTION drops the torch*). So sink his life that flees!—(*Trampling out the torch*). And so be his memory trodden out that turns traitor to himself and to his father-land! Pictures of Elysium and Erebus we once beheld. Be Erebus the portion of the coward—Elysium of the brave!

All. Accursed be the coward—blessed be the brave!

Alc. Be ever such as I behold ye! And therefore do I give these doubly serviceable helms. Henceforth be they the tokens of our covenant, the types of our existence, prepared at once for duty and for joy.

All. For duty and for joy!

Alc. Whoso eyes one of these amid the press of battle, and speeds not to the rescue, accurst to death and shame be he! Whoso surrenders these while life remains, whoso dreams of peace till the walls of Syracuse lie low, accurst, accurst be

he! Whoso deserts his country till she herself cast him off—

All. Accurst, accurst, accurst be he!

Alc. But blest be he who wisely—as we until this hour—blends mirth with magnanimity, voluptuousness with virtue; who throws himself as blithely into the shock of war as into the arms of a Timandra! Blest—

All. Blest, son of Clinias, thrice blest who rivals thee!

Alc. Ye powers around us accomplish the omen! Polytion, fling incense on the altar. And ye, let us exchange the kiss of brotherhood. A twofold cord holds fast. Remember that double bands unite us now.

[*They embrace.*]

Ant. Away, away ere morning glimmers! In Syracuse we celebrate renewal of our covenant.

Alc. In Syracuse, in Syracuse!
[*They separate.*]

You have read this scene, we doubt not, with profound attention. There was one of the excluded slaves—you will hear of him hereafter—whose attention was profounder still. It was easy to hear much; it was easier to imagine more.

That very night the statues of Hermes, so rife in the streets of the Attic metropolis, were mutilated by wanton or malignant hands. As groupes of angry citizens clustered round them the next morning, some tongue just whispered half inaudibly, "*Alcibiades and his band!*" Quicker than fire spreads from tree to tree through the summer-scorched forest, the ominous sounds were passed from lip to lip. *Alcibiades and his band* echoed throughout Athens; and Athens, in that cry, was ringing her own knell.

Omit we the details—the first burst of popular fury encountered and appeased—the answer to a false impeachment auspiciously begun—the fatal postponement of a final hearing. "All is gained," cried the sanguine Antiochus. "All is lost would be nearer the truth," said Alcibiades. From that hour he felt convinced that nothing but a succession of brilliant strokes in the Sicilian enterprise could save him. Behold him in the midst of them.

SCENE V.

In the cabin of his galley, full of his great projects, alone sat the hero. Recent tidings from Messena had given a spur to his hopes and his ambition. Let but the fleet of Athens, their purport bore, appear off her harbour, and the city would declare for the Athenian cause. Already did Alcibiades, in thought, behold himself on the bema of Messena, already was he subscribing the surrender of Syracuse, when Antiochus rushed into his presence. The paleness of his cheeks, the wandering glances of his eye, the palpitant of his whole frame, might have told his news; but he found a voice.

"Flee, Alcibiades, flee! we are lost! A letter from Athens, written by my trustiest slave, and brought hither by a flying bark, announces"—

Alc. (*Quite calmly*). It must announce the ruin of Athens, if thy horror be not disproportioned to the news.

Ant. At least it announces *ours*. Alcibiades, thou art impeached and condemned. Andocides took oath that you mutilated the statues of Hermes. Your own favourite, the

cupbearer you left behind, swore that you profaned the *Mysteries* by making a play of them at home. The people rages. The Salaminian ship is already on her way for you and your friends. A few hours hence she will be here.

Alc. (*After a long pause*). That is much to come all at once, I confess

it. Yet might it be much more, Dost thou remember now my prophecy without coming unexpected by me.

He was silent, and again pondered for some moments. Fixedly he gazed out upon the waves, without thinking of ship or of sea. At last he spoke again.

"It comes sudden, and it comes near, this peril; but it shall rebound and pass away. Perchance it were not hard for me to face with open force this attempt upon my life. I know the disposition of our confederates; their hearts are wholly mine, and mine, too, are the hearts of as many Athenians. It asks but a few words, a few brief picturings of treachery and injustice, a few dazzling promises, and the vessels that sailed with me would be somewhat more, methinks, than those that would remain. Athens should tremble at the *convoy* of her Salaminian ship!"

Ant. (*Springing up, and grasping the hand of ALCIBIADES*). And let her tremble! Give but the command! How shall I serve thee? Shall I hasten to the ships of the allies?

Alc. O no! Stop, I charge thee! I will not be the man to trample on Athens, on my country, because of an unrighteous doom.—(*After a short pause*). Nor yet the man to let spite-

ful foes have the reaping of what cost him so much pains to sow. I will not destroy them; yet shall they feel *who he is* they would have willingly destroyed. In a few hours didst thou say, Antiochus, the Salaminian galley would be here? Well then, profit by the interval. Call my friends together; and then follow my orders.

Antiochus flew, and quickly returned in their company. Mean while the son of Clinias had directed a swift vessel to hold itself in readiness.

"My brothers," he said, when he saw his friends convened, "we are fighting for our country, and our country condemns us, absent and unheard. Antiochus will have informed you what a tempest threatens us. You can yet escape it, and I beseech of you to do so. Steer for Messena. Through my persuasion that city is prepared to league with Athens. I, who have knit together this secret compact, will now again tear it asunder. Our party there has two leaders, Speusippus and Cleanthes. Warn the first to save himself by speedy flight. He was our friend from *inclination*, and deserves to be spared. The second was purchased by my *gold*. To accuse him will procure you free admission, demolish the plot, and show these Athenians how useful to them might have been the man they are driving away. Haste with auspicious winds! Even this parting embrace I must cut short, since time is precious."

Pol. What! and thou wilt not accompany us?

Alc. Can I do that without alarming jealousies? I should but injure you—not serve myself. No! I will yet linger here, and let the thunder-cloud draw nearer.

Theod. Canst thou be mad enough to—

Alc. Fear not; the arrow which we see approaching seldom wounds. Tarry a while in Messena; you will soon hear whither I have betaken myself, and then once more gather round me.

All. We will, we will!

Alc. However, even until then, the company of one of you would not be unpleasant; only, to say the truth, it would be hazardous, since

embarkation in the Salaminian craft may be necessary. If any of you has a mind for such a risk, let him declare himself.

All (*at once, and without exception*). With all my heart and soul! take me, take me!

Some. With thee in danger and in death!

Others. Rather with thee in the Salaminian, than without thee to Messena!

Ant. (*Loudly*). If our unbroken friendship gives me before them all—

All (*Drowning his voice*). No! No! Alcibiades, take me, take me.

Alc. (*With emotion*). Peace, my friends! I did indeed hope for some

comfort from you in my danger ; but I looked not for aught like this. Friends, brothers, I am bound to you eternally. But my proposal was not in earnest. As my companion I must take that youth whom I alone have made one. (*Pointing to TIMANDRA, who sits still and weeping in the corner of the cabin*). Timandra!

Charicles ! Wilt thou go with me ? with me, till I myself shall say, 'tis time we part ?

Tim. (*Falling on his neck*). O that I could be sure thou ne'er wouldst say it !

Alc. Friends, farewell ! (*He signs to them. They retire*).

On the Athenians in Sicily we cannot linger. Alcibiades has left them : and, what is even more to the purpose, Thucydides has chronicled their story. You know, perhaps, that, as subjects of a general comparison, we prefer the exquisite old *logograph* of Halicarnassus to all other historians in the Indo-European dialects, from his date to our own. But the seventh book—the Sicilian book—of his immediate successor is an insurmountable exception to the entireness of this judgment : simply because that seventh book is the finest piece of prose composition that ever flowed from human pen not superhumanly inspired. There is no picture so vivid. There is no tragedy so piercing. There is no climax of retributive horrors so overwhelming. We have blistered the last pages of that book with many tears. And the fount is not yet dried up.

But never, for the thousandth part of a second, did we pity the Athenians at home. We laugh, shout, sing, dance, jump about the room, in exultation at their misery. The base scoundrels ! The low, dirty, greasy, phrasing, canting, turncoat rabble ! Was it a second incarnation of Alcibiades's judges that hooted WELLINGTON on the anniversary of WATER-LOO ? Or is the nature of the beast, in all ages, one and indivisible ? We incline to the latter theory, and believe the oneness and indivisibility of—MOB. Flatter it, and its uncomely visage will look grimly pleased ; lie to it, and it will hail you, with obstreperous purring, as of kindred propensities ; feed it, and the gorging animal will slabber out its brutal satisfaction : scourge it, and it will cower beneath the lash ; trust it, and it will rend you to pieces.

Alcibiades knew somewhat better than to come within reach of its fangs. Embarked in his own trireme, he found it easy to give the Salaminian the slip. But whither to go ? Argos was no safe resting-place. There, too, the populace had been in one of their fits of howling madness. They had risen and murdered his friends. To their fate he gave a tear ; to his own perplexity not even a sigh. For a moment his thoughts veered towards Corinth : but the receipt of the following letter from Sparta—one of the longest ever written by Spartan hands—fixed his movements :—“ Athens spurns thee. Sparta will receive thee. Trust the bearers. If thou wilt come, come soon.”

Follow him then to Lacedemon ; and remember, before you read next scene, that the savages of that place were wont to perpetrate a dish immortalized under the title of *black broth*. Cooked by hereditary cooks—whose caste was confined to that manufacture—and always the chief mess at the public tables—it had reached, by the progressive skill of many generations, a pitch of beastliness not to be outdone. A Sybarite, “ exact of taste, and elegant—of sapience no small part,” declared 10,000 deaths by torture to be preferable to a second spoonful. And Alcibiades had sported the best cook in Europe.

SCENE VI.

Sparta.

PHILEMON (*a Corinthian*). MEGISTHUS (*of Corinthian descent, but long an inhabitant of Sparta*).

Meg. On his account, then, comest thou hither?

Phil. On his account, whom I would have followed to Tartarus itself. But nevertheless, what you tell me of him *does* amaze me.

Meg. And yet I say far less than I should. One may talk of him for days, for months, without drawing to an end. When first the rumour spread abroad that our ephors had invited him, every one wondered. When it was announced that he would come, every one jeered.

Phil. Jeered?

Meg. Alcibiades, said they, of all effeminate Athenians the most effeminate, what will he do among us? Is he to teach us the ways of women, or to learn of us the ways of men? Agis had provided one of our best houses for his residence. Unused as curiosity is to show itself here, the dwelling was surrounded by a mighty crowd, full of expectation. And so he came, in purple raiment, his ringlets dropping with perfume, as if not from a journey but a dance; a friendly smile upon his countenance; a woman's air in his gait. There wanted little to set the whole multitude a-hooting at him. But how did they stare, when an hour afterwards he quitted his mansion to wait upon the king; his hair combed out, a Spartan garb upon his loins and shoulders, his aspect grave, his step replete with dignity. Twelve years already have I lived in Sparta, yet not half so much a Spartan have I grown in these twelve years as he in a single hour.

Phil. Therein I recognise him.

Meg. When next day at noon he dined with us in public—not a wry face at our black broth!—left nothing of the viands set before him; answers of one syllable; few questions, and those wise ones. The astonishment of all of us rose higher and higher, and has gone on rising

every day. None of our native youth dare tilt with him: so immensely does his skill transcend wherever his strength may be inferior. The austereness of his morals shames our greybeards, the sagacity of his words our men. All mouths are full of his praise.

Phil. And has he nothing about him in the shape of a mistress? For, of a truth, I could have fancied soul and body living asunder sooner than him parted from his Glyceriums and Timandras.

Meg. At first, indeed, he had something of this sort beside him. From every other weakness he severed himself, as I have told you, the next hour; from *this* not till the next morning. Since then he looks upon the naked dances of our virgins with as much indifference as if he had never—but see, see there! there comes himself!

Phil. Who? What? Where?—Art thou jesting with me? Who can that be?

Meg. So I thought! Didst suppose I was telling thee fables? 'Tis Alcibiades!

Phil. He in that dress! Righteous gods, were ye haply creating a chameleon in the hour of his birth, and by mistake did ye inclose its spirit in a human frame?

Meg. Very possibly! But I leave you. The hour of exercise approaches; and my presence might impede your conversation. [*Exit.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES.

Phil. (*Going to meet him*). The gods be thanked! Do I find thee again at last, noble Alcibiades? How long, how anxiously, how widely have I sought thee? Knowest thou me yet? Me, thy old Corinthian host and friend?

Alc. I know; love; embrace thee. But whence? and why?

Phil. From Athens, whither I flew, soon as I heard of thy jeopardy, if possible to save thee. It was in

name of my country, interceding for thy life.

Alc. I thank Corinth for her will; Sparta for her deed.

Phil. Ill-fated friend, what must thou have suffered since that day! How many tears has the news of thy reverses cost me!

Alc. The experience of them cost me none.

Phil. Cost thee none! And yet thy loss was riches, country, prospects the most brilliant, due guer-don of heroic acts!

Alc. (*Smiling*). Trifles. I preserved freedom, fortitude, and life.

Phil. Nobly said! (*half jestingly*). Now, really, Alcibiades, if this be spoken seriously, I wonder thou didst not post straight to Athens, to plead thy own just cause. Thou shouldst know the temper of thy country.

Alc. I do know it.

Phil. Thou dost not trust it, then?

Alc. In all, except what touches life.

Phil. And wherefore so?

Alc. Because I should have dread of my own mother, were she still alive, that in going to the ballot she might mistake—a black stone for a white one.

Phil. And O how sage was thy distrust! I was an eyewitness of the fury wherewith the folk of Athens raged against thee. The storms of ocean at the wildest are a calm to that. Methought I saw a crowd of maniacs who had broken their chains and were foaming against their keeper.

Alc. An apt comparison! And was there not one friend to speak for me?

Phil. Not one.—Some countenances seemed to wish it; no mouth dared it. The priestess Theano alone withstood the curse she was commanded to pronounce.—“I am a priestess for blessing,” she said, “not for banning!” and departed.

Alc. Noble woman! Thy recompense shall come. But the conclusion of this equitable judgment was——

Phil. That they sentenced thee to death.

Alc. I will show them that I live! Before their very wall will I—But come into my house with me, mine honoured friend. This morning have I toiled enough to be tired without blushing for it.

Phil. I can believe thee. But what art thou last come from?

Alc. From the Eurotas.

Phil. And what didst thou there?

Alc. Bathed.

Phil. Thou! To-day! In this tempestuous season!

Alc. (*smiling*). I—to-day—in this tempestuous season.

Phil. O friend, friend, what have they made of thee?

Alc. Made of me! Alcibiades is always Alcibiades. Only, he thou sawest before was Alcibiades the Athenian; he thou seest now is Alcibiades the Spartan.

Phil. Is't possible!

Alc. No astonishment, my friend! Tarry a few days with us, and I hope to show thee something to exclaim for.

If we mistake not, there is a good tone of *laconism* hit off in that dialogue, which argues a huge bump of imitativeness in the adopted Spartan. But Alcibiades still was Alcibiades. A short scene between him and Antiochus, soon after the latter had rejoined him, will give proof positive of this fact. And those who like to tear off the dial-plate of history, and look into its clock-work, will trace here another illustration of the stale truth, “what great events from slender causes spring!” The ultimate fall of Athens was determined by some wooden images; it was postponed by a woman!

SCENE VII.

Night. A street in Sparta. ALCIBIADES (muffled up).

ANTIOCHUS (*on the way to visit him; meets him at his door*).

Ant. Is it thou? My visit was intended for thee.

Alc. Always a pleasure; although now I must beg thee to excuse me.

Ant. But whither, then, dear Alcibiades?

Alc. (Smiling). Must thou know that?

Ant. Not must, but yet our friendship—

Alc. Certainly entitles thee to put the question. I am going to Timæa.

Ant. To Timæa, the Queen?

Alc. Precisely so.

Ant. (Amazed). And what to do with her? Now—at this hour of the night—in absence of her husband?

Alc. You know all this, and yet you ask!

Ant. Are you sure to be admitted?

Alc. People usually admit those they have invited.

Ant. She loves you, then?

Alc. She says as much

Ant. And you love her in return? Undoubtedly?

Alc. Is that so certain?

Ant. Is she handsome?

Alc. Scarcely.

Ant. Still young?

Alc. Already well past thirty.

Ant. Agis has been, perhaps, your enemy?

Alc. Never yet.

Ant. Or you lack other opportunities?

Alc. O no, by Hercules, not I.

Ant. Why then, in all the world, what takes you to Timæa?

Alc. The wish to see among my offspring—Kings of Sparta.

Little birds have a remarkable aversion to the cuckoo; and young gentlewomen, who study natural history, are aware of the reason why. They will allow it, therefore, to be good logic, that Agis, King of Lacedæmon, should pretty considerably hate Alcibiades, a sojourner therein. There is nothing like a good hater for finding opportunities; and his majesty said to himself—*I bide my time.*

The tide of events kept flowing on. The triumph of Syracuse, and the annihilation of the great Athenian fleet and army, were quickly known all over Greece. The utter ruin of Athens seemed inevitable. Thrice, in full assembly, King Agis spoke of sacking her next spring. It was observed that, on the first occasion and the second, Alcibiades significantly smiled: on the third, he shook his head.

To justify his doubts, he pointed towards the sea. After one great gasp of agony, Athens appeared to snatch the Ægis from her tutelary goddess, and threw herself into the posture of a gladiator intending to die hard. A new fleet was launched; a new force was levied. If her tributaries did fall off from her, she would not leave revolt unpunished.

Eubæa, Lesbos, Chios, Erythræ prepared to begin the defection. The Persian satraps, Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus, sent messages to Sparta. Then arose the question, should the Peloponnesian fleets be steered for Chios and Ionia, or Lesbos and the Hellespont. The satraps were opposed to one another in their wishes. Alcibiades decided the strife.

Away went the Peloponnesian squadron for Chios. Chalcideus was to follow instantly with a Spartan reinforcement. But Attica had not lost the vigour of her naval arm. The Peloponnesians were beaten, and driven for refuge into a Corinthian harbour.

Here was a handle for the partisans of Agis. They turned a tempest of public wrath against the peremptory exile whose counsel had led to

this disaster. Alcibiades stood firm. Let Chalcideus still sail for Chios: He would embark with him, and share the danger.

The fleet received him with a shout, as if victory were already secure. Chalcideus embraced him on the deck of his own galley. Wind and sea obeyed him. Before it seemed possible for the ships to have weighed anchor, Chios beheld them riding off her port. Her league with the enemies of Athens was immediately concluded. Erythræ, Clazomenæ. Teos followed the example. The Athenian admiral, Strombichides, found himself forced back on Samos. *Alcibiades and Sparta* was the cry that swept the Ægean.

And now Alcibiades, with wonted sagacity, recollected that he had a colleague, and that this colleague was a man. Behold how he managed the old Spartan!

SCENE VIII.

On board the Spartan Admiral.

ALCIBIADES. CHALCIDEUS.

Alc. Chalcideus, speak from the heart. Dost thou hold the ephors, and thy countrymen in general, to be content with my services hitherto?

Chalc. How should they be otherwise?

Alc. And yet all this has been but the *prologue* of a great drama. The true art and strength of the poet will be tried in the coming scenes.

Chalc. Ha! a new project?

Alc. Possibly.

Chalc. Propose what seems good to thee. I am ready.

Alc. Noble man, thy friendship, thy prompt support, I have to thank for my glory, and Sparta for her success. But, my friend—to take up again this comparison with the drama—one and the same actor should not be always on the stage. One grows tired of beholding *only* him, and even his comrades find the time, before their own turn arrives, too long. So far *my part*! Now, Chalcideus, comes the eve for *thine*! Step forth, and be as certain of my cordial seconding, as thou art of the gratitude this warm embrace proclaims. (*Embraces him.* CHALCIDEUS remains somewhat cold).

Chalc. Son of Clinias, I comprehend not this address. Dost think I need encouragement to *do my duty*?

Alc. That hast thou ever done! But the time is come to win a reputation for *thyself alone*; and gladly

will I serve and aid thee to achieve it.

Chalc. (Half ironically). Thou! By the twin gods, something rare!—Heretofore—

Alc. (Smiling). Ha! There spake the secret soul of Chalcideus, and my suspicion wronged him not. Blush not, my friend! A certain tinge of jealousy is native to man's heart—above all, to the hero's.—What were the tears of Themistocles by the monument of Miltiades? What those that burst from my own eyes? But yet you erred, my friend, to think me still intent upon *exclusive* honours. In my trophies, as in my feasts, I love companions. The incessant repetition of my single name is discord to my ears. To convince thee of this, listen to the proposal I have come to make thee.

Chalc. Make it! I hear thee ever gladly.

Alc. Dost thou remember what I promised the ephors?

Chalc. The revolt of Chios—the fall of Athens.

Alc. The one is accomplished, and the other begun. But I promised yet a third thing, to aggravate the losses of Athens, and enhance the prosperity of Sparta—a league with the Persians. Be this thy care, Chalcideus! Away to Miletus, and conclude it!

Chalc. To Miletus? To Miletus now? Art thou dreaming? Was

not the Hellespont our point, as determined on last council?

Alc. Not determined on — only proposed.

Chalc. And you withstood it not.

Alc. Yet might have done so. If my plan is to succeed, secrecy was necessary then. But, would we make good what I promised the ephors—and thou too, in thy soul—then must we—yet not *we*—must *thou* alone steer to the right hand, not the left.

Chalc. (*Somewhat pettishly*). Son of Clinias, thy abilities in war and peace I honour much; thy love for riddles less.

Alc. It would be no riddle to thee, didst thou remember by what I chiefly swayed the ephors to promote our expedition. *Sparta alone*, I told them, in league with *Chios*, should make that possible which would have been impossible for the whole *Peloponnesus*. *Sparta* and *Chios* alone should stir up all *Ionia*; should make with the Great King an alliance offensive and defensive—the first and sole alliance of its kind! This was my promise; and thus I heated the ambition of *Endius* and his colleagues.

Chalc. A tempting promise! But to keep it?—

Alc. Is possible now, or never.

Chalc. Now? Impracticable!—And, were all attained, would not the other *Peloponnesians* have their share?

Alc. No, that they shall not—that they cannot have! Here their ships' crews must be landed. Put *Chians* in their room. Then up with thy canvass, *Chalcideus*! Complete the glory of *Endius*, our friend! Let *Sparta* triumph, *Athens* tremble, and *Agis* gnaw his lip for spleen!

Chalc. And the rage of our confederates! Their envy—

Alc. They seldom envy us in danger. Moreover, trust me to convince them that the interest of all demands the hottest haste.

Chalc. Of that wilt thou persuade them?

Alc. Will and can! I have intelligence that the fugitive *Strombichides*, strengthened by a reinforcement, again keeps the sea, and even purposes sailing for *Ionia*. We have

got the start of him, but not a moment must be lost. Behold these letters from sure friends in *Athens*; these invitations from *Miletus*. You will find yourself all right with the *Athenian* fleet; all safe in *Miletus*. (*Gives him despatches*).

Chalc. (*After reading for a few minutes*). All right and safe! (*Looking earnestly at ALCIBIADES*). And the honour of this stroke—the fame of this convention—*Alcibiades*, is it seriously thy purpose to leave both to me alone?

Alc. Alone! Away with thee! I remain at *Chios* with the *Peloponnesians*.

Chalc. (*With a still more piercing glance*). But I confess to thee I rate such a treaty as worth more than three gained battles.

Alc. I too! And therefore speed! (*CHALCIDEUS paces up and down in silent meditation*).

Alc. (*To himself*). It works! And I mistake the gallant *Spartan* if I know not *how* 'tis working!

Chalc. (*Turning quickly round*). No, son of *Clinias*, that is more generosity than I could hope or ask of thee! Man, who promisest me so much, promise one thing more.

Alc. (*To himself*). As I expected. (*Aloud*). I promise.

Chalc. Thy pledge to it!

Alc. 'Tis given.

Chalc. And I adopt thy counsel! *Sparta's* fleet shall sail for *Miletus*. But *thou* sail'st with us.

Alc. No, *Chalci*—

Chalc. Thou must! Thy pledge! (*Embracing him*). Noble-minded *Alcibiades*, I blush for the glance you threw, deeper than myself, into the secrets of my bosom. But never, be my oath thy warrant, shalt thou again detect there what this time thou—

Alc. (*Interrupting*). No more apology, my friend! Only remit to me my promise!

Chalc. Never!—The conviction that for such affairs as this—for gaining hearts, outstripping enemies, riveting friendships and alliances, a spirit like thine is a thousand times more fit than my rough soldier's temper—never came so home to me as now. *Alcibiades*, let us convene with all despatch the other *Peloponnesian* commanders! Speak with thy wonted power—that is, speak to

persuade! And so to-morrow's sun shall shine on our set sails.

Alc. And you will not then allow me the little gratification to—

Chalc. To do me a favour? No, that will I not! because I am a Spartan.

Alc. (Smiling). That means as much as *conqueror in every thing.*

Chalc. How can I imagine so? In this strife of magnanimity thou wast first; and he must lose who only imitates.

The Peloponnesian captains—so artfully did Alcibiades harangue them—agreed at once to his proposal. They saw that he and Sparta would incur the chief danger; and they were not quick enough to see that *that* would be attended with the chief profit. With the blush of the next dawn, the fleet had sailed. With it sailed twenty Chian galleys, proud of the companionship; Miletus greeted them with open arms. The Athenian fleet came too, but came too late, and was obliged to take up a position at the isle of Lade, in the offing.

The treaty with Persia is concluded. Alcibiades proposes to Chalcideus to remain at Miletus, while he goes on an *agitation-tour* through Ionia. There are tidings of another victory on the Corinthian coast. "Too much good news at once," said Alcibiades, on parting with his colleague, and exhorted him to double vigilance.

He is scarcely gone when the news of a fresh battle in the Milesian territory—of the defeat and death of Chalcideus—recalls him. He speaks the funeral-oration of the brave Spartan; and washes out the memory of his loss in streams of Attic blood. But Athens, Antæus-like, touches the dust only to start up again with greater vigour. Three of her trophies erected in the isle of Chios—another landing near Miletus—an engagement hurried on by the allies, against the warning of Alcibiades—and a great victory by the Athenian arms—amaze every one but Alcibiades.

He enters not Miletus with the vanquished, knowing that Hermocrates of Syracuse, with a Sicilian fleet, is hastening to join the confederates at war with Athens; he and his immediate friends scatter themselves along the Ionian coast on the look-out for their arrival. Alcibiades and Antiochus are together. Their quest is fortunate; and we find ourselves with them at the spot where the Syracusan general and his chief officers have landed for the sake of reconnoitering.

SCENE IX.

The Tent of HERMOCRATES.

ALCIBIADES (*goes straight up to HERMOCRATES*).

Son of Hermon, the tidings we bring thee are important, but they are not for *many* ears.

Herm. What do they concern?

Alc. Thee—Miletus—the whole war.

Herm. (Smiling). Then are they certainly of *compass*, and it may be of *weight*. (*To his Officers*). Leave us! (*To ALCIBIADES*). But how knewest thou me so promptly, stranger?

Alc. Because not merely the *will*

of Syracuse, but *Nature* marked thee for a leader.

Herm. Much indebted for the courtesy! Is thy news as good as thy preface?

Alc. Not quite; unless we are to call all *good* that *may* be profitable.—Hermocrates, I am an envoy from Miletus to adjure thee in the name of that rich and mighty city to hasten to her aid. As surely as without thy speedy succour she is lost, so

surely with it she is saved—and thou immortal.

Herm. (Eagerly). From Miletus art thou? Is her state so perilous?

Alc. I come from thence, and her state is not without peril. I myself fought in the battle, which was already won, when the Peloponnesian pride and rashness ruined all. Scarcely could our troops reach the city; before it now is lying the Athenian host, threatening it with plunder and destruction. Son of Hermon, I adjure thee, haste! On the holding out of Miletus hangs the fate of Ionia. Syracuse is not of more moment to Sicily than Miletus to our whole confederacy.

Herm. Did not Alcibiades fight along with you?

Alc. Fought and conquered! The Peloponnesians alone snatched from him a victory by their flight.

Herm. But he still lives?

Alc. He lives.

Herm. Then is all well with Miletus!

Alc. I doubt it. He entered not the city with the rest.

Herm. Dost thou know him?

Alc. Perfectly.

Herm. (With warmth). O then, draw me a picture of him that shall be like! My whole soul burns for the first sight of him. By a thousand hands have I already had him painted; but all the thousand differed widely from each other.

Alc. That I can credit. Good portrait-painting is no every day craft.—But expect not too much in this Alcibiades! He is but a man of ordinary stamp. The slight portion of head and heart that nature gave him——

Herm. Slight portion, says't thou? Ha, so modestly, or so maliciously, did never one before thee speak of him. Man, thou must be either his enemy or himself.—Thou smilest!—Thou saidst a little while ago, he entered not Miletus with the rest!—This air, this glance, this tone—ha! by the immortals, thou art Alcibiades—and I blush for my blindness (grasping his hand) that I saw it not before.

Alc. I am he (*embracing him*); and this embrace, I trust, thou will return.

Herm. (Transported with joy). Will I?—Will I?—O, son of Clinias, no

bride so ardently could strain to her heart the long-absent darling of her bosom, as I do thee. Welcome! and O learn from this embrace, which I could wish to last for ever, how dearly thou art welcome!

Alc. (Pressing him to his breast, with fervour). Be my friend, noble man!

Herm. O, by my soul's life, that have I been long! Already, while my fatherland still shook before thee as her most terrible foe; while thy fame was but half-grown; while no reverse had tried and proved thee; already wast thou the idol, that towered before me in unapproachable grandeur. Thine eloquence upon the bema; thy fortune in the field; thy readiness of mind in every difficulty—O now, even now, when I besought my country to send succour to Ionia, the longing for thy sight, thy presence, thy friendship was the most powerful source of my anxiety, though not the revealed one.

Alc. How shall I thank thee for all this praise? Reciprocal assurances that I long have prized thee would be true indeed, but far too tame. Better to acknowledge at once that thou hast been the object of my envy.

Herm. Thine envy!

Alc. Yes! yes!—*I thine unapproachable Idol* didst thou say?—Fortunate man! what thou hast seen, I never saw:—Never a fatherland thanking me for its deliverance; never a Nicias imploring me for life—alas! imploring in vain.

Herm. Son of Clinias, I am guiltless of that blood.

Alc. I know it, and rejoice in it. Deeply as Nicias was mine enemy, far more shouldst thou for thy whole life have been so, couldst thou have commanded to slay him. But enough of me and thee—away with every thing that touches ourselves alone! For knowing one another better, for converting esteem when we were remote into friendship now we are together, we shall have time and cause sufficient. The weal of whole communities is suspended on these instants—on these alone! Miletus is beleaguered. Suffer her to fall, and adieu to Ionia!

Herm. How strong are the Athenians?

Alc. We can count when we have beaten them! Syracuse sent thee

forth to humble the might of Athens. Thou wilt seek in vain for such another opportunity. Thy approach is unsuspected—our last battle was bloody—even the victors lost many of their best troops. They can scarce dare to face the onset of a fresh enemy, and if they do, they must repent it.

Herm. But what if fortune were to fail us?

Alc. Then is nothing lost but what was lost beforehand—Ionia! The sacker of Miletus will not waste his precious time in chasing the fleet of Syracuse; will——(*with changed, half-indignant tone*)—O, Hermocrates! is it possible you exult in my friendship, and yet can be mistrustful of my words?—that you swear to me affection, and yet spurn my first entreaty? Is it thy serious wish to be my rival in renown?—on then—follow me whither by to-morrow's dawn I go—with thee or without thee.

Herm. Even without me?

Alc. By my life I do! I swore to the Milesians to return. If I cannot do it at the head of a fleet or an army, let the first fishing-boat transport me! Fearless will I oppose life and body to the foremost peril, and know at least how to die for a cause which others shun to live for. And thou, son of Hermon, when the people of Syracuse demand a reckoning at thy hands—when desertion of thine allies weighs heavier on thy conscience than ten lost battles——

Herm. Son of Clinias, enough! I surrender. Be thou commander of my fleet—say what we shall do—and it is done. I will be only the mouth through which thy will shall speak. (*Now first recollecting ANTIOCHUS, who has been standing all this time at some distance*). But see, Alcibiades, in the heat of our conference I had forgotten that you came accompanied. Forgive me, young man——

Ant. No excuses, general! I have been long accustomed (*smiling*) to be unseen and unheard when any one saw and spoke for the first time to my friend here.

Herm. Uncommon modesty, noble stranger! Only beside the son of

Clinias can such injustice befall thee. But thy name?

Alc. He has told it thee already in so emphatically naming me *his friend*. Antiochus!

Herm. Ha! thou Antiochus? Thou the luckiest of bird-catchers?* (*Embracing him*). By the incommunicable mysteries of Ceres! by the virgin fountain of our own Dian! my leadership would I lay down to become such a follower.

Alc. (*Laughing*). You took care to swear by things more befitting a maiden than a general! The exchange you wished yourself would be that of Diomedes and Glaucus.

Herm. Ay, on the side of Diomedes! He gave brazen arms and got golden ones. Antiochus—Antiochus—firm and time-sanctioned is thy right, yet some degree of rivalry thou must allow me; some—but, son of Clinias, I mark the impatience of thy look, and understand it. Excuse me a few moments, and my captains shall be assembled in council. Show us, then, plan and means to attack the Athenians with advantage, and if we steer not for Miletus two hours afterwards, the fault will not be mine. (*Exit*).

Alc. And mine still less! Have I gained over the head, and shall I fear resistance from the members? But why so deep in thought, Antiochus?

Ant. In thought and in care.

Alc. And wherefore?

Ant. Heardst thou not what said Hermocrates before departing? He would strive with me for the *first* place in thy friendship.

Alc. Strive and be defeated!

Ant. How much I apprehend the contrary! His deserts——

Alc. Are great. A man of bold, gallant, determined spirit! But were he all this in double grade, my man he could not altogether be.

Ant. How so?

Alc. Certain merits should not be too close to one in order to continue bearable. Besides, I have twice already marked in this Hermocrates what does not lessen my esteem for him, but will make my confidence more difficult to gain.

Ant. Twice displeased with him

who so warmly praised thee—so entirely complied with thy demands?

Alc. Entirely, true—but slowly enough! Did he not suffer my prayer to come to threatening? Pliability enough for a statesman and a general, but too much stubbornness for the man who would be my bosom friend. Even his praise—I don't deny him candour, but still less a spice of envy.

Ant. Word-splitter, whence gatherest thou this?

Alc. From none of his words, only

from his looks. More than once methought I could detect him measuring his form with mine, and then would a passing blush just tinge his pale complexion. The very tone in which he said that I had been his idol—My hand upon it, dear Antiochus, Hermocrates supplants thee not. And thy artless solicitude—a thousand tricks, didst thou need them, could not have so warmly recommended thee. (*Embracing him*). But now, away after Hermocrates! We can talk of other things when Miletus is secure.

Miletus was secured. At the mere rumour of her deliverer's approach, back to Samos fled the baffled Athenians. All Ionia was safe. The whole was the work of Alcibiades.

As bitterly as ever that pinchbeck Dr Johnson, Samuel Parr, presumed to persecute with tongue the modern Ædechristians, have we always felt it our duty to punish with pen the ancient Spartans. Of their desert and our equity here follows ample evidence. Led by the counsels of Agis, what was the reward of these incalculable services they planned for the son of Clinias? We will furnish the programme, as concerted with Astyochus, at that time commanding the Lacedemonian fleet:—"A banquet to be given on board his galley—Alcibiades to be invited—amid the tumult of festivity to be stabbed as if in a drunken brawl—or jostled into the sea as if by accident—or seized, chained, and sent to the custody of Agis." Pass then to

SCENE X.

It was on the evening before the appointed day. Alcibiades had prepared a sumptuous entertainment. Astyochus, Hermocrates, and all the Spartan, Peloponnesian, and Asian captains were his guests.

ALCIBIADES (*while his company are rising from table*).

Will ye break up so soon, my friends?

Ast. So late shouldst thou say. For this time thy table has been no Spartan one.

Alc. O yes! only I remembered that Miletus was the place of meeting.

Herm. No finding thee without an answer ready! They speak of us Syracusans as somewhat liquorish: but thou—shouldst thou come amongst us—couldst teach us temperance one day and luxury the next.

An Ionian. Forty years have I

lived in Miletus. But so jovial a night as this I never saw.

Alc. Ye make me blush—the penalty of my poor entertainment. But another time—

Ast. Nay, after feasting comes fasting: some comfort for me, son of Clinias, if my table match not a fourth of thine. 'Tis understood that ye are all my guests to-morrow?

All. 'Tis understood.

Ast. I hold not him my friend who stays away on any pretext whatever.

Alc. (*Offering his hand*). Call me

no longer *Sparta's friend* if I fail thee.

Ant. Adieu then, brave comrades! Adieu, till our next meeting!

All. Adieu! Our thanks for thy magnificence! Adieu! (*Retiring*).

Alc. (*Softly to ANTIOCHUS*). Friend! you will remain?

Ant. With pleasure; as you please.

Alc. (*Drawing aside HERMOCRATES, who approaches to take leave*). And thou, too, son of Hermon, thou too—if I may ask so much—be one of the last to go; and then slip back to me, unobserved if possible! I have things of weight to speak of, that tarry not for to-morrow's dawn.

Herm. At thy service!

Alc. Unobserved of the rest! Dost understand me?

Herm. Perfectly! I will even dismiss my slaves. Only give orders to thine to admit me. (*Goes out with the other guests. ANTIOCHUS alone stays behind. ALCIBIADES paces up and down the chamber in the deepest thought*).

Ant. Son of Clinias, why so suddenly transported from the gaiety of a banquet to the reveries of a dreamer? You seem to me much disturbed.

Alc. O no! merely reflecting.

Ant. And on what?

Alc. (*Falling upon his neck*). Be undismayed! Nothing shall be worse, and much, peradventure, better.

Ant. (*Amazed*). Is this intoxication, or—

Alc. At least we *part* not; or, if at all, only for a day! Shall it not be so?

Ant. By the gods, what ails thee? what wouldst thou have?

Alc. (*Recovering himself*). Thou art right. I spoke like a dreamer. But patience till Hermocrates returns, and all shall be clear to thee. There are things one names too often when one names them *once*.

Ant. You strain my curiosity to bursting. But I will wait. (*ALCIBIADES again paces up and down. HERMOCRATES comes back*).

Herm. Here I am once more, son of Clinias! Have I made haste enough?

Alc. Enough!

Herm. Say, then, what seekest thou?

Alc. To give thee a proof how

much I honour thee above all other Greeks; with what confidence I commit life and happiness to thy disposal.—(*Grasping his hand*).—Know, Hermocrates, at the board of Astyochus to-morrow Alcibiades appears not.

Herm. And why not?

Alc. A guest he likes not awaits him there—death or chains.

Herm. and Ant. (*Both at once*). Ha! How? (*Pause of astonishment*).

Herm. Is't possible that treachery—

Alc. Yes, *treachery*, blacker than midnight! Ingratitude more hideous than the pit of hell! Sparta, that owes to me, to me *alone*, allies, and victory, and greatness; Sparta, for which I have a thousand times ventured my life—Sparta has basely offered me a victim to mine enemies. The blood-thirstiness of Agis, who everywhere (*bitterly laughing*), in his very bed, fears to be eclipsed by me, has passed a sentence on me as cowardly as murderous. My blood he longs for, and they—the sage fathers of the council—have made him welcome to it! In the sight of a city rescued by my skill and valour—in the sight of a host that knows and loves my ardour—these dastards have not heart enough to lay on me their assassin-hands—still less to drag me before an unbribed tribunal. But over the bowl of revelry, in the lap of a simulated amity, to fall upon me—O that seems nobly done to these miserable caitiffs, whom oath nor faith can bind. For this they commissioned their Astyochus—and this the hero-deed, he thinks to do to-morrow!

Herm. By heavens, they shall find themselves mistaken! Canst thou demonstrate to me, Alcibiades, that all this is not bare conjecture, but certain truth?

Alc. Well were it for human sagacity were many things as easily demonstrable. Read this paper! Thou knowst the hand of Endius?

Herm. As my own! (*Reads*) "Astyochus comes; murder in his train! Agis required thy death. Save thyself!" Infamous! Infamous!

Alc. Three other letters to the self-same purpose I can show thee! But even this one of itself—and the

secret warnings of a noble Corinthian—and of a Helot, who contrived to reach me from the galley of Astyochus—have convinced me what awaits me at to-morrow's meal. And therefore, O Hermocrates, noblest of all Syracusans, I adjure thee—thou wast ever my friend—

Herm. Was—and will ever be! Demand what thou wilt; covert aid—quick prevention—open rupture! I am prepared for all. Be thou the breeze; behold in me the sail, ready to swell as thou shalt influence. Through me did Syracuse make league with Sparta; but my country will thank me now for tearing such a bond asunder.

Alc. No, son of Hermon, I ask not that. Friendship and indignation transport thee beyond the bounds of duty; but to me those bounds are sacred. Hermocrates the *individual* might join with Alcibiades against Agis and Sparta; but Hermocrates the *general* can venture no such step without assent of Syracuse. And far from me be the thought that, on account of Agis, I should annihilate this compact—endanger Miletus, Ionia, the total fortunes of the war! The son of Clinias will know how to attain—without shattering his own work—a roof for his head and a free field for his renown.

Herm. How much do I revere thee! And yet, shouldst thou reject my offers, what wilt thou do? wherein can I serve thee?

Alc. What will I do? Flee to Tissaphernes before to-morrow dawns.

Herm. Thou to Tissaphernes, the hatefullest of all barbarians!

Alc. Never was he such to me; and besides, he shows his weak side too openly to have it long unturned to profit, or himself unmastered. His quarrel with Sparta, and yet his hatred to Athens, make him the single arbiter that can resemble me in my mood, or aid me in projects. For so wayward is my destiny, that even my deadliest foes' most deadly foes are also mine; that of two states, at war with one another, I have been to both an idol, and am now to both an abhorrence; that I have raised both to their highest pinnacle of glory, and now must fly from both as from a grave! O, Hermocrates, cursed be the man who to concerns

of state—(with quickly altered tone, and calmer aspect)—and yet what would I have? Did I, for a moment, forget ALCIBIADES? Did I forget that thoughts of this kind do nothing but waste time and deaden resolution? (With decision.) To Tissaphernes be my flight! Let him greet me as he will! For myself I tremble not; but alas! for thee (turning to ANTIOCHUS) friend of my soul! my other self!

Ant. For me?

Alc. My misfortune banished thee from Athens; my friendship now will kindle against thee the hate of Lacedemon. On thee the fury of Astyochus at my escape will fall. Gladly would I take thee with me. But what can I promise thee? I, whose best hope is to surrender myself to the caprice of a barbarian! To thee, then, O Hermocrates, I make my prayer! Be thou an Alcibiades to my friend! Protect him! Prize him! Watch over him as the apple of thine eye! On board thy ships he will be safe; safe, until I can proffer him the choice to follow me or not.—Wilt thou do this?

Herm. That thou shouldst ask me! Believe me, I feel all the honour of this confidence.

Alc. Ay, honour! Did I with the right hand present to thee Ionia, with all her cities, tribes, and treasures, to guard as mine own domain; and with the left Antiochus, I should implore thee—be most careful for the left, Hermocrates! (Turning to ANTIOCHUS.) And now, my friend—

Ant. So far have I suffered thee to go, O son of Clinias, that I might survey the whole compass of thy friendship. But I can be still no longer—and O, even to that limitless friendship there is wanting something that closest knits the souls of men! Thou wouldst flee, and leave me behind? Tremblest not for thy life, and deemest I could tremble for mine?—No, my friend, not to Tissaphernes alone—to the wildest of Scythian hordes—to those dark realms where everlasting night shuts out the beams of day—wherever soul can wait on soul—lead on, I follow thee.

Alc. I do believe it: but hear me, Antiochus—

Ant. No, I will not hear thee! No conditions to fetter friendship's liberty! Enough, son of Clinias, I

follow thee! I swear it by both our lives; by the lesser mysteries and the greater! By my head and by this helmet; by every happiness that perchance may yet await us in coming times!

Alc. Thou hast sworn an oath with all thy soul; but——

Ant. And with all my soul will I keep it. O, Alcibiades, believe not I have e'er forgot the dust and misery from which thy love first drew me; that all the benefits which since——

Alc. (*Laying his hand upon his mouth*). O hush, hush with the catalogue! I see thou art too strong for me. Follow, then, thou shalt; since such is thy resolve.

Herm. Gods, all-gracious gods! I thank ye for this spectacle! And how much more would I thank ye, were I a private Syracusan and no general!—O then, then, were I a *third* in this alliance; though the ends of earth were to be sole limit of our flight. Once more, son of Clinias, I adjure thee think what thou art doing! Think what I offer thee! Mine are the hearts of the Syracusans; thine those of the Milesians and confederates. What could the few ships of Sparta do against such union? Tear, then, in open day, the specious mask from this Astyochus, and how will all abhor the naked features!

Alc. Very probably: but what more likely, too, than that the fleet of Athens, falling on such distracted enemies, should crush them? That the curses of posterity, the scorn of

present times——No, Hermocrates! thy zeal for me transports me. But the solitary thought, that I might peril thy life with Syracuse, involve thy fortunes in my doubtful destiny, is strong enough to keep me to my purpose.—Farewell, noblest of men! the night is waning; and the young day must find us far from Miletus on our flying steeds. (*Embracing him*). Take the kiss of parting!

Herm. O when—when the kiss of reunion?

Alc. Haply soon! And yet, haply, never! 'Tis even possible that we, who now embrace so warmly, may first meet again at the head of opposing hosts—war our wish—and death our salutation.

Herm. Cruel! And canst thou think upon that *now*?

Alc. There is a solace for the thought! Him should I infinitely prize as enemy, whom I have infinitely loved as friend. Come, then—exchange we rings and swords! Son of Hermon, forget me not!

Herm. Never! never! thou leavest behind a partisan in me, who with loud and honest voice——

Alc. Enough! enough! More than words could reach, thy look already utters. Ye, too, embrace and part! (*HERMOCRATES and ANTIOCHUS embrace*). Farewell! Wherever we encounter thee again, at Miletus, Syracuse, or Athens; on the battle-field, or in the arms of peace or joy, be blessings on thy head.

All three. Farewell! farewell!

[*They separate.*]

EVILS OF THE STATE OF IRELAND.*

We claim credit to ourselves for the most ardent and anxious desire to see *justice really done to Ireland*, and we hold no man to be a true Conservative who does not partake this feeling. For the true Conservative is proud of the social and moral condition of his country, not less than of her reputation in arts and arms;—he loves “England, with all her faults,” because he believes that, notwithstanding these, there is more pure religion, more virtuous feeling, more regulated freedom, more manly exertion, and more rational enjoyment, in this country than in any other. And believing all this, it must be to him a perpetual source of sorrow and humiliation, that so fair a portion of his king’s dominions, so noble a country, and so brave and generous a people, should still present from age to age, under different sovereigns, under various laws, under the administration of all parties in the state, a remnant of barbarism, disgraceful to the British Legislature, and a scene of human suffering, such as “nations not so blest as we,” may well thank Providence that they have never witnessed.

That much vice, misery, and destitution must exist in every large community, and particularly in the large towns of every community where the state of society is complex, if not a necessity of human nature, is at least a consequence of such a state of society, so general and permanent, that we should only abuse the reason which Heaven has given us, if we were to look for their disappearance from the earth. All that the philanthropist can reasonably expect is to see a gradual approximation to a state of things, in which the sufferings resulting from vice, or from destitution, may be so far reduced in amount, that what remains may be fairly regarded as the natural consequences of the sins or errors of the sufferers themselves, and may be steadily and permanently alleviated by the feelings of huma-

nity, and by the sense of duty, of their more prudent and more fortunate fellow-citizens. But when we see a whole nation “steeped in poverty” for ages together,—among whom the physical sufferings from cold and hunger are so great and so general as to shorten by many years the average duration of human life—when we see an *agricultural population* of several millions permanently reduced to the verge of beggary, ignorant of the comforts which are enjoyed in abundance by their equals in rank in other countries under the same legislation—when we find them in consequence discontented, turbulent, and careless of the lives of all around them—and when we see that a long course of beneficent and even (particularly as regards taxation) indulgent legislation, is altogether ineffectual in correcting these evils, we must perceive that there is something here greatly beyond that amount of misery which is the ordinary lot of humanity; and unless the causes of this *extraordinary* poverty and wretchedness can be detected, and adequate remedies applied, this condition of our sister country will be, and deservedly be, a blot on the name, and a curse on the councils of England, throughout all that remains of her national existence.

Impressed as we are with these feelings, we would earnestly request the attention of our readers to the facts and reasonings contained in the pamphlet which is now before us, and to their confirmation of the opinions which we have already repeatedly and earnestly expressed. Its claims on their peculiar regard are shortly and modestly stated by the author as follows:—

“Having held the office of secretary to the Poor Law Enquiry in England and Wales, which led to the amendment of the laws in 1834, and subsequently that of secretary to the Poor Enquiry Commission in Ireland, I have had peculiar opportunities of contrasting a state of society in which the most extensive

* *Evils of the State of Ireland; their causes, and their remedy—a Poor Law.* By John Revans. London: John Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly. Pp. 152.

public provision for the destitute has long been established, with one in which there is as little public provision as" (he should have said *less than*) "in any country in Europe. No other person has enjoyed equal opportunities, for no other person was engaged on both enquiries. It becomes, therefore, my duty as a public servant, to lay the knowledge which favourable circumstances have enabled me to acquire before the country, in order that it may come to a correct judgment respecting the important subject in the enquiry about which I was appointed to assist."—(P. I.)

Our author states in a few words the contrast which the condition of England and of Ireland presents, and then passes in review, and, we think, satisfactorily disposes of, most of the causes which political disputants have assigned for this appalling difference.

"In Ireland," says he, "famine is almost of annual recurrence; crime is frightful, both from its atrocity and extent; agriculture in the rudest state; manufactures scarcely in existence; and the country overrun with hordes of wandering mendicants. In England famine is now only matter of history; crime less perhaps than in any other country; agriculture in the highest perfection; and manufactures, both in extent and in perfection, are unrivalled. Yet the people of Ireland are clever, industrious, and kind-hearted—the soil superior to that of England, and the climate equal.

"On the one hand, the political disqualification, during centuries, of the great majority of the population, and the compulsory payments to a Church, to the tenets of which they did not subscribe, have been assigned as the causes of the present state of Ireland. But granting to these their fullest powers, they are incapable of producing such a state of society. A very considerable body of the people of England were similarly circumstanced during nearly an equal period. The Protestant Dissenters of England bore the same relation to the State Church as did the Catholics of Ireland, both as to political disqualification, and as to forcible payments in support of the ministers of that Church. Yet the Dissenters of England thrived and were peaceable, whilst the Catholics of Ireland were wretched and turbulent. The Dissenters of England long paid tithes and church dues without a murmur, whilst the Catholics of Ireland were constantly in rebellion.

"On the other hand, the wretched-

ness of Ireland is attributed to the influence of the prevailing faith. * * * In the north of Scotland, however, the people of which are Protestant, a state of society exists nearly approximating to that in Ireland, whilst the Catholic peasantry of Prussia, of France, and of Belgium, are equal in condition to those of the Protestant countries in the north of Europe. Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Venetian States, have each held a higher position in power, in wealth, and in commerce, though Catholic, than any of the Protestant countries of Europe, excepting Holland and England."

It might have been added, that another cause, to which some are willing to ascribe all the miseries of Ireland, although a cruel aggravation, is quite inadequate as an explanation—viz. Agitation. We have had agitation in England, but it has seldom affected the agricultural population, and never will do so, we believe, in any country where some real grievance does not exist. But when has it lasted for centuries in England, or reduced our millions to the brink of starvation?

"The non-residence of a large number of the proprietors has also been stated to be the cause of the present condition of Ireland. It will, however, be seen, on reference to the subject of 'Landlord and Tenant,' in the Appendix F. to the Report of the Irish Poor Commissioners, that the people on the estates of absentees are frequently in a better condition than those on the estates of resident proprietors. Many properties in England are rarely visited by those to whom they belong; the proprietors of others chiefly reside in France or Italy; and on some estates there is not even a residence. Yet I never heard it remarked that the absence of the proprietor was an evil, and I do not believe that the people care whether he is present or absent.

"The State of Belgium is a remarkable refutation of two theories relative to Ireland. The population of that country is Catholic, and the lands are much subdivided, yet the people are prosperous and orderly—the cultivation of the land is of the highest description, and manufactures flourish." * *

The leading position which our author undertakes to illustrate is announced in these words:—

"From the investigation which I was enabled to make in the four years during which I was engaged upon the two enquiries, I am convinced that the advan-

tages of a public provision for the destitute able-bodied greatly preponderate over the evils; and that to the absence of the poor laws in Ireland, and to the existence of them in England, the present difference between these countries, both for centuries under the same Government, and with nearly the same laws, is mainly attributable. With poor laws the people of England have become the most comfortable, whilst without them, the people of Ireland have remained the most wretched community in Europe.

"Although I do not consider it," he adds, "to be a conclusive argument in favour of a public provision for the destitute, that in the most prosperous countries of Europe and America, an extensive provision has long existed; still I do think the fact perfectly refutes the assertion, that poor laws are destructive to the wealth and morals of society. In England, the south of Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, the Hanse Towns, most of the German States, and parts of Switzerland, there has long been a most extensive provision for the poor—whilst in Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Sardinia, Greece, and Turkey, there is not any.* Again, the United States of North America have poor laws, but the countries of South America have not. (Foreign Communications, Appendix F., 'Poor Law Enquiry in England.')

"—Introduction p. 4.

We do not think it necessary, in order to establish the wisdom and policy of introducing poor laws into Ireland, to go the whole length of our author in regarding their absence as the primary cause of all the evils of her condition. We admit the operation of many and various causes, although we are firmly convinced that this has been one of the most efficient. All that we contend for, in the first instance, is this, that the obvious and only effectual mode of meeting the extreme and long continued destitution of the Irish poor, by a system of poor laws, is *not open to the objection* which has been constantly urged against it by the economists, that it must ultimately aggravate the evil which it professes to relieve; and limiting our proposition in this manner, we hold that the contrast, which is presented

by England and Ireland, is decisive and irresistible evidence in its favour. We do not say, that the comfort and prosperity of England have been owing merely to her poor laws; but we do say, that if poor laws had necessarily carried along with them the evils which have been so confidently ascribed to them, that comfort and prosperity, after two centuries and a half of experience of poor laws, could not have existed.

We do not say that it is merely the want of poor rates which has caused the redundancy and wretchedness of the population of Ireland, but we do say, that if the prospect of destitution, which has been represented as the only natural limit to the multiplication of our species, had possessed the efficacy as a *preventive* check, which has been so confidently ascribed to it,—that redundancy and wretchedness could not have existed.

Mr Malthus and the economists tell us that the natural tendency of the human species is to increase and multiply in a geometrical progression, while the food of man, in any given country, can only be made to increase in an arithmetical progression; that therefore in every country which has been long inhabited, the population must necessarily press on the means of subsistence; that it is prevented from increasing beyond these means, only by the *positive* checks of vice and misery, and by the *preventive* check of moral restraint; that the object of a wise legislature must be to encourage the preventive check as much as possible, in order that the positive checks may come as little as possible into operation; that a system of poor laws, by assuring every individual in a community of subsistence, whatever may be his conduct, interferes with the preventive check of moral restraint; that no prudential motives can be expected to operate to prevent early marriages in a country where such security for existence, independently of prudent conduct, is provided by law; that poor laws, therefore, necessarily operate as a

* He should have stated that in the Catholic countries in the south of Europe the wealth and beneficence of the Church have been in a great degree a substitute, although a very objectionable one, for the poor laws of the more northern countries.

bounty on population; that their operation extends more and more throughout the population wherever they are introduced, and ultimately generates more pauperism than it relieves; whereas, when no such provision exists, every man must see clearly before him the consequence of rearing a family without having secured for them the means of existence; and the moral restraint consequent on this prospect, particularly if aided by general education and by special instruction on this point, will restrain the population within the proper limits. This we take to be a fair summary of the main argument which has been urged against poor laws since the time of Malthus. It is added that the money thus spent on the poor, and which yields no return, is so much subtracted from the capital which would otherwise "fructify in the pockets of the people," and be applied to the support of the productive industry of the country, to the increase of its wealth, and thereby ultimately to the support of a greater population.

Now the purpose to which we apply the contrast of the condition of England, with her poor rates of 250 years' duration, and Ireland, where the poor are left to themselves, or to the voluntary principle of charity, is, in the first instance, merely to prove that there must be *something wrong* in this deduction. We are told that the people of England have been cursed for 250 years with a pernicious bounty on their population, which is actually, at this moment, *la plaie devorante*, the bane of her social condition, and that Ireland has been blessed for a much longer time, with an exemption from this evil. But at the end of this time we find that the population of England has kept strictly within her proper limits; while that of Ireland has so completely outrun them, that not only are famines in Ireland "of nearly periodical recurrence," and the lives of the people habitually shortened by starvation, but the overflow of her population has pauperized both England and Scotland, besides extending to America. For we presume it will not be denied, that *the whole pressure of the population in the British islands on the means of sub-*

sistence comes from Ireland; and that if we could weed out of the great towns in England and Scotland all the adult Irish who have settled there, even within the last twenty years, there would be full employment for all the natives of those countries, and no signs of that redundant population which we are told is the necessary result of the laws that have been in operation there for more than two centuries.

Now, when we find that an experiment, tried for centuries, and upon millions, has given results directly the reverse of what the theory demands, it is surely reasonable and philosophical to infer that there must be something wrong in the theory. We may be told, indeed, that the condition of the English and of the Irish people is so different, that it is unfair to institute a comparison between them. But the present question relates to laws of nature, said to operate generally throughout society, and to be the proper foundation of human laws applicable to all countries—to the influence of motives, which, as Malthus says, are "intelligible to the humblest capacity." We should wish to understand distinctly from the economists, if the poor laws are necessarily a bounty on population, *how it has come about that the population of England within the last 250 years, under their operation, has not become redundant?* Why are the cities of England dependent on a continual immigration of Irish for any signs of that redundancy of which we are told they have so prolific a source within themselves? It will be said, that other circumstances in the condition of English society have counteracted the injurious operation of the poor laws, and prevented them from producing that effect on the population which would otherwise have been seen. But if they have not been in practice a bounty on the population, *what harm have they done?* or how can they be that *consuming evil* in English society which they have been so assiduously represented?

We should wish, likewise, to understand distinctly from the economists *what is the security* against excessive population, which, as they say, is opposed and counter-

acted by poor laws, and what hinders its operation in Ireland?

It is plain that no Irishman can be at a loss for examples, pointing out more clearly than precepts, the misery of families whose parents have married without the certainty of the means of subsistence. Yet experience shows, that the continual sight of this misery is no moral restraint upon him. It may be said, that the Irish are a rude and barbarous people; but is it meant that they are so rude and barbarous as not to be bound by the laws of nature? Or, is it meant that the law of moral restraint, consequent on the prospect of misery, is one which applies only to *educated* man; and that, by teaching the Irish to read and write, and cast accounts, we shall enable them to understand that their children have misery and starvation to encounter? If this be the expectation, the experience of England and Ireland is enough to show that it will infallibly be disappointed; for nothing is more certain, than that many of the Irish who overflow all the neighbouring countries, are better educated than many of the stationary English are, or very lately were, whose numbers do not become redundant. If it be said, that it is the Catholic religion which makes the continual experience and prospect of misery ineffectual as a moral restraint upon the Irish people, the answer is, that there are many Protestants among the lower Irish equally improvident as the Catholics; and again, that in Belgium and many other countries, the population, although Catholic, is restrained within reasonable bounds. The truth we believe to be, that it is not *education* but *civilisation*, or the growth of *artificial wants*, which naturally spring up in an advanced stage of society, which makes the distant prospect of misery sufficient to act as a moral restraint on population; and we very much doubt whether such civilisation can be maintained, in any long inhabited country, without the support of a legal provision for the destitute.

We believe that the rigid doctrine of Mr Malthus and the economists, as stated above, is pretty extensively distrusted; but we have never seen what has seemed to us a precise and satisfactory statement of the fallacy

contained in the simple and plausible process of reasoning which we have abstracted from the work of Malthus, and we must therefore trespass somewhat farther on the patience of our readers in order to explain our view of the subject.

All the first part of the reasoning (p. 3) of Malthus we believe to be perfectly sound and irrefragable; and for the satisfactory illustrations which he has given of the natural tendency of population to outstrip the means of subsistence—of its rapid progress in new and improving countries—of the checks imposed on it by the gradually increasing difficulty of procuring subsistence as society advances,—and of the latent power in all long inhabited countries which repairs the injury done by any cause of unusual mortality,—we think he deserves immortal honour. We entirely acquiesce in the statement, that all the checks which nature has provided for the excessive growth of population are reducible to the three heads of Vice, Misery, and Moral Restraint; and that any mode of relieving indigence which weakens the preventive check of moral restraint among the poor, will necessarily bring them under the operation of the positive checks of vice and misery, and ultimately injure instead of alleviating their condition. But, before making any practical application of these truths, it is farther necessary to ascertain (not by speculation in the closet, but by actual observation of human life) *under what conditions each of these checks will most surely operate*. Now this enquiry he has either neglected, or misapprehended its results; and when he farther asserts, that the necessary effect of a public provision for the poor is to weaken the principle of moral restraint, we maintain with equal confidence, not only that he goes wrong, but that his opinion is *the very reverse of the truth*.

The idea, that all regular systematic relief given to the poor only encourages improvidence, fosters population, and ultimately increases poverty, is so plausible; it is apparently so often supported by individual cases of profligacy and imposture; it is so well adapted to flatter the pride of science in some, and to sanction the dictates of sel-

fishness or of avarice in many, that we cannot be surprised at the hold which it has taken of the public mind. We all know that men of the highest talent and the most undoubted benevolence have denounced all public provision for the poor as the greatest curse that can be inflicted on a country, and have declared that medical charities only are admissible in a wisely regulated state—that it is wise and right to furnish the sick poor with medicines and medical attendance, but that to supply them with comforts by which their sickness may be prevented, or to succour them when they are permanently disabled by age, or injury, or previous disease—or to take any charge of their children when they die—is an unwarrantable interference with the provisions of nature for checking excessive population. The tone of such speculative reasoners is easily taken up by men of the world; and those persons who busy themselves in the service of the poor are accordingly very often regarded as well-meaning but weak-minded men, who do not understand the principle of population, and are not aware that the sufferings of one part of the community are the means appointed by nature for repressing the multiplication of the rest. And as we are told that many savages cannot be made to understand that any men can be brave, who feel compassion for the sufferings of their enemies, so we find it pretty generally doubted by such reasoners in our own country, whether any men can have strong heads, who suffer their hearts to be touched by the sight of want and misery.

We have formerly observed, that if the argument of Malthus and the economists against poor laws proves any thing, it proves too much. If poor laws are injurious because they remove the restraint on population which results from the prospect of starvation, what must be the effect of private charity, which may be, and is, anticipated as a resource in case of need, in like manner as a poor's rate? This question is answered by Malthus himself. After inveighing against poor laws, for giving "direct, constant, and systematic encouragement to marriage,

by removing from each individual the heavy responsibility which he would incur by the laws of nature, for bringing beings into the world which he could not support," he adds, "*Our private benevolence has the same direction as the poor laws, and almost invariably tends to encourage marriage, and to equalize as much as possible the circumstances of married and unmarried men;*" i. e. to weaken the preventive check. If so, it must be liable to the same objection, that it must engender more destitution and misery than it relieves. Nay, we beg to ask, what is there in *medical charities* to entitle them to the exclusive patronage of the economists? Mr Malthus, in his argument against the poor laws, considers the quantity of subsistence in a country as always so nicely adjusted to the population, "that the quantity of provisions consumed in workhouses must necessarily diminish the shares which would otherwise belong to more industrious and worthy members of society." But if this is true of the workhouse, what are we to say of the hospital? Must not the provisions consumed there by that large portion of the sick, whose lives may be prolonged, but cannot be saved, or by those who, but for its intervention, would have died, diminish the shares which would otherwise have gone to more profitable members of society?

In short, unless destitution and misery are to be considered as the only effectual safeguard against excessive population, the economists cannot prove that poor laws necessarily encourage population; but if these are the only safeguard, then *any* means of relieving misery will unnecessarily, *pro tanto*, encourage excessive population. The true and consistent economist, therefore, cannot stop short at the poor laws, but will denounce every kind of relief to the poor as ultimately injurious to the public, and must recommend, in all cases, leaving the poor to their fate, in order that "each individual may feel the heavy responsibility which he incurs by the laws of nature for bringing beings into the world which he cannot support."

Now, we do not stop to enquire whether this, which we hold to be

the legitimate and irresistible conclusion from the premises of Malthus and his followers, can be reconciled with the positive and often repeated injunctions of the Gospel; but we pronounce it, without hesitation, to be absurd; *first*, because the natural feelings of humanity (certainly as much a part of the laws of nature as any preventive check on population) will always prevent any such system of *leaving the poor to themselves* from being strictly carried into effect; and, *secondly*, because in those unfortunate districts of Ireland which have been nearly deserted by the higher ranks, and in which the nearest approximation to this system of abandonment of the poor is to be found, the result is *precisely the reverse* of what the theory requires; these being the very districts in which the poor are the most improvident, their numbers most redundant, and therefore their misery greatest. The following sentences from Dr Cheyne's Report on the Epidemic Fever in Leinster in 1817-20, contain the substance of numberless observations on the epidemic fever consequent on the famine in Ireland at that time, but which continues to infest that country, more or less, ever since, and will continue to do so as long as the condition of the people remains as miserable as at present.

"Continued fever has existed among the poor of the province of Leinster for many years. Towards the close of 1817, there was a great scarcity of wholesome food, in many places amounting to a famine, and also of fuel; the clothes of the poor were worn out, and many of them were in a state of dejection of mind from these hardships, and from a general failure of employment. At this period the common continued fever of the country became epidemical."—"The disease has been most destructive in those parts of the country where the poor have least intercourse with the rich."—"Fever committed its greatest ravages where the poor were supine, from the absence of persons of superior rank to protect and encourage them in the season of their calamity; it did not ravage those districts where that duty was performed by residents of character and independence; the want of such persons was much felt during the late crisis in many parts of the province of Leinster."—"One of the greatest desiderata of this country is a more frequent intercourse

between the upper ranks and the poor."—"Were associations for the relief of the poor when in sickness permanently established, they would do more towards restraining the spread of the disease, than any other measure which has been suggested."—*Account of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Fever lately Epidemical in Ireland, by Drs Barker and Cheyne. Vol. II. p. 164, et seq.*

It is well known to professional men, that contagious fever, which is the natural result of scarcity of food and clothing, of want of employment and mental despondency, in short, of *redundant population*, and which is *never absent* from Ireland, has for many years past been *hardly known* in England, and been rare in Scotland, *except when it has been introduced by the poor Irish*. It is in the face of such facts that the economists maintain, *first*, that the poor rates of England are the *consuming evil* of this country; and, *secondly*, that they are a consuming evil, just inasmuch as they engender a redundant population.

That the idea of the necessarily injurious tendency of a public provision for the poor on population must be a mere delusion, we hold to be decisively proved by the contrasted condition of England and Ireland, of which we have already spoken. The principles of Malthus are *so far* applicable to both countries. In both, the population is no doubt restrained, by the difficulty of obtaining subsistence, considerably within its capability of increase; but in Ireland it advances to the very verge of the limit which is set by absolute starvation, the positive checks only being in operation, and the preventive check of moral restraint being nearly ineffectual; whereas in England this check is so strong, that no considerable portion of the population ever approaches that limit, and but for the influx of Irish, none would ever touch it; and this, we humbly conceive, never could have happened, if the preventive check had been strongest where poor laws are unknown, and had been continually weakened by the operation of the poor laws in England, as Malthus supposed.

In justice to Mr Malthus it should be observed, that in the Appendix to one of his later editions he ex-

pressed himself with a hesitation very different from his original confidence, as to the practical operation of poor rates on population. "I will not presume to say positively that they greatly encourage population. It is certain that the proportion of births in this country, compared with others in similar circumstances, is very small. Undoubtedly, the returns of the Population Act seem to warrant the assertion, that they do not much encourage marriage. Should this be true, some of the objections which have been urged in the Essay against the poor laws will be removed; but I wish to press on the attention of the reader, that in that case, they will be removed in strict conformity to the general principles of the work."—*Sixth edition, App. p. 468.* To this, be it observed, we cordially assent—only maintaining, that the practical effect of a well-regulated poor rate on the preventive check, is the very reverse of what he supposed.

The truth is, that the general principles as to the checks on population remaining, as established by Malthus, *it is by experience only* that we can learn in what circumstances each is most powerful; and if political economists, leaving their closets, would set themselves to observing the habits of the poor, this experience would not be wanting. Observation on a small scale will amply confirm and easily explain the result of the grand experiment, in which the two nations have been engaged for centuries. It will show (what twenty years of such observation have taught the present writer) that *below a certain grade of poverty the preventive check has no power*; that there are none among whom population makes so rapid strides as those who see continually around them examples of utter destitution and misery; and that, on the other hand, when men are preserved from this state of hopeless and abject destitution, they all (or with few and trifling exceptions) gradually fall under the dominion of artificial wants, and form to themselves a standard of comfort from which they will never willingly descend, and to maintain which, they will keep themselves under a degree of restraint unknown to the lowest of the poor.

The following extracts from the work before us will show, 1st, What this standard of comfort is among the agricultural labourers in England, and how utterly it is unknown in Ireland; and, 2^d, That where such comforts are unknown, and the pressure of the population on the means of subsistence is the most direct and immediate, there early marriages are the most common, and the progress of population the most rapid. We recommend them to the special attention of those who have been led to believe, that the preventive check has been annihilated in England by the *consuming evil* of poor laws, and that it is most effectual where poor laws are unknown.

"Report of Mr Okeden, late chairman of quaiier sessions of Dorsetshire, and assistant commissioner to the Poor Law Enquiry for England and Wales. App. A. 27.

"In the agricultural districts which I have investigated, (Dorset and Wilts), the following may be taken as a fair average calculation of the annual expenses of a man and his wife in the prime of life and strength:—

House rent, with a good garden,	L.4	0	0
Fuel,	3	0	0
Bread, two gallon loaves per week,	6	18	0
Salt,	0	4	4
Candles and soap,	1	0	0
Bacon, 2 lbs. per week each, at 4d.	1	14	8
Tea, 7 lbs. per annum, at 6s.	2	2	0
Butter and cheese,	2	10	0
Clothing of all kinds, shoes, &c.	6	0	0
Wear and tear of clothing, bedding, furniture, &c.	2	16	0
Extras, viz. sugar, treacle, beer, &c.	2	17	0
	L.33	2	0

"The foregoing statement is by no means exaggerated in amount. The returns made from every other agricultural district in England will give fully as large an expenditure by a labourer's family.

"The following are statements of an Irish labourer's expenditure:—

"Leitrim. D. 93.			
Rent of an acre for potatoes,	L.4	0	0
Salt,	0	1	0
Herrings, and other 'kitchen,'	0	5	0
Skimmed milk, at three quarts for 1d.,	0	10	0
	L.4	16	0
Balance for contingencies,	0	12	0
	L.5	8	0

"Waterford. D. 111.

Herrings in winter,	L.0	5	0
Salt, per annum,	0	2	0
Soap, ditto,	0	7	0
Candles, ditto,	0	3	0
Tobacco, ditto,	1	10	0
	L.2	7	0

"A labourer spends nothing on groceries; he eats meat generally at Christmas and Easter, which may cost him about 3s.

"(This amount is in addition to the value of his potato ground).

"An English labourer expends for tea, sugar, treacle, and beer alone, L.5, which is about the value of the total earnings of an Irish labourer. To make an attempt to estimate the annual expenditure of an Irish peasant's family upon clothing would be idle. Whether the condition of the Irish peasantry is improved, is a problem which many are endeavouring to solve. I doubt the improvement, because existence could not be preserved with less than they now have.—P. 91.

"Kerry, 430.—It was the general opinion of those present, that the ordinary extent of employment would not support a labourer, even on potatoes, if he had a family to provide for. It was also remarked by Mr MacEnnery, that *the poorer the individuals were, the more anxious they were to marry*. He had observed the same disposition in France, and in other countries. This chiefly arose from the anxiety to have children to support them in their old age. * * *

"Donegal, 465.—The poorer classes are invariably found more anxious to marry early than the more comfortable classes;—the farmers, and those who are better off, do not marry until they have some little subsistence; those, however, who are very poor, are frequently heard to say, 'we cannot be worse off than we are, and probably our children will be a great support to us.'

"Londonderry, A. 469.—The poorest marry the earliest, frequently from the hope of having children to assist them in their old age. 'I have often heard men say, that he who grew old without marrying, would rue it in the end; and it is a common remark, that they are better off who have children to maintain them.'—(MacIvor):—'The poor think,' said Morrison, 'that any change must be for the better. Those who are better off look for a fortune, and the farmers' sons always marry later than the labourer, and

are more cautious.' Millar, a beggar, said, 'A poor man ought to marry young, that his weans may be able to assist him when he grows old.'—P. 57.

"Clare.—They almost all marry here, without any reference to their state, as soon as they can command money enough to pay the priest. I have known them often borrow the money necessary for this purpose. I think those who have been always accustomed to comparative comforts are generally more cautious and provident concerning marriage."—St George, Headfort.

We have our doubts whether the frequency, or rather universality, of early marriages in these circumstances of deplorable destitution is to be ascribed to the provident design of procuring the assistance of children in old age. A good deal of observation of the habits of the poor has convinced us, that below a certain level of society, among those of the poor, whose gains are the most precarious, and whose condition is the most comfortless, no prudential motives exist to counteract the natural tendency of human passions; and men hardly look forward to the future more than animals do. But all that concerns us at present is the fact, that the progress of population is most rapid in that portion of society which lies on the verge of absolute starvation; and this shows, as we apprehend, on how broken a reed the economists depend, who trust to the immediate prospect of starvation, in the absence of poor laws, as the proper method of strengthening the preventive check on population. He that runs may read the utter inefficacy of the preventive check in Ireland; and on the other hand, that it is in full operation in England, we apprehend to be established, not only by the general fact of the population not becoming redundant, and by such official documents as that which we have quoted, as to the habits of the labouring people, but by the admission of Malthus himself, who expressly states that the poor of the south of England, who will eat nothing coarser than wheaten bread, are practically content to be in smaller numbers than they would have been, if they had put up with coarser fare.*

* "The labourers in the south of England are so accustomed to eat fine wheaten bread, that they will suffer themselves to be half-starved before they will submit to live like

Indeed, the simple fact of the general and habitual *cleanliness* of the English poor, as compared with those either of Ireland or Scotland, is, we think, amply sufficient to show where the preventive check on population is in the fullest operation.

It is to no purpose to say, that the poor *ought* to be taught prudence and self-restraint by the experience, and the immediate prospect of misery; and that it is their own fault, if they incur the evils of redundant population, when they know that they have no public provision to support them if they do so. Legislators, like other men, must be content to be "men of this world." They are not the framers of the mental constitution of their species; and when ample experience teaches that, under certain circumstances, certain motives will operate on the human mind, and others will not, their business is to know that fact, and reckon upon it, and not vainly to struggle against it. If they engage in a conflict with the principles of human nature, they may claim the honours of knight-errants if they will, but in our humble apprehension they are not statesmen.

We think it quite sufficient, in order to justify the introduction of poor laws into Ireland, to establish, what we think we have now proved, that the public provision for the poor in England (ill-regulated, irregularly imposed, and often lavishly distributed, as it is allowed on all hands to have been) has not *practically* counteracted the preventive check on population; and that the immediate prospect of utter destitution, which Malthus thought it so essential to keep before the eyes of the people, and the removal of which was the grand evil to the community which he charged on the poor law of England, is *practically* found to be utterly ineffectual as a preventive check on population. This is enough to show, that we may follow the dictates of humanity in affording a permanent relief to the miseries of the Irish, in the only mode which can be adequate to the

object, without incurring the danger of ultimately increasing the numbers of the destitute poor, which the economists have so loudly proclaimed.

But we go farther, and maintain with equal confidence, that the English poor law, with all its faults, has been a most powerful and effective agent in *strengthening* the preventive check, and keeping the population at some distance from the limit which the actual want of sustenance would impose; and that a similar effect may be quite reasonably expected gradually to result from a judicious poor rate introduced into Ireland.

The whole secret of the preventive check, so far as we can see, consists in the growth and support of *artificial wants* among the poor. Now, in order to understand how these are fostered by the practical operation of the poor laws, it is necessary to look chiefly to their effect on the *rising generation*. Take the common case of a labourer dying in middle life, and leaving a family of young children; or disabled by injury or disease, and unable to provide for his family. If this happens in Ireland, his widow or family has no resource but in vagrancy and casual charity, the children are brought up in misery, they cannot possibly acquire any artificial wants, or look forward to the enjoyment of any comforts, and all experience (if on so large a scale as to be freed from accidental fallacies) teaches that, in these circumstances, there is no moral or prudential check on their powers of procreation, and such of them as survive the hardships of their early years, become fathers and mothers almost as soon as nature will permit, and contribute to overspread the land with another generation of sufferers. But in England they fall under the protection of the law; they are fixed to their parishes, and brought up under the eye of persons more or less interested in their welfare; their habits are prevented from degenerating; they grow up under the

the Scottish peasants. They might, perhaps, in time, by the constant operation of the hard law of necessity, be reduced to live even like the lower classes of the Chinese; and the country would then support a greater population."—*Essay on Population*, sixth edition, v. I., p. 531.

influence of artificial wants, and would feel themselves degraded if they were voluntarily to part with such of the comforts of life as they have hitherto enjoyed, and descend to the filth and penury of the Irish cabin. They live on wheaten bread, as Mr Malthus himself tells us, and are practically content to remain in smaller numbers than they might have been, if they had put up with coarser fare. Experience proves that their numbers do not become redundant, and that their standard of comfort in after life has not degenerated from that of their fathers.

In Scotland we have many opportunities of seeing the widows and families of Irish emigrants, who had obtained a settlement by three years' residence, claiming and receiving that protection from the law which is denied them in their own country; and although the assistance given is not such as to raise the standard of comfort, to which their habits are adapted, so high as in England, yet we know, from frequent observation, that they are gradually assimilated to the native population, which, as we have already said, is not redundant, and fall equally under the influence of "moral restraint."

That the artificial wants, which nature never fails to awaken in the minds of all young persons who are brought up in tolerable comfort, are in reality an infinitely more effectual check on early marriages and excessive population, than the mere prospect of want of food is in the minds of persons brought up in utter destitution, must, we think, appear obvious to any one who reflects on the difference in this respect between the higher and lower ranks of society in all countries. How many men are there, in the different ranks which intervene between the lowest and the highest, who purposely defer the period of marriage until they shall be able—not merely to maintain a family, but to maintain it on that precise level on which they are themselves moving, and who die childless before they can accomplish their design? How many women of these ranks pass their lives in single blessedness, not because they are afraid of starvation for themselves or their offspring, but because taste, or vanity, or

sundry other considerations, too refined for the philosopher to divine, forbid their forming unions with men whom they (no doubt very justly) consider their inferiors? How many motives of filial affection, of duty, of self-respect, of hope, of pride, of avarice, of ambition—combine to determine the question of marriage or celibacy, in the ranks of which we now speak? These ranks in reality never become redundant; many die without offspring, but few of them descend into the lowest rank, and none have their lives shortened by actual starvation. The lower in society that those complex motives operate, the more effectual is the preventive check. That some of them are in full operation in the English, and even in the Scottish paupers, and restrain their increase, the facts already stated sufficiently prove; but which of them (always excepting the first) finds place in the Irish cabin?

We maintain, then, that it is quite reasonable, and in strict accordance with the result of observations, which every one who pleases may make, on the habits and history of poor families, to believe that the English poor law, particularly in its influence on children, by cherishing the feeling of artificial wants, and maintaining the standard of comfort, in numbers who would otherwise have been reduced to the level of Irish vagrants, continually represses the tendency to excessive population; and that nothing short of a legal enactment can be relied on for uniformly and permanently securing such comforts, during youth, as are essential to sustain these habits, and counteract that real *bounty on population* which accidents and misfortunes, and consequent destitution and degradation, would otherwise continually and inevitably bring on numerous families in every season and in every district of the country.

And being satisfied, from individual observation, and from the facts already stated, that this is a reasonable expectation as to the effect of the poor's rate, we hold it to be a strong confirmation of the soundness of these views, that the growth of artificial wants, and the elevation of the standard of comfort and the absence of indications of redundancy, are his-

torically known to have been contemporaneous in England with the introduction and extension of the legal provision for the poor. It is well known that the miserable condition and habits of the lower orders of the English peasantry, before the introduction of the poor laws, according to the statement of contemporary authors, were hardly superior to those of the Irish at this moment.*

"The similarity in the state of society in the rural districts of England, immediately preceding the passing of the 43d of Elizabeth, to the state of society in the rural districts of Ireland at the present time, is very remarkable.

"The peasantry of England at that period appear to have possessed the same extreme desire to obtain land, and consequently the same willingness to submit to exorbitant rents which now characterise the Irish peasantry. The practice of ejecting the peasantry from their dwellings, of destroying them, and joining the small tillage farms, and laying them down in grass, seems then to have been as common in England as it is now in Ireland.

"There had been many enclosures lately made out of waste, marshy, and other kinds of barren and common grounds, whereby great improvements were effected. But as the poorer sort were thereby deprived of the benefit of such grounds for feeding their cattle and for fuel, it is not much to be wondered at that great clamours were thereby raised, which at length burst out into open riots, first in Kent, and afterwards in the counties of Essex, Buckingham, Northampton, Somerset, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk."

"Many thousands of the lower people in Norfolk and Suffolk, rose in 1549, and did infinite damage to the city of Norwich, either driving the industrious and wealthy inhabitants out of it, or miserably butchering them. This insurrection occasioned the slaughter of about 5000 of the rioters, Ket, their leader, being hanged on the top of Norwich castle" (M'Pherson's Annals of Commerce). Outrages of this description seem to have been, in fact, the immediate occasion of the enactment of the English poor laws.

"When reading the foregoing statements it is difficult to prevent the impression that they refer to the outrages committed a few years since by the Terry

Alts in the county Clare. The nature of the outrages, and the causes of them, are so very similar.

"The preambles to the acts of Elizabeth, which were passed a few years later, for the relief of the poor, show that England was at that period, as Ireland is now, infested by hordes of wandering beggars.

"After the passing of the 43d of Elizabeth, which gave to the destitute a bodied a right to relief, I find no further mention of agrarian outrages, of extensive misery among the peasantry, or of the nuisance caused by large bodies of vagrants." (P. 108.)

We assert, then, with confidence, that all experience teaches, not only that unrelieved suffering is quite ineffectual to teach prudence or moral restraint to the poor, but that it has uniformly the very opposite effect; and, on the other hand, that the natural effect of well-timed and well-directed public charity is not only to relieve suffering, but to prevent degradation, and so to support and strengthen the only check on excessive population which either policy or humanity will allow us to contemplate.

But, as is well observed by our author, "We have long lost sight of the advantages which have been derived by England from her poor laws; and lately stood aghast at the evils which the maladministration of them during thirty years had produced. The late enquiry in Ireland has shown us the evils which they have remedied, compared with which those of the late maladministration shrink into insignificance." (P. 122.)

The ideas of the late Duc de la Rochefoucauld on the subject of public provision for the poor, published at the time of the French Revolution, have always appeared to us perfectly sound, and consonant to all experience; how much misery, both in his country and in ours, might have been prevented if they had been uniformly acted on, even since that time, in both!

"In assisting those who are without resources in sickness, age, or infirmity, and in relieving the families of such per-

* See the Authorities quoted in our Paper on the Poor Laws, May, 1833, p. 813 and 837.

sons of the ruinous expenses which the care of them involves, you not only relieve misery in some, but *prevent it in others*. So also, in providing for orphans, and aiding those who are burdened with unusual numbers of children, you not only diminish present suffering, but *dry up the source of farther misfortunes*, and of many vices consequent on misfortunes, in which they or their relations would otherwise be involved."

"By giving those succours which helpless indigence requires, and refusing those which are demanded by men capable of making themselves useful by their own industry, a wise constitution will strengthen and improve the morals of a country; it will dignify the relief it gives, and preserve to those who receive it the feeling of self-respect and independence.

"When the relief given to the unfortunate was, as heretofore, from pious legacies or private charities, diffused irregularly over the kingdom, it was insufficient in some places, excessive in others, quite wanting in others. The relief given by private charity is always partial and uncertain, depending on the accidental residence and disposition of the rich. It should be the business of the French constitution to replace the incomplete system of charitable foundations and private charities, by an *enlightened and prospective system of legislation, extending to all the departments, carrying to the most obscure parts of the country the assistance which misfortunes demand, and guided by no consideration in the distribution of that assistance, but the degree of the misfortunes by which it is demanded*." —See *Rapport du Comité de Mendicité*.

This quotation leads us to say a few words of certain other delusions (we can call them by no other name) which have been industriously propagated in this country on the subject of the poor laws.

Thus it is often said that a poor law interferes with voluntary charity; that it takes the relief which the poor would otherwise have received as a boon, and invests it with the ungracious character of a tax, thus deadening the sensibility of the rich, and intercepting the gratitude of the poor. We answer that a poor rate is not preferred to voluntary charity, if this could be made equally uniform and efficacious, but that it becomes necessary as a *substitute* for it in an advanced and complex state of society, where it is practically impossible that voluntary c

harity should be collected with the same uniformity, administered to the same extent, and adapted with equal precision to the circumstances of individual cases, and thereby rendered equally effectual towards the main object—the maintenance of artificial wants, and of a certain standard of comfort among all classes of the poor. In a perfectly simple, and, at the same time, educated and civilized state of society, as in many country parishes in Scotland, where all the higher orders who are to give, and all the lower orders who are to receive, are aware of their duties, and are known to one another, the burden may be sufficiently equalized among the former, and the benefits sufficiently secured to the latter, without the intervention of the law. —In fact, in such a state of society, if peace be preserved, property protected, and industry encouraged, how seldom is the intervention of the law for any purpose required! It is to such a community that the pithy remark of the learned Scottish judge applies, that "a Tweeddale ewe might be sheriff of Peebles." But does any man of common sense suppose, that because, in such a community, the poor may be safely left to the care of their neighbours and immediate superiors, and will thus be secured from destitution and degradation, therefore the same results can be depended on in the heart of a populous city, or on the wide spread lands of the Irish absentees, where the circumstances of not one family in a thousand of those which require relief are known to one person in a thousand of those who have the means of giving it? Much has been said of the system of management of the poor in St John's parish, in Glasgow, introduced by Dr Chalmers. We have the highest respect for the intentions with which that experiment was made, and think highly of the principle of the arrangements for the distribution of the voluntary charity in that parish; but if any one supposes that these arrangements will be generally and permanently adopted in that or any other great town in Scotland, or that, if so adopted, they will be equally effectual as the English poor rates are, in maintaining the habits and

comforts of the people, or thinks they can be made the basis of legislative provisions for the poor, we can assure him, from pretty ample experience of such matters, that he is lamentably mistaken. When our author truly says, that "our northern neighbours are beginning to discover that their voluntary system is excellent for relieving the uncharitable at the expense of the charitable," he states only one of the objections which have been urged by Dr M'Gill of Glasgow, the late Dr A. Thomson of Edinburgh, and others in Scotland itself, against trusting to this system, and in favour of a poor rate. The inequality of the burden on the rich, and the irregularity—and therefore inefficiency for the grand object of maintaining artificial wants—of the benefit to the poor, are the original and inherent evils of the voluntary system.

The idea that the sensibility of the rich to the miseries of the poor is weakened by a system of poor laws, is, a mere speculative delusion, the very reverse of the fact. The truth is, that when the poor are left, in a complex state of society, to voluntary charity, they are miserably neglected; great numbers of them sink into abject destitution; the rich have continually before their eyes examples of poverty and wretchedness, such as are almost unknown in a country where the poor are under the protection of the law; this sight gradually becomes habitual to them, they comfort themselves with the reflection, that many beggars are impostors; and too often "indulge in unhallowed pleasantries in the sacred presence of misery." It is *their* sensibility that is thus deadened; where such spectacles are rare, they produce a very different effect. If the beggars of a small town in Ireland could be suddenly transported to one of the same population in England, they would excite the commiseration of hundreds, for one who is in the slightest degree moved by the spectacle where it is actually to be seen. When the standard of comfort is raised among the

lower orders, the ideas of the higher orders as to what ought to be the condition of the poor, and what are the proper objects of charitable assistance naturally rise along with it, and human life is estimated at something like its just value; as is abundantly obvious on a comparison of England with Ireland, or even with Scotland. The following is not the statement of a speculative philanthropist, but of a practical man of business, whose opportunities of observation and enquiry have been more extensive than those of any other man in this country. Many of our readers, who have heard so much of the "consuming evil" of the English poor laws, may be disposed to distrust the contrast of the English cottage and the Irish cabin, but we have looked carefully into both, and can vouch for the general accuracy of the statement.

"The grand argument of the advocates of the voluntary system is, that compulsory assessment diminishes private charity. How they arrive at this conclusion I am at a loss to conceive. I have heard the assertion, *usque ad nauseam*, but I have never heard the grounds upon which it is based. Is it based upon the absence of private charity in England? Is it based upon the boundless private charity in Ireland? Those who make the assertion must surely have forgotten that the largest compulsory assessment in the world is in England, or must have overlooked the endless number of institutions supported by voluntary contributions in this country. Have they never heard of soup kitchens, of distributions of coals, of blankets, &c. &c.? If not, let them read Mr Chadwick's 'Report on the Charities of Spitalfields.' They must have forgotten, too, that England's charity has not staid at home; that her charity has reached the suffering Greek, the suffering Pole, and the suffering of every other nation; and that, hardened as the heart of England is by assessment, it has even felt for those whom Ireland, not hardened by assessment, was unable to relieve. Has any one forgotten the great subscription in London some years since, when more than L.100,000 were subscribed for the starving population on the west coast of Ireland? * One-

* Our author might have added, as a contrast, the amount of subscription of the absentee proprietors of one of the most distressed Irish counties. According to our recollection, it fell considerably short of L.100.

seventh of the whole of the poor's rates of England, viz. of eight millions, was expended in London and its immediate neighbourhood, and yet there is scarcely a principal street in that city in which there is not a palace dedicated to charity, and supported by voluntary contributions. I only wish that those who talk of compulsory payments destroying private charity could witness *the energetic pleading for the poor*, which, as an assistant poor law commissioner, I constantly witness in those *rate payers* who have not been disabused of the erroneous reports which have been spread relative to the objects of the new system. Where the deserving poor are concerned, I *never meet with a man willing to curtail their comforts*, though I frequently meet with those whose benevolent feelings would lead them to give charity where it is not required, and consequently where it will do mischief.*

"I may, perhaps, be told by those who object to assessment, that by private charity they do not mean alms-giving, but the kindly feelings which it creates, the sympathy which it produces between individuals and between classes, the general softening of the national character—this explanation will do nothing for their argument. Are the people of England worse parents, children, friends, or neighbours than the people of any other country? Are they more brutal in their habits? Do they exhibit a general carelessness about the sufferings of others? Perhaps a very fair test is the comparative extent and atrocity of crimes of violence on the person; if so, I think the moral statistics of England will bear comparison with those of any country in the world.

"I am convinced that, to leave the destitute to voluntary charities, so far from encouraging, tends to destroy the finer feelings. When I first arrived in Dublin, I suffered the greatest pain from the constant sight of half naked and squalid human beings. I at first attempted to relieve them, but soon found that it was quite beyond my individual means to make the slightest impression upon the mass of misery, and gave up the attempt as hopeless. Each person is actuated by

the same feeling, and thus charity ceases. By degrees I became accustomed to much of the misery which, on my arrival in Dublin twelve months previously, had caused me to shudder. Many of the Englishmen who were on the Irish Poor Commission with me, admitted that constantly witnessing scenes of misery had considerably blunted their feelings. The only scenes to which I did not become callous are those which may commonly be witnessed in Dublin after nightfall. On a winter's evening, about seven o'clock, wretched creatures, without any other covering than a blanket or an old ragged cloak may be seen stretched by the railings of the kitchen windows, watching with intense eagerness for the potato-peelings and for the scrapings of the plates, after the wealthier classes have dined—the tribe of Lazarus waiting for the crumbs.

"These scenes always made me rejoice in the comparatively happy lot of the working classes in my own country, who never can be reduced to utter destitution whilst the poor laws exist. And yet I had just left the 'Enquiry into the Administration and Operation of the Poor Laws in England and Wales,' filled to overflowing with horror at the condition of our well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, happy and independent paupers.

"I have often smiled at our English horrors when witnessing Irish scenes, and hoped that our own might never bear a worse character than at present. It is not surprising that the Irish think us a strange chimerical sort of people, upon learning that our greatest grievance is a fourpenny stamp upon newspapers."

"I was asked one day by an Irishman, with whom I was talking about poor laws, whether I would reduce the Irish labourer to the level of the English pauper? I need scarcely say that he had never been in England. When I had described to him the food, clothing, habitation, &c. of an English pauper, he soon perceived that no English pauper in his senses would change places with a farmer holding twenty acres of land in Ireland. I had just then returned from a visit to

* To the same purpose, Mr Highmore, author of "A view of the Charitable Institutions in London," states, "with exulting satisfaction, that the municipal law, which enforces an annual rate for the support of the poor in every parish, *presents no obstacle* to the exercise of charity in every department, public and private." "I am not aware of an instance where any one being desirous of declining his contribution at the anniversaries of any of our charitable institutions of London or Westminster, adverted for one instant to the poor rates, as a ground for withholding that contribution," *Pref. p. 18.*

the most pauperized county in England—Kent, and had been delighted with the comfortable, substantial, neat, pretty, well-furnished cottages, with the good clothing and the healthy, cheerful, independent countenances of the inmates. I must say, that if there were no choice but the squalid wretchedness and the crime of Ireland, or the out-door allowance system of England, vicious as I admit that system to be, I should not hesitate to embrace it as a very minor evil.”—Pp. 135-7.

If any doubt could remain as to the difference of feeling with which the higher orders in England and those in Ireland habitually regard the poor, the clamour which is now raised by the *rate payers* in London, and other parts of England, against the Government Commissioners for abridging the comforts of the paupers, or forcing them into work-houses (and which we trust will be effectual in limiting the powers of those commissioners, and augmenting those of the guardians of the poor), would be sufficient to prove, that what would be bounty to the poor of Ireland, is felt by the *rate payers themselves* as a personal grievance, when proposed for the poor of England.

Again, one of the arguments which we constantly hear stated against a system of poor laws, is, that it breaks down the spirit of independence in the poor, and reduces them to the level of retainers on the higher orders.

Now, in considering how far this objection is well founded, we, in the first place, set aside the idea that any part of the wages of labour is in future to be paid out of the poor's rate. That was a part of the English system, introduced within less than fifty years, and which is allowed on all hands to have been wrong. It was in fact a benefit, not to the poor, but to certain employers of the poor, who thus shifted from themselves a part of the expenses which their professions or occupations naturally involved. It is now abolished, and has no chance to be restored. We speak of the poor's rate only as applicable to those who cannot find work, or cannot maintain themselves in a state of tolerable comfort by work, the unemployed poor, the aged and disabled poor, and the widows and orphans of the poor.

The Scriptures tell us, that we shall “have the poor with us always;” and experience shows, that, especially in a long inhabited and highly civilized country, where there are great towns and unhealthy employments, and where great numbers of the lower orders die at early periods of life, and leave families or relations who had depended on their industry, the classes of which we now speak are always very numerous. Now, let us ask ourselves how these unemployed and helpless poor are to be provided for. That they cannot be provided for, nor their numbers repressed, by leaving them to their fate, is, we think, proved *satis superque*, by what has been already said, and by the lamentable experience of Ireland. All experience shows, that that plan is impracticable, and, if practicable, would have the very opposite effect from what is intended. And if any one supposes, that by encouraging savings' banks and benefit societies, we shall secure that all labourers occasionally thrown out of employment, all aged and disabled persons, and all widows and orphans shall be provided for by “a surplus fund” resulting from the wages of labour—we can only say, that he indulges in a Utopian scheme, to which no real approximation has yet been made in any rich and populous country,—certainly not in ours.

Farther, in every rich, and populous, and luxurious country, where the distinction of ranks, and the division of labour, and the habitual separation of the higher and lower members of society have long existed, not only will there necessarily be many unemployed and helpless poor, but the great majority of these will be *personally unknown to the great body of the higher ranks*, and known only to a few, who are wholly unable to supply their wants. We appeal to all, who have studied the structure of society, whether we do not fairly state the conditions of the problem which we are attempting to solve.

We apprehend it, therefore, to be quite certain, that in the order of things now established in this and all other civilized countries, and not likely to be changed in our time, the higher ranks of society must be con-

tent not only to bear the burden of the maintenance of a large number of the lower ranks, unemployed, or partially employed, or incapable of employment, but to contribute in one way or another to the maintenance of numbers of such persons, of whom, individually, they know as little as of the workmen whose hands have prepared for them the various luxuries which they daily consume. This burden they ought to regard as the price which they pay for all the advantages and enjoyments which they derive from the complex and artificial, but to them highly favourable state of society in which they live.

Now, this being so, the question is, whether that large body of the poor, who must thus be mainly dependent on the bounty of persons of the higher ranks, *to whom they are individually unknown*, will have their feelings of independence more injured by *claiming that bounty as a right*, secured to them by a provident and benevolent law, the application of which to themselves they can prove—or by *supplicating it as a boon*, to which they must recommend themselves as they best can, by ingenious contrivances to fix the attention, and by touching representations to move the feelings of their superiors? In which case is the greater encouragement given to deceit and imposture? or to cringing, fawning, and flattering their superiors? In which case may it reasonably be expected that the relief given will be most regular, most permanent, best proportioned to the circumstances and wants of the applicants, most compatible with exertions of industry in aid of it, and therefore most likely to maintain the self-respect and respectability, and to preserve the feeling of artificial wants in those who receive it? In point of fact, where do we meet with the greater feeling of self-respect and independence—in the English pauper, who demands the protection of the law, or in the Irish beggar, who implores the compassion of the charitable? The answers to these questions appear to us so clear, we have watched the progress of so many families receiving assistance in both those ways, and are so confident of the usual results, that we

have long considered the notion now in question as one of the most singular delusions which has ever prevailed on this subject. To us the assertion of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, already quoted, appears almost like an axiom,—but an “enlightened prospective system of legislation, extending equally to all the departments, carrying to all parts of the country the assistance which misfortunes demand, and guided by no consideration in its distribution, but the degree of the misfortunes which demand it,” is that which “dignifies the relief it gives, and preserves to those who receive it the feeling of self-respect and independence.”

In fact, it is so well known that private charity, in a complex state of society, where the poor and the rich live much asunder, is always irregular; that it is insufficient in some places, excessive in others, and gives encouragement to deceit and imposture (which we humbly presume is incompatible with self-respect and independence) in all; that public institutions are constantly formed, for its collection and distribution; that is, it *takes the form of a public and regulated provision for the poor before it reaches them*; and in very many cases, as we can testify, the poor confound what they receive in this way, with that to which they are entitled by law, under the general name of the “Town’s money,” and do not know which is which. Now, in this case, we can easily perceive that the money given under both these forms is distributed with more discrimination, gives less encouragement to deceit and imposture, and is less injurious to the feelings of self-respect and independence of those receiving it, than that which is given in the much vaunted way of casual charity, *i. e.* by individuals among the rich who do not know the poor, nor understand their characters or habits. But we should like to understand distinctly, how the money given in the one of these modes should be fatal to the spirit of independence in the poor, and in the other not, the poor themselves having no perception of any difference between the two.

But we have as yet said nothing of an argument against the poor laws,

on which some of the economists seem to place their chief reliance, viz., That they interfere with the profitable application of capital.

"The poor laws," says Mr Malthus, "raise the price of provisions, and lower the price of labour." "The farmer pays to the poor's rates, for the encouragement of a bad and unprofitable manufacture" (in the case of the poor being set to work) "what he would otherwise have employed on his own land with infinitely more advantage to his country. In the one case, the funds for the maintenance of labour are daily diminished, in the other, daily increased." "The obvious tendency of assessments for the employment" (it might be added for the relief) "of the poor, is to decrease the real funds for the maintenance of labour in any country."—(On Population, Book iii. chap. 6). And on these texts there have been many commentaries, in and out of Parliament.

We do not apprehend, however, that the *dicta* of mere political economists, unsupported by practical observations, have any very extensive influence in this country. The assertion of a professor of the science, that Ireland sustains no loss from the rents of absentee proprietors being drawn from thence and spent in France (to which we presume it must be added that France derives no gain from that cause), has, we believe, engendered a salutary distrust of their speculations. And in the present case, without pretending to much acquaintance with their science, we think we can distinctly perceive, that the question of the influence of the poor's rates on the funds available for the maintenance of profitable labour must hinge on that regarding their connexion with population, which we have already discussed.

We can conceive a country, in which there should be no application of capital, except to profitable industry, or to the pleasures of those possessing it; no money laid out in any form on persons unable to work, or whose labour affords no return to those expending it. We do not stop to enquire whether such a country can actually exist, peopled by human beings, but we suppose its existence. Tracing it from its commencement,

we can perceive, that such a country would, for a time, make rapid progress in wealth and population. But it is plain, that all the inhabitants could not be profitable servants of the capitalists; those administering to their pleasures only would not always be wanted; nor could any of the inhabitants continue profitable to them during their whole lives. There being no provision for those who are occasionally out of employment, nor for those disabled by age, injury, or disease, nor for the widows and orphans of those who die in early or middle life, there would necessarily be a growth of misery and poverty, contemporaneous with the increase of wealth and population. This is a burden which will always attach itself, in one form or another, to any labour that is done by human beings. This misery and poverty, being allowed no claim on the capital of the country, would soon make inroads on the wages of labour; it would soon appropriate to itself much of the price paid for labour to the most virtuous and best disposed of the labourers; the savings' banks and benefit societies of such a country would be heavily taxed; and still the relief afforded would be very uncertain, irregular, and inadequate. The misery and destitution of one part of the population (particularly as towns grew and employments became unhealthy) would at least keep pace with the increase of wealth in the rest; and if, as our fathers have taught, the great object of political science is, not merely that there should be many citizens, nor that there should be rich citizens, but "*ut cives feliciter vivant*," the state of the nation would soon reflect no credit on the science of its governors. But the main question is, how would the "principle of population" act in such a country? If it be true, as we have stated, and think we have proved, that the preventive check never does operate effectually where there is much unrelieved misery, the progress of the unproductive, or partially productive, and destitute part of the population, would be much more rapid than that of the productive part, and the nation would be ultimately burdened with a mass of indigence and

wretchedness, sufficient to cripple all its energies.

Farther, in such a country, there would not only be much unrelieved misery, but, after a time, discontent, and turbulence, and agitation. The O'Connells of such a country would never be wanting; and capital and credit, "the most timid of created things," would soon disappear from it.

What avails it to Ireland at this moment, that she has millions of handsable and willing to labour, and large tracts of rich uncultivated land, and every facility for manufactures and commerce,—when the moral condition of her people is such, that no capitalist will trust his money among them? Her condition is just that which, in our humble judgment, would soon be the lot, and the deserved punishment, of any nation which should resolve, that its "funds for the maintenance of labour" should never be applied except directly to the profit or pleasure of their possessors.

On the other hand, if it be true, as we firmly believe, that a legal provision for the disabled and destitute poor—simply because it is a certain, and uniform, and permanent provision, and because, therefore, it prevents the degeneration and degradation of habits which destitution would otherwise produce—is an effectual preventive check on population, then a nation which regularly devotes a portion of its capital to the relief of misery and destitution,—although its progress in wealth may seem to be retarded for a time,—may always expect to have its population not only more comfortable, happier, and more contented, but more nearly adjusted to the demand for labour; and thus to escape, first the burden, and then the agitation and dangers of redundancy, such as were witnessed in England two centuries and a half ago, and such as we now witness in Ireland.

The wealth of a nation is not the result of a mere process of arithmetic. It is the work of human hands, and is guided by the impulse of human feelings; and it is in vain to attempt to separate the questions which regard its growth and progress, from those which concern the

numbers, and habits, and comforts, and moral condition of those by whom it is produced; and therefore it is that we say, that the question as to the effect of poor laws upon the wealth of a country turns on that which we have already considered, concerning the influence of the mode of provision for the destitute, on the principle of population.

There is yet another class of reasoners on this subject, who distrust the efficacy of any measures for the benefit of Ireland which go merely to the relief of physical suffering, and trust to "Religious and Moral Education" as the only effectual remedy for this and all other evils of the social condition of our species. We should sincerely lament if any thing that we have said should be construed into disregard or contempt of their opinions. But we beg to say, that in order that religious instruction may produce its due effect, the seed must fall on good soil. The philanthropist and the legislator can aspire to no higher object in this department of their duties, than to prepare the soil for its reception. Occasional religious feelings exist in all ranks of society, and perhaps their most striking manifestations are in the lowest; it is easy to excite them in the very outcasts of society;—but all experience teaches us, that we are not to expect them to regulate the character, and permanently influence the conduct, of those who are incessantly struggling for existence, and are unable to command the comforts, and enjoyments, and decencies of life. A certain degree of physical comfort is essential to the permanent development, and habitual influence over human conduct, of any feelings higher than our sensual appetites. The exclamation of the Irish murderer on seeing the gallows at which he was to suffer, expresses, we verily believe, the only feelings with which many of his brave countrymen habitually regard the approach of death—"She'll save me many a wet foot and hungry belly."

When it is said, therefore, that all our efforts to improve the condition of the poor will be ineffectual without the aid of religion, we willingly assent to the statement, but add, that religion itself

will fail to influence permanently the conduct of the most destitute of our species, without the preliminary assistance of human Charity. It was not without reason, nor without a provident regard for the infirmities of human nature, that charity was assigned the highest place among the Christian virtues; or that (we quote again with reverence the words of Tillotson) our Saviour himself "chose to be a beggar, that we, for his sake, might not despise the poor."

We conclude, then, that it is a part of the dispensations of Providence, that the higher ranks of society in every country, in an advanced stage of civilisation,—in return for the numerous advantages which they derive from having the services of so many of the lower ranks at their disposal,—must be content to bear the burden of the maintenance of many, for whose services they have no need, or who are incapable of rendering them any. That the assistance given to these lowest, but not least important members of society, may be effectual in maintaining them in tolerable comfort, and thereby preventing a morbid increase of destitution, it is essential that it should be liberal, but discriminating, uniform, regular, and permanent, as the state of destitution which demands it. That it may fulfil these conditions for the benefit of the poor, and at the same time press justly and equally on the rich, it is essential that at least a great pari of it should be levied and distributed *by the law*. Nor does the law which performs this office deviate in the smallest degree from its proper province. The relief of human suffering is a sacred duty, written from the beginning on the hearts of men, enforced by the positive precepts of the Gospel, and which no nation can violate or neglect with impunity. The business of the legislator is to equalize the burden which it imposes, and regulate the benefits it confers, not to check the impulse from which it springs.

In stating our views on this important subject, we have made no attempt to raise a clamour against

our opponents. We assert with confidence, that they are utterly mistaken in their opinion as to the influence of poor laws on population, and have given our reasons. Of the feelings or motives which may have influenced their views, we have said nothing, and have nothing to say. Believing, as we do, that but for the representations of the economists, poor laws would before this time have been introduced into Ireland, and stayed the moral plague which is there raging, we cannot but regard it as an awful consideration, that the speculative errors of any men should have been invested with such a power over the lives and happiness of their fellow creatures. But we take comfort in the thought that the true "*Justice to Ireland*," which consists in extending to her suffering poor the protection of English law, cannot long be delayed; and we exult in the hope, that our humble efforts may contribute to conquer the errors, by which that signal act of justice has too long been obstructed. We care not by what Ministry the change may be introduced; but we do trust in Heaven, that the present generation shall not pass away before every subject of our Sovereign may have reason to feel the same gratitude to the constitution under which he lives, as has been expressed by the eloquent Englishman whom we formerly quoted. "I would as soon see the best clause of Magna Charta erased from the volume of our liberties, as this primary authentic text of humane legislation from our statute book. And if, in the course of a remote time, the establishments of liberty and humanity, which we now possess, are to leave us, and the spirit of them to be carried into other lands, I trust that this one record of them will remain, and that *Charity by law* will be a fragment of English history, to be preserved wherever the succession of our Constitution or religion shall go."

In our next number we shall enter into some details on the specific mode of provision for the Irish poor, which our author recommends.

THE MURDER GLEN.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

THIS is a dreary spot as eye shall see ;
 Yet a few moments linger here with me,
 And let us rest (the air is warm and still)
 In the dry shelter of this heathery hill.
 Though all about looks barren, bleak, and drear,
 Something of pleasantness methinks is here—
 This little patch of greensward at our feet ;
 This thymy bank our soft empurpled seat ;
 This od'rous air, and the low humming sound
 (An under-tone of life) that murmurs round—
 Yes—*this* is pleasantness ; but all beyond
 Seems smitten with a curse.—That sullen pond,
 Black as its moory marge ;—that one scathed tree,
 And the lone hovel, ruined, roofless, free
 To every straggling foot and wandering wind,
 In the cold shadow of that hill behind,
 That shuts in with its dark, bare, barren swell,
 The deathlike stillness of the gloomy dell ;
 There *seems* a curse upon the savage scene,
 There *is* a curse methinks where guilt hath been,
 So deep, so deadly, as hath left the Tale
 Connected with this wild sequestered vale.
 Not always, as some theorists pretend,
 Doth guilt in this life come to fitting end ;
 Not often here is God's unerring plan
 Made plain to proud, presumptuous, purblind man ;
 Enough for him, enough the word which saith
 Sin's path is Hellward, and her wages Death.
 But now and then the thunderbolt descends,
 And strikes e'en here, for wise and gracious ends ;
 To rouse—to warn—to strike the scoffers dumb,
 Who cry, " Lo ! vengeance tarries—will it come ? "

Some ten years back, whoe'er from hence had viewed,
 As we do now, yon cheerless solitude,
 Had seen it *then* a drear, unlovely spot,
 But not deserted. From the lonely cot
 Curled a blue smoke-wreath in the morning air,
 And signs and sounds of life were stirring there,
 Too oft of strife, of violence, and hate.
 There dwelt a wretched man, his wretched mate,
 And their one child, a gibbering idiot boy,
 " Fruit of th' adulteress "—no fond parent's joy,
 Nor sad one's comfort ;—sent as for a sign
 And fearful foretaste of the wrath divine.

None knew from whence the unsocial strangers came
 For a long season, nor their real name,
 But guessed them wedded, for the boy was born
 Just as they settled in that home forlorn.
 Nor doctor, nurse, nor gossip to the birth
 Was timely summon'd ; but the man rushed forth
 One day in urgent haste (for peril pressed)
 To seek assistance. From old Martha Best
 I've heard the story—(to her dying day
 She told it shuddering)—in what fearful way
 She found the woman in her travail throes,
 Convulsed with spirit pangs more fierce than those,

And how she groaned some name, and to some deed
 Wildly alluded, that with startling speed
 Brought her dark partner to the pillow near;
 And how he stooped, and whispered in her ear,
Not words of love,—but something that she heard
 With a cold shudder; whispering faint a word
 Sounding like “Mercy!”—and the stern man’s brow
 Grew sterner as he said—“Remember now.”
 And as he lingered near the wretched bed,
 How hard she clench’d her teeth, and drew her head
 Beneath the coverlet, lest pain should wring
 From her parched lips the interdicted thing.
 “Old drivelling fool! he called me,” quoth the dame,
 “When I just hinted at the parson’s name,
 And talked of comfort to the troubled breast,
 From prayer with him, and evil deeds confest.
 Old drivelling fool! he called me, with a curse
 That made my flesh creep, and the look was worse
 With which he spoke it. Well!—the babe was born—
 Jesu preserve us!—’twas a luckless morn
 That saw its birth:—a foul, misshapen thing,
 Scarce human:—round the blue swoll’n neck a ring,
 Livid and black, and marks like finger prints
 Murderously dented: Not before nor since
 Such sight beheld I. When the mother saw,
 Christ! what a face was hers!—The lower jaw
 Dropt as in death, and with a ghastly stare,
 Pointing the tokens, she gasped out—‘There! there!’
 ‘Hell is against us’—with a savage shout
 Yelled the dark, fearful man, and rushing out,
 Was seen no more till midnight brought him back,
 Silent and sullen. There was neither lack
 Of food nor cordials in the house that night,
 And the red peat-fire gave a cheerful light,
 And a large dip was burning; yet for all
 The very flesh upon my bones did crawl
 With fearful thinking; I could hardly brook
 Upon that loathly, helpless thing to look
 As on my lap it lay; and in his sleep,
 Through the thin boards, I heard the father keep
 A restless muttering:—The King’s crown to gain,
 I’d not live over that long night again!”

Such was the midwife’s story; and strange things
 Were guessed and rumoured, till low whisperings
 Grew louder by degrees, and busy folk
 Of information and the Justice spoke.
 But from th’ accuser’s part all kept aloof—
 They had no facts to rest on;—not a proof
 Of the foul deed suspected:—The strange pair
 Gave no offence to any; straight and fair
 Were their few dealings at the village shop;
 And though the man was never known to stop
 A needless minute, or look up the while,
 Or speak a needless word, or seen to smile,
 His pay was punctual, if th’ amount was small—
 Time—if they waited—might unravel all—
 And so in part it did. There came a man
 From a far distant town (an artisan),
 To try for health his native country air
 In his own village. While sojourning there,
 He heard the *talk* of that mysterious pair,
 And as he listened, with impatient tone,
 Striking the table, said—“Two years ago,

I heard a trial in our county court
 For a most cruel murder; in such sort,
 And by such hands alleged to have been done,
 As made the heart sick. An unnatural son
 Sinfully mated with his father's wife
 (A youthful stepdame), 'gainst the husband's life
 Conspired with her—'twas so the indictment read—
 And suddenly the old man in his bed
 Was found a blackening corse;—a livid mark
 Circling his throat about, and, purple dark,
 Prints of a murd'rous hand. At next assize
 They stood their trial, as I said;—all eyes
 Looked loathingly in court. I saw them there,
 Just such as you describe this stranger pair.
 A tall dark man, with close curled locks like jet,
 And overhanging brow, and mouth hard set,
 And a down look withal. She slim and fair,
 Of a white fairness; light-blue eyes, and hair
 Inclining to be red; of middle size,
 With something of a cast about her eyes,—
 Or it might seem so, as she stood that day
 With her wild look, that wandered every way
 And never fixed. The crime was proven plain
 To plain men's judgments, but your lawyers strain
 The truth through mill-stones, till it filters out
 A puddle of perplexity and doubt.
 They were acquitted, but forsook the place,
 Pursued by curses.—Could I see the face
 Of one but for a moment, I should know,
 Had I last seen it twenty years ago,
 The features printed on my mind so strong
 That fearful trial day.”—

“ ’Twill not be long,”

The eager listeners cried, “ before Black Will
 Comes with his empty meal-bag to the mill,
 Or to the shop for his few errands there;
 The woman seldom comes, and now 'tis rare
 To see her, since that changeling babe was born,
 So far from her own door as that old thorn,
 Where she would stand and pore as in a book
 On the dark pool beneath, with fixed look.”
 Not long the sojourner, with patient will,
 Haunted the shop, and watched about the mill:
 Not long the curious rustics to their friend
 Looked for the fateful word, all doubt to end,—
 Earlier than wont the dark-browed stranger came,—
 The watcher saw—and shuddering, said—“ The same.”

The tale ran round through all the country-side;
 “ Murder will out” triumphant guessers cried:—
 “ ’Twas not *for nothing*,” said old Martha Best,
 “ God's finger on the babe those prints impressed;
 And on the father's scowling brow so dark,
 As on Cain's forehead, set a fearful mark.
 But who could have believed,—so slight, so fair,—
 That woman such an awful deed could dare?
 'Tis true—she never looked one in the face;
 Bad sign!—And not a creature in the place
 Ever could draw her into social chat,
 Nor him to step into the Cricket Bat,
 And take his part in cheerful glass or song—
 Such strange reserve betokened *something wrong*—

So with a nat'ral horror, and a mind
 More *humanly* severe than *Christian* kind,
 Each cast his stone, and left the wretched pair
 To perish in their sin and their despair.
 It is a *wholesome* horror in the main
 That shrinks impulsive from the wretch whose stain
 Stamps him accurst in blood's own damning dye.
 Out on the mawkish, morbid sympathy
 That wets white handkerchiefs with maudlin wo
 When "*gifted*" murderers to the gallows go,
 And "*interesting*" felons to the cord
 Bow their heroic necks, and meet the law's award.—
 But vulgar minds, with unenlarged view,
 Hating the guilt, abhor the guilty too ;
 And such "good haters" scarce can comprehend
 How He, the Sinless, is the sinner's friend.
 Ah ! had some faithful servant of his Lord,
 Some pious pastor, with the saving word
 Of gospel truth, those branded outcasts sought,
 Who knows what blessed change he might have wrought ?
 "Despair and die !" hath dragged down many a soul
 Christ's blood was shed for to eternal dole.
 "Repent and live !" the Hellward course hath staid
 Of many a one for whom that price was paid.
 Shepherds, who slumber on your watch, beware !
 Ye have account to render of your care ;
 Nor will the plea avail ye in that day
 That while ye slept, the wolf bore off his prey ;
 Nor that the case *was hopeless*—futile plea !
 "Hope against hope" your battle-cry should be—
 Then—if all fail at last—your souls from blood are free.

A wide, wild district, half uncultured moor,
 Skirted by sea and forest, thick with poor,
 Is the vast parish, on whose utmost verge
 Lies this lone valley. The deep booming surge
 Full three miles off we hear, but Sabbath bell
 Sounds faintly tinkling in this dreary dell
 On stillest day, with favouring breeze to boot.
 To this far border gospel-shodden foot
 Comes rarely, tidings of great joy to bring.
 "Who needs my ministry has but to ring,"
 Cries the good rector, "at the rectory door—
 I always come when called for, and what more
 Could fifty curates, if I kept them, do ?"
 Ah, reverend Michael ! fitter far for you
 The post you occupied so long and well
 In your old college, ere this living fell.
 No Sabbath to God's house those outcasts brought ;
 Them, in their dreary dwelling, no man sought,
 Nor priest, nor layman, woman, man, nor child ;
 And every eye that measured them, reviled.
 For household needs still drew them now and then
 (Seldom as might be) to the homes of men—
 The oftenest he ; but once or twice a-year,
 For homely articles of female gear,
 With her stern partner to the shop she came,
 A shrinking customer without a name,
 Served in cold silence, that had insult been
 Perchance, but for the man's determined mien
 Of dark defiance. Change of look and tone
 Early informed him of his secret known ;
 And from that moment, with a deadly hate,
 He cursed his kind, and dared its worst from Fate ;

Returning loathing looks with dogged stare,
 That said, "Ye know me now—'tis well—beware!"
 And they who loathed, by those fierce glances cowed,
 Shrinking aside, breathed curses "deep not loud."
 And curious children, eager, yet afraid,
 Hung on the murderer's steps;—but if he made
 A motion as to turn, quick scowered away,
 Like blossoms scattered in a gusty day.
 Till once, two braggart boys, with bullying boast,
 Dared one another which should venture most;
 And while their awestruck mates in ambush lay,
 Fronted the *Ogres* in their homeward way,
 And one squeaked "Murder!" in his impish note—
 And one made mouths, and pointed to his throat,
 Then ran;—but pounced on with a tiger bound,
 Both at a blow were levelled with the ground.
 Mothers! who owned those graceless ones, for you
 'Twas well that woman was a mother too,
 And hung upon the arm upraised to give
 A second blow that none might feel and live.

A mother! ay—how black soe'er in part,
 That outcast creature's was a mother's heart
 To the poor wailing object that, while nursed
 At her sad breast, the father called "accurst."
 And now again, who looked might often see
 Her crouching form beneath that old scathed tree
 By the dark water, to her bosom prest
 The hapless babe, that still she lulled to rest
 With rocking motion, as of one in pain,
 With a low, crooning, melancholy strain.
 Oh! to conceive, as there she sat forlorn,
 The thoughts of those long hours of loneliness born;
 The yearning thoughts of happy childish days,
 Her father's cottage, and her pleasant plays
 With little brothers and young sisters dear;
 And how they grew together many a year,
 By pious parents trained in the Lord's love and fear.

Then—the changed after-time! the contrast dark!
 Passion's fierce storm, and Virtue's found'ring bark,
 The step by step in Falsehood's blinding lead,
 From guilty thought *unchecked* to guilty deed—
 The trust abused—the violated vow—
 The consummated crime—the hopeless *now*,
 And the dread future. Lost, unhappy soul!
 Dared'st thou in fancy fix that fearful goal?
 No; or Despair had into Madness burst;
 And coldly calm she seemed, like one who knows the worst.
 "The grief that's shared is lightened half," some say;
 Not in all cases—Can it take away
 A grain of bitterness from us to know
 One dearer than ourselves partakes the wo?
 And when a load unblest, the double share,
 Wretched community of crime and care,
 Is either cheered beneath the crushing weight
 By mutual suffering of his groaning mate?
 And then a band of sin is one of straw—
 Count not thereon, contemners of God's law!
 None but pure hearts, love-linked, in sorrow closer draw.

Cast out from fellowship of all their kind,
 Each other's all—did their forlornness bind
 More fast the union of that guilty pair?
 Ay, with the *festering* fastness of despair.

No loving little one, with angel smile,
 Was sent to win them from themselves a while,
 In whose young eyes the eyes that could not brook
 Each other's furtive glance might fondly look.
 No lisping prattler was in mercy given
 To lift its little sinless hands to heaven,
 And stammer out the prayer that pardon sought
 For one who dared not utter what she taught.
 I've said, their first—their only one was sent,
 Not as a blessing, but a punishment.
 No white-winged messenger, no silvery dove,
 Dear welcome pledge of peace, and hope, and love,
 But of fierce discord here, and fiercer wrath above.
 " 'T would be a mercy if the Lord who gave
 Soon took him back"—the midwife muttered grave;
 " God gave him not," the abhorring father cried;
 " Would in the birth the hell-marked imp had died !"
 But to her heart the mother drew it near,
 Whispering—" My wretched infant ! hide thee *here*."

And year by year (the changeling lived and throve)
 More doting fond became that only love
 That ever in this woful world it knew,
 More doting for the father's hate it grew;
 And to the mother soon that hate extended too.
 She had borne meekly many a cutting word,
 And many a bitter taunt in silence heard,
 Or only, when her sullen partner cried,
 " Would, ere I saw thy face, that thou hadst died,"
 Bowing her head—" Amen ! " she softly sighed.
 But when the crawling idiot in its play
 Stumbled unconscious in its father's way,
 And the foot spurned him, and the savage curs'd—
 Then all the mother into fury burst,
 And " Have a care ! " she shrieked, with gestures wild,
 " I have been very patient—but my child !
 Harm not my child, or dread what I may dare—
 I may yet speak what—Villain ! have a care."
 Beneath her flashing look the ruffian's eye
 Quailed, as he muttered indistinct reply ;
 " And deadly white he turned," said wandering Wat
 The Pedlar, who, to many a lonely spot
 Hawking his wares, had found his plodding way
 To the drear dwelling in the glen that day.
 " I'm an old man," said Walter—" far I've been,
 Much of mankind and of their ways I've seen,
 And oftentimes folk's secrets in their looks
 Can read, as plain as some read printed books.
 So now and then, in my own quiet way,
 I make a lucky guess, and now should say,
 Touching this woman—mind, it's *only* guess—
 Sinner she may be, but no murderess."
 " So spake Sir Oracle," in cozy chat
 On the oak settle at the Cricket Bat,
 The evening of his visit to the glen—
 And Walter's sayings had their weight with men;
 And women listened with relenting heart,
 Wondering—" Could one who did a mother's part
 So fondly by her idiot child, have done
 (Helping the hand of that unnatural son)
 A deed it chilled the blood to think upon ?
 He who his wretched babe could so abuse—
 Would that in *him* the gallows had its dues ! "

Year followed year, those dues were owing still,
 Satan had work in hand yet for " Black Will."

That he was active in his master's cause
 None doubted, though evading still the laws.
 No longer from all intercourse with men
 He dwelt secluded in that moorland glen ;
 Strange faces there were not unfrequent seen
 Of men, rough seafarers of reckless mien,
 And something wild and lawless in their look—
 With those, for days and weeks, he now forsook
 His joyless home. The beach convenient lay,
 And a snug creek, a little cunning bay,
 Where boats and small craft might at anchor lie
 For days unnoticed, if exciseman's eye,
 Or hated officer's, with sharp survey,
 Ranged not the coast. Unorganized that day
 The naval guard ; the civil watch I ween
 Then kept, *too civil* to be over keen :
 The local bearings (sea and forest near)
 Favoured more trades than one ; the royal deer
 Made not worse venison though the buck was slain
 Without a warrant ; and some folks were fain
 To fancy tea and Hollands were, to choose,
 Best flavoured, when they paid the King no dues.
 Then customers who favoured the free trade,
 No curious, inconsiderate questions made
 When goods that never had the Channel crost
 Were offered—at a *reasonable cost*.
 What if a smuggler now and then was hung
 For worse than smuggling—from their souls they flung
 Accusing qualms, for “how could they have thought
 Unfairly come by what they fairly bought ?”
 Laws interdict, and parsons preach in vain,
 While such (encouraging who might restrain)
 Whet with their ready pay the thirst for lawless gain.

Now sometimes, with a timid consciousness
 That if none favoured some abhorred her less,
 Left lonely and unaided, from the dell
 The woman ventured forth, when twilight fell
 With friendly dimness on her flushing shame,
 To seek the village shop ; and with her came
 A heavy armful long, then, tottering slow,
 A dragging weight, that child of sin and wo—
 Poor fool, whom she her “precious one !” would call—
 Ay—for he loved her, and he was her all.
 “Mammam ! mammam !” the stammering creature's cry,
 If wandered from its face the only eye
 Could read in his, and fondly there detect
 A lovelier light than that of intellect.
 “Mammam ! mammam !”—’twas all resembling speech
 To common ears that stammering tongue could reach ;
 “But oh ! my Charlie, in his own dear way,”
 Affirmed the mother, “every thing can say—
 And he has far more sense than some believe—
 Could you but see him when he sees me grieve—
 And when I'm sick, he'll creep about the house,
 Or sit beside me, quiet as a mouse—
 And but a baby still, as one may say—
 Just eight—and growing handier every day.”
 Oh ! mother's love, of most mysterious kind !
 So strong ! so weak ! so piercing, and so blind !

“’Twas pitiful, whatever she might be,”
 All said, “that mother and her boy to see—
 Hanging for *him* would be an end too mild,
 That parricide, who hated his own child ;

A poor afflicted thing, but still *his own*."
 And there were cruel doings, 'twas well known,
 At that lone house, whence oftentimes arose
 Wild sounds of sharp contention, oaths, and blows,
 And the shrill treble of a childish cry,
 Heart-piercing in its helpless agony;
 And more than once, thrust out into the night,
 Mother and child had lain till morning light
 Huddled together, the cold earth their bed,
 The door-sill pillowing her houseless head—
 Happy for them when signal from the bay
 Summoned their tyrant from his home away,
 With his wild mates to cruise, perhaps for many a day.
 But watchful eyes at last were on the glen,
 Notorious now the haunt of lawless men,
 Depot of contraband, and even, 'twas thought,
 Of things worse come by, for concealment brought.
 Twice with their warrant the suspected ground
 And house men keenly searched, but nothing found;
 While the dark owner carelessly stood by,
 And sneering thanked them for their courtesy,
 And bade them look again, and more minutely pry.

Thus baffled oft, suspicion never slept,
 But quiet watch about the place was kept,
 Where every thing unusual that befell,
 Comings and goings, all were noted well.
 There had been jovial doings overnight—
 Late from the lattice flashed the ruddy light,
 And midnight was at hand, when from the door
 Staggered the parting guests, with drunken roar—
 "At daybreak—mind!"—"At daybreak, there I'll be"—
 And the door closed the parting colloquy.
 Then from within proceeded sounds more faint—
 A low, sad, sobbing murmur of complaint,
 Not long unbroken by a harsher tone—
 And then a curse—a scuffling—and a groan—
 Something that sounded like a heavy fall;
 And then the listeners said—"twas quiet all;
 And gladly from that dismal place they came—
 Such broils were frequent in that house of shame.

They watched the skiff's departure from the bay—
 "Best lie in wait for her return"—said they,
 "Useless to watch about his den to-day,
 No—nor to-morrow"—but a shepherd told
 On the third morn, how, fancying from his fold
 A straggler to the glen its way had found,
 He followed in its track; and on the ground,
 By the pond-side, said he saw something lie,
 A whitish heap—"That's sure my lamb! said I—
 And dead enough if so:—but then I heard
 As I came closer—(and methought it stirred)—
 A feeble plaint—as from a dying lamb—
 I stopt and hearkened—'twas—'Mammam! Mammam!'
 Charlie! said I—for lying all alone,
 'Twas simple Charlie made that piteous moan;
 Undressed, as if just taken from his bed,
 Cold as a stone, with open eyes like lead
 Fixed on the dull black water—when at length
 I stooped to lift him, with his little strength
 (Little enough—the creature was half dead)
 He made resistance, turning still his head
 Toward the pond, and murmur'ing o'er and o'er,
 Mammam! Mammam! 'as to the house I bore

And there he lies—not long alive to lie—
Come quickly if you'd help him ere he die;
The door I found ajar—within—without—
No living soul. Bad work has been I doubt."

Quickly they ran:—but when they reached the place,
There lay the idiot, with his poor wan face
Close to the water's edge!—although in bed
The shepherd left him, *motionless*—he said—
And still he made the same distressful moan,
Though faint and fainter every faltering tone;—
And still his eyes were turned with dying ray
To the dark pond, as on its brink he lay.

" 'Tis not for nothing, idiot though he be,"
All said—" he gazes there so earnestly—
And one stooped down, and peering closely, thought
He *something* saw:—and poles and hooks were brought,
And grappled a dead weight—upfloated white
A woman's dress—one heave—and dragged to sight,
On a pale corse looked down the cheerful morning light.

" Mammam ! Mammam !"—with one loud rapturous cry
(Life's last) the dying idiot bounded high,
And falling forward, sank to quiet rest,
Never to waken, on his mother's breast.

I've told my story—needs it still to tell
How that the double murd'rer in this dell,
And in this country, has no more been seen ?
That *his* dark act that woman's end had been.
Proceedings at the inquest pointed clear—
There was a bloody fracture by her ear,
Fitting a mallet, that with hair and gore
Stuck on, was found upon the cottage floor—
His own apparel gone, and all of worth
The lonely house contained. Upon this earth
If somewhere still the ruffian roams secure,
God knows;—*hereafter*, his reward is sure.

One parting look upon the still sad scene,
Where so much misery, so much guilt has been,
And such a tragic act in the *great play*,
Life's melodrama. As calm, as still the day,
As bright the sun was shining over head
When by that water lay the ghastly dead—
And then perhaps some little bird as now
Perched on that old scathed hawthorn's topmost bough,
Poured forth a strain as joyous and as clear
(Careless of human woes) as now we hear—
Unconscious bird ! no living thing but thee
Stirs the deep stillness with a voice of glee—
The village children, if they venture near,
Sink their loud gladness into whispering fear—
No rustic lovers haunt the unblest ground—
No tenant for the hated house is found—
Our country people call it—" Black Will's den"—
And this unlovely spot—" The Murder Glen."

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

No. V.

ASSOCIATION.

SUPPOSING the original subjects of thought and knowledge presented to the mind, and the simple impressions made in whatever manner, there appear to be then two principles or powers required for their composition—one is a power in the mind to reproduce to itself those original impressions, when the object that gave occasion to them is withdrawn; the other is a faculty of intellective discernment, by which it may frame those simple impressions into rational knowledge.

The power which the mind possesses of reproducing to itself its original impressions, has, by Reid and Stewart, been termed conception.*

There can be no occasion for any reasoning to show that a power in the mind of reproducing the impressions that are past is an indispensable part of the constitution of such a being, even for the lowest purposes of its life: since without this power it could live only in successive moments, the consciousness of every instant being as entirely

* The prime office of this power may be said to be "to make the past the present," whether that past has been a sensation, an emotion, an idea, or a train of ratiocination. Now it appears to us that the term conception does not in itself express this office. If we attend to the etymology of the term we do not discern in it that meaning with which it has been endued by metaphysicians. We are far from saying that in metaphysical discussion of any mental power we are bound to be guided by the meaning which was in the human mind in inventing any important word in language. But we must either be guided by that meaning in its primitive simplicity, or by that enlarged or modified meaning which we find it afterwards to possess in the best written or oral discourse, or we are bound to show that the philosophical meaning, independently of or contrary to both these other two meanings, does more fully and more clearly express the office of the power which it designates than any other term. It is admitted that the etymological meaning does not express the office of this power. Does then the meaning of the word conception, as employed by the best writers and the best speakers of the English language, not professed metaphysicians, coincide more nearly, or entirely, with what we believe to be the metaphysical meaning? Now the word has, in the usage of the language, two principal senses, which not only do not include, but seem rather to exclude this meaning. The first use of it is to denote that act of the mind which takes place when we form to ourselves distinctly and clearly the idea of that which is intended to be represented or expressed in discourse, requiring something more than an ordinary exertion of attention or intelligence. We say that we conceive, or that we suppose that we have attained a right conception, or that we can form no conception of an author's or a speaker's meaning. The other is a higher sense, implying invention, as when we speak of the conception of a poem or of any other work of art, or in respect of any undertaking compare the conception with the execution. Either of which acceptations is so far from exhibiting the idea of the simple unaltered reproduction in the mind of a state previously existing in it, that the first implies, and the second essentially and pointedly denotes a present act of *new* intellectual combination. And in truth, not only the idea of new combination, but the idea of a present act of intelligence which always enters into the received meanings of the word conception, is sufficient to distinguish it from the meaning to which metaphysicians have endeavoured to apply it as denoting an operation of simple repetition, of which intelligence does not necessarily make any part. Nevertheless, we shall not now depart from the established terminology.

divided from that of the preceding and following instant, as if the feeling of the one and the other had belonged to two different beings. The power of conception, therefore, by which the impressions which have once been made can at any time be reproduced in the mind, and are continually reproduced, without its effort or desire, may be regarded, not merely as laying the foundation of knowledge, but as giving even continuity to life.

Further, it is a fact important to be remarked, that the impressions which have been made by some of the senses, are far more easily reproduced by the mind, than those of

others. Of all our senses there is none from which conception gives back such vivid representations as from the sight.

With respect to some of them* it has been disputed, though without any reason apparently, whether we are able to reproduce their impressions at all. The greater number of persons have but very obscure conceptions of sound; and some might be disposed to question our power of repeating to ourselves those impressions altogether; measuring all their conceptions by the vividness of those of the eye; and perceiving that there is in the endeavour to recal the impressions of the other senses nothing

* The remembrances of the sensations both of taste and smell are extremely distinct—though some writers have asserted the contrary. This is certain, that the recognition of tastes and smells is instantaneous; and that could not be without a strong and distinct remembrance of the original sensation. The odour of a rose is as distinctly remembered as its colour—and so are all the odours of external nature. John Fearn, in his *Essay on Consciousness*, while explaining the causes which give strength and durability to ideas of sensation, observes, that the senses of taste and smell are less frequently “the harbingers of pleasures and pains” than those of hearing and sight,—and that therefore the ideas left by them must depend, less upon association for their durability, than upon the absolute degrees of pleasure or pain. He avers that a vivid pain or pleasure from either of them is never forgotten—nor rendered doubtful—and he even goes so far as to affirm, “that there is no doubt that a man will come to forget his acquaintance, and many other visible objects, noticed in mature age, before he will in the least forget tastes and smells, of only moderate interest, encountered either in his childhood, or at any time since.” This opinion he goes on to illustrate thus.

“In the course of voyaging to various distant countries, it has several times happened, that I have eaten, once or twice, of different things that never came in my way before nor since. Some of them have been pleasant—and some scarce better than insipid; but I have no reason to think I have forgot, or much altered the ideas left by those single impulses of taste; though here the memory of them has certainly not been preserved by repetition of the sensual vibrations. It is clear I must have seen, as well as tasted, those things; and I am decided that I remember the tastes with more precision than I do the visual sensation had with them. I remember having once, and once only, eat Kangaroo in New Holland—and having once smelled a baker’s shop, having a peculiar odour, in the city of Bassorah. Now both these gross ideas remain with me quite as vivid as any visual ideas of those places; and this could not be from repetition of vibration, but really from interest in the sensation. Twenty-eight years ago, in the island of Jamaica, I partook (perhaps twice) of a certain fruit, of the taste of which I have now a very fresh idea—and I could add other instances of that period. I have had repeated proofs of having lost retention of visual objects, at various distances of times—though they had once been familiar. I have not, during thirty years, forgot the delicate and in itself most trifling sensation, that the palm of the hand used to convey when I was a boy, trying the different effects of what boys call light and heavy tops; but I cannot remember within several shades of the brown coat which I left off last week. If any man thinks he can do better—let him take an ideal survey of his wardrobe, and then actually refer to it for proof.”

corresponding to that vivid distinctness. Yet that the conceptions of sound are recalled very vividly and distinctly, though we do not attend to them, is evident by the decisive certainty with which we recognise sounds, as in particular the voices of those we know:—at which time there must be in the mind the distinct conception of the same tones formerly heard, for our distinguishing the voice can mean nothing else than that, on comparing it with our conception of those tones, heard before, we find them to agree.

Different reasons may be assigned for this peculiarity in the conception of visible impressions. One cause undoubtedly, and that a very important one, is that the impressions of the eye are infinitely more strengthened by association than those of the other senses. When we try to recal to our mind the impression of a sound or of a taste, the object of our conception is a single, insulated sensation. But every ob-

ject of sight is complex. It is the composition of many different visual impressions; and the object is recalled, not merely as the conception of mere sensation, but as an associated intellectual whole. For the various parts of such a visible object have a mutual dependence which is perceived by the understanding, not by the eye; and the understanding assists the conception, by the intellectual idea it has retained of their proper arrangement. This explanation of the facility afforded to the reproduction of visible impressions by the force of their material association, is confirmed by a similar fact with respect to sounds; it being found much easier to recal a succession of sounds, as in music, than any single tone. Another cause equally powerful perhaps is to be found in the constant use of this sense, as the instrument of our habitual and most important knowledge.*

* It has been a singular and not uninteresting attempt of metaphysicians, to ascertain, in the supposed case of an intelligent being framed with a part only of our senses, what advance he might make in the unfolding of his mental powers from the impressions of the very simplest. With respect to the sense of hearing, assuming that it could not give us the knowledge of an external world, yet it is plain that many other intellectual perceptions and some variety of emotions might be produced out of this single sense. For, if we suppose a sensation to be excited in the single sense of such a being, the moment this happens, he must necessarily acquire the knowledge of two facts at once—that of the sensation, as an affection of his mind, and that of his own existence.

After this sensation has passed away, the remembrance of the impression may recur to him—he may both form the distinct ideal conception of it, and recognise as a fact of memory, that he did actually feel it—a recognition involving the consciousness of personal identity.

If odours of various bodies have been impressed upon his sense, and fainter and stronger sensations of the same, he can make comparisons among these in respect to their degree; in respect to resemblance; in respect of the pleasure and pain with which they have been accompanied. He will be capable of desiring the return of those which he has found agreeable, and may feel apprehension and fear of the return of those which were painful, of which the very thought will excite his aversion. In this manner, it is evident, he might proceed from the effect of sensations known merely as taking place in his mind, and from which, in all probability, he could learn nothing whatever of any separate existence, to exercise many of his most important faculties. Nor could he fail, amidst these various and successive states of thought and feeling, to understand with irresistible conviction, that he himself, the sentient and intelligent being in whom all these changes took place, was one simple unaltered nature, of which these various affections were merely passing modifications.

In short, it is evident, without attempting to follow further this kind of investigation, that it is not possible for mind to be awakened at all, but it must be awakened in the fulness of its consciousness, and in the immediate possession of its powers.

A difference in power of conception appears to be one of the constitutional differences that are to be observed between one mind and another. It is in some remarkably vivid; and when it is so, seldom fails to discover itself by the animation it gives to their

By the feelings arising from the sense of taste and smell, no indication is given to us of an external world. Dr Brown, when stating this in his *Outlines*, beautifully says, "To know the cause as matter" (he is speaking of our sensations of the smell of a rose) "would be to know it as an extended resisting mass; and for informing us of the figure of, and the hardness or the softness of the beautiful circular flower with its convex stem, and green flexible foliage, the sensation of fragrance seems to be as little fit, as any other feeling of mere pleasure or pain of which the mind is susceptible." Abstracted from the mere tactual sensation of the object, it is plain, he says, that neither do the primary sensations of mere taste convey to us any knowledge of an external world. "It is very different, however," says the same acute metaphysician, "in the circumstances of that richer complexity of senses with which nature has endowed us. By frequent coexistence with the sensations afforded by other organs, that have previously informed us of the existence of matter, our sensations of mere smell and taste seem of themselves ultimately to inform us of the presence of things without. A particular sensation of fragrance has arisen, as often as we have seen or handled a particular flower; it recalls therefore the sensations that have previously coexisted with it, and we no longer smell only—we smell a rose. In taste, in like manner, by the influence of a similar coexistence of sensations, we have no longer a mere pleasurable feeling—we taste a plum, a pear, a peach. The suggestion of things external is as quick in these cases, as in any other cases of association; but the knowledge of these corporeal masses is still a suggestion of memory only—not a part of the primary sensations either of smell or of taste."

In one of his posthumous essays (on the External Senses), Adam Smith asks, somewhat sceptically, if any of our senses, antecedently to observation and experience, instinctively suggest to us some conception of the solid and resisting substances which excite their respective sensations—though these sensations bear no sort of resemblance to those substances? He says at once, that the sense of tasting does not—but that it perhaps may be otherwise with the sense of smelling. The young of all sucking animals (of the mammalia of Linnæus), whether they are born with sight or without it, yet as soon as they come into the world apply to the nipple of the mother in order to suck. In doing so they are evidently directed by the smell. The smell appears either to excite the appetite for the proper food, or at least to direct the new-born animal to the place where that food is to be found. It may perhaps do both the one and the other. When the stomach is empty, that the smell of agreeable food excites and irritates the appetite, is what all experience: but then, observes Dr Smith, the stomach of every new-born animal is necessarily empty. Every animal while in the womb seems to draw its nourishment more like a vegetable from the root, than like an animal from the mouth; and that nourishment seems to be conveyed to all the different parts of the body by tubes and canals, in many respects different from those which afterward perform the same function. Yet the moment the animal is born, the appetites, which take their origin from a certain state of the body, seem to suggest the means of their own gratification, and some anticipation or preconception of the pleasure which attends the gratification. Thus, the smell not only excites the appetite, but directs to the object which can alone gratify that appetite. But by suggesting the direction towards that object, the smell must necessarily suggest some notion of distance and externality which are necessarily involved in the idea of direction, and in the idea of the line of motion by which the distance can best be overcome, and the mouth brought into contact with the unknown substance which is the

discourse. It shows itself in the bright picture they are able to give in language of that which is present only to their minds. They relate,

they describe as if the object were again before their eyes, and the events which they remember and in which they have borne a part were

object of the appetite. That the smell should alone suggest any preconception of the shape or magnitude of the external body to which it directs, does not seem very probable; for the sensation of smell seems to have no sort of affinity or correspondence with shape or magnitude; and whatever preconception the infant may have of these, is likely to be suggested not so much directly by the smell, or indirectly by the appetite excited by the smell, as by the principle which teaches the child to mould its mouth into the conformation and action of sucking, even before it reaches that object to which alone that conformation and action can be usefully applied. Dr Smith, however, is of opinion, that as smell suggests the direction by which the external body must be approached, it must also suggest some vague idea or preconception of the existence of that body, though not perhaps of the precise shape and magnitude of the thing.

The smell, too, he conceives, may very probably suggest some even tolerably distinct perception of the taste of the food to which it directs—for, though the respective objects of our different external senses bear no sort of resemblance to each other, as colour bears no sort of resemblance to solidity, nor to heat, or cold, or sound—yet to this general rule there is one exception, he observes—for that the sensations of smell and taste evidently resemble each other in some vague manner. The sensation of smell, though perceived by a different organ, seems to be, in many cases, but a weaker sensation of the same kind with that of the taste, which it announces. It is very natural, therefore, he concludes, to suppose that the smell may suggest to the infant some tolerably distinct perception of the taste of the food which it announces, and may, even before experience, “make its mouth water for food.”

The Sense of Smell is intimately connected with that of taste—so much so, that in language we sometimes confuse the words that belong to each—and Thomson somewhere in his *Seasons* speaks, when describing the odours of a rural morning, of

“Tasting the smell of daisy.”

The organs of smell are affected by the finer particles of bodies being dissolved in the air which we breathe, and borne by it through the nostrils to the olfactory nerves, just as tastes are caused by the similar finer particles being diluted in the saliva, and conveyed to the palate and other organs of the mouth. All animal and vegetable bodies are continually sending forth effluvia of vast subtlety,—which in their progress through the air unite and mingle with other bodies to which they have some chemical affinity,—forming perpetually new concretes—and spreading themselves to an immense distance from the body which sent them off, as is proved by the sense of smelling in some brute animals, for example, the wolf or vulture, that will scent for leagues not only dead carrion, but the living flesh of man, ere it is heaped upon the field of battle.

The prime animal purpose of the sense of smell is plainly, the discovery of agreeable and salutary food—and is accordingly placed near the organs of Taste; so that, to use the words of Mr Stewart, all our food undergoes a double inspection. Its other great animal purpose is to excite and quicken the taste—which is affected both by association, and originally, in virtue of that singular affinity which, it has been observed, subsists between the odour and the flavour of bodies. Indeed it has been observed, that the sense of smell is in fact scarce any other than an appendage or outwork to the sense of taste, and that therefore its capacities as a distinct sense may very well be expected to be curtailed. These various odours have each their different degrees of strength and weakness. Most of them are agreeable or disagreeable; and frequently those that are agreeable when weak, are disagreeable when stronger. When we com-

visibly transacting again, and they were again almost taking part in them. In such cases we may say that we see the power of conception

of which we speak, distinctly exhibited to us in the mind of another, for the glow of his narrative is merely transfused from the vividness of

pare different smells together, we cannot, says Reid, "perceive many resemblances or contrarieties, nor indeed relation of any kind between them. They are all so simple in themselves, and so different from each other, that it is not possible to divide them into genera and species. Most of the names that we give them are particular—as the smell of a Rose—of a Jessamine—or the like."

Man, in a state of civilisation, seldom employs the organ of smell with any view of deriving from the sensations any knowledge connected with the support of his existence. Even in his rudest state, in the pursuit of his prey, and in the search of his food, he seldom trusts entirely to the organ of smell, but has other auxiliaries of ingenuity which he employs at need,—and therefore it is difficult so say to what a degree of perfection this sense might be brought by cultivation. As it is, we know that the savages of North America have been known to track their enemies and their game by the scent, without the aid of dogs. Haller mentions a wild boy found in the Alps, whose sense of smell was almost as acute as that of a dog—and indeed all those wretched creatures of human birth that have been left in infancy in the solitude of woods, and sunk into something below our nature, have all possessed in perfection that sense which is so strong in the brute creation. They are almost bowed down to the earth like brutes, and so acquire the powers of animals that are prone. We may refer to that most interesting account by Mr Wardrope of the blind, deaf, and dumb boy, James Mitchell, in whose case the degree to which this sense may be heightened, and the service which, under extraordinary circumstances, it may render to the human being, are most strikingly exemplified. To the sense of smell, says his scientific biographer, "he seemed chiefly indebted for his knowledge of different persons. He appeared to know his relations and intimate friends by smelling them very slightly; and at once detected strangers. It was difficult, however, to ascertain at what distance he could distinguish people by this sense; but from what I was able to discover, he appeared to be able to do so at a considerable distance from the object. This was particularly striking when a person entered the room, as he seemed to be aware of this before he could derive information from any other source than that of smell."

Finally, it may be observed, that though, of all the senses, that of smell has certainly the narrowest range, and the least influence on our ideas, yet that even its sensations become, from association, of considerable power over the mind. We need not say what a charm there is in all the odours of external nature—and how much of its beauty is thus felt to be breathed or inhaled into the soul. The gently and widely-diffused fragrance of leaves and flowers, and blossoms, imparts an unconscious satisfaction to the rudest mind; and to the more refined, is acknowledged in delight to be as touching as the sound of joy that is warbling in the groves and woods. The faint and dying odour of things so fair and perishable, are combined in the mind with all our feelings about the flowery families of the field. And here we may use the beautiful language of Dr Brown, when speaking on the same subject.—"If we imagine all the innumerable flowers which Nature pours out, like a tribute of incense to the God who is adorning her, again to be stripped, in a single moment, of their odour, though they seem to retain all their bright diversities of colouring, it would seem as if they were deprived of a spirit which animates them—how cold and dead would they instantly become—and how much should we lose of that vernal joy which renders the season of blossoms almost a new life to ourselves. It is by this delightful reality that the tribes of vegetable life come to hold a sort of social and spiritual communion with us. It is, as it were, the voice with which they address us, and a voice which speaks only of happiness."

his conception. This gives us a very distinct idea of what we are to understand by the power—namely, that it is the renewing upon the mind of its past impressions, vividly and distinctly perceived—not altered and compounded anew, as happens in many others of its processes—but

It may be remarked too, that the sense of smell imparts sensations that the imagination can convert into emotions of sublimity, as well as of beauty. No person ever was so in the heart of a thunderstorm as to be sensible, amid the sultry air, of the sulphureous smell of the electric fluid, without feeling it to be as awful even as the flash or the sound. The cold damp smell of a mouldering ruin, mixed perhaps with the sweet odour of the living wall-flower, deeply affects the soul. There is a sepulchral smell which deepens our dream of mortality—and the imagination, in its sublimest thoughts of the terrors of death, might think of the smell of a great field of battle, when so much that was human life lies in dread decay. Milton, in describing Death exulting in his future prey, sublimely sings, borrowing a daring image from a sense generally supposed to awaken only ordinary associations—

“ So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
Of mortal change on earth, as when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle to a field
Where armies lie encamp’d, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcasses, design’d
For death the following day in bloody fight.
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn’d
His nostril far into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar.”

The first and greatest animal use of the Sense of Taste is to incite the living creature to seek the means of its subsistence.

This may lead us to remark a little more particularly the solicitous provision which nature has made for continuing to the various beings she has framed the life with which she has endowed them. In considering this in the animal creation, we are naturally led to compare them in this respect with that part of nature which must continue life to itself, and yet has not the means of seeking it; and the comparison shows us, in an interesting manner, the combination of the various parts and aptitudes of every creature to an entire purpose. Where the plant grows, there lie around it the sources from which it is to draw its support. The earth supplies to its spreading roots the juices they are to imbibe—its food for nourishment and growth. The surrounding air yields to its leaves a principle no less necessary to its existence; and thus the life of the plant is supported and sustained by a continual ministration of nature. Its nutrition, as long as its life is in a state of activity, is perpetually and necessarily going on; the organs which feed it are incessantly absorbing its aliment without consciousness and without volition. It lives, and it cannot cease to live; for so long as it is surrounded by elements capable of yielding to its support, so long must its life be kept up, until the decay to which all organized beings are subject shall have destroyed its existence. But all animals—not only those which range in quest of food, but those of the lowest kinds, as polypi, which, rooted to a spot, can receive only what the waters bring within their reach—even these depend on themselves, on sense and the act of volition, for obtaining their food. Even these lowest of the sentient kind must, as it were, watch the approach of their prey, seize it, and expose it to the action of the internal organs before it can conduce to the support of life, or to future growth.

Even these, then, have exertion of their own to make to provide their sustenance. But the higher orders of the animal creation are required to incessant, even to painful and dangerous toil for this purpose. That most striking feature of their condition, the power of locomotion, is essentially connected with the peculiar manner in which they are destined to be sup-

faithfully reproduced. It is very true that this simple and faithful reproduction in which the impression is renewed merely as it was received, may not often take place—for the mind seldom acts by one of its powers alone. But so far as the impressions, with which it is filled,

plied with food. Whether they move on earth, through the air, or the waters, the first great object of this power of locomotion, the great continual use to which they apply it, is to seek their food: Every other use is occasional or secondary. Thus, then, in the whole of animal life, we find one character prevailing, of dependence on themselves for procuring their own nutriment, a character the most strongly marked in the most perfect animals, throughout whose whole complicated organization we trace one great and uniform purpose, the formation of a creature, who is commanded to maintain, by its own intelligence and active will, that life with which it has been endowed:—a purpose alike manifest in the structure of the organs of nutrition, which are to receive and contain its food, in the organs of motion, sight, and active power, by which it is to follow and take its food, and in those delicate and acute organs of taste and smell, by which it is enabled to select its nourishment, and by which it is incited to that keen, eager, and vigilant exertion which is necessary to bring its food into its power.

If it would not seem to be pursuing a fanciful analogy, to step from what we have just observed of the evident influence of the sense of taste on the lower creation, in inciting them to the exertion required for the support of life—to the consideration of a similar influence upon man—we might observe that his taste has a remarkable influence on his condition, by the variety of means by which it impels him to seek its gratification. The various cultivation of the earth, the interchange of the productions of different countries and climates, need only be mentioned to show in how extraordinary a manner the simple variations of affection of a single sense are linked with important elements of his whole state, having results that are felt even in the intellectual and moral character of his social being.

Neither ought we, when speaking of this sense, to omit mention of its constant influence, from the first hour of our existence, on the temper of our minds, and on the very best of our social affections. Its pleasures partaken of according to the measure of nature, and as far as the dignity of that nature will allow—nor can there be anything degrading to the highest mind to enjoy what is so essential to the gladness and tranquillity of our animal constitution—are such as not only yield a welcome relief to thought—and introduce into the mind movements of a glad and gentle pleasure—but round the table that is spread for the necessities of our hunger, and the pleasures of our taste, assemble the manners, the graces, and the virtues—and while the savage devours his food in the sullen silence of a selfish fear, or in the revelry of a gluttonous festival—civilized man feeds the affections of his soul at the same board at which he satisfies the wants of his body, and thus makes his baser minister unto his nobler nature.

Perhaps the simplest view which we can take of the Sense of Hearing, is that of its use in giving warning of the approach of danger, and its subservience to the means of procuring sustenance, both in the inferior animals, and in man whose animal nature constitutes so great a part of his being in savage life. This sense, therefore, is most acute in those animals that have no resource against danger but in flight. The use of the sense of hearing in giving notice of the approach of danger is farther illustrated by this—that when the action of the other senses is suspended, and when the eye that might warn us of the approach of danger is useless in darkness, the ear is still open as it were to receive impressions. It is the ear that watches in the darkness and stillness of night, and in the unconscious confidence of its vigilant wakefulness we lay ourselves down to rest in peace. There is something in darkness, under many circumstances, which excites an irresistible feeling of terror, by which the sense of hearing is rendered alive

are mere representations of the past, so far as its present state to be ascribed to conception; what is altered falls under the description of other operations.

It may be here remarked, that the striking effect of such representations on the minds of those who listen to them is the proof of a law which has always a considerable in-

to the slightest impressions. This feeling would be insupportable if we had not in the sense of hearing a means of knowing that we are free from danger, or that it is about to approach. We are, perhaps from custom, not conscious of the feeling of security which we derive from this sense when, in the gloom of night, we are deprived of the use of that vision on which we chiefly rely and when we can command it. "Never," says a writer in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, "do I recollect to have heard a cry expressive of more terror and distress, than was uttered by a deaf child when suddenly placed in complete darkness, by the extinction of the light, in a strange room, in which she had been employed with other children, not deaf and dumb like herself. Her companions were not in the least alarmed; they could hear each other, and their presence was felt among them all by their breath and the motion of their bodies; but this poor deaf child seemed as if she felt herself alone in a moment, and shrieked out in an agony of fear."

In like manner would a blind child have been affected had there been a sudden extinction of sound. The hold which its mind had on the existence of beings like itself, near itself, and in amity with itself, would have been broken; and that mind would have been left, in a moment, to collect a new set of ideas, which in that case of destitution, would, almost of a necessity, have been fearful or distressing.

Nay, the mind seems to retain a power over the operations of this sense even in sleep. In some of the lower animals, the sense of hearing is almost like a separate power of intelligence—watching, during rest, over the creatures whose other faculties are suspended. The eye is dark with the films of slumber—but sleep seems not to clog with its dulness that other avenue to the mind; on the contrary, it would almost seem as if a finer air then filled it to transmit thither sounds inaudible when the being was awake. The mind of the animal seems to lie silent and listening—and not a leaf can fall but the sleeper starts up from its slumber. This we remark in that faithful animal the dog, which, in one sense, seems scarcely ever asleep,—and which, when its natural watchfulness is increased by what may be called the duties imposed on it, hears in its slumber sounds that are silent to the ear of the hushed household. The savage, too, lying in his lair in the forest, or in his cave, sleeps watchfully as his neighbour the wolf—for his whole life is a life of danger, and Fear constant in the successive hour of peril, may be said to be a sleepless centinel over the life of Man!

Of the great moral power of those mysteriously related sounds which constitute music, we need scarcely speak—nor is this the place for any such discussion. Many of our most delightful early associations are connected with tunes heard in childhood—and nothing so carries us back into the innocence and happiness of that season, as some such simple air heard suddenly by our minds when engaged in the harassing and agitating cares of maturer life. Unquestionably, too, the power of music may be said, without any unphilosophical exaggeration, often to have had prodigious influence on many strong national feelings, and no inconsiderable influence over national manners and character. It has at all times been blended with the feelings and the service of religion—either pompously in those forms of worship which call in the aid of solemn imagination—or simply in those other forms which leave nature more to her own unassisted and unprompted emotions. In times of great national agitation, whether for good or evil, the impassioned soul of the people has leapt up at the sound of turbulent or arousing hymns—and in all free countries, there is music inspired by and dedicated solely to the spirit of liberty. The memory too

fluence upon the natural recurrence of our conceptions. The effect depends on the selection of the circumstances of what was seen or done. Now it is not to be imagined that the speaker speaks as a master of rhetorical art, selecting such circumstances, and adapting them to

—or rather the deep and undecaying passion of the mind attached to the memory of proud or disastrous national events and achievements is, preserved and cherished by old traditionary music enlivening the rude poetry of past times—nor is it beneath the thoughts of him who considers the moral condition of his species, to reflect how, in humble and lowly conditions of life, the human heart cheers its labour, its poverty, or its solitude by music which joy or sadness has created and given to be part of the mental possessions of the peasantry of a country. In poor pastoral countries, especially, where the mind has but few objects wherewithal to busy itself, and trusts to the primary affections of its nature, music has been always found to blend itself most deeply with all their manners and even virtues; and has been one of the chief means of preserving to rude and ignorant men many thoughts and feelings which would do honour to the race in the highest and best state of civilisation.

These and a thousand other sounds sublime or touching, which are heard in the heart of nature, must be present to our thoughts in speaking of the access of emotion to the human mind through the sense of the ear. The influence of which we have been speaking affects the mind through the imagination; but there are from the same great voices of nature influences which take a still stronger possession of the spirit, and speak to it with a deeper power. Such an influence on rude nations is well expressed in the well-known lines, describing

“ The poor Indian, whose untutor’d mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind ;”

for it is true, that among savage tribes it is often in the tumult of nature, hurricanes and storms, that the troubled spirit of man seeks the power that rules alike her operations and the destinies of his own existence. But there are various and complicated associations with the natural sounds peculiar to any region of the world, that would have to be taken into account in estimating those many and often unapparent causes which concur in the great simplicity of natural life to form even the national spirit of a people. In a mountainous country, as that of the Highlands of Scotland, or Switzerland, where the hearts of the people are strongly bound to their native soil, the many wild and characteristic sounds which are continually pouring on their ear are like a language in which the spirit of their own wild region calls to them for ever from the heart of the clouds or of the hills. The torrent’s continuous roar—the howling of blasts on the mountain side, among the clefts of rocks, or over the cabins in lonely midnight—sounds issuing from caverns—the dashing murmur of a heavy sea on the open or inland shores—wild birds screaming in the air, the eagle or the raven—their own lowing cattle—all these, and innumerable other sounds from living and insensate things, which are around them evermore, mix in their heart with the very conception of the land in which they dwell, and blend with the image of their life. Every one who will consider what those influences are which, in such simple states of society, find out the spirit of a man, and knit his heart with strong associations to the soil or the rock on which his dwelling is pitched, will be well aware that such sounds as these, arising as they do out of the very nature to which himself and his whole life belong, and overflowing, as it were, the region which he inhabits, cannot but make a part to him of his fond, imaginative conception of the places in which he has found all the loves, the hopes, and the purposes of his being.

affect his hearers, but he speaks merely under the natural force of his own thoughts, his mind carrying him along. This shows that numberless minute circumstances fall away from the conception; and that the reproduction to the mind is not an entire renewal of the former impression, but that the process of conception is governed by some law which determines the selection—namely, the interest and importance of the circumstances themselves. That interest or importance manifestly depends on the character and disposition of different individuals; and therefore the same subject is never conceived precisely in the same form and light by any two minds. That conception is the best, which, while it is the most vivid, at the same time reproduces objects so as to recommend them to the most general feelings and sympathies of mankind.

Let us now state distinctly what is meant by Association, as a principle regulating the succession of our conceptions.

When an object is present to the senses, or present to the mind itself in thought, it produces not merely the affection proper to itself during the moment in which it occupies the attention, but it acts yet further upon the mind to determine what thought or feeling shall next succeed: and that thought or feeling thus produced again acts in the same manner, affecting the mind by its presence for a moment, and then determining the next step of the constant succession. Now the law by which any object determines the next conception of the mind is the law of Association. Let us take an example of this from the great appearances of nature.

Thus, the name of the moon may bring before the mind the conception of the visual impression which has been made upon it by the sight of that planet: but if it suffers that impression to take full effect the conception will not terminate there: That which has been beheld in conjunction with the moon will also reappear, as the dark sky of night in which her orb is hung, and immediately after, the numberless points of light which sparkle in that deep sky. If nothing disturbs the mind, and the conception grows strong,

that peculiar feeling of beauty which has always accompanied the sight of the clear moon, will also be brought back upon the mind: and if the soul should give way to its impressions, perhaps that whole imagined scene will suddenly change, and the appearance of some particular night, when all these objects were seen under remarkable aspects of uncommon beauty, may present itself, and with it the vivid remembrance and reproduction of various feelings, by which the visible impressions of that sky were accompanied: with the scene, too, that lay stretched below in its magnificence, some great metropolitan city with its embattled cliffs, and the gleam of its own protecting sea.

When the mind, from thus conceiving one impression, is led on to conceive another connected with it, it is properly said that the succession of its conceptions is regulated by the law of Association. We speak, therefore, of the power of conception, as the power of the mind to reproduce to itself past impressions: and we say that the law to which the action of this power is subjected, is the law of Association.

This power to reproduce to ourselves past impressions, is, we said, the foundation of all our knowledge. We receive insulated impressions of sense. Had we no power to blend these internally, they must remain insulated as they were received; and the power of our mind to reproduce to itself the past, would terminate in this, that it would be able to bring back again and again innumerable series of unconnected impressions. Yet such a state is not known to us. Insulated as our sensations are received, we find nothing in our recollections but entire and infinitely connected conceptions of things.

This is the work of Association. The very first step from mere insulated sensation we owe to this principle. It is this that advances sensation to the character of perception. The mind with slow and reiterated observation, gathers from the same object different notices by the same, and by different senses. It combines these. The result is, that when the combination is effected the mind itself is no longer aware of

its own process. And if it now receives the same sensation, so instantaneously, so vividly, does its own conception reproduce upon that moment of sense the collected remains of sensations past, that it seems at once to discern by sense what it has itself supplied, and ascribes to an immediate and original perception, its own carefully collected, and faithfully digested knowledge.

When the same object is presented to the sense for the second time; why does the first impression it made return? Because the present impression is in part the same, and by virtue of that part which is common to the two, the entire first impression returns in conception. The mind, therefore, is constrained to take notice, however uncertainly at first, not of its simple present sensation, but of that sensation as in part concurring with, and in part modified by that conceived sensation from the past. This is the very first step, the first rudiment of perception. How much is still wanting to constitute that entire act of the instructed mind, in what number these modifying differences will have to be collected from the same sense, how slowly the notices of other senses will be combined with them, is hardly perhaps to be imagined. But however tardy, difficult, and apparently hopeless almost, the process may seem, there is but one way in which it can be begun or carried on:—namely, by the conception of former sensation reproduced as needed in virtue of that association which subsists between one of its parts and the whole, and by the new association which is instantaneously cemented between that former impression present by conception and the new impression present by sense.

This process goes on. These combinations of recollected impression with present sensation, become more and more numerous; they become better adjusted and defined, because Intelligence, even in that earliest state, accompanies and directs them. But Intelligence alone could not apply them even to its own uses. It is the principle of Association, gradually uniting sensations, and collecting the whole sum of past impressions upon the present act, that

enables the mind, rich even in its nascent knowledge, to seize upon and interpret the mere instant sensation, and thus gives to perception its peculiar character and power.

To discern the exterior of objects as they are perceived by sight, to see form, dimension, distance, is but the beginning of our acquaintance with exterior things. These are not the properties that it is important to us to know; this merely gives the object on which we are to direct our study. We proceed by our various senses, and with the whole instrumentality of those bodily organs which the mind is to employ for its service among the various objects that surround us, and which severally allure our attention by their proper interest, to collect more extensive notices of their different properties and powers!

In this second part of our progress, if it may be so distinguished, we but repeat the first. We collect our knowledge by different senses, but we combine it on the act of one. How many various properties are united to make up our knowledge of any one single object—not properties which do no more than affect the sense—but knowledge which can only be obtained by experiment as it were, and under peculiar circumstances; as their texture, their weight, their interior parts, their living nature, their powers!

Now it is to be observed that these various qualities, which are evidently not discerned by sight, are yet as suddenly and vividly made sensible to our mind by sight, as if that were the sense to which the property were discovered. When we look upon still water it is impossible we can see it to be liquid; for sight is not the sense to which that property is made known. Yet it will be found that in all these cases the property is so present to the mind with the sensation of sight, that if we did not check the error, we might imagine we perceived by sight the nature of the substance. Fruits, flowers, seem to show to the eye what they are; and especially the property of sentient life is recognised by a feeling so quick and vivid in ourselves that it is, we believe, next to impossible to those who have not thought upon the subject, not to

imagine that they see the creatures to be alive. Yet in all these cases we can demonstrate to ourselves, without difficulty, that our seeming perception is nothing more than knowledge otherwise collected, added to the act of sense. We apprehend that every one, who is able so far to watch his mind as to recognise an illusion which his understanding is ready to contradict, will find that, in innumerable instances, he is subject to that sort of illusion.

Thus instantaneous and vivid then, even in instances where we are able to demonstrate the antecedent process, is the suggestion of knowledge in the moment of the act of sense. The mind does not turn back to its experience to enquire into the nature of the object set before it; but at once, with the very impression of sense that nature is present in conception to the mind.

What takes place in our minds in such instances may serve to illustrate and to confirm what takes place in that first and seemingly obscure process of perception. We have dwelt upon it, in part on account of the light it throws upon that process, but in part also on its own account, being one of the important steps in that composition of our knowledge which we owe to Association.

That this vivacity of knowledge was necessary, it scarcely needs even reflection to show. Our senses, and chiefly our sight, connect us as living beings with the external world. It is easy to imagine in what helplessness we should have stood in the midst of this world, if upon every presentation of an object to sight, the mind had needed consciously to revert to its knowledge to enquire out its nature. Danger would have struck us from the earth before we could have understood its approach. That quick intelligence which fills the mind like light, through the senses, could not have accompanied our steps, and we must have groped where we now see.

All this is the result of that principle which blends sensation with sensation, conception with conception, and mingling many impressions past together, and joining them all with the present, creates a union of

the mind's individual acts, which is not afterwards divided. It is the work of that capacity of the intelligent sentient soul, which gathers up slow experience into one quick thought, and with the imperceptible speed of a spirit's act, can mix itself in its collected power with the momentary apprehensions of the senses.

Having thus shown the process of Association in combining distinct impressions into the conception of single objects which constitutes our knowledge of them, let us next consider what it is that we have effected, when under many various opportunities of observation, and of that diligence of examination which the activity of the mind carries out upon all external objects, we have collected and made up that wide and systematized conception which comprehends various things under one collective whole.

Let it be such local knowledge for example as we possess of a district of country. What is the composition of such knowledge but the accumulation of an infinite variety of impressions variously received, and which, still as they were received, were associated together and combined in one system of thought? What is the reproduction at any moment, in our minds, of that accumulated knowledge, but the exemplification of a law of association? The district itself, or that name with which all the accumulated impressions which compose it to our thoughts have, still as they were received, been united, becomes the immediate cause of the affection of sense, and immediately the whole incorporated system of associated impressions which composes the entire conception gathers upon the mind and begins to unfold itself. He who knows a country stands on one spot of it and looks around him. He knows it; that is to say, that from the spot on which he stands, or from any point of the scene before his eyes, his mind can travel in one direction or another along lines traced in thought through scenes which lie not under command of the eye. But when we thus figuratively speak of the mind travelling in imagination over unseen ground, we mean nothing more than that, be-

ginning from any point, the associated impressions which have heretofore been collected in actual presence of the object to the sense, have begun to arise to the mind in conception, in their due succession, as they were originally conjoined. We mean no more, in all that we can suppose of such processes, than the power which the mind possesses of regularly pursuing such successions of associated impressions through all the connexions under which they were originally bound together. There is here then nothing more than the exemplification of that common law of association by which the object impressing the sense brings back to the mind the accumulated conceptions of impression with which it is already united.

Or, if the name of any object, concerning which we are possessed of such variously combined conceptions, strike the ear, we may observe a similar procedure of the mind. The object itself becomes immediately visibly present to conception. But that is but the first act, and as the next the various other ideas that have been associated with the same object begin to arise in various trains of succession, and those are our knowledge. It is apparent in all such cases, that knowledge has been originally composed by the agglomeration of innumerable associated impressions, and that the retracing or unfolding of our knowledge in thought is no more than the pursuing again the successions of former associations.

The process, which nature conducts in the human being from the beginning, she carries on throughout life. Our gradually enlarging conceptions of things, in whatever way we may collect them, whatever other faculties we may employ in regulating their combinations, are cemented and amassed in the same way, by the uniting power of Association. Every place we visit, every face we see, every transaction in which we engage, whatever we learn and judge of the character of individual men, the intelligent conception that is brought to our minds of all that passes in the world—whatever, in a word, in any way becomes the matter of our knowledge

becomes so by this uniting power. We bring together impressions and conceptions variously received; we combine them in one complex conception, they remain united, suggesting one another, and that is Knowledge.

Let any one try to give an account to himself of that personal knowledge which he is continually acquiring of all persons and circumstances with which he is engaged and concerned—which fills up and peoples his conception of life—that knowledge various and vivid which occupies his mind continually, in which he is so well versed, which is with him at every moment like a present reality—he can say no more than that his senses have been continually visited with impressions, that with these he has been active in associating conceptions derived from former impressions, feelings, and acts of intelligence, and that all these collected and combined conceptions of numberless objects and events remaining associated, any one part of such collective conception is now able to suggest the rest. This is in truth his knowledge, which while it remains together thus associated possesses that character, and as the association dissolves ceases to have the name.

The philosophic investigator of the constitution of nature has no other process for the composition of that knowledge to which he gives the name of science, than the untaught mind for the simple self-gathered conceptions of which it frames its stores of humblest thought. He may bring it together by slower investigation; he unfolds to himself by wonderful means properties of which the ordinary mind has no understanding; but his mental process of combination is the same. He unites together the remembered impressions of all that his science has disclosed; he combines them with the appearances of things, with names, and signs; and his mind, in which any part of these complex conceptions is able afterwards to suggest the rest, is thenceforth rich and powerful in that collected and associated knowledge.

But inasmuch as this conjunction

and suggestion of Impressions seems as if it might possibly subsist with great confusion, and as the one essential condition of our knowledge is its order, it becomes necessary to make some remarks upon the circumstances which establish that order among our associated Impressions which gives them their systematic consistency and coherence. We may consider as affording the essential character of knowledge, that the collective and associated conceptions of the mind are in conformity with the actual relations of things. In this conformity it appears to be implied, first, that all conceptions of individual objects should represent truly the objects of which they are copies. Secondly, that they should be exhibited to the mind in recollection, under the same connexions which subsist among the various objects themselves in real existence. The second perhaps, in its fullest sense, comprehends the first. These relations are innumerable. Thus one primary tie of connexion among all existences known to us is their relation or order in place: one primary tie among all events is their relation or order in time. To have the connexions subsisting among our conceptions conformed to the order of objects and events themselves in place and time, is evidently one of the first essential conditions which give to our associated conceptions the character of knowledge. Some objects are connected together in mutual dependence, as making parts of some greater or lesser system of being in nature, the parts of a living body, the parts of a world. Other distinct objects of thought are the qualities that inhere in the same subject; they are conceived as so inhering; they are associated together under that tie of connexion. In the same manner the series of events which have concerned the same individual remains united to the mind by their connexion with him; the series of events in the physical or moral world, of which one has successively produced the other, remains as a connected chain of causation united in association to the mind. Our associated conceptions, in short, retain the same connexions, whatever they may be, which were originally discerned

among the objects themselves; and it is by the maintenance of these connexions that they hold in their entire union the character of knowledge.

To understand this subject more clearly, we must remember in what manner these relations or connexions were originally discerned, when our mind took cognizance of the objects themselves. It was our Intelligence evidently, our Reason, which was active at the time, and in the midst of impressions received confusedly and casually from external or internal sense, strictly scanning and ascertaining these relations and connexions, gave to our knowledge at its first birth, its true character of a just representation of that portion of the world which it embraced. All that is afterwards required is, that the conception of these relations should remain distinct and entire as they were at first discerned by Reason. But for this no more is necessary than that the impression made upon our Intelligence at the time by the discernment of the connexion actually subsisting should remain combined in conception with the other impressions of sense and inward feeling, with which it was then conjoined; or in other words, that the whole associated connexion of our thoughts should comprise the impressions made upon our understanding, as well as those of simple sense and feeling. And we may sum up the whole amount of what has been said in this, that our knowledge consists in the composition of the impressions of external sense, or internal feeling, and of the understanding; united together, and retained in union by Association.

We are now prepared to enquire, what is that process which the mind pursues, when it exerts itself in bringing back under its cognizance the knowledge it has thus combined, retracing and surveying it.

The mind by its infirmity tends always to confuse its knowledge. Those relations which are steadfast and unalterable in nature are not so in its thoughts. The mighty order of nature subsists; the succession of events has been, and cannot change. But the mind, imperfect

and frail, which would fain reflect in its Intelligence, both the constitution and the course of things, vainly endeavours to accomplish an unattainable end. Its own oblivious weakness, its own sinking comprehension, perplex and confound that knowledge, which it had received perhaps clear, entire, and strong, imaging almost the beauty and the strength of nature. This weakness of the mind, bewildering and subverting its own knowledge, requires the same Intelligence, which in its original composition first searched the relations of things, to go back upon its recollections, retracing and re-examining them, and ascertaining the same connexions among its associated conceptions, and thus maintaining unbroken and undisturbed their primitive connexions, or restoring and re-establishing those relations in its thoughts, which only can maintain the correspondence of the Intelligence with reality, and give to the intellectual conceptions of the soul the dignity and the power of knowledge.

To maintain then in thought by repeated and assiduous recognition the same system of relations which constitute the order of existence itself, is the office of Intelligence, continually examining, proving, verifying the identity of its associated conceptions with its original impressions.

We have the rather thought it necessary to insist upon the part which our Intelligence bears, both in directing the original formation of our knowledge, and in thus maintaining its integrity, because it appears to us that some philosophers who have felt strongly the extensive, and indeed it may be said universal importance of this principle in the composition of our ideas, have attributed to it an efficiency which does not reside in it; making it indeed a substitute for Intelligence, to which it is merely co-operative and subservient. This is a defect particularly to be regretted in the writings of Hartley; the philosopher who has investigated with the greatest acuteness, and with the most various observation of nature the processes of Association, but who has erred in this, that he has thought it possible to found in it the explanation of what

are indeed original and essential principles of our nature. And thus at the same time that he has accumulated a mass of materials, and has furnished abundant suggestions that cannot but be serviceable in a high degree to the enquirer into this part of our nature, he has constructed a general theory of our mental constitution, which may be greatly misleading to the unpractised enquirer, who is not armed in speculation drawn from other sources, and which does at this moment mislead, if we mistake not, a whole school of enquirers in the southern part of this island, who attach themselves implicitly to the doctrines of Hartley, not discerning in the midst of the truth which he has distinctly and well laid down the deficiencies of his system, with respect to those great principles, both of Intelligence and Feeling, of which he believed that he had found the origin in the single principle of Association.

Let us now for a few moments compare the process of our mind in this the highest exercise of its strength, when it goes back upon its steps and retraces for its own satisfaction its various knowledge, proving it in all its parts—with that process which takes place in the loosest of all the trains of its ordinary thought, the least connected of those involuntary successions which take place when the mind delivers itself idle and unrestrained to the thoughts that may take their place by laws which it does not exert itself to put in force.

Let us first endeavour to form a notion of what is the utmost degree of unconnectedness which may be conceived as possible from the nature of the mind in the succession of its thoughts.

From what has been said of the nature of association, it must appear that it is possible that a series of thoughts might take place, which, though connected at every link, should on the whole exhibit the appearance of being totally unconnected. The first idea is connected with the second; but the third might be quite remote from the first. For there is nothing in the nature of association to make it impossible that the mind should change its direction at every step. This utmost con-

ceivable disconnexion, however, does not, in any ordinary state of our minds, if in any, take place. The greater part of our trains of thought are connected and consistent recollections. "On hearing the report of a gun," says Tucker, intending to describe how much the mind may wander in its more ungoverned trains;—"on hearing the report of a gun, one's thoughts may run upon soldiers, upon their exercises, upon battles, particularly that before Quebec; may put one in mind of Canada—of the fur trade—of surprising stories told of the beavers—their contrivance in building themselves houses—of the sagacity of animals—of the difference between instinct and reason—and abundance of other speculations, widely remote from the sound of a gun."

Even in such a disjointed and roving succession of thoughts as this, though the several short trains that are thus indicated are connected with one another but by a single link, and therefore in each train the mind deviates from its direction, and the tenor of thought is changed, yet it is apparent, that during the continuance of each train there is a consistent tenor supposed; and, therefore, though the whole of such a series is marked with much disconnection, yet each portion of it is still connected within itself.

Such a succession, then, is very remote from that utter madness which must take place, if at each single step of thought there were found, as we have stated to be possible, the same degree of deviation which, in this passage, is supposed between the different trains included in the whole succession.

This kind of half-governed succession is midway between that utmost imaginable disarray and disorder, and that most connected state of the thoughts which we conceive of, when we form the idea of the mind exercising its knowledge.

For even such half-ordered and desultory trains of recollection, have thus much of the character of knowledge, that they do truly exhibit a conformity with the reality of things. The thought, for instance, of a particular battle, implies a recollection,

to a certain limited extent, of actual events in their true connexion with one another—the conception of sagacious creatures, busied with their instinctive art, in the construction of their habitations, is a just representation in the mind of something actually taking place in nature;—the man, who thus, however idly and indolently, calls up recollections of his knowledge, so far conforming his mind to the truth of things, as is sufficient to impart to each successive change of his thoughts the character of intelligent knowledge.

In this manner it may appear, why even the undirected and chance trains of the intelligent, bear still the marks of intelligence, and assume the character of coherent thought.

Such, then, appears to be the essential difference between the course of the mind in its looser trains of thought, and in its most intent and exact research into its most authentic knowledge. The subjects of thought are the same; but the same subject in one case is indolently looked at, and passed over. In the other, it is surveyed in its widest extent, and investigated with the utmost power of Intelligence, for the clear discernment in the knowledge of the mind itself, of the same manifold connexions which subsist in that constituted order of being, of which, with all its imperfections, it is still the representation. The same mind may suffer thoughts, images, reasonings, to float by it, in mere dreaming reverie, that are yet drawn direct from the same knowledge which it has gathered in its strength, and in which, when it again arouses its strength, it will find fit exercise for its highest faculties.

In what we have now said of the composition of knowledge we have treated it for the sake of simplicity in the discussion, as if our mind did from its own original impressions gather up all its knowledge for itself, which is manifestly not the case: since we receive a great part of it from the minds of others. This makes it necessary that before leaving the subject, we should make some observations upon that part of our knowledge which is thus received, showing what the process is which in this

case takes place; and that this result also falls under the common description of a work of Association.

At the time that our minds are subjected to the power of language, when we read or listen, our thoughts, obedient to that law of association which has connected our ideas with their verbal signs, produce conceptions in our own mind answering to those of the writer or speaker. He unfolds to us in words his various and complex conception: conceptions in our minds start up at the words and link themselves together, till they reflect the picture from which he drew. And these various conceptions in their new combination, form undoubtedly a new complex conception, which is an accession to our knowledge. But though knowledge is thus given us as it were from the mind of another, we still in effect compose it ourselves. For we bring together the elements: elements which are gathered from our own primal impressions. No language can transfuse into our minds what is not there; but it may constrain us in a most wonderful manner to bring together elements of thought subsisting unconnected in our minds, and to frame conceptions which, uncompelled, it would have been impossible for us to frame: and what seems yet more admirable, by the combinations of thought which we are thus compelled to make, feelings and affections, and transports of passion, which we were not aware were even slumbering in our hearts, are aroused, and take possession of our souls, so that for a moment we seem in mind and heart transformed as under the power of a magician—visions unbelieved before rise before our eyes, feelings unknown are infused into our breasts, and yet there is nothing in our mind but of its own birth; and all that he could do has been to force us to use our own means of thought, and to produce the riches of our own emotions.

The combinations of thought which are thus formed, together with the emotions which rise up with them, become at once the subjects of a new association, and remain entire to the mind, a distinct portion of its knowledge, as much as that which it has gathered

and framed for itself from observation of the world of mind or matter.

We shall now conclude the subject of the composition of our knowledge, with one or two observations on the different character which the whole body of collected knowledge bears in different minds.

Since our knowledge is framed altogether of our collected associations, it must be apparent that whatever circumstances tend to give vividness and strength in the first instance to the formation of any peculiar classes of associations, will determine the production of a particular kind of knowledge in the mind, in preference to any others. Many such circumstances might be enumerated: but we shall speak at present of one class only, the powerful and decisive influence of the native character of the faculties, the constitutional tendencies of the mind, and its peculiar sensibilities.

These will affect its associations, one by one, as they are formed. For the impressions that fall upon sense do not determine the affection of the mind: they are the occasion of that affection merely: they offer themselves. But strong emotion will seize upon beauty or fear in the objects of sense, which shown to another will barely touch the sense, and not pass into the thoughts. The same objects which are shown to one and forgotten, are shown to another, and embraced into the inmost recesses of remembrance. In the same way, quick discernings in the intellectual faculties, ever watchful in poring on the face of things, do not only render to the mind at the moment just observation and clear intelligence of what is beheld, but by the very act of knowing they engrave the knowledge in remembrance. There are tendencies also of which it is extremely difficult, and perhaps impossible, to define the nature, which cannot be well called any peculiar facility of intelligence, which do not seem to be accompanied with any remarkable sensibility, and which yet dispose one mind to be more strongly possessed by impressions of one class, and another by impressions of another sort; so that the two placed together and open to the same impressions, shall yet draw

from them very different materials for future thought—each perhaps abundantly, but under its own peculiar law. In all these ways, by these obscure individual tendencies, by strong sensibility, and by the character of the intellectual mind, are all, unknowingly for the most part, making their own selection amidst the overflowing wealth of nature, and that inexhaustible matter of speculation, which life pours around them, of the conceptions which they will lay up in their breasts to be the strength of their future years. That principle which reigns over the formation of all knowledge, which blends together and unites, that it may afterwards recal, is alike to all their dependence. It is one sole principal to all. What it binds in strength is bound; what it leaves uncombined is nothing. Yet to each there is a several result. Because Association itself receives merely from other faculties. They occupy the present, and give in charge to her to hoard against another day.

Thus, then, whatever other causes may act, during the course of life, to determine the character and the powers of the mind, one important cause, from the first, will be

these constitutional differences of mind, determining at every moment what shall be so deeply received into the mind, as to become the matter of durable association. In this way, from the earliest period each mind begins to possess its own peculiar store; but as soon as knowledge of one kind rather than another has begun to collect, it may easily be seen, that this is of itself nourishment to those peculiar faculties or tendencies by which it was gathered. And thus, if human minds could be left free in the power of their nature, would each nurse its own strength, inwardly and incessantly unfolding its powers amidst the materials for their exercise which it had spontaneously amassed. But even though this is not the case, and much as the spirits of men are by a thousand circumstances restrained from this free fulfilment of their native tendencies, the effect described does to a great extent take place; and the associations formed from the beginning, though themselves an effect of the character of the mind, are in their turn a powerful cause, acting through the course of life on the character of all its powers.

BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, ETC.—1836.

THOUGH we have formerly spoken, as it might be thought, somewhat disrespectfully of the taste and judgment of the Governors of the British Institution, in their selection of presents for the National Gallery, we give them full credit for their liberality, and believe them to be anxious to promote the "Fine Arts," their professed object. Words are wanting to express the pleasure that their Exhibitions have afforded us; we believe the modern artists have there found patrons; and that thence the public have acquired an accession of good feeling in art. We are disposed to think that since the commencement of this Institution, the Italian School of Art, for which the country had previously but little love, has greatly risen in estimation, and that thus a more solid foundation is laid for public taste; for the mind that can once comprehend and feel all that is great, sublime, and pathetic in art, will never revert with too great fondness to the less important but fascinating beauties of the schools of mechanical precision and dexterity. There will be henceforth for these a just admiration, but not a love. The nobler works create for themselves an enthusiasm, a passion—and such passion, when once raised, is perfect and permanent. But is it not extraordinary that our artists are the last to receive such an impression? It must be a very striking fact to the eyes of the most careless observer, that the aim of modern art is in direct opposition to the old. *Toto cælo* they differ. There appears an absolute jealousy of approach. The old masters delighted in shade and depth, and above all in an unpretending modesty, without which there is no dignity—modern artists delight in glare and glitter, foil and tinsel, in staring, bare-faced defiance of shade and repose, as if quietness were a crime, and as if there were no greatness but in protrusion. You go into an Exhibition of the Old School, satisfied with the eyes that nature has given you; but if you come out of Somerset House with

any remnant of eyes not put out, you would require a month's preparation, under the hands of oculist and optician, to reconstruct the organs and modify their vision. We should be almost inclined to believe that there was some truth in the remark we have often heard, that there is no use in painting other than the lightest pictures for the London Galleries, which are said to be half the year obscured by our fogs, did we not, in addition to a dislike to this malevolent satire upon our climate, see in the numerous collections of fine Italian masters in our metropolis a contradiction to the assertion; nor can we conceive such an argument of more avail now than in the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, and Gainsborough, from whose depth of tone, and indeed from that of every known school previous to our day, we are departing with a speed and haste that bespeak an antipathy to excellence, not originating in ourselves. Our enmity to this false English School of Art shall never cease; we have taken out "letters of marque" to "sink, burn, and destroy"—and we will wage perpetual warfare with extravagant absurdities, though they be sanctioned by the whim of genius, academical authority, or the present encouragement of foolish admirers. We would suggest an experiment which might be beneficial to artists and collectors, and might be the source of a noble emulation. Let the old masters and the modern be exhibited together, at least, occasionally.

The Catalogue of the British Institution of this year contains a list of one hundred and twenty-two pictures. The Gallery would therefore contain upwards of fifty of each. The admission of so small a number would be an honour to those selected of the modern, and the portion of the old masters should be as choice as possible. As the light is from above, and equally distributed, there can be no preference as to position: we would not intermix them, but let them each have a side

of the room to themselves. We really think that this would greatly benefit art. If we *have* really advanced in art, comparison would be at hand, and judgment would be the more readily formed; if not, it would be seen wherein we were deficient—whether in execution, in materials, design, colour, or the very principles of art. We would have a high premium given to the first, second, and third best pictures; nor would we exclude the old masters from the competition—the possessors might bestow their premiums on the encouragement of modern art, or in purchases for the National Gallery. We are aware that a jealousy might exist of subjecting pictures to this judgment; but, as so few would be acquired, we think the difficulty not very great. A committee should be formed, of judges not necessarily Members of the Institution, and certainly neither possessors nor painters of the works exhibited. We believe that the emulation to obtain these prizes would be very great; whilst it would ensure pecuniary rewards, it would confer much greater distinction. The hope of a proud eminence would be a spur to very great efforts. The artist would not be painting for striking effect in a particular Gallery, where the vulgar that are attracted by show are the judges, but for the scrutiny of judges who will not fail to see merit though it be retiring and modest: they would paint, not for partial collectors fascinated with the fashionable style of the day, but for real, lasting reputation—for the large applause of the world, where those who are to decide upon merit are of the most acknowledged taste, and above suspicion of partiality. It might be found advisable in some degree, to class subjects, that every walk of art should have scope for exertion. There might be competition for the best historical—the best landscape—the best sea piece—portrait, or any other branch of art, the advancement of which the governors of the Institution might consider honourable and beneficial to the country. Nor does there appear any reason why this Institution, whose professed object is the advancement of the fine arts, should not offer rewards

for discoveries, for chemical proofs of the colours and medium of the best masters, and for such inventions as may appear wanting for the bringing every process to greater perfection.

The selection of this year consists, as we have before remarked, of 122 pictures—in comparison with other exhibitions, a very small collection. But, as journeys are better estimated by days than by miles, so would we speak of galleries, and consider those the greatest where we are oftenest and longest detained. We often pass over multitudes, and find resting-places frequent amongst a few. But let us enter the room. We have not made many notes, nor shall we offer all we have made. We hope not to weary the lovers of art who read *Maga* by copying a few from our notebook.

No. 1. “The Assumption of the Virgin.—Guido.” Without the possibility of for a moment questioning the excellence of this picture, you are a little startled first by its colour—and indeed in its present light it may be somewhat out of harmony. The yellow of the background, purposely of that colour to set off the blue and pink hues in the figures, appears not sufficiently to recede, it is scarcely aerial; but it is hardly fair to judge of these pictures, which have been painted for chapels with subdued and peculiar lights, when removed into an Exhibition-room. We can easily believe the colouring of this beautiful picture to have been perfect in the place for which it may have been painted; and seen with a judiciously managed light, and by itself, it must have a very surprising effect. Never was angelic purity more exquisitely embodied than in the face and attitudes of the attendant angels. And how serenely yet sublimely beautiful is the Virgin! They are all rising together into regions of blessedness. Their very drapery seems losing its earthly weight and substance, and its colours appear purified into celestial brightness; but it is observable that the drapery of the angels, though of the same colours and texture, is yet of a fainter hue. By this means greater power is given to the principal figure, and the

picture, as a whole, has a better keeping. Guido has here shown that he fully deserves the great name he has acquired. His work is that of a worshipper, conceived in a moment of ecstasy, and executed under a lasting enthusiasm. No painter, not excepting Raphael, ever more excelled in embodying the high ideal of female grace, purity, and innocence. His style is very peculiar; in it are united the beauties of the Carracci, improved by his admiration of Raphael, with whom, if he has less strength, he may yet often vie in expression, particularly in that of maternal tenderness and infant sweetness.

We have the same subject in "The Assumption of the Virgin, No. 3, by Murillo," but how inferior is the conception and the execution! There are no less than nine pictures by Murillo in this Gallery, of large size, and high pretensions, and, to speak as a merchant, we presume them to be estimated at great value. Now and then we see a Madonna and Child by Murillo (as in the Dulwich Gallery), which justifies a high reputation, but how seldom are we entirely satisfied with his works! His taste was too much steeped in vulgarity—so that he rarely exhibited any grace or dignity. In his Holy Families even, his vulgarity is too often conspicuous. The study of beggar-boys seems to have been ever uppermost in his mind.

No. 4, "St Francis with the infant Saviour," does not rescue him from this charge. We believe that the two most highly estimated pictures by him in this gallery, are No. 10, "The Angels coming to Abraham," and No. 22, "The Return of the Prodigal." These are said to have been purchased at a very high price from the collection of Marshal Soult, who robbed the Spaniards of them.

There is a fashion in masters, and it sometimes happens that such a fortuitous circumstance as a great purchase from some public robber of note, will, in no common degree, direct the attention of the public to a painter. We should not be surprised, if shortly Murillos were to be sought after with new eagerness, and be more valued than Raphaels or Correggios. It is safest to judge of pictures without any reference to

this fictitious value—and we could wish it were altogether omitted in the catalogues that such and such a picture came from such or such a Collection. It can only deceive the ignorant, and looks very much as if the possessor had not a confidence in his own taste, and would therefore make some by-gone Italian prince responsible for it. We should only laugh if introduced to a beggar on the apology that he *had* kept good company. We observed this folly in looking down the page in the Catalogue. It is true that the Murillos are not so ushered in with a flourish of trumpets; but there is much talk about them, and a little trickery of silk-curtaining, that is unworthy and undignified, because it looks like an advertisement for admiration. The two pictures from Marshal Soult's collection do not please us. We look to the one subject for supernatural dignity and awe, and have a right to expect a hue of solemnity suiting the mystery of a celestial embassy; to the other subject we would turn for deep pathos, penitence, commiseration, and paternal tenderness; and taking into account the further scope of the parable, the occasion upon which it was given, the sanctity of the narrator, and its reference to the goodness of our Heavenly Father, we should expect, both by the composition, expression, effect, and colour, to have our thoughts raised to so great an argument. In all that we should have expected from these subjects is Murillo deficient. Of these two pictures, the "Return of the Prodigal Son" is the best; but though in some respects painted with a master's hand, it is, if not vulgar, commonplace. Somehow or other, it excites but little sympathy; and the colour is to our unfortunate eyes disagreeably grey and misty, and the execution uncertain. This is perhaps the prevailing fault of Murillo—but the grey tones of the other—"The Angels coming to Abraham," is still more unpleasant. With regard to the angels we should certainly wish their "visits to be few and far between." But for some angelic indications, we should have thought the apparent unwillingness of Abraham to receive them, quite justified, and should such suspicious-looking

characters darken the door of any respectable citizen of Cheapside, there is little doubt but that he would look out for the policeman. No. 29. "The St Joseph leading the Infant Saviour, who carries a basket of Carpenter's Tools," is more rich in colour, and painted with more decision and vigour; but there is neither the dignity nor divinity in it that the holy subject should demand. His "Portrait of Don Andres de Asdrade and his favourite Dog" is certainly finely painted, though we should be sorry to have such a face often before our eyes. The dog is by far the more human brute. We cannot but suspect that among the great masters Murillo has been vastly over-rated. He is too apt to be either vulgar or weak, and seldom rises to uncommon grace or dignity.

Now, then, quitting Murillo, let us bury ourselves in the deep wood with Mercury and the Woodman—"No. 8, Landscape with Mercury and the Woodman—Salvator Rosa."—Are we stayed at the very entrance? No entrance amongst those dark masses! How beautiful this picture might be, if the dirt were removed from it; how strange it appears, sky, distance, wood, water, figures, all enveloped in the haircloth of penance. All is covered with one brown stain.

We have not the slightest doubt but that under this coat of tobacco water, or whatever it be, there are fine fresh colours in every variety of tone—that the hills are ultramarine, the sky blue, and that there is plenty of full colour throughout. And why do we think so? Because we have seen another picture of it, which has all that we look for in vain here. One would almost be inclined to believe that this picture had fallen into Gainsborough's hands at the time that he forswore colour, and exactly in this manner stained over his works. Salvator was a noble painter of landscape, as this of Mercury and the Woodman testifies. Salvator had lived amongst robbers, and knew how to paint a ruffian to admiration. Mercury is, however, somewhat between the robber and the petty thief. The trees do not much like to see the hatchet in his hand, though offered as a reward for honesty, to which the God himself had so little claim. They shrink back with affright, and

show by the fallen limbs around them, that there has been a deadly warfare between them and the hatchet. The composition is very finely managed, and the forms bold and expressive. How much should we rejoice to see this picture exhibited again, after being cleaned; even as it is, it is very attractive; we long to penetrate the shade, but it is opaque—the very birds have stuck to it, fastened though in the act of flight.

No. 11, "Venus rising from the Sea—Titian," is rather too staid and hard; Venus from the sea should come forth fresh and clean, if not rosy.

No. 12, "The Watering-Place—Rubens" This is a very well-known and celebrated picture, wonderfully executed and richly coloured, and is such a landscape as no painter would or could have painted but Rubens; yet we greatly prefer the Wood Scene by his hand, exhibited last year. There is much more detail, and more careful painting in this, but the intention is not so evident. It would puzzle Sylvanus himself to specify the trees, but we will not quarrel with it on that account.

"Titian's Four Ages," No. 14, is warm and rich in colour; but is not the composition very odd?

Is it a sign of very bad taste to say that there is a something that does not quite please in Vandyke's Holy Families? Nor is No. 13 an exception. Perhaps the defect is mostly in the faces, they appear loaded; is this strange in one who so excelled in portrait, or does it arise therefrom? There are here many good portraits by Vandyke—perhaps that which is least pleasing and shows the least skill, possesses the highest historical interest. "The Portrait of Lord Stafford," No. 88.—The aspect is forbidding, and there is an unpleasant stiffness in the figure, nor is there that easy and graceful blending of light and shade and colour throughout, which in Vandyke's pictures is so remarkable in general, whereby every inch of the canvases is united with and necessary to the portrait.

There are two very quiet landscapes by Claude. Nos. 20, and 23 "The Enchanted Castle." It is quite refreshing now-a-days to

see a cool and modest landscape. Nothing can be more quiet than these pictures, both as to colour and effect. They are deep in tone, and rich, but not rendered so by forced browns and reds, but by the transparency of the dark greys which pervade them. They exhibit Claude's peculiar excellence, distance and atmosphere. The subject of the first it may be difficult to conjecture. The female in the water with the Cupid does not betray any peculiar emotion, and the few figures in the second distance looking on, do not appear very much concerned about the matter; not so, however, the spectators out of the picture; and if the subject be known, we wish it had been mentioned in the Catalogue. The lucid veil of atmosphere between us and the Enchanted Castle, and which throws such an air of mystery over it, which yet is far from gloom, clearly intimates the subject of No. 23. It is very simple in composition, perhaps too much so, but the aerial effects are perfect. Might not the varnish, which is become dirty, be taken off with advantage? There are two other Claudes in the collection; perhaps the most pleasing is No. 90, "Landscape with a bridge;" it is remarkably clear.

We will not say that No. 26, "The Holy Family," from the Collection, &c., is, or is not, as it came from Raphael's pencil. We saw it by daylight and by lamplight—by the latter it was in much better keeping. The offensive yellow in the background was then reduced and not observable; the accessories are perhaps more minutely made out than was usual in Raphael's best time. We thought the expression in the face of the Virgin very beautiful, but rather hard about the mouth. The face of the St John we thought not agreeable.

The great ornaments of the "middle room," and perhaps of this Collection, are "The Seven Sacraments, Nos. 27 to 33, inclusive—N. Poussin." We cannot imagine how any one can look at these very fine pictures and pronounce N. Poussin to be a bad colourist. In these seven paintings there is, perhaps, but one spot of colour offensive, a piece of red drapery, which is so evidently wrong that we can-

not doubt but that it has changed or lost its glazing—we suspect the last, for it is likewise weak, and wants its due depth of light and shade, or rather distinction of parts. This is a mere trifle, and has little to do with the reputation of the master. But if that be a well-coloured piece, in which the colour is most appropriate to the subject, and constitutes much of the poetry of it, we think that from these works the reputation of N. Poussin should, in this respect, stand high. It is true that you seldom see in his pictures any forced brilliancy or violent contrasts, unless his oppositions of blues and reds may sometimes be so called; but we think that he has almost always previously determined the cast of colour which his subjects required, and managed it with much skill. We might instance the cold green hue of his Deluge; but we consider the Seven Sacraments are good examples. They are all of a solemn religious shade. In some indeed, there is, as it were, a palpable obscurity—the shadow, the atmosphere of sanctity pervading the scene, and consonant with a religious conception of the several enactments. Much as we admire the grouping and character, our minds are more impressed with awe from the poetry of the colour than from the other excellences which these pictures possess. Yet through these pervading hues has he, without in the least injuring the general effects, contrived to introduce a great variety of colours, and some in strong lights, but in such keeping and subordination, that they obtrude not to the detriment of the whole. We have, in No. 37, a picture by N. Poussin of a different character from any of the last mentioned, but equally admirable. It is rich, and of that conventional character for which he is often blamed, we think, without reason. It just sufficiently differs from that of common nature, to throw the imagination back into antiquity; the rocks, the trees, the fields that we saw yesterday will never do for transactions of the earlier periods of the world. The mind would suffer under an ideal anachronism. This Nicolo Poussin knew; and we do not question the reality of his scenes because they are not circumstantial-

ly our realities. By demanding and engaging our faith, we submit to his impression as of perfect truth. How very masterly is the grouping of the figures; with great variety there is no confusion, and the parts of the composition are so connected that the unity of design is well kept up. The women and children are exquisitely managed, and the incidents have a charming air of truth and nature.

No. 48, "Dead Game, with Dog in a Landscape.—Weenix." The dog is wonderfully painted; the rest of the piece is dirty.

Here is a beautiful clear sunny picture by Berghem. No. 50, "Landscape with a Bridge." This evening effect is delightful, the cool tones run into the warm, and both are so fascinatingly blended that we are not in the least offended with the hot tan colour which is often too predominant in the works of this master. The figures are cheerful, and just what they ought to be in such a scene. The long bridge encompassing the valley connects one part of the picture well with the other. How very superior is this little piece to the larger one, No. 104, which is throughout dreadfully hot; there is not sufficient boldness in the composition to draw our attention from the unnaturalness of the colouring. We learn from the Catalogue, that it was painted in 1655 by order of Sir Peter Lely, and, including the frame, for about thirty pounds sterling.

No. 51, "Landscape with Cattle and Figures—A. Vanderveld." How exquisite are always the figures by this painter! not so his background. In this picture it is not agreeable, and is glaring.

There is no painter more peculiar in his manner than Wou-
vermans—his pictures have the softness of enamel, and are rich and exquisite in their tones, but often appear as if laboured and finished in separate parts—so that there is sometimes a clearness and unity wanting throughout. His pencil is excellent at all times. No. 52 and No. 53 are good specimens; and but for the vile subject, we should decidedly prefer No. 57, "Grey Horse in a Landscape."

For touch and finish we must admire No. 55, "Goats in a Land-

scape—P. Potter." But it is disagreeably monotonous in colour.

We never yet saw a landscape by Sebastian Bourdon that gave us pleasure; nor is No. 68 an exception; nor that in the National Gallery. Nor can we in the least comprehend why his landscapes are said to be like Titian's. If it be true, as it is said of him, that he was so struck with a picture of Claude's, that having seen it but once, he copied it from memory, to the surprise of Claude himself, it is strange that he did not adopt something of the style of a master he so much admired. His pictures, to our eyes, are not agreeable in colour, texture, effect, or composition.

Nos. 80 and 82, are certainly fine Canaletti's—yet we can scarcely think he left them so hard—they would unquestionably be improved by some glazing, and if they had been in some parts more transparently painted. They are, however, vigorous, and that is a great merit.

We looked long with interest at No. 84, "An ancient Fresco painting, representing the half-bust of a Tibicen, or player on the double Flute, from the roof of the Columbario, discovered about the year 1823, in the vineyard of Signor Sante Amanendola, in the Via Appia." If this was the work of an ordinary painter in ancient days, we may fully believe the accounts given of the higher by Lucian, Pliny, and others. The hands of the figure are particularly in the manner of Correggio, admirably drawn and painted. There is a companion to it, No. 122, "Gany-mede," found in the same place. This is likewise an extraordinary and interesting performance—it is like a good water-colour drawing, on a coarse paper showing the grain. The sky reminds one of that of a Venetian picture.

No. 92, "Landscape with Cattle and Figures—Both," has both the beauty and defects of this master. It is rich and freely painted, but too hot, and perhaps would be more pleasing in a winter exhibition.

We turn with great satisfaction to No. 96, "Landscape and Figures—G. Poussin." This is a beautiful specimen of the pastoral; cool, and refreshing in colour, and perfect in arrangements of parts, as the works of this master of composition ever

are. How tranquil and quiet is the scene, yet how fresh the atmosphere pervading it—what admirable execution and finish, yet is there no laborious working thrown away; every thing is in its proper place, and has its proper force and execution. It is of the country of the peaceful and the happy; it does not appear a selected spot, one that has none like it; for such is the peculiar excellence of the compositions of Gaspar Poussin, that you have indications that cannot be mistaken, in the folding of his woods and hills, of a large continuation of similar and perfectly corresponding scenery. You would imagine that your foot was as free to wander as your eye, and that you might have rest and repose where you would. All his territory is under the protection of good Sylvanus.

No. 102, "Portrait of the Painter Parmegiano." This is a most powerful portrait. It is quite life; painted with great firmness and vigour, and yet highly finished. It is surprisingly forcible. It is a face of keen observation and sense; it looks into you. If of Parmegiano himself, he had a countenance strongly indicative of his power.

We have not spoken of any of the Sea-pieces—there are some good Vanderweldt's; but we have seen better of the master on these walls.

We will make no further use of our note-book. We are thankful for the gratification afforded us, and again earnestly recommend the plan of Exhibition and Rewards for the works of ancient and modern masters to the serious attention of the Governors of the British Institution.

The catalogue of the Somerset House Exhibition is now lying on our table, and we make no apology for offering a few of the notes we made while the pictures were before us. The first on the list is "No. 8, Gathering Sea-weed. F. R. Lee, A." It is too white, of that faulty school which aims at uninterrupted light, which is always disagreeable to the eyes; yet we have seen pictures by this artist that persuade us to believe he sometimes paints against his own taste.

No. 9, "Cenotaph to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, erected in the grounds of Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire, by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart. J. Constable, R.A." If ever subject required chaste and sober colouring it is this; yet is it flickering throughout with impertinent lights, and dots of all colours, utterly ruinous to the sentiment; but lest we should mistake the sentiment intended, the painter has added to the description the following lines from the pen of Wordsworth:

"Ye lime-trees, ranged before this hallow'd urn,
Shoot forth with lively power at spring's return,
And be not slow a stately growth to rear,
Of pillars branching off from year to year;
Till they have framed a darksome aisle,
Like a recess within that sacred pile,
Where Reynolds, midst our country's noblest dead,
In the last sanctity of fame is laid:
And worthily within these sacred bounds,
Th' excelling Painter sleeps—yet here may I
Unblamed amid my patrimonial grounds,
Raise the frail tribute to his memory—
An humble follower of the soothing art
That he professed—attached to him in heart,
Admiring, loving—and with grief and pride,
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

Inscribed by Wordsworth, at the request, and in the name, of Sir George Beaumont."

The intention of the poetry is solemn, sepulchral; the lime-trees planted by friendship are to grow, and overarch as some sacred aisle, fit repository for the dead. If there be light, it should be the "dim religious," and that green and melancholy monumental tree of perpetual repose. But this is not the picture. We

do not say that it is all light—it may be considered in the Academy a dark picture, but its darks are interrupted by spots of white, and other colours, and are not cool and sombre, but brown, and consequently too violent for repose. The picture has not a melancholy sentiment. It is scratchy, and uncomfortable in exe-

cution, painted, it should seem, on a principle of contrast and interception, ill suited to the subject. We were recently in some beautiful grounds where the landscape-gardener had with great taste formed such an aisle as the great poet describes; the level path was narrow, and the stems of two large trees were magnificent pillars, so near the eye, that they were, as in a cathedral, only seen in part; not a dot of blue sky was visible through the thick foliage, but the light was all green, and that faintly touching the large trunks was most lovely—it seemed radiating around the mystery of some sacred aisle. Pursuing our walk, we were struck with the variety in the continuation of the one character. Now some such hue should have pervaded this sepulchral subject. We remember last year a picture by Mr Constable, which we heard generally animadverted upon severely, and we thought justly, for the powdering the artist had bestowed upon it. This picture has the same fault, though in a much less degree. We remark it now, as we verily believe there is no virtue in the dredging box; and as these are the days when imitators outnumber Herod, we would caution younger artists, in this respect at least, not to outrun the Constable.

No. 339, Landseer's "Mustard, the son of Pepper, given by the late Sir Walter Scott to Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A.," &c. Now, this is an immortal picture, whatever some may think of the subject; it has all the poetry of which it is capable—you see into the character of Mustard as if it had been drawn by Sir Walter himself. It is a life, a perfect reality. Mustard is sitting guard over some woodcocks, to which, under the table, a cat is creeping up. Mustard does not see the thief, but has a knowledge of her presence by an instinct peculiar to his race. There is not a muscle that does not bespeak fidelity. The brilliancy, colour, and execution—all so true to the subject, are quite charming.

No. 22, "Macbeth, and the Weird Sisters. Macready as Macbeth. J. MacLise, A." We know not how to congratulate the three Macs—Macready, Macbeth, or MacLise. Did Shakspeare mean his Macbeth to

look so frightened, and so undignified? No compliment to Macready—and we doubt if the witches, ludicrously horrible as they are, do not look as much scared as Macbeth. The clever artist has here mistaken the outrageous for the sublime—a common failing in subjects from the Drama, especially where portraits of actors are to be idealized. The actor's contortions in a large theatre, where every thing is forced, are softened to the eye, and admitted by the excited imagination to be natural; but in a private room, and to a more sober judgment, are extravagant. If Macready sat—or stood, rather—for the picture, he forgot he had not theatrical space and accompaniments for his action.

No. 60. D. Wilkie, R.A. Whilst admiring this picture—for we did admire it—we heard it both greatly commended and abused. The female—which is, in fact, the picture—is very good in form and expression; perhaps there may be too much grace and beauty for the scene in which we find it—she might be the heroine of a better tale—but it is, if a fault, one on the right side. Bearing in remembrance Wilkie's pictures last year, we think him very greatly improved. His portrait of the Duke of Wellington, representing his Grace writing to the King of France the night before the battle of Waterloo, is very happy in effect; and the omission of the last year's manner of staining his faces with pink glazing is surely an advantage; but we think still there is a manner which many imitate, and in whose hands it is more strikingly faulty—the too great a transparency, particularly in his flesh; it gives the figures an unsubstantial look—you could almost imagine them ghosts, and that you could see through them—nor is this an improvement on nature. This manner is certainly conspicuous in his Napoleon, No. 124, in his interview with Pope Pius the Seventh. The Emperor is gauzy, shadowy, and the face remarkably so; the Pope and accessories are excellent—indeed, we have seen nothing of Wilkie's superior to this portion of the picture. It is quite painful to come to the next object of our criticism.

No. 73, "Juliet and her Nurse. J. M.W. Turner, R.A." This is indeed

a strange jumble—"confusion worse confounded." It is neither sunlight, moonlight, nor starlight, nor firelight, though there is an attempt at a display of fireworks in one corner, and we conjecture that these are meant to be stars in the heavens—if so, it is a verification of Hamlet's extravagant madness—

"Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt Truth to be a liar;"

but with such a Juliet you would certainly doubt "I love." Amidst so many absurdities, we scarcely stop to ask why Juliet and her nurse should be at Venice. For the scene is a composition as from models of different parts of Venice, thrown higgledy-piggledy together, streaked blue and pink, and thrown into a flour tub. Poor Juliet has been steeped in treacle to make her look sweet, and we feel apprehensive lest the mealy architecture should stick to her petticoat, and flour it. And what is this great modern's view of "Rome from mount Aventine?" A most unpleasant mixture, wherein white gamboge and raw sienna are, with childish execution, daubed together. But we think the "Hanging Committee" should be *suspended* from their office for admitting his "Mercury and Argus, No. 182." It is perfectly childish. All blood and chalk. There was not the least occasion for a Mercury to put out Argus's eyes; the horrid glare would have made him shut the whole hundred, and have made Mercury stone blind. Turner reminds us of the story of the man that sold his shadow, and that he might not appear singular, will not let any thing in the world have a shadow to show for love or money. But the worst of it is, there is so great a submission to Turner's admitted genius, that his practice amounts to a persuasion to hosts of imitators to reject shadows, find them where they will. They would let in light into Erebus, and make "darkness" much beyond the "visible" point. Turner has been great, and now when in his vagaries he chooses to be great no longer, he is like the cunning creature, that having lost his tail, persuaded every animal that had one, that it was a useless appendage. He has robbed the sun of his birthright to cast sha-

dows. Whenever Nature shall dispense with them too, and shall make trees like brooms, and this green earth to alternate between brimstone and white, set off with brightest blues that no longer shall keep their distance; when cows shall be made of white paper, and milk-white figures represent pastoral, and when human eyes shall be happily gifted with a kaleidoscope power to patternize all confusion, and shall become ophthalmia proof, then will Turner be a greater painter than ever the world yet saw, or than ever the world, constituted as it is at present, wishes to see. It is grievous to see genius, that it might outstrip all others, fly off into mere eccentricities, where it ought to stand alone, because none to follow it.

No. 96, "Psyche having, after great peril, procured the casket of cosmetics from Proserpine in Hades, lays it at the feet of Venus, while Cupid pleads in her behalf. W. Etty, R.A." There is always something to please us in Etty's works. His Psyche is very beautiful, and we are sure for her Cupid would not plead in vain; but we fear that box of cosmetics; it must contain some very potent poison, for laid at Venus' feet, see how the mischief has worked upwards, and poor Venus' limbs are immensely swollen. We thought it had only been among the Hottentots and some savage Indian tribes that magnitude of limb made beauty a divinity. His Venus, No. 187, is a little too blowzy for her doves.

No. 195, "Portrait of a Lady in an Italian costume. C. L. Eastlake, R.A." This is very happily coloured. Though gay, it is not glaring in light, as in inferior hands attempts at gaiety are. There is much natural air, pleasing expression, and the colouring in harmony.

No. 225, "Sowing corn. F. R. Lee, A." In this picture the artist is inferior to himself. We like not such subjects, but they should have more pleasing colour for repose to the eye. We congratulate him on his "Salmon trap," No. 344, which has much of the repose of Nature. It is clearly painted and well coloured, and is perhaps the nearest approach to a landscape than we have seen in the Exhibition. We were very much struck with the talent displayed in "The Wreckers." Three

pictures, Nos. 244, 245, and 246. They are very powerful in effect, vigorously conceived and painted. We think the female figure might have been more graceful, and the man near her is somewhat extravagant. The tale is well told in this trilogy.

No. 290, "The Battle of Trafalgar, painted for the Senior United Service Club. C. Stanfield, R.A." This does not give us the least idea of a sea-fight. There is a tameness in it throughout—there is none of the bustle and stir and grandeur of a sea-fight, matters which we can by no means believe to be imaginary. It is tame in composition and in colour, which is generally drab. We have seen subjects of this kind by Louthenberg, which strongly impressed us with the terrific vigour of a sea-fight, and the energy of which the vessels themselves, as living beings of bulk and grandeur, partook. We are sorry to think this a failure, because we greatly admire Stanfield's powers. The mechanical part deserves great praise, but that is not enough.

No. 306, "Petworth Park, Sussex, as it appeared June 9, 1835, during the anniversary dinner given by the Earl of Egremont to upwards of 5000 women and children. W. F. Witherington." It is somewhere said, that no picture requires more than twelve figures, but what would such a critic say to 5000? We hope it was not only a good order to the painter, but that he was paid for as at an ordinary at so much per head. How weary poor Witherington must have been of his work! He must have worn down his fingers and brushes, and then, like his namesake, have "fought upon his stumps." We hope this picture will serve more as a warning than example; we should be much vexed to see the multitudinous school take root. It is very well, and we are not afraid of it in Martin, but protest strongly against its increase, and the union of the hob and multitudinous school will be intolerable. The next 5000 we see painted, if the scene be out of doors, we shall raise an outcry for 5000 umbrellas.

Now it is quite refreshing to pass on to the unaffected quiet picture of Cooper, R. A., No. 308, so true to nature, we scarcely like these subjects in other hands.

No. 400, "A summer noon, F. S. Cooper." This is from Thomson's Seasons. We very much admire the skill of the artist in the grouping of his cattle, and indeed in the general management of his composition. It is very unpresuming and well coloured. If disposed to find fault, it would be with the texture—with a good medium, we should expect much from this artist's pencil. There is something very complete in this picture, there is nothing attempted beyond his reach; though such subjects are not very much to our taste, we see in this "Summer noon" the painter's discretion and power, and hope to see him again, and would recommend him some more shady scene from nature, and such we think he would paint with truth.

No. 422, "The Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella at Granada, D. Roberts," is very powerful in effect. Effect has been evidently the aim of the artist, and he has succeeded.

No. 429, "Richmond, Yorkshire," is from the white school—and the hot glare of 473, "Morning, Windsor Castle from the Thames, J. B. Pyne," which we believe is very much admired, is to our eyes disagreeable. We feel not the slightest desire to walk about the scenery, but lacking shade and real refreshing verdure, feel a lassitude of limbs as we look into the landscape. If nature always wore this aspect, we should seldom stir out, and be tempted even within doors to shut the window shutters to keep out daylight. Mr Pyne is a very clever man, and we are sorry to find him "following the leader" in this faulty course.

Let us now imagine ourselves in the Suffolk Street Gallery, Pall Mall East. Here we have pretty much a repetition of Somerset House. Here perhaps the race of imitators more conspicuously shine.

No. 11, "Ancient Jerusalem during the approach of the miraculous darkness which attended the crucifixion. W. Linton." We see no reason why the darkness should be supposed to proceed out of a furnace. The long quotations in the catalogue to impress an idea of the grandeur and beauty of Jerusalem surely should not be needed—the picture should perform the office—and it is brazen enough to be its own trumpeter.

No. 50, "Ullswater, from the river Aira, Gowbarrow Park. T. C. Hofland." Here we have glare again enough to put out one's eyes; what shades there are, are all brown. Yet is Mr Hofland a clever man. We have remarked that artists in their attempt to be warm, totally mistake nature; it is true there is some warmth in shade, but there is that for which it is given us, coolness. A similar mistake is often made with regard to trees; they are nature's *cool* green, to refresh the eye, to throw cool shade for silvan repose, yet how often are they mere daubs of brown—hot as if baked in the oven of art—for what object? Because reds and browns, which are made from them, have a more pungent effect upon the eye, and force observation.

No. 149, "Christ Raising the Widow's Son. B. R. Haydon." We are quite at a loss to understand Mr Haydon. He is either much above or below our taste and comprehension; he must have some unexplained theories of art, for nothing can be more unlike nature, under any form, shape, or colour, than his practice. Here are strange mixtures of red, blue, lamp black, and treacle. The figure raised from the dead should surely appear free from pain, or there is a sad deterioration of a miracle. Here, however, is the expression of fever, the rolling eyeballs and stricken forehead are all indicative of intense pain. The background is strangely coloured, raw blue stained over with dirty colour, as in imitation of old pictures uncleaned, by putting on all one would wish to see cleaned off; and how weak is the principal figure, the Christ—the only miracle appears that such a hand and arm should support such a heavy leaden cloak. But let us see Mr Haydon on a classical subject.

No. 221, "Discovery of Achilles, &c." He must have very strange notions of an Achilles, such as are not to be found in Homer certainly; but the colouring is the most extraordinary on record—never was any thing like it; there is nothing like blue and red in his estimation—every shadow is as red as vermilion—cake can make it—it is all so bloody, it would shame a butcher. One of the female figures covers her eyes with

her hand, and no wonder, all the rest have dots for eyes. Achilles is a great striding ninny, red, red, red. We at first thought he had been wounded, his very arm pits are what Mr H. may call shaded, with raw vermilion; the only cool part about him seems to be his heel, where he really was vulnerable; with that exception he seems wounded all over—there never was so great an absurdity. Then we have Mr Haydon, No. 287, "Falstaff." His ideas are not princely, for such a prince it is to be hoped was never seen. Here we have reds again; one would suppose he had been fascinated by the description of Bardolph's nose, and painted the picture to show how he could make it resemble a red-hot poker. What theory of colouring can he have with such a jumble of green, red, blue, and yellow? A parrot is sober to it.

No. 276. "Morning—Windsor Castle from the meadows; cattle by T. S. Cooper. J. B. Pyne." Has the defect of most of Pyne's pictures. He has strangely fallen into an abhorrence of shade—you have here the promise of a soaking hot day, enough to scare the poor cattle to think of—and what a scene has he chosen for all this day heat! Old Solemn Windsor. We are shocked at the ancient sombre towers evaporating under a hot reform sky—would that painters would consult the beasts of the field for the value of shade. The very cattle have more intuitive taste than our modern painters in this respect.

No. 112, "A Bull Fight at Seville. J. F. Lewis." Mr Lewis is master of composition—every thing is in its place; amidst all the seeming confusion, there is not one object, however partially seen, that does not tell. The life, vigour, activity, are drawn with full power, and all is set off with most appropriate colour—a most perfect interest is excited—his animals are as true as his human figures, and his females have grace and beauty. Beautiful as these water colours are, we regret Mr Lewis does not apply himself to oil; we do not believe he would lose any power from the change of his material.

No. 156, "Scene from Kenilworth, F. Stone," is very good and strong in character. Water colour painters have certainly taken a new walk in

the historical upon a large scale. The "Murder of Bishop Liege," 125, by Cattermole, is a specimen of very great power; still we doubt if subjects of this kind belong to water colours. The faults we have to find with modern art in general, notwithstanding our admiration of the abilities of many artists, are still conspicuous among the painters in water colours. There is too little poetry—too little imagination, and too little sentiment.

Is it true that, after Sixty-eight Royal Exhibitions, the arts have retrograded? We fear it is. It is with vexation we admit it. Our best painters were before the Royal Academy. Among the first exhibitors (and certainly there were many bad enough, but they have easily dropped down into oblivion) were the giants of English art. These are *our* "old masters," and have not only not been excelled in whatever upholds the dignity of art; but their names stand upon an eminence that, in our annual retrogression, appears ascending out of our reach. We say in all that upholds the dignity of art, they are greatly our superiors; in the mechanical and manual, in dexterity of the pencil, and profusion of the pallet, the painters of the present day will not find in them rivals. We have left the poetry for the drudgery or mere mechanism of the art, feeling for display, and exhibit and admire our glittering gaudy wares like a nation of shopkeepers, whose glory is in the workshop and manufactory. What is the cause of this? Independently of something wrong, morally and intellectually wrong, in the public taste, which is in a state of alternate languor and feverish excitement, and looks with suspicion on whatever is offered, but with the profession of modern improvement, we fear it is in the nature of Academies and their Exhibitions to multiply artists, but not to promote genius. Every exhibitor must strive to attract, and this endeavour leads him beyond the "modesty of nature." Talent is even afraid of imitation. Painters who have acquired fame are under apprehension of the imitators to whom they have given rise, and lest they should tread too closely upon their heels, dart off in some eccentric course, that for a

time throw out their pursuers; and are ever more alive to invent novelties to catch the public eye with glitter and glare, than to sit in dignity and tranquillity awhile under the shade with truth. Artists are, like cucumbers in a hot-bed, forced, and no wonder they run more to belly than head. There is an impulse that is ever urging them to think more of themselves than the art. Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough (as a portrait, not landscape painter), and Wilson, are still at the head of the English school. That there is and has been genius among us since their days, none can doubt; it has occasionally shown itself in the promise of power, nay, occasionally in real power, and vanished. It has not been suffered to establish itself. There is still, we are persuaded, no lack of genius, but it is under deteriorating circumstances. And some, it must be confessed, have with original talent burst forth into the true, grand, and sublime; but somehow or other their promise has been blighted, and has altogether died, or sunk, satisfied with our admiration, into the practice of endless repetitions. We scarcely indeed know a picture so truly grand, so terrific, as Danby's "Opening of the Sixth Seal." It is perfect in effect and colour, and there is no part of the composition or execution that mars the one grand conception. The print gives not the composition, for even composition is often made out by light and shade and colour, which, where the tones are so varied, the graver will fail to give. This picture and some few others, not altogether out of this class, are striking exceptions amidst glaring absurdities, presuming nothings, the bustling efforts of tame mediocrity and endless imitation. And in works of a more moderated cast and character, where finish and execution may be more judiciously displayed, a walk unknown to the founders of the English School, we have artists of very great talent. The productions of Calcott, Landseer, Cooper, and some others, will ever be admired for their general truth and purity; yet even these are too frequently below themselves, under a compulsion fancied or real, of keeping up to the Somerset House mark. The practice, by-the-by, of touching and re-

touching, on the walls, before the public are admitted, should on no account be allowed; for how can pictures painted in one light and re-touched under another, and with all meretricious glare about them, be expected to look well when removed to the quietness of a private gallery? We know not how to account for nearly the total absence of landscape in Somerset House. Is it that real proper landscape is too sober and modest for that display of colours and execution which hold the public taste under a false fascination? We have hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, glens and forests, for ample combination for the scope of genius. The birds have not deserted our woods, nor shadows our hills; (if they had they would be more painted perhaps). The clouds of heaven, carrying shadow and illumination, still deign to visit our mountains, and "drop fatness" into our vales. Here are all the materials for the painter's creation. But our artists must be at the Rhone or the Rhine for views, fortunate if they can outface the sun flaring in the middle of the picture, and build up the dilapidated ramparts of town and castle on each side, according to the most approved academical receipt. Vistas of towns and towers, and eternal Venice, in more than Venetian glory, of old carpets and turbaned Turks, are far more favourable objects for the *raw* materials, gambouge, cobalt, and vermillion, than such sombre scenes or quiet shades as

"Savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Pousin drew!"

And then, artists, if they happen awhile to "batten on a moor" and exhibit a common with all its geese, fancy *they* are landscape painters. The public are ignorant of the very principles of landscape painting; they have in general no conception that it is any thing but the taking "views from nature," no matter what; they will scarcely be brought to believe that it should be found to exist in composition, in artful arrangement; that it requires genius to combine—that it is open to poetry. It is therefore in its highest properties defunct; now and then we see, but even that rarely, a pleasing scene from nature, some river scene paint-

ed with considerable truth, but the art does not dive into the great mystery and depth of nature's feeling, as formerly. Oh, why this insensibility to God's most rich, most beautiful, most peaceful, and most awful works? Over which he has given us unlimited control and power, if we will but cultivate the genius bestowed on us, to combine in endless variety, to imitate his creation, and build up worlds of our own from the profusion of the materials his great wonders have thrown around us. There was once a promise in this walk of art, but it is gone. We recollect, when the first great change in water colours began with landscape, many very beautiful and original specimens of English genius. When Turner was really great; when Havill and Varley felt a love and passion among the mountains and waters. We have seen no such beautiful drawings since those days; perhaps there may be, but that we doubt, some more power over the materials, but it has left landscape. We quarrel not with those who have chosen the field of men and manners, and with unmixed satisfaction delight in Lewis's Spanish Bull-fights; and see more than the power of water-colours in the works of Chalon, Mrs Seyforth, and her sisters the Miss Sharpes; but we shall ever regret that landscape should have been deserted by those who showed at one time they possessed a genius equal to its best aim. How, in these days of extravagant excitement, shall the quiescent taste for landscape arise? At the revival of art in Italy, religion gave a mighty impulse; feeling was in the line of encouragement; churches were to be filled with representations of divine subjects; the Bible was truly the painter's manual. Then every church had its many chapels; the fortitude and suffering of saints and martyrs; the Holy Virgin and Angels; Sanctity the most sublime and most pure, all were to be portrayed, imagined, embodied; the very works were the objects of adoration, and painters partook of the incense of praise and glory; hence the wondrous works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. This could not last for ever; the churches became full; with some deterioration of feeling, as under a weaker inspiration, the art reverted to the luxu-

riant beauties of heathen fables. It became in unison with, and borrowed from, the antique statues; woods, and rivers, and hills, were in requisition, habitations for silvan and other deities, and under the hands of Titian and Nicholo Poussin, trees, rocks, and foliage put on an antique air, and became recipients for metamorphoses. That field occupied, Gaspar took the pastoral with a nearer approach to common nature, but yet retaining the poetic veil. But it was likewise the age of somewhat of the feeling of courtly romance. Claude threw himself into that feeling, and created his more dressed and precise style, intermingling landscape and sea views with legendary tale, courtly elegance, and pride of merchandise. Salvator, born but a few years after him, but in less settled regions, threw himself, in all the freedom of genius, into wilde, amidst ravines, and rocks, and precipices, investing all with a poetical depth, power and solemnity, a fit territory for his lawless figures. Nothing of this had been before attempted. Thus were all these great men original; landscape arose with them at first as an adjunct only to the figures of fable, but under their hands it assumed a consequence of its own. None of these, however, forgot to invest it with some mystery or charm of poetry. Since these days it descended to more common representations: it became a mere vehicle and means to exhibit dexterity of handling and harmony of colour—and is now rapidly losing even that poor ground. But from landscape-painting, as founded by those great Masters, has arisen a new art, to which the painter has scarcely yet deigned to hold out the hand of fellowship—landscape-gardening. The followers of that art are greatly improving, and if we may speak of their works as pictures, we do not hesitate to say, that they know more of light and shade, their proportions, relative values, depths and tones, than any of our modern painters, and often afford us a pleasure that in vain we look for at Exhibitions.

We are forced to admit that the progress of our painters has been in the lower departments of art. The great encouragement given to portraiture prevents higher efforts, where

they might have been expected. And we are persuaded the faulty practice of some Royal Academicians, whose favour is to be obtained, and whose works are therefore imitated, inflicts the greatest injury on British taste. They have neglected nature, and run into bad systems which they call art. They are at total variance with all that has obtained the admiration of the world in the old masters; and we will determinedly, to the best of our power, expose the errors into which the rising artists may too readily fall.

We have not hesitated to be free with our remarks; because we are persuaded that it is only by public criticism that artists will learn to see themselves. The leaders in art have so many injudicious admirers, and so many followers, that they scarcely ever hear any thing but praise. The whispers of severity in the exhibition-rooms do not reach their ears. We are persuaded they are in a wrong course—we give our reasons, and hope sincerely others more able than ourselves will endeavour, by a strict line of criticism, to rescue art from eccentricity, and to restore it to greater simplicity and truth.

Artists may be multiplied, and yet art not advanced. We would impress upon the younger artists the necessity of thinking deeply on art and reasoning truly; of thinking for themselves, unshackled by the admiration bestowed on those who have hitherto taken the lead in public estimation; unbribed by patronage, and not depressed nor self-degraded by its loss, or by too earnest a search after it. None will make great painters but such as seek the art for the art itself—who are contented to be poor, rather than degrade their tastes—yet we verily believe the surest way in the end to fame, present and future, and to the many immediate advantages it may bring, is strictly to cultivate and follow the dictates of their own genius, and then to think themselves worthy to direct the public taste. There is one reflection we would urge upon their attention—what is to become of our thousand artists who are now running a fallacious course, if the public taste should recover or acquire more sound principles?

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

MESOMEDES.

Νέμεισι πτερόεσσα, Βίου ῥοπαλ.—κ. τ. λ

HYMN TO NEMESIS.*

1.

DAUGHTER of Justice, winged Nemesis,
 Who weighest in thy scales the life of man,
 The proud, contemptuous look,
 The hollow-hearted wish

2.

Thou curbest, dark-eyed goddess, with thy reins
 Of adamant, and purgest human breasts
 Of contumelious scorn,
 Of Envy's hateful slime.

3.

Thine ever-restless car,—whose glowing wheels
 Leave no impress behind them,—overwhelms
 The pleasure-beaming lot
 Of voice-dividing men.

4.

Stealing behind them in their hour of pride,
 With noiseless step, thou bendest to the dust
 The haughty neck erect,
 The supercilious mien.

5.

Thine is the righteous measurement of life:
 The downcast eyelid on thy bosom bent:
 The hand of strength that grasps
 A yoke for stubborn necks.

6.

Be gracious, blessed judge, wing'd Nemesis,
 Who weighest in thy scales the life of man,
 Thee we would lowly hymn,
 Immortal Nemesis,

7.

Unerring Goddess, and along with thee,
 Stern Justice thine assessor, who receives
 The man of lofty thoughts,
 The generous-hearted man,

8.

Under her mighty, wide-expanded wings,
 Beneath whose shadow he may rest in peace,
 From Nemesis secure,
 Secure from murky hell.

* Nemesis—the goddess of divine vengeance, ever ready to punish the arrogant and impious, and to reward the good and the humble-minded.

II.

ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

Ἡδὴ που πάτρης.—κ. τ. λ.

THE POWER OF NEMESIS.

"My gallant ship now seeks my native shore;
To-morrow! and her stormy course is o'er;
To-morrow!"—when my lips these words had said,
 A hell of waters *raving o'er my head
 Ingulphed me,—and destruction round me clung
 For this vain vaunting of a froward tongue.
 Say not *to-morrow*; the tongue's slightest slip,
 Heaven's vengeance watches, ere it pass the lip.

III.

GLAUCUS.

Καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ Τρήχινος.—κ. τ. λ.

ON PARRHASIUS' PICTURE OF PHILOCTETES.

Ay—him of Trachis—Philoctetes torn
 By fiercer pangs than e'er by flesh were borne,
 Parrhasius saw, before he painted here
 These leaden eyes where lurks that languid tear,
 These inward labourings of soul-wasting throes.
 Thou prince of artists, Philoctetes' woes
 Well hast thou pictured: let thy pencil give
 One touch of anguish more,—the wretch shall cease to live.

IV.

ANACREON.

Στεφανηφόρου μετ' ἥρος.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE ROSE.

1.

I sing the rose of summer
 With wreath-producing spring:
 My friend, swell out the music,
 While I its praises sing.

2.

The rose the charm of mortals,
 The breath of gods above,
 The Graces' boast in seasons
 Of many blossomed Love.

3.

The darling plant of fable,
 Cythera's sweetest toy,
 The hedge-row lanes perfuming,
 And filling all with joy.

4.

By gentle fingers gathered,
 This flower of Love how sweet!
 To Wisdom † how delightful!
 In festive halls how meet!

5.

Without the rose what is there
 Wherewith we could be charmed?
 Aurora—rosy-fingered,
 The Nymphs are rosy-armed.

6.

The Wise say,—Aphrodite
 Is named the rosy-hued:
 It soothes the bed of sickness,
 By it is time subdued.

7.

It shields the lifeless body ‡
 From rot's corroding tooth;
 The graceful age of roses
 Is redolent of Youth.

8.

Come—wilt thou that we tell thee
 Its birth?—When from the womb
 Of Ocean's clear-blue waters
 She came bedewed with spume,

* ἴσος Αἰδὶ πόντος.

† Wisdom; Wise—σοφοί—the poets are frequently so named; called also σοφιστῶν: sapientia; frontes docti, docti poeta (vid. Hor. A. P. 396, Ovid, A. A. III 551). These epithets, however, are given to poets, generally, by poets themselves.

‡ The rose was used by the ancients medicinally, and in embalming their dead. (Vid. Hom. Il. XXIII. 186.) Placed also on the tombs of deceased friends.

9.

Cythera :—and Minerva

Born of the Thunderer's head
Leaped forth, with clang of armour,
And thrilled all Heaven with dread,

10.

A shoot of wondrous roses
Then, too, flowered out from earth
So beautiful, unheard of,
A many-varied birth,

11.

The quire of blest Immortals
With nectar tinged a thorn ;
Thence the proud flower of Bacchus—
The deathless rose was born.

V.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Μὴ σὺ γ' ἐπ' οἶνόμειο.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A MUDDY FOUNTAIN.

Do not, wayfaring man, this fount draw near,
For warm and troubled is the water here—
Brimful of mud ; but onward wend thy ways
To yonder height, where heifers love to graze,
And underneath an ever-whispering pine,
Where piping shepherds from the heat recline,
Adown the rocks a murmuring fountain flows,
With water cooler than the northern snows.

VI.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Μυρὸς ἦν ἀνθρώποι.—κ. τ. λ.

THE SUICIDE,

Oh, man ! before thy morn of life
Have countless ages fled,
And countless ages still will flee
When thou art with the dead.
The shortness of thy destined course
What image may express ?
It shrinks into a dwarfish point—
Yea, less—if aught be less.
Yet, pressed into this narrow point,
Are crowded many woes—
Unmingled ills, more hideous far
Than the dread grave's repose.
Then flee, like Phido, Crito's son,
Life's dark tempestuous blast,
And, in the grave alone, thy hopes
Of happiness be cast.

VII.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY.*

Κεφάλαι σφίγγουσι τὴν τρίχα ;—κ. τ. λ.

“Compositum discrimen erit ; discrimina lauda :
Torsit igne comam ; torte capille place.”

Ov. Lib. II., Ar. Am. 103.

1.

Is thy hair bound
In caul of golden threads ? Then ours
Is love's death-s wound
From thee—so like the heavenly powers—
A Rhæa—with her crown of towers.

* Vide Ov. Lib. II., A. A. 295—Sed te, &c. ; Tibull. IV., El. II. 9—Seu solvit, &c. ; Proper. II. El. I. 5—Sive illam Cois.

2.

Thy wealth profuse
Of auburn tresses to the breeze
Do'st thou unloose?
Raptures this frenzied bosom seize,
And my scared reason turns and flees.

3.

Do'st thou confine,
Beneath thy veil of virgin snow,
Those locks divine
Which zephyr woos?—Then, maiden, know,
Mine is a flame of fiercer glow.

4.

The Graces fair
Are the handmaidens who attire
Thy fragrant hair
In triple guise, and thus conspire
To waste me by the self-same fire.

VIII.

XENOCRITUS.

Καῖται σου σταΐζουσι ἔθ' ἀλμυρά.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A CENOTAPH.

Maiden Lysidice, thou hapless fair,
The sea's dank brine is trickling down thy hair;
The billows raged, and terror-stricken, thou
Fell'st from the hollow vessel's reeling prow.
Thine and thy native Cyme's names alone
Now grace this empty monumental stone;
For thou art floating on the heaving deep,
And Aristomachus, thy sire, must weep
With thy betrothed, who never more can see
His maiden bride—not even her corse—in thee.

IX.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Τίς, τίνος οὔσα, γύναι.—κ. τ. λ.

EPITAPH.

"Who, and who's child art thou, who here dost lie
Under this marble?"—"Prexo named am I,
The daughter of Callitetes."—"Where born?"—"—
"In Samos."—"O'er thy tomb, say, who did mourn?"—"—
"Theocritus, the spouse my parents chose."—"—
"What caused thy death?"—"Childbirth my days did close."
"How old?"—"Just twenty-two."—"No child did'st leave?"—"—
"Callitetes, but three years old, must grieve."—"—
"Blessings and length of days be on the boy."—"—
"Thanks, friend, and fortune's smiles may'st thou enjoy."

X.

PLATO.

Ἀρχαιανασσαν ἔχω.—κ. τ. λ.

Archeanassa is my mistress now,
With Cupid flaming in her wrinkled brow;—
Oh! wretched, ye, who felt her youthful flame,
Through what a fiery furious heat you came.

FOREIGN POLICY ;

SPAIN CARLIST, CHRISTINO, AND CONSTITUTIONAL.

THE "course of true love never did run smooth," as Shakspeare has sung, and perhaps the noble play-going Premier of England could testify such also is the burden of the song on foreign affairs' with the noble Atlas of the Foreign Office, his "juvenile Whig" colleague. As the European drama, elaborated in Downing Street, proceeds, new characters crowd the scene, incidents are multiplied, events succeed each other with bewildering rapidity; the unities of time and place and circumstance are confounded in the confusion of genius of that greater, in self-conceit, than the one great master-mind which erst made and still rules the mimic theatre of life; by him we are and have been transported swifter than thought from the Scheldt to the Tagus, from the Black Sea to the Bay of Biscay, from the banks of the Spree to the Rio Bravo del Norté. He has raised paltry thrones, and uncrowned petty kings; he has waged the war of Titans against pigmies, as the *monstre mortière* can tell at Antwerp, as Dom Miguel is still a living witness for Oporto, as the baton, bare of laurel, of Colonel Evans bears witness at St Sebastian. The underplot of the Pacha, the by-play of Konieh, the *dénouement* of Unkiar Skelessi, these darkly shadowed backgrounds of the picture are but so many indications of surpassing skill, by which the scenic enchanter has thrown his foreground of triumphs into bolder relief. The magic of his art was exhibited in saddling the Egyptian Satrap, at the expense of an ally, with precious possessions equal to the British isles in territorial extent, whilst with a magnanimity, a spirit of economy, and a disinterestedness ever to be admired at St Petersburg—if no where else—the great bear of the North was coaxed to plant his paw enormous upon the map of Turkey, where still the blotched imprint remains, at the trifling inconvenience of defraying the present costs of its own foray, and charging the same, at compound interest on open credit, hereafter

to be reimbursed, under guarantees secured before hand, to the debit of England and Turkey. To mend so hard a bargain, the commerce of Britain was cast into the lot gratis, and the Union Jack excluded from the Euxine. The plot goes so, that the lion once rampant had not a foot left to stand on, the four being busied in bestriding Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and Spain, those petty states which skulk "under great one's legs." Effect is the order of the day on the greater stage of the political drama, as on the once renowned cut-and-thrust boards of the Coburg; and what can equal the *sensation, prolongée* for time past, excited throughout civilized Europe by the bravo-in-chief of his Britannic Majesty's foreign department? These are, however, no more than the tragic wonders of the piece—the "doing the terrible," as the heroes of the sock and buskin would say—the entertainments, in part represented and in course of representation, are in fact a *mélange* of every thing horribly ludicrous, and laughably interesting. They are tragedy, comedy, farce, all combined, all written, cast, and enacted by, and under the superintendence of, one grand *artiste*, from early lessons imbibed in the *salons Parisiens*.

The tragic terrors of the mime we have but too faintly bodied forth, nor can we afford to dwell at length on the comic *entremet*, although the material is not abundant only, but provoking as *sauce piquant*. In the opening month of this present year, we had the honour to announce the forthcoming performances of my Lord Durham on the banks of the Neva, a scene selected by himself. The superb aristocrat reached his destination, and dressed for his character. Of his first mission it was said by a great diplomatic authority in Paris, that, *il sera bien reçu, il sera bien fêté, et après il ne sera qu'un petit garçon*. The prognostication was to the letter fulfilled, and what proved true of the first may with even greater fidelity be written of the second remittance of representa-

tion. The Czar could desire no more obsequious courtier—the astute Nesselrode no more fatuous dupe—the lordling has been feasted, and flattered, and befooled. More haughty and insolent of deportment towards his fellow-men, but inferiors in station, than ever was the proudest of imperial despots, so much the more slavish has he been in his devotions to all of the high and mighty blood of the Romanoffs. The embassy, however, has not been without its conveniences, personally and economically, as Mr McCulloch would say; and a few more years endurance of the splendidly remunerated exile may possibly restore to Lambton Park some of its pristine glories; for where is the nation that pays for patriotism so magnificently as this? Witness it, “honest Iago” Joseph, for family, followers, and voters; witness it, ye single-speech Macaulays, ye plous old sinners of Zacharys, ye slave-driving hosts of factory and poor law commissioners, and ye lesser tribe of Bowrings of three Reform jobs. In grateful return, what has not the aristocratical democrat endured—what has he not accomplished? The representative of the most powerful nation on earth was purposely misviewed at Odessa for a roaming supercargo; the royal flag of England, before which realms and potentates had humbly salaamed, remained unsaluted and contemptuously unacknowledged, as would have been the signal staff of a Black Sea skipper—all this the meek and lowly Durham bore, soothed by some verbiage of supercilious and unmeaning explanation from the scornful barbarian. The banks of the Neva found him not less complying and truckling than the shores of the Euxine. The kingdom and constitution of Poland are yet unrestored, her chains are but the more firmly riveted, the blood of her best sons yet languishes in pitiless exile, or in chains and slavery wastes away amid the deserts of Siberia or in the death-dealing labours of Ural mines; a British merchant has been bastinadoed at Constantinople, under the encouragement, if not at the special instance of one of the diplomatic serfs of Russia, yet a loudly-vaunting liberal has been the while, and for twelve months past, a resident of St Petersburg, where

not one word of Sarmatia or against Boutinieff has he ventured to breathe into ears imperial and polite. To complete the comical exhibition of Whig diplomacy, we have the noble Granville and the genteel Lamb, dating their salaries from Paris and Vienna, but patriotically sojourning in London for the purpose of expending them, whilst Lord Ponsonby, whose lengthened dalliance, amidst the delights of modern Capua, emboldened the Moscovite march upon Constantinople, is now, if report may be credited, home-sick and sick of Pera; once more on the tramp, in emulation of his noble colleagues, for the north-west, to join a gathering of the Greys, and at the slight charge of some seven or eight thousand a-year, to give his vote and interest in the Peers to the tottering Ministry of his relative, Lord Melbourne. The crowning act of foreign policy, so far as the drama has yet progressed, comprehends the secession of our “magnanimous,” our “excellent,” our most “faithful and liberal” ally, Louis-Philippe, from our alliance and the quadruple alliance. Yea, the “constitutional King”—the head of “liberal institutions” akin to ours—he who was bound with us by ties indissoluble in a crusade “against the despotism of the East and of the Holy Alliance,” even he, the “unkindest cut of all,” is now found to have been only holding with the hare and running with the hounds, until hypocrisy might unmask without peril. Even he has now abandoned the hare-brained Palmerston to his fate. The devoted victim was last heard of amidst the crowds of Vauxhall, hesitating, perhaps, by the side of Green’s grand balloon, whether bodily to commit himself into the regions above, of those aerial currents ever eddying and conflicting, and amid those flickering flashes of meteors and their tails, from the moonstruck contemplation of which below he would seem to have been seduced into the whirlpool and unballasted career of his official life.

Having discussed the comedy part to the last scene represented, we arrive, in the order of the bill of fare, to the last piece—to foreign policy, in the shape of broad farce. Some time in the last year arrived in this country a young gentleman from Constantinople—a British mer-

chant, and therefore a man of talent and observation. He had witnessed the overbearing insolence and the intolerable encroachments of Russian agents and Russian power in the East with indignation; the proudly apathetic indifference of the British embassy to British interests with disgust; the scandalous and scarcely disguised manner in which the legation was duped, betrayed, and sold by Greek mercenaries of dragomans with honest indignation; the rash or timorous by turns, but ever crooked and faithless, march of our own foreign policy. On reaching his native shores, he thought to find a high minded nation in arms against treachery without and imbecility within. The silent despair of Conservatives—Whig listlessness to aught save office—the joyous front of Radicalism, reckless of national honour and interests, gloating only over the prospect of anarchy and national dismemberment—he found, and thoughtlessly attributed at once to ignorance or infatuation. With zeal laudable and active he set about enlightening the darkness; memoirs were poured into Downing Street, and pamphlets were prepared for the press. Fortunately for Mr Urquhart, he found a protector near an august personage, through whom, as well perchance as through the fear of exposure, the ear of the foreign secretary, naturally obsequious where official existence might be jeopardized, was gained. The pamphlet next made its appearance,* a smart and clever production, but revealing no secrets, for the tale of Russian aggrandisement and Turkish degradation had been told again and again with details more ample, and experience more extensive, by abler pens and older heads. The exertions of the spirited author were recompensed by his introduction into the career of diplomacy—at one bound he became Secretary of Legation. Although unformed by the routine of subordinate stages, and unrecom-

mended by connexion with that rank which, when otherwise suitably accomplished, lends grace and dignity to national representation abroad, we rejoiced in the good fortune of Mr Urquhart, no less because of the talent by which it was justified, than of the class from which he was sprung—a class which, however depreciated by shallow economists, and overshadowed by barristers pliant as briefless, is yet reserved for higher destinies in the government of the empire. But our author had urged, with irresistible force, through whole pages of his publication, the disgrace, no less than the danger of dependency upon Greek renegades, always in the pay of Russia, as the interpreting medium of our communications with the Porte; his reasoning carried conviction, nay, more, his own presumed † qualifications as a skilled Osmanlee dialectician were, if not the only, not the smallest recommendation to his appointment. The evil was, on his own showing, of the most urgent complexion, and demanded the most instant redress. The reasoning was conclusive to us and all. For we remembered that an institution for the education of young men in the Oriental languages had been founded in some years bygone (by Mr Hamilton, we believe), and existed on the advent of the Whigs, called the *Jeunes de langues*, to remedy the deficiency so justly alleged, and which, in the usual paltering spirit of cheese-parling economy, had, by the “juvenile Whig,” been abolished. Who then did not expect to see the new secretary posting it on the wings of the wind, or taxing all the wonders of steam to cross the Dardanelles, ere greater damage was inflicted by perfidious Fanariotes, or the confiding simplicity of Lord Ponsonby was further imposed on? Who did not joyously figure the diplomatic merchant confronting the Reis Effendi in his own idiom—blazoning to his beard in Turkish the atrocious injuries of Mr

* “France, England, and Russia.”

† We use the word “presumed,” because we have heard from respectable authority that Mr Urquhart is not so perfectly accomplished a linguist as was expected and is indispensable. A mere acquaintance with the routine phraseology of common life does not imply the command of a foreign language.

Churchill—circumventing the wily Moscovite in his machinations? No such thing; the official extraordinarily nominated—*l'homme à bonnes fortunes*—seems forthwith to have become oblivious of the first mercantile lesson, that despatch is the soul of business; or he was detained to wait the leisure of Lord Palmerston from the labours of the toilet or the festivities of Pansanger. For three-fourths of one whole year he was dancing attendance in Downing Street—or to be seen ostentatiously squatted between a Turkish excellency and his secretary on a receiving day—or at Paris superintending the translation and publication of his pamphlet,* there distributed at the charge of the Foreign Office—or editing the Portfolio in Piccadilly. The intelligence of his arrival out has at length reached London contemporaneously with that of Lord Ponsonby's intended departure home, by which it may perhaps at last have been hastened. This is act the first of the farce diplomatic.

The story of act the second may be more readily unfolded. Mr Henry Lytton Bulwer—we love to give people all their proper names, when so euphonious—made his *début* at Paris some time in 1831 or 1832, as *attaché* to the British embassy. There, during several consecutive weeks, perhaps months, he perfected himself in diplomatic lore and fulfilled his diplomatic duties—how arduous the task they best can tell who found him, any where and every where, save at the office of the legation. By way of diversion from the fatigues of office, Mr Bulwer sketched, and on his return home actually wrote, a book, developing the condition of France, “social, literary, political,” &c. &c., his views of which were as undoubtedly original as perfectly piquant, and as profound as might have been expected from a sojourn so lengthened, and experience so grey-haired. In return for labours so unwearied in the national service, and not by

way of barter for Mary-le-bone, Mr H. Bulwer, at the latter end of last year, was installed Secretary of Legation at Brussels. The interesting fact was noticed in our opening Number of the present year, accompanied with a prediction that we should shortly be visited with a dissertation upon the “social” qualifications of Belgian beaux and belles, and even so, we learn, has our prognostication been accomplished. After three months of suit and service to the signal advantage of Belgium, where time was hardly taken to make himself heard of, the functionary returned to Bond Street, where he had been missed, and to the Commons' House, where he had made his market. That market he intends to improve, as we gather from a report of an Australian feasting on the Thames, where he was designated the agent expectant of New South Wales—the disputed point of salary being now, we suppose, after two or three years of haggling, arranged, and the colonists having enlarged their parsimonious allotment of fifteen hundred to the more dignified allowance of two or three thousand a-year. In any case, Mr H. Bulwer returns not to Brussels, where, from [the commencement of the session until the hour of our writing, he has not set foot as Secretary of Legation, although drawing the *honorario*, doubtless to the very day of its *échéance*. More favoured than those with two only, he has three strings to his bow. We learn—nay, some go so far as to say he reports it himself—that the Secretariat of Embassy to Paris has been promised him, the only difficulty being to get rid decently of Mr Aston, to whom the mission to Florence was, in that view, offered, but by whom provokingly refused. This is turning the penny on the capital stock in trade of patriotism and Mary-le-bone with a vengeance—Joseph, the great capitalist, himself must be delighted with the progress of such a *protégé*. But

* This reminds us that the article in our January number on “Foreign Policy, Foreign Commerce, and the Prusso-Germanic League,” treating somewhat of the same subject, was likewise translated and printed in Paris; but for reasons to be found in the article itself, we entirely acquit Lord Palmerston of privy to the matter, or of defraying the cost thereof out of the secret service money.

what foreign Chancellerie shall compete with that of St James's—under what sunny sky burst flowers of diplomacy so swiftly into full-blown blossom as in the hothouse of Downing Street? Elsewhere an *attaché* reaches maturity only after an apprenticeship of years—here of fewer months; elsewhere a secretary of legation is the growth of a quarter of a century—here of a quarter of a year! Such is act the second of the farce diplomatic.

The retrospect of acts accomplished and follies committed, concise though it be, bears to our succeeding labours the same useful relation as a preamble proven to an act of Parliament. The everlasting boast of Ministerial defence has been, and is, that peace has been preserved abroad, and national honour untainted. These wonders are ascribed to a policy travestied into non-intervention. Our answer is, that we have been at war in Belgium and in Portugal, and now are in Spain, as earnest, if less bloodlessly, than when engaged against Napoleon—we have had, to boot, the by-play of *quasi* warfare enacted on the shores of the Dardanelles. The flimsy distinction sought to be established is, that our belligerent outbreaks are not referable to “intervention,” but to “co-operation;” that a state of regular hostilities presupposes manifestoes precedent on the part of powers embarked in mortal strife. Our rejoinder is, that we have furnished arms, ammunition, and money to one of contending parties; that if we have not levied or embodied armies directly ourselves, we have authorized levies to be raised, and legalized them for one side against the other, by rescinding or suspending laws providently enacted for the enforcement of a wise neutrality. *Qui facit per alios, facit per se*, is a maxim not alone of civil or criminal, but of international jurisprudence—the midnight burglar who plunders the house is not more criminal than he who keeps watch at the door, or knowingly supplies him with the picklocks. If formal declarations of war have not been gazetted, quadruple alliances have been insidiously framed—if invading armies have not been marshalled on foreign shores under the national

standard, troops have been openly recruited, and the national uniform prostituted, that vagabonds and mercenaries might pass muster abroad for the glorious and invincible array of a British army; nay, more, a gallant navy has been commanded to launch its thunders to save them from perdition, and royal marines have been disembarked to protect their advance or lead them to a solitary triumph. We waste time, however, in combating a mystification of terms which now imposes upon no one here, whilst in France the silly conceit of a distinction without a difference has been exploded by common consent among men of all shades of opinion. To what has “intervention,” disguised as “co-operation,” led? A forced truce exists in the Netherlands, but is it peace? A doubtful title on the throne, and incipient revolution lurking in the kingdom, place the tranquillity and the destinies of Portugal in jeopardy more imminent than when revolutionized by the gallant Napier. Ten thousand British citizens have been cruelly immolated on the soil of Spain within one twelvemonth by disease and the sword. Has the rule of Christina been more firmly cemented with the blood of these victims, or the progress of Don Carlos retarded? Excepting in the way of friendly feeling and neighbourly offices, to promote concord between contending parties, what motive of national interest is there to influence us in behalf of Leopold, rather than of the Dutch monarch, of Donna Maria, rather than Dom Miguel, of Christina more than Carlos? The Americans, so warmly cited when it serves the turn by Whig and Radical, meddle not in civil broils; they contracted alliance with Dom Miguel, and would do with Don Demonio himself, were the terms to their liking, and no better bargain to be found elsewhere. Reasons of paramount importance will suggest themselves in plenty on view of the state of our commercial relations with Portugal and other countries, why we should have been the last to cast firebrands where the flames must consume our own stores along with the storehouses of our neighbours.

The state and the institutions, the

customs and the manners, the feelings and the interests of Spain, monarchical and, in vulgar acceptation, absolute, are still so little understood—least of all at the Foreign office—that even the rudiments of knowledge have yet to be mastered. Each kingdom of the federation had preserved more or less, in proportion as the accession to the confederacy had been originally compulsory or voluntary, its *fueros*, its provincial deputations, its municipal rights, or its independent judicial tribunals, from which no appeal lay elsewhere. In the Castiles, his more especial and hereditary domain, the sovereign might be said to reign on in something like the plenitude of power, but in Madrid only he was despotic. The parts lacked unity, the system centralization—not the unity and centralization of France, which, soul and body, centre in the *bureaucratie* of the capital, but rather those of this country before the reign of commissions and commissioners, the subdivisions of independent authority tended upwards from the people to the throne, and were not imposed downwards by the executive upon the nation, as from Paris the *maire* of a commune or the engineer of a bridge or a road is despatched by the diligence from the Ministry of the Interior, or the department of *ponts et chaussées*. The rule of the Castilian kings was more fully recognised and more promptly obeyed in Peru and Mexico than in Biscay or Andalusia; for the pettiest *cabildo* at home, whilst most obsequiously *acusando recibo* of a *real order*, and protesting the utmost zeal for carrying the royal decree into effect, scrupled not forthwith to consign it to the tomb of all the *Capulets*, pleading only, on demand of explanations, if demand should be made, under cover of multiplied outworks of external devotion, the impossibility of fulfilling the orders of majesty for cause assigned, however insufficient, to which the *secretario del despacho* was fain to cry content. Still farther to cripple the attributes of royalty, there were the *Consajo de Castilla*, and the *Reales Audiencias*, with their special faculties and rights, even in the capital itself. Such, briefly, was Spain during the days of the monarchy, and

down to the death of the last absolute monarch.

Of that perfidious man we shall not be found amongst the apologists. In him individually was combined the personification of Tiberius with that of Nero; of the first he had all the profound and the heartless dissimulation—of the last all the callous delight in cruelty, restrained in its indulgence only by the freer action of public opinion, by a more advanced and enlightened state of society, by a religion more humanizing, and by power and dominion less extensive and unrestricted. Released from the prison of Valencay, whither his own pusillanimity, no less than the treachery of Bonaparte, had conducted him, he returned among a people whose enthusiasm, after six years of war and calamities, still bore all the freshness of a first love, whose heroic exertions in the cause of him who had basely signed them away as *serfs* transferable had been measureless and incalculable, whose fidelity had been approved beyond price and purchase. That he refused the fealty demanded by the emissaries of the Cortes to the Constitution of 1812, need excite no surprise, and ought to subject him to no animadversion, for it would have been to sign his own death-warrant. But the dungeons and the chains to which he condemned honourable and patriotic men like Agustin Arguillas and Martinez de la Rosa, with many of their compatriots, were the acts of a cold and callous-hearted tyrant, dead to every feeling of honour and gratitude. They had been indiscreet, but not criminal—the new institutions which they had contributed to elaborate, might be and were an unsubstantial mockery bedizened with the ephemeral hues of the rainbow, but they could plead the redeeming grace of having preserved intact for him the crown and the monarchy delivered over by him to the spoiler, at the risk of life, of property, and of liberty. Not less faithless was he to promises—to the royal word of a king, than unforbearing to deserving vassals. The very proclamation by which he annulled the acts and the constitution decreed by the Cortes at Cadiz contained, among others, the following

pledges, viz "that the *Cortes of the kingdoms shall be convened*, and the council consulted respecting America; that all those shall be recalled to the capital who have been banished from it since the time of the ministry of Count Floridablanca; that the royal forests shall be thrown open, and the lands apportioned among the neighbouring districts; that economy shall be introduced into the expenditure of the palace; that the plans for the roads and canals deposited in the public offices shall be deliberated on." This manifesto was issued upon the advice of his brother in exile, the Don Carlos now contending for the sovereignty of Spain, a prince upon whom has never yet, by bitterest foe, been charged a breach of promise, or the profligacy of court morals. Of these assurances one only had been, up to the year 1820, partially fulfilled—that of the recall of those banished from Madrid for political offences; after the year 1823, and his restoration to power, the three last items of his programme were at length remembered, and to some extent tardily acted upon; but to the day of his decease, neither Cortes nor shadow of Cortes was ever summoned. The military revolution of La Isla de Leon in 1820 dethroned him virtually—the army, congregated at Cadiz for the annihilation of South American independence, clamorous for pay, and trembling with dread at the prospect of deadly encounter with San Martin or Bolivar, cloaked their cowardice under the cry of *Viva la Constitucion*; the recreant monarch surrendered, as before he had done to the French Emperor, and himself first and foremost swore to the charter, whose martyred founders were then groaning in fetters. "Basest and meanest" of mankind, he did more still—he unlocked the prison doors, and of those injured men he made his ministers. To their honour be it said, that in the political convulsions which followed, to them he was indebted for safety and even life.

With the entry of the French in 1823 the Cortes and the constitution disappeared. The perjuries of the monarch were not less flagrant then, but extenuation may be urged, in the fact that he had long been a

prisoner, and vows extorted under duress have, in the case of meaner men, not been accounted binding. It may be so, but in the case of kings we are loath to accept the apology. Even ignorance and superstition so gross, and a heart so hardened to the lessons of the past, could not pass through the fires of adversity a second time without being purified of some of their dross. It is impossible to deny that in the succeeding years of his reign, to 1830, many wise measures were adopted for the benefit of the country. Home industry was encouraged, and so great was the progress even in the cotton manufactures, that the importation of cotton yarn below No. 80 was prohibited, because the article was so well produced at home—the art of spinning being the most difficult process, and requiring the greatest skill in the operative department, and the nicest perfection of machinery. Bridges were built and roads were made, as those who have visited Spain can testify; the yearly summaries, drawn up from provincial reports, and published in the *Gaceta de Madrid*, detail the facts which, for that country and government, would otherwise appear incredible. Writing from memory, and without the documents before us, we yet believe that we are correct in stating the new highways constructed in one year alone at upwards of one hundred miles. If the Constitutionalists were unpardoned and unrecalled from exile, at least little blood was shed. The execution of Riego was perhaps, under the circumstances, not inexcusable; the condemnation of Torrijos and his associates, must be considered as justifiable according to the laws of every nation, since they had been hovering about and upon the coasts of Spain for months, exciting to civil war, and endeavouring to suborn the subjects of the monarch to treason and rebellion.

This was the state of affairs at the close of 1832, when Ferdinand fell mortally sick. The intrigues of La Granja at that period we pass over; suffice it that the order of succession was changed, and Don Carlos disinherited of the crown in favour of the daughters of Ferdinand. The quasi Salique law of Philip V. was

abolished, with even less ceremony than he had sacrilegiously revolutionized the ancient and fundamental law of the kingdoms. Christina was appointed sole depositary of power during the short remains of Ferdinand's life, and at his death, in 1833, Queen Regent by his will. Her first act was to appoint Zea Bermudez to the Presidency of the Council during the life of the king. No step could have been wiser or better adapted to sustain a newly founded dynasty, as it may almost be termed, but in reality a perilous experiment upon the established order of things. Of all the statesmen which for the last half century Spain has produced, Zea Bermudez is by far the most able, the most intelligent, the best conversant with the interests of his country, and also the boldest and most enterprising. He had, however, his prejudices and his pre-occupations. Some few years before, he had been dismissed with disgrace from the Ministry of Foreign affairs and the councils of Ferdinand, through the intrigues and influence of the Apostolical party and the Camarilla. Forgiveness of injury is not in the nature of a Spanish statesman, any more than in a Spaniard of any degree. Although partially restored to favour, and employed in foreign embassies from necessity, for there was not his equal, he could not but remember the insults and the grievances for which he was indebted to Calomarde. He seized the opportunity of his restoration to power to declare against the Apostolicals, but he committed the grave error of confounding Don Carlos with them. We speak with knowledge of facts, and moreover, from personal acquaintance with a man whom we respect and admire. His administration deserves all praise, save in his treatment of the sovereign claimant, for whom fortunate was the day when Zea was ejected from the councils of the Queen Regent. That wise and far-seeing statesman saw that Spain wanted no organic changes, because unprepared for, and incapable of, the exercise of constitutional forms as they exist among communities more advanced in education and intelligence. The first and most pressing necessity

was an administrative reform. We find, accordingly, in the circular announcing his installation, his profession of political faith—that whilst he declares his determination to uphold the *status quo* of the monarchy and the institutions, such as they existed, he at the same time proclaimed his resolve to effect those administrative ameliorations of which the country stood more imperatively in need. This programme of his policy, addressed by circular of December, 1832, to all his diplomatic subordinates abroad, announced, moreover, the possibility that Spain might be induced to extend and to amend the system of her commercial relations upon terms of reciprocal utility with states whose relative positions offered the necessary inducements. Various injurious licenses and exclusive privileges for manufacturing or dealing in paper, silk, hemp, and flax, barilla, soda, fish, &c., were abolished, and internal industry unshackled. The course he had shadowed out, was pursued with perseverance unswerving. So long as the supreme direction of affairs was left in his hands, whilst he held the reins, the cause of Don Carlos made little progress. In vain he presented himself in Estremadura Portuguese, on the confines of Spain; neither army nor people stirred in his behalf. In Biscay, Navarre, and Aragon, now the seats of war, and the impregnable domain of that prince, some isolated bands of guerillas only, neither collectively nor separately of any account, made an occasional foray, to the loss and annoyance of travellers or couriers, and disturbed the public peace for a moment only—the din of arms was scarcely heard. Such was Spain Christino whilst the star of Zea Bermudez remained in the ascendant; after one year's revolution it sank, not soon to shine again—twelve months saw the rising and the setting of his premiership. His Cabinet contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, by the admission of Burgos, one of those Afrancesados who had sold their country to Bonaparte, and followed the fortunes of Joseph. In obsequious deference to Louis-Philippe, by whom this obnoxious individual was patronised, Zea, in evil hour, inflict-

ed this suicidal blow upon his own popularity, by alliance with the representative of a class not more universally than justly abhorred in Spain. The foe-in-chief by whom, however, he was mainly circumvented, and ultimately undermined, belonged to the Council of Regency, appointed by the testament of Ferdinand to assist the Queen. The Marques de las Amarillas, indebted to the deceased monarch for rank and fortune, of great aspirations, though ungifted with the possession of talent to correspond, and although a grandee of recent standing, only in a land where the pride of aristocracy had long been little more than a tradition of history, more haughty than the Medina Celis or Altamontes, who figure in its brightest annals, could not forget in the *parvenu* Zea the man of low degree, nor forgive in the Prime Minister, the sin of being the son of a dealer in small wares at Malaga. On every convenient occasion he was thwarted by the council of which Amarillas was the President; the Florida Blancas, the Casa Irujos, the Puñonrostros, intriguants or *roués* about the court, were encouraged to assail him in letters and memorials to the Queen Regent—his friends were successively displaced to make room for the creatures of the Marques, so that at length he dwindled into a premier without subordinates—a leader without followers—and became a countless cipher in the cabinet, of which ostensibly, and in the eyes of the nation, and of Europe, he was the responsible chief. A position not more anomalous than discreditable was, for his own honour, and for the advantage of the state, too long endured. Indignities tamely submitted to, are premiums to farther and more studied insult—humiliation and concession delayed but could not avert ministerial disgrace. Zea Bermudez fell at length a victim to unpopularity of his own seeking, and to machinations which, by a carriage more erect, he might have crushed; he fell but not with dignity—he was discharged, when, with a more lofty bearing, he ought long before to have resigned. To the Christino dynasty it was the first and an irrecoverable shock. To that which the Marques de las Ama-

illas had sworn to defend, he was the first to conspire against, and, as will be seen, the most active to destroy.

To the five ministers composing the administration, so called, of Zea Bermudez, each acting without concert with the other upon his own system, or upon the impulse and phantasy of the moment, succeeded that of Martinez de la Rosa, a man of literary acquirements, but political incapacity, a superficial reasoner, and a constitution-monger, but without an honourable man—he and his colleagues were wholly of the French school, and in the French interest. His panacea for the ills of Spain, real or presumed, consisted in a charter and the *Estatuto Real*; a *juste milieu* patchwork was forthwith produced, all perfectly elaborated during his sojourn at Paris, and none the worse for long rustication in his portfolio. Of this assemblage of puerile speculations and undigested crudities, the less need be said, because, like its hundred predecessors of the Parisian forge, it is already among the things that were, and are no more. Privileges in this farrago of conceits, ever invidious, often dangerous, generally farcical, were established for the exercise of the electoral franchise, and of representative faculties in favour of “capacities.” A bachelor of arts, a professor of music, a licentiate of medicine, a lawyer of every degree, a functionary of any, with a comprehensive specification of etceteras of these and such like classes, were specially endowed, in the absence of, and without reference to, a property qualification, with vote and eligibility. The mercantile and manufacturing, usually the most gifted with political, and always with economical and commercial knowledge, were rigidly excluded from the tabooed category of fanciful attributes. With them intellect was measured by the rule of fiscal exaction, and political rights squared by the ratio of payments into the Exchequer. The ancient institution of Cortes was superseded by Proceres and Procuradores. The Ministers, as at Paris, having voices in each Estamento, and government only the power of originating laws in both. The fiscal qualification for non “capacities” being,

for Spain, fixed at a high cense, the number of electors enrolled was comparatively few; whilst the untrammelled "capacities," nine-tenths of them beggarmen in fortune, shallow in intellect, and unprincipled adventurers, swarmed. The eligibilities returned were of course correspondent in character—revolution ripened rapidly in a Chamber of Procuradores impregnated with *escribanos* without clients, *abogados* without briefs, *medicos* without patients, and *reductores* brainless as penniless. The toy pleased for the hour, and the more so when Toreno, with the help of honest Ardoin, gilded it with a loan. One was contracted for the sum of 701,754,386 reales of nominal capital, and realized, at the rate of sixty, effective money, minus commission and charges, about four millions sterling. The customary juggle was played in the delivery of 150 millions reales of bonds to the contractor by way of *anticipation* of another "conversion" of old stock into new, at the "sole charge of M. Ardoin, under the superintendence of the Minister of Finance," his old confederate in iniquity, the Conde de Toreno; the whole wound up with the usual *hocus pocus* about "active" and "passive" debt, wherewith to mystify Jews, jobbers, and dupes, on the London Stock-market. Means were found, whilst the arid waste of the treasury was irrigated with this golden flood, to cool the liberal ardour and conciliate the pressing necessities of the "capacities." Twelve months sufficed, with a soil so thirsty, and a dispensing husbandman so oppressed with the cares of self, to exhaust the receiver, and renew the discontents of liberalism. By splendid prognostications for a future deferred, Toreno weathered the storm for himself, but Martinez de la Rosa retired in despair and disgust before the clamours of a faction ever exigent and thankless. The mantle of a minister, honourable if weak-minded, descended on the shoulders of one enriched with the sordid spoils of loan-jobbing, and contaminated with the alliance of schemers, usurers, and money-changers. He had been liberal in his largesses, he was prodigal of promises; gratitude for the first would not, as none better

knew, serve him as a letter of licence for the latter; for he was in the hands of men, whose logic was based on the ready reckoner—with whom the only solid argument was a *peso duro*. The loan, excepting the *finiquito de todas cuenlas*, was all absorbed, and not a *real de plata* existed in the *ministerio de hacienda*—at London, Amsterdam, and Paris, Spanish was at a discount—Ardoin and his tribe of supporters cleared out—hope itself had fled, when Mendizabal came, recommended to the new Premier under the hand and seal of Palmerston his friend. Exclusive of the urgency of an introduction in itself undeniable, the man had the reputation of a very coiner; through his agency it was believed the coffers of Portugal were full to overflowing—he was accepted with avidity, and hailed as the *Secretario del despacho de hacienda* with Christino acclamations. But upon a personage so extraordinary something more than a niche in a paragraph is necessary.

Don Juan Alvarez Mendizabal is the descendant of persons belonging to a class more despised, and commonly more ill-treated in Spain than in any other part of Europe. His ancestors, both of the father and mother's side, were converted Jews, or, as in his country contemptuously denominated, *nuevos Cristianos*. Some time about the era of the revolution of La Isla, he was, it is said, a clerk with Beltran de Lis, a deputy of the Cortes, and banker and merchant of Valencia, with a branch of his house in Cadiz, where Mendizabal was placed. Being of an active and enterprising turn, he acquired the confidence of his master, and was subsequently intrusted with the signature of the firm. Here he was obscure and unknown, and would so have remained but for a transaction to be explained. By the treaties of 1814-15, the European powers despatched different indemnities to be paid by France to their respective subjects. The sums thus awarded to Spanish claimants, amounting to L.260,000, were, after adjudication, paid in 1822-23, to Senor Machado, then Consul-General for Spain in France. The funds were looked upon as sacred, and by solemn decrees of the Cortes of De

cember, 1822, and May, 1823, were directed to be appropriated exclusively to the entitled parties, and not under any pretence whatever to be applied to other purposes. However, in June, 1823, the Cortes, then in Cadiz, besieged by the French, and the whole of Spain in a state of anarchy, it was resolved to lay hold of these funds, if possible, for the use of members then meditating the means of escape, and a provision for exile. A feigned contract was in consequence passed with Mendizabal, for the negotiation of bills upon Machado for the whole of these trust funds, the amount of which he was to pay in specie, at specified periods, to his partners in the fraud. It must be understood that neither then nor at any former period had he credit or capital to raise by his signature one tithe of the amount. At the end of September, 1823, the Cortes came to a just and natural death; and all their acts—the last being of all the most atrocious inroad upon private rights—were declared invalid. Mean while Machado, equally unprincipled and unscrupulous as his masters the Cortes, refused both acceptance and payment of the bills; and, moreover, for his own better security, transferred the monies to England, of which he invested to the extent of L.145,000 in Canada, Rio de la Plata, United Mexican Mining shares, and other wild schemes, in which all, excepting in the first-named enterprise, was nearly or absolutely sacrificed. Being required by the established government of Ferdinand to give in his accounts and pay over the monies, he demurred on various pleas of disputed remunerations, and other allegations. Whilst the suit was pending, but some time after its commencement, Mendizabal, then an exile in England, instituted an action against him likewise, to which Machado appeared by affidavit and otherwise denying acceptance of the bills drawn against him in any shape. Ultimately, when it became

clear the Spanish Government must gain its cause and recover its possession of its property, Mendizabal and Machado so arranged their affairs, that although the former had suspended his action for eight years for want of proof, the evidence of a single witness, to whom Machado had, in the mean time, at the opera and in conversation, innocently confessed his conditional liability, was procured, and was ruled by the Court of Common Pleas, in conjunction with other admissions of a similar description, to entitle Mendizabal to the whole amount of his claim, which, with interest, amounted to L.146,000. The Court of Chancery, under Lord Brougham, for this scandalous transaction took place under the Whigs, confirmed the extraordinary judgment. We need only remark, that in the case of inland bills of exchange, oral testimony, whether of one or one hundred witnesses, is inadmissible to establish a claim; whilst, with respect to foreign bills, as here ruled (for the first time we believe, and for the last we hope), the verbal testimony of one man (whose perfect respectability and conscientiousness there is no reason to dispute—our quarrel is with the law of the case) was held sufficient to decide the fate of more than one hundred thousand pounds of property. The result was, that Mendizabal, without value given, for none he had to give, manœuvred, by underhand practices, the government of Spain and the Queen-Regent, then representing it, out of a vast sum of money. The term denoting this species of chicanery is, in Spain, expressively characterised by *Judizante* (Jewing). Thus the antecedent recommendations of Lord Palmerston's friend to a seat in the Spanish Cabinet were, that he had choused the state out of L.146,000—his other accomplishments being that he had managed Portuguese finance to admiration, and shot up her six per cents to par.* The story goes, however, that after realizing hundreds of

* Mendizabal published, previous to his departure for Spain, an *exposé* of his financial wonders accomplished for Portugal, of which some notice appeared in one or two papers, his panegyrists. It is singular that at the time, and since, we have sought for a copy of the pamphlet in vain—not one was to be found or heard of for money. The whole edition was perhaps exported to Spain, and intended only for that country.

thousands by these and other Stock-Exchange operations, he became, in overhaste to surpass the overgrown Rothschild, and arrogate the sole dominion of the monied world, so unlucky as to lose the whole of these gains, ill-gotten, and even to fall into insolvency. So that, at the exact period of his nomination by Toreno, the future Minister of Finance had not wherewith to satisfy his stock bargains, pay his coach-hire and voyage, or array himself with an outfit decent and indispensable for his appearance in his new character. His embarrassments were communicated to his chief, who, generous towards his colleague, and impatient of the arrival of the embryo mint, authorized the advance of a liberal sum by the agents, who still had faith. In this way, and by the assistance of loan-jobbing expectants, a sum of twenty thousand pounds is said to have been furnished, so that the *nuevo Cristiano* might be relieved of his difficulties, pay his differences at the stock-house, and enabled to enter Madrid, not as the pauper he was, but as the Minister so anxiously expected, who to Spain should stand in stead of the wealth of the Indies.

Such was Mendizabal, whose first and most grateful exploit was to declare against his benefactor when the current of popular favour had set against him. He became, after the discharge of Toreno, not Prime Minister only, but sole Minister. For months he remained alone and in all his glory, for not one man of pretensions to honesty or respectability could be found to associate himself with or to countenance the Jew by lineage, if not by religion. Agustin Arguelles, that patriot disinterested, if not sage, remonstrated with Lord Holland, his friend, against the ministerial patronage of Lord Palmerston's *protégé* in vain. Indignantly

refusing proffered official connexion himself, even the Presidency of the Council, he was at length and reluctantly induced, by his noble correspondent, to countenance for a time the intrusive adventurer, and even to find him, at the last extremity, two passably respectable assistants, in the persons of the Conde Almodovar and Señor de los Heros. Revolution now ran its mad career. Monasteries and convents were suppressed and confiscated—church bells were melted down and sold—national domains were sacrificed at one hundredth of their value—loans were made and revenues disappeared. The Procuradores accorded a vote of unlimited confidence—Mendizabal used and abused it with a stockjobber's conscience. A remnant of honesty remained, however, in the nation—he was at last ignominiously dismissed,* after having in less than six months, by loans, by sales of national domains on any terms, by sequestrations of monastical houses and lands, by church bells disposed of as old metal, and by other robberies, raised, squandered, and pocketed two hundred and thirty millions of reales, or between two and three millions sterling, over and above the regular revenue and the balance received of Ardoin's loan—all still unaccounted for. The avowed determination of his successors to put him on his trial, and force him to disgorge some portion of his enormous peculations, led to their overthrow by inducing him to join heart and hand with the Revolutionists, to whom he brought money, if not character. Such was the ministerial career of Mendizabal, than whom a charlatan more impudent and more profoundly ignorant never hoaxed a nation or figured at the Old Bailey for *escroqueries*. During his sojourn in this country he had indeed been a tenant of one or more of the metropolitan

* His fall was accelerated by a curious incident. The *United Service Gazette* relates the circumstances, which, we have cause to believe, are founded on fact. Emboldened by the smiles of his beauteous sovereign, and believing her to be amorous, he one day, in a private conference, had the audacity to make an attempt upon her, with intent, &c. Being indignantly repulsed, the hook-nosed Jew wrote a letter of humble apology, soliciting forgiveness—the answer returned was his dismissal. He then applied for his letter back again by the Duque de San Fernando, but the Queen refused to part with it, and kept it as a voucher.

prisons for some miserable amount of liabilities he was unable to discharge.

The Ministry of Isturiz and Gálvez succeeded—the former presumptuous and self-opinionated as in education he was deficient and of capacity limited—the last celebrated no less for his oratorical powers than for his administrative imbecility—but, unlike their unworthy predecessor, neither of them corrupt in mind nor dishonourable of character. Their speedy downfall might from their first measure have been easily predicated. A new electoral law, enlarging the basis of representation, had been passed by the Chamber of Procuradores. Without waiting for the concurrence of the co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, the Proceres, to whom it had not even been presented, Isturiz rashly dissolved the Lower House in session within a few weeks only, and convoked a new Cortes, to be elected according to an act not legally in force. The Minister who presumes to violate the forms of law himself must expect to become the victim sooner or later of its infraction by others. The new elections, so inauspiciously commenced, terminated, however, favourably, and a majority was secured in a Chamber never destined to be assembled. The ill success of Cordova, Evans, and the Christino commanders, every where aroused the popular fury—by the machinations of the secret societies established in the capital, with their ramifications in every province, it was fanned into a flame which burst forth simultaneously at Malaga, Cadiz, Cordova, Granada, and Valencia. Juntas were formed, the Constitution of 1812 was proclaimed, and the most sanguinary excesses were perpetrated under the dominion of club law. At Malaga the civil and military governors, the Conde Donadio and Señor San Justo, were barbarously and unresistingly butchered, their bodies mutilated, and piecemeal carried triumphantly through different quarters of the city. Some miscreants, deeper died in atrocity than the rest, severed from the body of Donadio, who was of a fine commanding person, the parts which shall be nameless, and,

after smearing themselves with the horrid gore, paraded them, fixed on a pike, throughout the city, amidst the most savage yells, and vivas the most demoniac. These furies in male attire belonged to a section of National Guards, named, by way of terrific distinction, the *Compania Sangrienta*, or Bloodthirsty Company. A deputation of these wretches, gorged with blood, sailed two days after (on the 27th of July), in the Manchester steamer, for Cadiz, which was revolutionized on the 28th, amidst the vociferous acclamations of a frantic rabble. "It is truly degrading," writes a gentleman of high respectability on that day, whose letter lies before us, "to see all the wealthy and respectable inhabitants of this city afraid to oppose a few blackguards who lead the rest captive at their will."

The frenzy spread from the provinces to the capital, but the first attempts of the National Guard at insurrection were put down by the courage and firmness of Quesada. Lives were lost in the fray, but the regular troops were still faithful—the disarmament of the Urbanos was decreed and proceeded with. A brief calm succeeded—it was but a pause in the howling of the tempest. On the evening of the 12th of August, the troops in garrison at San Ildefonso, about 30 miles from Madrid, surrounded the royal palace where the Queen Regent was then resident, proclaiming the Constitution of 1812. At two in the morning, she herself, in terror for her life—grossly insulted by a brutal soldiery—the fire of musketry already heard, and artillery sent for to batter the chateau about her ears—yielded a reluctant assent, and permitted the mutineers to be sworn to their idol. In that same splendid residence of La Granja, where, by her blandishments, she had prevailed upon the uxorious Ferdinand to invest her with regal power—where, by her intrigues, she had induced the dying king to abrogate a fundamental law of the monarchy, and despoil Don Carlos of a throne—in that spot, the scene of her hours of dalliance with Munoz, a terrible retribution overtook her. One part of the penalty of crime she has paid in the loss of liberty—God grant

the other be not expiated with life itself! On the 12th, the Constitution was published at San Ildefonso—on the 14th, it was the order of the day at Madrid. Quesada fled, was discovered, and assassinated—the ministry Isturiz was discharged by royal decree—the chief too fortunate in escaping once more to the friendly shores of England, his colleagues less fortunate, still lurking in concealment, and in fear of the assassin. Such were the last days of the dynasty Christino, whose sun has set, and for ever.

Thus the ground of fierce debate is now narrowed; from henceforth the contest lies—as all thinking men foresaw from the first—between Don Carlos and the anarchical abortion of 1812—between monarchy and republicanism. Upon the history or the merits of that farrago of absurdities, promulgated as a Constitution on the 19th of March, 1812, we have neither taste nor inclination to dwell; suffice it, that this crowning gem of farce and freedom extends over *thirty-one chapters, divided under ten heads, and containing three hundred and eighty-four articles*, of which a considerable number are subdivided into a meteoric tail of paragraphs. The parturition of this work, truly prodigious and Herculean in its proportions, was accomplished, with celerity unprecedented, in five months only, or somewhat more than, with due diligence, its perusal would consume. The compilation of that inestimable legislation *de las partidas*, by the more deliberate sages to whom the task was intrusted by Alonzo el Sabio, oc-

cupied them, in the same land, and under the same sunny skies, for seven long years. That enactment only need be alluded to, by which, while a king is acknowledged, a viceroy is planted over him. In Chapters 10 and 11, it is decreed, that a permanent deputation—*deputación permanente*—shall be appointed by the Cortes at the close of the session, and before their separation, in order to govern the kingdom until the period of their reassembling, as tutors and guardians of a sceptreless royalty.

Upon the consequences of this new phase of the Spanish Revolution, speculation were idle, with the lessons of three years, from 1820 to 1823, still vividly impressed upon memory. The bloody strife of royalists against constitutionalists—of moderate liberals against anarchists—of Arguelles against Riego—the *traga la horrors*, the terrific race of assassination, and war of extermination waged between Mina and the Seo d'Urgel, the recollection of all these can never be blotted from the pages of history. A lengthened detail of all this would be superfluous here, but a rough estimate of the cost of such blessings as a Cortes and the constitution, once more ascendant, will not be uninteresting. The figures will speak for themselves. In juxtaposition with them we place in its most lavish features the waste of the unpopular and hateful royalty which succeeded. Six were the loans of the Cortes in less than three, and six also those of Ferdinand in the ten years which followed.

CORTES LOANS.

	Reales,
Nominal capital of the loans issued by the Government of the Cortes in 33 months .	2,098,961,875
Proceeds in actual money .	507,404,084
Average rate of the loans, 24 and 1-6th per cent.	
Difference between the capital of the debt and its proceeds, or loss to the Spanish Government in these transactions .	1,591,557,791

ROYAL LOANS.

	Reales,
Nominal capital of the loans issued by the Government of Ferdinand in ten years .	1,745,890,666
Proceeds in actual money .	739,595,106
Average rate of the loans, 42½ per cent.	
Difference between the capital of the debt and its proceeds, or loss to the Spanish Government in these transactions .	1,006,295,560

To which add, on the side of the Cortes loans, eleven years' interest unpaid up to 1834, and it will be found that Spain stands charged, for the three years' experience of a constitution, with 3,240,246,000 reales, or somewhere from *forty to fifty millions sterling*! or one-third the whole debt of Spain accumulated during more than a century of regal misgovernment. The unfortunate bond-holders of this country have indeed paid the present penal-

ty of a great portion of this enormous sum, but Spain rests charged with the ultimate liquidation. For the information of our suffering countrymen, we are tempted to subjoin a brief summary of her financial position, and their prospects, premising that it is founded on the last *exposé*, that of Toreno, which has been published since the advent of the Christinos' rules, so far as the revenue and expenditure are concerned.

The debt, foreign and domestic, of Spain,	may be estimated at	L. 150,000,000
		Reales Vellon.
The Conde Toreno himself stated the expenditure at		957,460,000
The revenue		766,804,000
Annual deficit		190,656,000
Or about in sterling:		L. 2,000,000
Assuming the whole debt to bear interest at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent only, we shall have		3,750,000
An annual deficit of		L. 5,750,000

Thus the annual deficit nearly equals the whole of the revenue; but as he has overstated that by about *one hundred millions of reales*, and under-estimated the charges by about a similar amount, it results that the annual deficit considerably exceeds the whole revenue, assuming a state of peace, and the absence of civil warfare. Our calculations are founded on the official data cited by Canga Arguelles, the first authority on Spanish finance, as we find them in the *Ocios de Espanoles*. In this statement are not included the recent loans and malversations of Mendizabal, to the extent of two hundred millions of reales more, of which no account has been rendered up to this day. That the same road to ruin has again been embarked upon, under favour of the constitutional régime of 1836, we are not left for one moment to doubt. The very first measure of the Ministry Calatrava has been to order a forced loan for two hundred millions of reales more, which cannot fail to alienate and exasperate the whole of the property classes of the country.

As was the revolution of the Isla de Leon in 1820, so have been the revolutionary movements of 1836, operated by force of arms, and by the soldiery. The army throughout

is no less demoralized than disorganized; brave only against unoffending citizens—eager for the blood of unresisting victims—dastardly even in face of the foe. Every battalion has its secret club, inculcating disaffection and destroying discipline. These *Juntas de Padilla*, as they are denominated, composed of common soldiers and the sub-officers, set authority at defiance, and threaten their officers with assassination on the least manifestation of disobedience to their dictates. During the late sanguinary affray of the 18th of August, between the heroes of La Granja and the royal guard at Madrid, the captain of a company of the former endeavoured to restrain his men from combat, and to maintain peace, when one of his serjeants rushed towards him, and pointing his sword to his breast, exclaimed, "March, or I will pass my sabre through thy body." The terrified officer put himself forthwith at the head of the movement. These juntas are in active communication with directing lodges of the secret societies in the capital and elsewhere; their movements are all combined, and emanate from one inspiration; wo to the chief or the minister who shall give signs of life, and attempt to arrest the march of anarchy.

In this agony of her fate there can be no salvation for Spain but in the triumph of Don Carlos, in that of the principles of order and legitimacy. The display of all his strength, and a vigorous direction of his force at the present crisis, might happily terminate the miseries of his kingdom. Events so signally favour him, that, if he be strong, three months cannot elapse before his entrance into Madrid; if weak, Spain will be the prey of confusion worse than that of chaos. One federal kingdom will declare against the other—rival juntas will be established, ancient feuds and hatreds will be revived, and blood flow in torrents. Nay, is it not already so? The Constitution has been adopted, and yet the revolutionary juntas have declared themselves in permanence. To raise a revenue, that of Malaga has decreed a free trade, and opened her ports to silks, cottons, and woollens;—whilst the junta of Catalonia, the great seat and capital of home manufacturing industry, has already launched its denunciations against Malaga, for damaging its interests, and attacking its monopoly. The sway of Carlos already extends in absolute dominion over a large portion of Spain—over a brave, an honest, and a devoted population; his arms have penetrated to the vicinity of the capital, and achieved a victory almost within sight of its gates; the bravos of La Granja, who so valiantly bearded a queen and a woman, were captured almost unresistingly at Gadrage by the heroes of Gomez, and have been driven like sheep to the impregnable fortresses of the Biscayan mountains. The best and most devoted generals of Christino have assailed his positions in vain; defeat and disgrace have been the portion equally of Sarsfield and Quesada and Cordova, as of Valdez and Rodil, trained to hardship and mountain warfare amidst the Cordilleras of the Peruvian Andes, and on the rock promontories of Callao. Armies of 50,000 disciplined troops, well paid and provisioned, whilst loans could be raised and confiscations were the order of the day, have quailed before the courage enthusiastic of rude mountaineers, ill accoutred and worse fed. What, when united, Christinos and Con-

stitutionals have failed to accomplish, must task powers and prowess mightier than those of faction—of a faction composed only of the dregs of the people, and directed by a few miserales of the order of the “Capacities.” If institutions suited to the circumstances and the wants of Spain be desirable—if the construction of a constitutional monarchy is to be effected with wisdom and prudence—if the compact of federal kingdoms is not to be ruptured, and civil strife not to be perpetuated—now is the time for a combined interference of all the powers of Europe, and for a solemn recognition of the rights of Carlos. With him alone rest the means for conciliating all interests, and pacifying all differences; he has pledged the royal word, which never yet was broken—the promise of a prince whose noble character was never stained with treachery—to meet his people in Cortes convoked, according to the ancient forms, and in the spirit of the ancient laws of the monarchy, to redress their just grievances, and surround his prerogative with constitutional guarantees. His rights to the throne repose on the foundation of laws unquestioned for more than a century—laws sanctioned by the nation universal at home, and solemnly sealed and ratified by the consentaneous concurrence of foreign states. The prudence or the policy of the change in the law of succession, established under Philip V. in 1713, it is beside our object to discuss; we are free to admit that the quasi Salique enactment was in some degree opposed to ancient custom, repugnant to the order observed in the descent of property, and in the regulations of *mayorazgos*. But it had become the undisputed law of the land, and could not be abrogated at the caprice of one man to suit the special purpose of the moment, and with a retroactive effect.

We repeat, that the combined interference of all Europe is necessary to the pacification, nay, the salvation of Spain. We mean not the intervention of arms, nor that of armed men ludicrously translated by idiots and knaves as “co-operation.” We repudiate the intervention of England and France alone, for that

has been tried covertly and openly; it has been already in the opposite sense afforded, without effect, and has failed without dignity. Influence, individually and morally, they have none,—as accessaries, they might swell the general voice, and aid beneficially in a common object. The contagion of anarchy touches close upon France; it cannot be without its perils for Britain. Men, blind as ancient Cupid himself, cannot now avoid the conviction that the principles which abroad we have helped to propagate, and at home have favoured, menace the safety of all institutions, undermine the stability of all thrones, and jeopardize the very frame-work of civilized society. With the sentiment intuitive of danger-imminent, Louis-Philippe has warily resolved to retrace his course—with the infatuation of ignorance, we but the more doggedly persevere in ours. He, with the tact and the eye of a practised steersman, detects in the speck of cloud the incipient tornado, and hastens to shorten sail, and, under bare poles, to ride out its fury. The raw landsman of Downing Street, on the reverse, unfurls every rag of canvass, and hoists his topgallants. The one is unswayed by favour, affection, or prejudice, individual or national, excepting of self and country. The other is a thing made up of personal feelings, personal resentments, and personal antipathies. Braved by Holland, he vents his paltry spleen upon Van Zuylen—thwarted by Russia, he insults Matusceviz—balked by France, he lavishes his Billingsgate abuse upon Louis-Philippe. Against the empire he misrepresents, he has arrayed the outraged dignity, the

exasperated feeling of all Europe, less the revolutionary “capacities” of Spain. But he storms, and fumes, and frets in vain. Louis-Philippe will not enter Spain for the deliverance of Colonel Evans, and the triumph of folly, and Lord Palmerston—he will not despatch his *braves* to find themselves dishonourable graves under the ramparts of St Sebastian and in the ruins of the Escorial. He has not studied the traditions of his country to no purpose, if others have—he calls to mind the memorable language of the great Henry, his ancestor, when pressed to make an expedition equally perilous to the same quarter. For the instruction of the descendant of a Temple, who would have blushed to need it, we transcribe the words from the *Memoires de D'Aubigné*, and commend them to his meditations.—“*Je sollicitais fort au mon maître*” (Henry IV.) “*de tourner vers l'Espagne un rameau ses desseins, pour l'assailir dans le cœur, tandis qu'on assaillirait de tous côtés ses autres membres. A quoi ne voulut point attandre, fondé sur ce vieux proverbe, qu'il me répétait sans cesse—que qui va foible en Espagne y est battu, et que qui va fort y meurt de faim.*” The recent revolution in Portugal, where the constitution and the anarchy of 1820 have been proclaimed, in imitation of their fellow “capacities” over the border, will but the more confirm the French monarch in his calm and cautious resolves. If stronger motives were wanting to determine his path, the Abbé de Pradt has furnished them in a brochure, recently published, whose curious facts he must have read, and reading, treasured up. They are thus embodied:—

DESTINIES OF ROYAL PERSONS SINCE 1789, THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.

CRIMES OR ASSASSINATIONS AGAINST THE PERSON.

Gustavus III. King of Sweden,	1792	Sultan Selim,	1806
Louis XVI.,	1793	Louis, 1815—wounded at Dil-	
Marie Antoinette,	1793	ligen,	1795
The Dauphin, their Son,	1793	Bonaparte attacked by Aréna,	1800
Madame Elizabeth,	1794	By the Infernal Machine,	1804
The Duc d'Orleans,	1794	By Georges,	1804
Paul I. Emperor of Russia,	1803	By the Baron de la Salha,	1815
The Duc d'Enghien,	1804	Louis-Philippe, by Bergeron,	1832
The Duc de Berry,	1820	By Fieschi,	1835
The Prince de Condé,	1830	By Alibaud,	1836
Furat, King of Naples,	1815		

DETHRONEMENTS.

Pius VI.—Died at Valencay.
 Pius VII.
 The Royal Family of Spain.
 The Royal Family of Sweden.
 Napoleon, and all his Family.

Charles X., and all his Family.
 The King of the Netherlands from
 Belgium.
 The Duke of Brunswick.
 The Emperor Nicholas, at Warsaw.

DIED IN EXILE.

The Prince of Conti.
 The two Princesses, Aunts of Louis
 XVI.

The Wives of Louis XVIII., and
 Charles X.

Lord Palmerston, therefore, will have an ally in Louis-Philippe no longer; the noble Viscount will be left alone in all his glory. But if he have not one ally in Europe—for of each and all he has in five years shorn Great Britain—at least the consolations of private and political friendship will be his. There is Mendizabal, whose laurels we have sung, still at Madrid, one of the lords of the ascendant. Silva Carvalho * may again, like a giant refreshed, recover his present disgrace at Lisbon, even under the Constitution 1820, of which he was an original author, none the poorer for loans past; and M. Thiers,† from the brighter skies of Italy, may yet return, and with the aid of the telegraph and a Spanish war, once more

fleece the Paris Bourse out of millions of francs additional. The trio of stockjobbing rogues may yet be restored, in the plenitude of power, to their posts of honour in the front ranks of revolution, prosperous, and to the longing embraces of the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. For the reputation and the interests of Old England, we trust, indeed, that better prospects are in store; and we are willing, with all humility, to commit her destinies into the keeping of that wise Providence, whose aid was so sacrilegiously and hypocritically invoked by the right honourable member for Tiverton, as the last of his allies—the last hope of deliverance for—himself, and the commander of his legion.

* This person was one of the leading and popular orators of the Portuguese Cortes of 1820; he became, moreover, Minister of Grace and Justice. In his exile subsequently, we met him at the house of Senhor de Moura, who, during the same epoch, was President of the Cortes, and the most able and eloquent member of that Assembly, also an exile. On his departure, the Senhor said, in answer to some enquiries, "Sir, during his ministry justice was sold with both hands."

† Before 1830, this gentleman was a redacteur, and an able one, of the *National* paper, then, as now, the organ of the Republican party. After the accession of Louis-Philippe, in whose favour, for reasons good, it is said, he abandoned his former opinions, he became Under Secretary of Finance to Lafitte, his former patron. He participated in the enormous profits then made from admission to the use and the secrets of the Telegraph, which the monarch reserved exclusively for his own profit and that of his favourites. From an editor, with some L.200 or L.300 annual salary, he became a millionaire within a couple of years. All Paris tells the story of his marriage. In order with a decent pretext to be able to enjoy his splendid fortune, he espoused the daughter of his stockbroker, and the report was given out, that in dowry with her he was presented with two millions of francs. Everybody knew the honest father could not afford to endow her with as many pence. However, M. Thiers then purchased, and now luxuriates in the magnificent palace called the Folie St James.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

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STATE EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

THE first object that strikes one in considering the subject of national education in France, is the great state organization on which it depends for all its efficiency. We shall therefore commence this paper by giving as brief an account as we can of this vast system of educational machinery.

The Royal University is the head and heart of education throughout France. The Minister of Public Instruction is its chief, and has the title, in that quality, of Grand Master. He is appointed by the King, and has afterwards the nomination of all the functionaries in the universities, colleges, and schools throughout the kingdom, besides many other powers which are too numerous to mention. He has associated with him a council composed of thirty members, of whom ten are counselors for life. The university itself consists of as many academies as there are courts of appeal in the country, viz. twenty-seven; and these academies, in themselves a fiction like the great university, are composed of establishments, more or less in number, of all grades within their circuit: of the highest kind called faculties, and of royal colleges, communal colleges, private institutions, boarding-schools, and elementary schools. The three latter sorts of seminaries really belong to the university, but only as out-works. All these establishments, except those for primary instruction, are directly provided with teachers by the central authority; with *docteurs des facultés* and *aggrégés* for the faculties; with *provisseurs*, censors, economists, treasurers, and professors, for the royal and com-

munal colleges; with principals, *chefs d'institution*, and *maîtres d'étude*, for private institutions. Most of these receive salaries from the state, and all of them their appointments from it. Several of these agents have nothing to do with instruction. The *provisseurs* have only to care for the household regulations of the institutions to which they belong, and to the good conduct of the pupils placed under their guardianship. The censors superintend merely the studies; and the treasurers and economists keep the accounts and pay the expenses. All these are simply overseers. There are then thirty inspectors-general, and in addition two inspectors for each academy; and the members of the great council may be called upon on an emergency to visit any of the state establishments. There are besides academic councils established in every *chef lieu* of an academy, with an officer called a regent at its head. Reports to and from this council are passing continually from every intermediate authority up to the chief authority; and the great council of the university sits twice-a-week to take them into consideration. In every city, too, where there is a royal college, there is attached to it a bureau of administration, consisting of the *préfet* of the department, the president of the tribunal of appeal, a commissioner of the government appointed to this tribunal, another belonging to the criminal tribunal, and of the mayor and a *provisseur*. Private establishments are also placed under the surveillance of the *préfet* of the place where they exist, and their directors are forced by the law to take their pupils to

receive lessons at the royal colleges, or to teach nothing but grammar and the elements of arithmetic and geometry. Primary schools are equally under government control. The immediate authorities over them, appointed by the university regulations, are committees formed of mayors or *adjoints* as presidents, and of *curés* or pastors as members. In addition to this, there may be another or many other committees established in the several *arrondissements* having the same charge, composed of mayors, *juges de pays*, the oldest *curé*, a proviseur of a college, a head master of a school, three members of the academic council, and the *procureur du roi*, under the presidency of the *préfet* of the department; and these committees are to assemble at least once a month. There is likewise a special inspector in every department for the primary schools. But more than all this, even private societies for education cannot be formed without the authorization of the university, and are under the obligation of receiving therefrom all their laws and regulations. They are at once absorbed by the university, and form virtually a part of it.

We have only as yet pointed out, and that with a brevity which hardly does justice to the subject, the dominion exercised by this absolute authority over the subordinate, but still most important branches of instruction. It must be borne in mind that its power also extends to and envelopes all the faculties; that is, theology, law, medicine, the mathematical and physical sciences and literature. All who aspire to any degree of intellectual distinction in France must show the badge and passport of the university at every turnpike. No single honour, advancement, or office connected with these faculties can be obtained without its express sanction, in the shape of testimonials, degrees, diplomas, and academic distinctions. These honours must of course, in most instances, be accorded without even a show of merit, or the business of life would stop. The university itself is obliged every year, or every two years, to make a report to the Chamber of Deputies on the state of public instruction, and the discussion which then takes place tends no doubt to keep its vast unwieldy bulk

in a state of activity, or at least of partial motion.

In reviewing this whole scheme, a multitude of reflections strike us. We must, nevertheless, confine ourselves to but a few. First, it is evident that the entire system, however it may have arisen, is based not upon a principle of *necessity*, but upon one of *choice*. It proceeds altogether upon the assumption, that the government can educate the people *better* than they can educate themselves, were they ever so willing. Private establishments, and even private associations for education, are, by the very fact of their existence, absorbed by the university; and the whole spirit and apparatus of that immense institution shows that it is a matter positively determined on, that it shall be paramount in the work of instructing the people. It is true, there is a law now under consideration which will be presented to the Chamber of Deputies next year, and probably passed, by which colleges of the highest secondary grade, unconnected with the university, and only subject to state inspection, may be established.

But this is only a seeming deviation from the principle of monopoly. The object contemplated in encouraging independent colleges is to excite emulation between these and those founded by the Government. Experience has proved that a central authority, extending through wide and complex relations, is of sluggish operation; and that the impulses of zeal and activity it would unceasingly communicate and renew are broken and dissipated before they reach their aim, by the long chain of inferior influences they must encounter in their passage. The obscure power of the *Bureaucratie*, that is, of the menials of the university, is also felt in all appointments, except the very highest, when a severe examination, always conducted with gravity and impartiality, is required. Owing to these, and many other causes, it is found that a system, so specious on paper, falls utterly short in its effects. The remedy proposed, and it is good as far as it reaches, is to stimulate the public institutions into vigorous exertion, by bringing them into direct collision with competitors. Still, though this new element is, to a limited degree, to be called into

action, the old system is to be held fast by, not only to remain unrelaxed, but to be extended and fortified by all means. All the French books we have read on this subject, and all the distinguished persons we have had the advantage of conversing with about it, insist invariably upon the *preferableness* of a state education to a private one.

In order to explain this, we do not go out of our way in glancing at the political condition of France. In that country there are really only two great powers in existence—the one the supreme government, and the other the people. There are no intervening powers of popular origin and growth, having intimate connexions with both. The one of these powers must therefore include and absorb the other in the most absolute manner. There can be no compromise of claims, no reconciliation of interests between them, for they have no mediators. Each stands out as the antagonist to the other, breast to breast. Hence, to constrain all popular energies into the immediate service of the state, is a kind of instinct of self-preservation on the part of authority; and hence it is that *organization* and *centralization* are considered by French statesmen to comprise the whole science of legislation. Herein is the secret of the preference given to central over local institutions. One may easily perceive that the ruling, centralizing, and organizing doctrines, have moulded the whole scheme of the university. We are convinced that the system growing out of them is not only pernicious, but that, with a view to its political object, it must defeat its own purposes.

It must be recollected that education is not mere instruction; that it is all which goes to form character. The character of individuals, however, can only be happily formed by the unhindered exercise of *their own* wills, by the unshackled putting forth of *their own* energies. But when authority interposes and virtually declares to the people—"These wills and these energies are not yours but mine," a free healthful popular volition is transmuted into the servitude of an official ministration. All *spontaneity* of exertion is killed, and the perennial springs of *personal* character choked up. Strange to

say, it is one of the chief aims of public instruction in France to effect this monstrous consummation. The endeavour is to substitute for an individual and local, a national, or rather state character. With this end in view, it is made a rule never to appoint masters or professors to establishments in their own countries. Northerners are settled in the south, and southerners in the north. By this arrangement it is hoped that provincial and family influences will be, in a great measure, neutralized. An artificial mind and disposition is sought to be produced, and is produced, and extended over the whole land: and the result is uniformity—the grand *desideratum*—but a double uniformity; uniformity of external subordination, and uniformity of internal rebellion.—Outraged nature revolts. The free personal will, driven inwards and locked up in a condemned chamber of the intellect, gathers intensity from its very inaction, feeds upon abstract speculations, and, when the moment of crisis arrives, breaks out with violence, and shatters into a thousand fragments all the *organization* that was contrived to hold it in obedience. There is no safeguard against revolution, we are persuaded, except in suffering men to cut out work of *their own* to perform. This work, too, must be one of *mental* activity. If the popular mind has not objects to exercise itself *practically* upon, it is sure to consider society at large as its property, and false and damaged metaphysics will usurp the place which experience ought to fill. The maxim—"Divide et impera," has a good as well as a bad sense in it; and we are as sure that the grand national project of France ought to be to break up her population from one mass into many circles, as we are that the monopoly of education goes to make this one mass still more serried. Then let us consider the further evils which are inseparably connected with this scheme. By it, as far as it stretches—and how wide is its domain!—all *spontaneous* philanthropy, zeal, activity, and enterprise, are completely quelled. These qualities are supposed to be transferred and handed over to the Government. The people indeed *receive* education; it is *conferred* upon them, but ori-

ginates not from themselves. In the work of imparting it, they are mere ministers' servants, instruments;—they act under an external impulsion—they are actually in liveried hire. We declare we consider one of our school societies at home ten thousand times more valuable than the whole French system; for such society is the offspring and nurse of public spirit and popular exertion; and education consists, in a sense higher and more emphatic beyond computation, in what *men*, self-prompted and unrestrained, are at liberty beneficially to do, than in what *boys* are compelled to learn.

We do not intend that our readers should conclude, from the above observations, that we are enemies to all interference with education on the part of Government. No. But we think that when a Government does interfere, it should rather be as the most benevolent and powerful *individual* of the community, than as an absolute authority; and when more than this is necessary, when an assumption of the whole or a great part of the task is imperatively called for, a return to free and popular modes of instruction should be *intended*, left open, and encouraged by all means. Even in departing from the popular theory, its principle should be preserved and kept ready for action. It should not be systematically excluded, but, on the contrary, every system of which it is not the mainspring should be condemned altogether as false and pernicious. We know it has been urged that state legislation on this matter alone provides for the stability and permanency of education; for that private zeal is at seasons liable to subside and relapse into in-

difference. But this we think a mistake. When a people are once fully roused to the importance of giving a mental cultivation to all classes, they will not afterwards lose their interest in the subject. To suppose they will is to suppose a general decay of vigour throughout the whole commonwealth. Whilst a community remains full of life, action, and enterprise, it will not, most undoubtedly, discard from the sphere of its activity objects the most precious and stimulating, and the most full of philanthropy and of hope.*

As a full justification of the view we have taken of the French system, we quote the following passage from the report of Monsieur Dubois, lately presented to the Chamber of Deputies, which that gentleman has been kind enough to send us, the work not having been published for sale. "The new conditions," he says in his able and luminous statement, "which the Revolution has imposed on public instruction are forgotten by objectors. We have at present no instruction that is not national, one and the same throughout all its degrees, maintained from the village to the capital by the funds of the state, animated with one common life, under a direction central and sovereign; we have a magistrature of public instruction, paid, governed, and governing according to the rule of that fundamental principle of our political institutions, *Unity* and *Equality* through all parts of the empire. As we have no more provinces, local customs, or interior custom-houses, so can we no longer have independent universities, existing under various regimes, and subject to private regulations. All must receive their orders from a

* Since writing the above, we have recollected the following passage in Burke's *Thoughts upon Scarcity*. It would form a striking text for our whole argument, had we space to develop it. "Statesmen," he says, "who know themselves will proceed in the superior orb of their duty, steadily, vigilantly, severely, courageously. But if they descend from the state to a province, from a province to a parish, from a parish to a private house, they go on accelerated in their fall. They *cannot* do the lower duty. In proportion as they try it they will certainly fail in the higher. They ought to know the different departments of things; what belongs to laws; and what manners alone can regulate. To these great politicians may give a leaning, but they cannot give a law." He proceeds to remark afterwards:—"The leading vice of the old French monarchy was in good intention ill directed, and a *restless desire of governing too much*. The hand of authority was seen in every thing and in every place; and what begins in officious universal interference always ends in contemptible imbecility." The vice here pointed out is still paramount in the French government, and is in nothing more manifest than in the subject of education.

central administrative authority. It alone must give life and direction and all improvements to the schools, colleges, and faculties, which all belong to the state, and which the state exclusively has under its guardianship and government." After this passage, which we have slightly abridged, the author concludes the chapter from which we have taken it as follows:—"Let us be especially on our guard against the spirit of decentralization, which is so contrary to all the powerful and prolific tendencies of our first and immortal revolution. England *envies us* the hierarchical central organization of our public instruction! Lord Brougham and the wisest and boldest of the reformers of that country have held it up for imitation to the British Parliament. Let us not go back when the world is marching after us." With reference to England, what Monsieur Dubois says here does not want some colour of truth, as far as Lord Brougham and the Edinburgh Review are concerned, but that gentleman grossly deceives himself if he imagines that the centralizing doctrines in all their applications are not objects of general abhorrence in this country. Englishmen abhor them because they know that by them is formed the most complete, the most rigorous, and most complicated system of despotism the world has ever known—a despotism so overwrought and so intolerable, that society is kept thereby for ever in the agonies of revolutionary passion, in order to throw it off, only, alas! through anarchy to fall again into its gripe.

We must now show that, immense as the machinery of the University is, it is still necessary to augment the number of its agents and springs of action. The Report says, "In proportion as we advance towards the perfection of the different orders of instruction, our task becomes more vast and more complicated; administration, jurisdiction, regulations of study, all become more and more extended. The law of primary instruction gave rise to a multitude of questions of the gravest importance—the law on secondary instruction will occasion others still more grave and still more intricate; then will come the law of superior instruction; and before the law which

is to crown this triple object of legislation, viz. the new organization of the administration and of the hierarchy, can be presented to the chamber, the council will succumb under the weight of their duties." It is proposed, therefore, to appoint more counsellors. But indeed the immense army of officials required by the University is almost beyond computation. Of inspectors alone there are at present thirty *general*, fifty-two *academic*, and eighty-six for primary instruction: It would be endless to go on enumerating the other officers. The scheme pursued will ever be crying out More, More! till it will come to take a nation to educate a nation. If the machinery is found to be inefficient, the remedy is, add more machinery. It never occurs to Frenchmen, who have a lead in this matter, that the plan is inefficient, simply because it is machinery, as far as men can be changed into tools. Their personal interests operate, unknown perhaps to themselves, to blind them to this truth. Yet it is quite contrary to all experience in human affairs to suppose that an official, salaried body of men, having no other original *esprit du corps* than what their salaries and offices excite, can have a genuine inspiration for a work undertaken at the command of distant paymasters. There may be a great deal of locomotive activity, a great deal of noise, bustle, and tongue-bravery, but the great majority of such men will never look beyond their places and emoluments, and the smaller these are, the meaner and more selfish will be their views. Whatever precautions may be taken, men under these circumstances will not sink into, but will never rise out of the character of a *bureaucratie*. Those in higher situations may feel higher influences, but these influences will there abide where they spring up; they cannot be communicated or transmitted by that very word of *command*, which is their bane and their destruction.

Having now, with as much brevity as the subject will admit of, given a general view of the University plan, we will show the state of the different branches of education in France, and will begin with Primary Instruction. The first French law, having this object in view, was

enacted in the year 1791, but this remained altogether without effect. It was not till Bonaparte returned from Elba that elementary instruction had a beginning in France. Monsieur Martin, a Protestant and Deputy of Montauban, was called to Paris to superintend the establishment that was to be raised. In a short time a society was formed, the members of which subscribed 20 francs yearly, to make a fund for erecting school-houses and paying masters. In the year 1815, twenty-eight schools, belonging to this society, were established in Paris alone. But although they were flourishing, and educated Catholics in a much greater number than Protestants, the Government of the period became alarmed, and took the establishment into its own hands, which previously appears to have been perfectly unconnected with the state, and accompanied this measure with the declaration, that the Catholic religion must be the basis of all public instruction. At this time the theocratic party prevailed, and no advance was made. The bishops had the power of placing and displacing primary teachers, and we find, that between the year 1824 and 1828, three-fourths of the schools of mutual instruction were closed by their arbitrary decision. Since then, great progress has been made. In 1834, there had been schools planted in 28,196 *communes*; and the report before us states, that during the last year, 1812 new ones have been called into existence, of which 162 are in activity. Besides these, there have been founded, within the same period, 344 adult schools, and more than 200 *salles d'asile* for children. Of Primary Normal Schools, there are at present 62, attended by 1944 pupil teachers. All the instruction given in these establishments, is, with a trifling abatement, gratuitous, and costs the Government 5,540,000 francs yearly, independent of the expenses of the *communes*, which considerably augment this amount.

We must not forget to mention, in addition to the establishments already noticed, an institution extremely important, on account of the mischief it does, viz., that of the *Frères Chrétiens*, or *Ignorantins*, as they call themselves. This body devote themselves to teaching the poor. They are brought up in ec-

clesiastical seminaries as menials; they sweep rooms and clean shoes; when sent abroad to teach reading, writing, and the catechism, for they profess to do no more, they make a vow to renounce all higher advancement. As their name imports, they take a pride in being ignorant. It is computed that about half the poor of France receive all their instruction from these men. Their obscure activity is chiefly confined to cities. They are paid by the society to which they belong L.24 per annum. This society seems to be the only one in existence in France over which the state exercises no control, for it is never mentioned in the reports to the Chamber. We doubt not of the competency of its missionaries to fulfil their humble duties, and should think that on that score they deserved encouragement. But we cannot be blind to what must be the great result of their mission, viz., either gross superstition, or the most utter contempt for religion. We are told, indeed, that the *Ignorantins*, who have many large establishments, neither aim at, nor produce the one effect nor the other; that they confine themselves strictly to their A B C labours. Yet even so, as functionaries of the Christian worship, poor, ignorant, drivelling men must necessarily reflect back upon their religion the humiliating absence of consideration which attaches to themselves.

With respect to the sudden multiplication of the other elementary schools, this is not so wonderful, when we consider the multitude of excellent jobs, and desirable places of emolument they have given rise to. As to their efficiency we have considerable doubts. We have been lately in the southern departments of France, and found there, especially in the villages, the communal schools in the most slovenly state of sluggishness. It sometimes happened that we met one zealous man in a neighbourhood, who invariably complained that he could neither drive nor drag the other authorities, or *employés*, into any thing like a spirited performance of their duties. Indeed, in as many, perhaps, as half the village *communes*, the mayors can neither read nor write, and cannot be supposed to be very zealous to make others

wiser than themselves. There is a want of a personal and local interest every where felt. It would not have been difficult, we believe, to have excited this. When our Government made a grant of L.20,000 for the planting of schools, it was provided, that no aid should be given till the half of the estimated expense was raised by private contribution, and L.31,000 was actually so raised, when L.11,719 of the Government grant remained in the Treasury. We cannot think so basely of the French people, as to believe a similar appeal made to their patriotic humanity would not be attended with something like similar results. If so, they would be aroused into full alacrity at once, and the work would not be allowed to languish when it became *their own* work. But this would tend dangerously to break up the central unity, to which every other consideration is made to give place.

It remains for us only now, under the present division of our subject, to say a few words of the Primary Normal Schools. We have visited several of these. The general complaint against them has been, and continues to be, that too much is taught to the teachers, who are intended only to instruct villagers. These pupil teachers smatter over a wide circle of knowledge, which makes them necessarily superficial and conceited. The report of Monsieur Dubois foresees great danger in this, and says, that if the tendency to overteaching be not checked, the pupils will get a disgust towards a village life, for which they are preparing, and the normal schools will themselves become centres of anarchy and rebellion. A shrewd guess this. Some of the studies pursued in these establishments, which are set forth with great parade as the *useful* studies, appear to us to be little better than amusing trifling, viz., agriculture, gardening, and mechanics. We are humbly of opinion that these things are better learnt in their actual *bona fide* practice, under the spur of gain and competition, than they ever can be by making toys of them at a school. And as to that kind of knowledge, called *useful*—which is always special, bearing upon some single separate object, usually of handicraft—having a ten-

dency to open the mind, and so contribute to the principal purpose of education, we deny that it has this effect. On the contrary, such sort of acquirement, if it renders the intellect acute, contracts it at the same time. The eye of the mind, by the narrowed attention required, gets the habit of fixing on *points*. It loses its comprehensive range and dilated reason. We will admit, however, that botany and agriculture contain many correctives against this evil consequence. But the subject is too wide to be entered on here. We choose rather to add a few observations, touching the hopes and prospects which the diffusion of education among the people has given rise to.

We confess we are not of those who expect any preponderance of good from the change which must be brought about by the new social lever, viz.,—a popular, superficial, miscellaneous science. Our fears rather outweigh our hopes. There is nothing in experience to show that knowledge of this or even a superior kind is usually attended with a moral amelioration of character. If men of letters have not sunk below, they certainly, as a class, have not risen above the common standard of morality. The lower orders of society are, we admit, more frequent transgressors against the laws than the higher; but this is owing to their distressed positions, not to ignorance; for the same vices which break out into crimes among them are still more rife under different modifications in the upper circles, where all the advantages of school knowledge abound. Difference of social position occasions all the difference of result in the two cases. Knowledge, *i. e.* a mere development of the intellectual powers, is not, as it has been represented, the direct antagonist of vice. Those who have it, and those who have it not, are pretty nearly in the same state, morally considered. It has always been a neutral between vice and virtue, as ready to lend its aid to the one as to the other. But there are two kinds of knowledge: the one addresses itself to the *ingenuity* (and of this we have hitherto been speaking) and the other to the *affections* of men. The latter is so simple, and depends so much

less upon the intelligence than upon the disposition of the will, that its efficacy is altogether independent of the amount of school acquirement that may accompany it. It is perfect and complete, even in its rudiments. This is the knowledge that renders men good and wise. Its diffusion cannot be too wide or too universal; and to make instruction directly and pointedly instrumental to its propagation is benevolence indeed. But no one can be blind to the fact that this mark is overshot by the great majority of *soi-disant* educational philanthropists. If they care at all about the good moral effects of their schemes, they assume that these effects are involved in the attainment of the other kind of knowledge, which is contrary to all experience. If, indeed, the object in view were to call out the *energies* of men, which it is confessed are not lacking, and which have fearfully outstripped all moral restraints, the plan pursued might have a *seeming* fitness. Yet even then it would be grounded on a palpable mistake. Real original mental energy resides only with genius. Its effects, it is true, go through the earth, and set in prolific motion hearts, hands, and understandings. But it remains itself in its high places; it will not be made a "PUBLIC COMMONER" of. There is nothing easier, however, than to leaven the whole mass of society with a bastard, dwarfish, insolent, and presumptuous intellectual restlessness. *Fatale donum!* It is putting the envenomed shirt upon Hercules. And to this consummation (though figuratively expressed, it will be understood) we thoroughly believe many modern educational enterprises point with unerring precision of aim. Education is considered by a certain set of busy and powerful men rather as a political than as a moral subject, or its moralities are supposed to blend efficaciously with its political spirit, instead of being, as they are and must be, totally overmastered and quelled by so proud and passion-full an associate.

We now come to a Secondary Instruction, the most important of all, since it contains the germ of all the intellectual vigour of the country. In France this instruction is given

in five kinds of establishments, viz. royal colleges, communal colleges, private colleges, institutions, and boarding-schools. In the royal colleges the directors, professors, and other officers are paid by the state. There are about forty of these colleges in France. The communal colleges are maintained and paid by the communal funds, and are under the direction of the University. There are three hundred and seventeen of these in the kingdom, but there are not more than one hundred and twenty of them *en plein exercice*,—that is, embracing the whole circle of academic studies. A student in one of these establishments, therefore, cannot take out any degree without finishing his education in a royal college. Of private colleges there are only two in France; those of *Ste. Barbe* and *Stanislaus*. The directory and professors of these must be *licencie-ès-lettres*, or *licencie-ès-sciences*. They are subject to state superintendence and inspection. Institutions are private schools, founded with the sanction of the University. The principal of an institution must be a *bachelier-ès-lettres* and *bachelier-ès-sciences*, and the inferior masters must be appointed or approved of by a rector of an academy. When an institution is established in a place where there is a royal college, all its pupils who are not mere children must attend the college classes. Boys, consequently, who are above ten years of age are merely lodged and boarded at the institutions, but receive all their instruction from the college professors. There are, however, a few institutions *de plein exercice*, and these are exempted from the necessity of being appended to colleges. Lastly, there are *pensions* or boarding-schools. The masters of establishments of this description must be bachelors of letters. The *pensions* are not allowed to teach any thing but grammar and the elements of arithmetic and geometry. The number of institutions and boarding-schools in France is about one thousand three hundred, and the number of pupils who receive instruction from all the establishments we have mentioned is fifty thousand. Secondary ecclesiastical schools remain yet to be adverted

to. Upon the re-establishment of the Catholic worship in France, a seminary for theological studies was founded in each diocese of the kingdom. The ordinary studies, however, of those destined to the priesthood were to be prosecuted in the ordinary schools; but the bishops opposed this wise design, and succeeded in getting seminaries of their own. These are called little seminaries; they are exempt from the actual superintendence of the university, and belong rather nominally than really to the state. M. Dubois, in his report, declares them to be in a condition miserably inefficient, though possessing considerable wealth. They amount in number to eighty, and contain many of them as many as four hundred pupils. They are not allowed, however, to educate more than twenty thousand youths destined for the church.

Before proceeding any further, we must make two brief observations. 1st, Our readers must not consider that all those who obtain university degrees are therefore men of undoubted capacity. The most of them, it is invariably acknowledged, ought never to have received such honours; and the facility of procuring all literary grades except the highest is generally complained of. They are given usually through a *bureaucratic* influence. If they were not, however, in numerous instances conferred without desert, instruction according to the law must stop. 2d, The determination of the Catholic priesthood to keep themselves separate and apart from the laity, even from the earliest years, is worthy of remark. What a peculiar sheltering gloom, what a careful avoidance of all contact and collision with broad and general reason; what subtle influences and unnatural discipline of the mind it must require to fit a man for the Roman priestly vocation, if thus, from very childhood, the training and breaking-in must be begun, and all the common intercourses and sympathies of school life be shunned as adverse and malignant! The Protestant clergy of France receive all their education till manhood, or the verge of manhood, in the ordinary schools.

The secular university establishments we have above mentioned are partly supported by *bourses*. These were formerly too numerous; but though a great outcry has been made against them by the Joseph-Hume race of France, we do not consider them so at present. There are only actually in all the colleges 1664 pupils who benefit by these *bourses*, and of these only 117 receive an instruction entirely gratuitous. The others are half or quarter bursars. Some are entitled to bourses, or a share of them, by the services of their parents, and some obtain them by an extraordinary proficiency in their studies.

All the seven royal colleges of Paris contend with each other annually for prizes and honours distributed by the university. The choicest scholars of each, desirous of entering into the contest, are picked out; a subject to be treated is selected; the candidates are locked up, and given a certain number of hours to prepare their essays; and the council of the University pronounces judgment upon their several merits. The colleges are thus kept in a state of wholesome rivalry with each other, but we fancy good care is taken that their triumphs shall be pretty equal. We will venture to suggest, that if the young essayists were allowed a month instead of a few hours to work upon their themes, the competition would be much more valuable. Frenchmen are already, by the natural character of their minds, but too quick, too full of *ideas*. To encourage this intellectual promptitude is almost to encourage a vice. They should be taught to take *time* and *laborious thought* into all their mental pursuits.

Secondary Instruction in France is acknowledged to be very defective; and there is a law now in preparation on the subject, which is to remodel the whole plan at present in practice. The defect of the methods actually followed is shown chiefly by the superficiality resulting from the multitude of studies pursued. Yet, instead of diminishing the number of these studies, it is proposed only to distribute them, that they may form a connected whole, mutually upholding and

aiding each other. We profess not distinctly to understand what this means. We know, however, that in French colleges much too much is taught. It must be recollected that these colleges answer to our boarding-schools at home; that is, they educate youths from eight to fifteen years of age: and yet, in addition to Greek, Latin, geography, history, mathematics, and the modern languages, we find that natural history, philosophy, rhetoric, logic, and chemistry are among the objects of instruction. Now we believe that this wide circuit of studies, however well combined, must, at so early a period of life, weaken, instead of strengthening, the mind. Mental cultivation only properly begins after children can read, write, and calculate. The great aim, then, should be, not to give mere *activity* to the intellect—that is almost spontaneous,—but to make it *labour* and wrestle with *difficulty*. So its native internal strength is produced and drawn out. The information acquired in the process should be regarded as a *medium* rather than as an *end*. It can at best be but meagre. But, in order to the effect desired, there must be earnest application, what we call in our schools at home *fagging*. With, however, the pretension to teach many things, this is impracticable; and, accordingly, we find that in French colleges it is laid down as a principle, that all should be rendered as easy, amusing, and attractive to the pupils as possible. The amount of information imparted in these colleges is considered the all-important matter; and difficulty and labour must be, as they are, shoved aside, to enable the scholar to travel over the wide extent of occupations spread before him. The consequence of this is, that the *memory* is exercised instead of the intelligence. A great quantity of ideas, facts, and truths are obtained at the expense of a very slight mental exertion. Quickness of apprehension and activity and curiosity are nevertheless undoubtedly excited; but these qualities we think injurious rather than beneficial, for they love more naturally surfaces than depths, unless there be previously begotten a foundation-habit of concentrated application. To neglect this primal requisite of education, in an impatient

haste to impart a large stock of ready-made knowledge, is to sacrifice the mind itself to its possessions.

According to our views, then, the circle of school studies should be contracted, that they may be rendered more serious and laborious; and the fittest and most valuable study for working and opening the intelligence, is, without question, we think, that of the Latin and Greek languages. Mathematics is, for this general purpose, too dry and narrowing. History of all kinds is too diffuse, and addresses itself, at a very youthful age, too exclusively to the memory. Philosophy, rhetoric, science, and logic are too vague and inflating, or too heartless and abstruse. But the ancient classics unite all advantages. The study of them is, at the same time, wide and close, poetical and logical, general and special. Their grammar and construction offer a fine resistance to be overcome; there are minute details to be laboured through; there are stops and hinderances at every step, enforcing the discipline of patience and perseverance; and yet the close attention required does not, as in almost every other study, end in a special information separable from all other subjects, but unlocks simultaneously every chamber of the intellect. Reason, sentiment, and taste are all formed and grow up together. This *general* opening of the mind is precisely what education, during the early nonage of youth, ought to be confined to. We think it also a great advantage that the Greek and Latin are of *no use*, according to the modern acceptation of the word, in the ordinary commerce of life. Education should, in our opinion, have as little *direct* reference to the gross utilities of the world as possible. On the contrary, it should form a distinct mental character, from which the professional character of after years may derive liberality and warmth to correct its natural selfishness and exclusiveness. Nothing proves the value of the ancient classical languages so much as the impossibility of finding a substitute for them for those who aspire not to elegant literature.

Mons. St Marc Girardin, in his report on secondary instruction in Germany, makes many sensible remarks on this point. The commer-

cial classes, he says, who reject the knowledge of Greek and Latin, can only be taught specialities or generalities, the former of which narrows as the latter weakens and bewilders the understanding. Breadth and solidity of mind combined can hardly be cultivated but by a studious application to the heathen classics. The aversion lately expressed towards these studies is in its origin *democratic*. They are represented as obsolete and useless, because they cannot be conveniently followed by the lower classes. They should nevertheless be, in our opinion, esteemed the great and essential instruments of education. They form such a *medium* for the general exercise and developement of the intelligence as is nowhere else to be found. The acquirement of modern tongues has not, for many obvious reasons, their virtue. We have dwelt too much at length, perhaps, on the paramount value of these languages, because it is the habit at present to decry them; and by making them subordinate instead of principal studies, it is the object of many among us, after the example of France, to render instruction encyclopædiacal, and so showy and shallow, or to convert schools into mere apprentice-shops for the business of the world, into which they ought, as their prime aim, to carry correcting influences, pure from all gross, egotistical, or mundane interests. Of course we would not be understood to mean that nothing but the classics should be taught. In every liberal scheme of education, however, we are convinced, they should greatly predominate. The sources of almost all generous mental pursuits are opened by an acquaintance with the learned languages; and thus opened, they are followed tastefully and liberally, because they are fetched from afar, and are connected with associations which have no *selfishness* in them. Greek and Latin produce the same effect upon the student as do the ancient monuments of Greece and Rome upon the spectator. From the very distance of time to which they carry us back, they mellow, moralize, and enlarge the heart and the understanding; instead of mere acuteness and ingenuity, they give sensibility and grandeur to the soul,

and generosity and enthusiasm to the whole intellectual character.

We have now to mention an institution which has our entire approbation—viz. the great Normal School of Paris. The object of this establishment is to form professors of superior and secondary instruction for all the faculties and colleges of France. It was first called into existence at the time of the Convention, by the voluntary association of 1200 men of learning, who were anxious to supply the want of instruction which prevailed throughout the kingdom. Napoleon afterwards adopted the plan thus struck out, but converted the society of men into a school for the education of youths, who, after having passed through the ordinary college studies, might aspire to the vocation of professors. During the Restoration the establishment was suppressed, in compliance with the wishes of the Catholic clergy, but has been again revived since the second Revolution. To it is attached what is called a *concours d'aggregation*—that is, persons from all parts of the kingdom, and even from foreign countries, are at liberty to contend with the pupils of the normal school for literary honours and professorships; and this public competition has the very best effects. The chief of the institution is a titular counsellor of the University; and the teachers, or rather directors of study, are sixteen *maîtres de conférence*, who are always men of much literary or scientific merit, several of them being authors of great celebrity. The habit of conferring daily with such men, with a special purpose in view, must be incalculably advantageous; and the emulation which is kept constantly up by antagonists who may rise up from all quarters, necessarily incites to great diligence and ardour. Mons. Dubois, in his report, deeply regrets that the inculcation of religious truth is in this establishment utterly overlooked; but it is vain and foolish, we think, to look for religion in schools, whether elementary, secondary, or superior, when it is degraded in the Church, and fallen into the lowest contempt in the popular estimation.

We have now gone over almost all those grades of instruction in which youth are interested, which

include all that is popularly signified by the word education. But in France this term comprehends theology, medicine, law, and every other science. The field spread before us is therefore so wide, and the information required satisfactorily to enter upon it so special, that we shall endeavour to be as brief as possible. We shall first speak of theology, as that is the most widely important subject, and the most open to the common judgment. There are, in France, eight faculties of theology, six Catholic and two Protestant. The Catholic faculties are represented, by the report of Mons. Dubois, to be completely deserted. No where, except in Paris, are even lectures given; and these, it says, are not attended by the priesthood, or those designed for the priesthood, but by other young students, whom philosophic enquiry has made anxious about religion. This last fact is very gratifying, and makes one hope for great effects from the Protestant faculty when one shall be established at Paris, which is shortly to happen. As to the pupils of the ecclesiastical seminaries, who cost the state a million yearly, they universally, adds Monsieur Dubois, manifest their aversion to public lectures, and oppose them with all their might. This can only spring from that desire of subterranean security from examination which marks Popery invariably. The studies in the Catholic colleges, the report informs us, are so clandestine, and so "*hidden from all eyes, that the minister of the public worship himself would find himself greatly embarrassed to give any clear and precise answer to any question that might be put to him on the subject.*" It is hoped that the creation of a Protestant faculty in the metropolis will drag the Catholic clergy from their hiding-places, and force them to maintain their doctrines in the face of day. The emulation which will thus be excited between the two churches cannot fail to be beneficial. The faculties of the Reformed church at Strasbourg and Montauban fulfil effectively their purposes, and are attended by numerous students; and we believe there is sufficient talent among the French Protestant clergy to afford lecturers who could attract and fix the attention of the Parisian

youth, highly spiced as their intellectual diet usually is. It is proposed, however, in case of need, to invite professors from foreign countries to lecture in Paris.

We are afraid that nothing favourable can be said of the mental cultivation of the Roman priesthood. The first revolution reduced them to a state of degradation from which they have never arisen. They were formerly a learned body, because they monopolized learning; but they refuse now to be so, because learning is not ecclesiastical, but lay. Their independent wealth and dignity helped them, too, in past times, and gave a certain elevation to their characters. But the priests of France are at present in birth, and almost in rank, peasants. Their education raises them not above the lowest class. It is puzzling to conjecture what they do learn in their seminaries, since they show no mental acquirement of any kind. A mysterious demeanour and juggling arts they certainly obtain, and, besides, a bad practical knowledge of the human heart, supplied to them ready made by their books of casuistry, which are their *vade-mecums*—and these have no doubt their influence even on those who despise them; but of scholastic knowledge, or elegant literature of any sort, they have none—or what amounts to the same thing, none which in open daylight can be instrumental to their purposes. Hiddenly the lore of a few, who are not without reputation for learning and astuteness, may operate, but nothing appears; the lists are invariably shunned, and every question, however nearly the Church may be interested, avoided. This is owing, no doubt, partly to the policy of secrecy, but still more to incapacity. It seems as if intellectual distinction among the Catholic priesthood were deliberately abjured. A candidate of that order may in France be a curate, a professor in an ecclesiastical school, or even a bishop, without being graduated. And yet one of these poor creatures of the inferior class is attached to each royal and communal college throughout the kingdom, where they have generally a chapel, and where they celebrate mass and hear confessions. It has been proposed that they should give also lectures, but this is impractic-

cable. We have been informed by one of the most distinguished chiefs of the University, that it would be impossible to find college chaplains capable of taking rank in intellect with the ordinary professors, and that consequently such discourses as they are able to deliver would sink religion still deeper into disgrace, instead of raising it into respect. So low has Christianity fallen in France! We do, however, only justice to every respectable individual—to every constituted authority of that country, when we say that there is a prevalent earnest desire to re-establish the Christian worship in strength and in honour. And what makes this the more remarkable, is, that the desire so strongly felt and expressed is entertained, for the most part, by those who have no faith in the truth of revelation themselves. The want of religion resurges out of infidelity itself.

To understand this we must recollect that religion has two aspects, in the one of which it affects individuals, in the other nations; and those who are utterly regardless of it as a personal concern, may be very zealous of it as a national one. In the latter sense it depends completely on *public opinion*. The very great majority of men will ever be the irreligious. Opinion will nevertheless have a mighty operation on their minds; and as opinion adopts or rejects Christianity, and in proportion to its emphasis, so will national character be formed happily or malignantly. In this light Christianity depends less upon individual convictions than upon its general acceptance. To relegate theology therefore to a sphere apart, or to consider it *exclusively* as a matter between each separate person and his God, is virtually to put the great mass of mankind out of its pale altogether. Truly religion is a subject of high reasonings, and as truly it is one of profound personal experience, but under both of these points of view it can operate only on the *few*; the *many* can receive its influence solely through public opinion. But opinion in France has become anti-religious; and the endeavour is now to turn it back into its ancient highways. From this fact we may derive an invaluable lesson. Contempt, much more than proclaimed infide-

lity, has destroyed all reverence for religious truth among the French; and we must not think that Protestantism, however bulwarked round by reason and by scripture, is out of the reach of this same contempt. There are and ever will be great multitudes of men in every nation who care nought for Christianity in any of its forms. These only wait for the signal to show themselves openly. A general respect for revelation may, whilst it prevails, keep them within bounds, but a mark of disrespect publicly affixed upon it by individuals or bodies of men of high lead and authority lets the anti-religionists loose at once, and the work of infidelizing a country is then more than half done. We allude in this remark chiefly to the original exclusion of the Christian religion from the Gower Street University, and to its subsequent admission into that establishment by a kind of contemptuous sufferance.

We have arrived now at the science of medicine. There are three medical faculties in France, one at Paris, another at Montpellier, and a third at Strasbourg. The Paris faculty alone in the report before us is represented to be in a state of efficiency. To become entitled to follow its lectures it is necessary to be a *bachelier-ès-lettres*. The studies to be pursued require four years, but independent of the instruction given at the general courses, there are private courses given in the medical school for the benefit of the best pupils. These pupils are called *élèves de l'école pratique*. Admission to this school is open to competition, and the three first prizes entitle a competitor to be admitted gratuitously. Foreigners are allowed to compete with the natives. The pupils of this school have considerable advantages; they pay less for subjects; they perform chemical manipulations under the superintendence of the professors; they receive tickets of admission to the private courses of the *aggrégés*; to the courses of the professors of anatomy, and to those of the clinical professors' assistants; they have also admission to the library of the school, and to the anatomical museums, which are not open to others. All medical pupils, foreigners as well as others, are allowed to

witness the practice of the hospitals, to which they are admitted, first as out-door pupils, and then as in-door pupils; these situations are also open to competition. Besides the three faculties, there are eighteen secondary medical schools established in the provinces. Of these the report says nothing, because it declares nothing of them is known. It demands their suppression, as also the suppression of certain practitioners of medicine, called health officers (*officiers de santé*). These functionaries are licensed by the government to practise in every town and village of the country, without ever having gone through any regular studies relating to their calling, or to any thing else. They have become so numerous that graduated physicians are much injured by them. Doubtless the health officers owed originally their existence to the wars and revolutions in France, which broke up every peaceful vocation, and left numerous localities altogether without medical aid. Their prevalence has so much lowered the standard of science and capacity among medical men, that it is proposed in future that none shall be suffered to practise who have not received the degree of *bachelier-ès-sciences*. This, it is hoped, will raise the character of practitioners. The grade of *bachelier-ès-lettres*, which they must at present have, is tantamount only to a certificate that the common school studies have been gone through, and is attainable without any merit. A tincture of literature would certainly very much elevate the profession, and render it gentlemanly and liberal as far as the doctrine of equality which pervades all minds and all vocations in France leaves it capable of being rendered so. At present it may be truly said there are no liberal professions in that country. The church, the law, and the medical art have all equally a plebeian aspect and character. Newspaper men form the aristocracy of the nation.

There are nine faculties of law in France, but several of these faculties, as is the case also with those of medicine and theology, are perfectly isolated; that is, where the law is studied nothing else can be studied, there being no establishments or libraries where history, or philosophy,

or general literature can be pursued. This naturally renders the study of a particular science too special and narrowing to the mind. The provinces, indeed, are left quite bare of the means of superior instruction by the monopoly of Paris. It is proposed, therefore, to assemble all the faculties in certain provincial towns, and thus to render the influx of all students, from all parts of the kingdom to the metropolis, unnecessary. When this proposition is put into execution we shall hail it as a benefit to the nation of incalculable value. According to the regulations of the University the degree of licentiate is required in order to enable a person to become an advocate, and to fill the various offices of the courts and tribunals. To attain this degree three years study is necessary. The degree of doctor requires a year's study more. Four examinations are requisite before the grade of licentiate can be conferred, but these examinations afford no *bona fide* proof of capacity. Monsieur Dubois in his report says, that candidates may prepare themselves for them, with the aid of certain manuals, in the course of a few weeks, without having applied themselves to the difficult studies they are supposed to have mastered. Four thousand candidates are, on an average, examined every year in Paris; they are examined four at a time; the questions put to them are addressed to all indifferently, and so they help each other out when they are at fault. Each candidate replies at most to two questions. These examinations, however, if honestly conducted would be satisfactory; they embrace the civil code, the Institutes of Justinian, and the procedure of the courts. Most students add to their regular course of studies some experience in the office of an attorney. After this they attend the courts, which is called *faire son stage*; a person cannot have his name entered on the list of advocates until after three years' attendance of this kind. The *Stagiaries* form societies of their own body, under the title of conferences, in which they exercise themselves in pleading imaginary cases, and in discussing questions of law. To become a magistrate it is necessary to have attended the courts for two years.

We cannot quit this part of our subject without dwelling upon the great evil that results from the vast concourse of young men who are drawn together as students to Paris. There is a particular quarter of the city in which they all reside. They meet each other daily at lectures. They are, most of them, far from their homes, their parents, and all domestic influences. Almost without exception they are miserably poor. Their connexions are mostly persons engrossed by plebeian occupations, and they are thrown without protection into a vortex where all pleasures, and all the vices connected with pleasure, solicit their passions. Nothing can be imagined more pernicious than the association of youths in the first heyday and fever of the blood. Hidden among the multitudes of a great city, they are free even from the check of public opinion. It would not be so bad, however, if the students, either by their birth, or the profession they proposed to enter into, belonged to any distinct rank in life, the character of which they had to keep up; but the confusion of ranks is so complete in France, that even this restraint is wanting. The spirit and pretensions of a *gentleman* are powerful preservatives against moral degradation, but we have never found that the pretence to smatterings of philosophy or science, or even the title of *La Jeune France*, which so emphatically belongs to the youths we are writing of, has the same effect. Then, too, the lectures which they attend are any thing but counteractive of dissipation of mind. On the contrary, they are too exciting to consist with sober thoughtful instruction, and tend to render the concentrated attention, which serious study requires, repulsive and disgusting. One may be attracted towards a lecturing hall in Paris precisely from the same motive as one is attracted towards a theatre. The professors become mere orators, and depend much more on their audiences for fame than their audiences do on them for information. Their principal effort is to be brilliant and captivating, and to secure their triumph many of them imbue their discourses with a strong infusion of liberal politics and anti-christianity. We have ever been of opinion that

such lectureships should be entirely suppressed, and that in lieu of them *conferences* (albeit we do not recollect to have met with this idea elsewhere) should be established, which should not be open to the public. Professors and students would then be more likely to meet with a serious purpose. On the one side vanity and a temptation to display would be checked, and on the other amusement and recreation would not be sought, but real *bona fide* assistance and direction.

Ere we conclude this paper we must recur again to the principal subject of it: the education of youth. It seems to us that the great object of France, coveted elsewhere as most desirable, is to cultivate mediocrity up to its highest pitch of attainment. The design is, not so much to remove that ignorance which is hurtful to morals, and to encourage higher mental acquirements by leaving them free and open to all who, according to their providential circumstances and situations, may aspire towards them, as systematically and almost compulsively to work up the baser intellectual material of society into such a state of activity that it may compete with, and, by the aid of numbers, overmaster all real superiority, whether of rank or of mind. And this, we have no doubt, may be done. The most ordinary capacity may, under skilful management acquire vast quantities of information, and may be so well exercised at its weapons, so versed in all the arts and tricks of disputation, so abundantly furnished with facts, and rendered so quick and subtle by practice as to exert a most formidable power. Yet the intelligence which nature means for little things will continue, however well stocked with matter, little and circumscribed in all its views, and in proportion to the narrowness of its horizon will there be an intensity of activity and presumption. Individuals possessing this character of mind have ever been the most mischievous and noxious pests of society; and the prospect of their multiplication to such an extent that they may carry all before them, is not we confess to us, whatever it may be to some, a very exhilarating one. Besides, we are thoroughly convinced that in

proportion as mediocrity is forced up into cleverness, genius will be pulled down to that level. Genius is killed in a scuffle—its ambition and high aspirations must be dwarfed by the necessity of competing unceasingly with the multitudinous mass of ordinary minds. It may still show its superiority, but only in the crowd, never above it, for from the contentious throng it can never get free. It was this reflection, no doubt, that made Leichtenberg, an old German philosopher, declare, that if it were wished a great man should never appear again in the world, Pedagogueism should be made so universal and so all-comprehending that every mental study and pursuit should be included and confined within the schools. It is astonishing indeed how withering pretence is to genius. It divests the objects that genius would pursue of all enthusiasm; it renders them contemptible, and, like ridicule, blights all virtuous ardour and aspiration. Certainly to multiply pretenders and smatterers is the sure way to reduce real grandeur to very moderate dimensions, and thus to produce an intellectual level among mankind. Since the present system of public instruction in France, in which we perceive this tendency has prevailed, that is, since Napoleon's accession to power, there has been almost a complete dearth of literary distinction in that country.* All the literary glory of the French nation arose out of independent or chartered schools—Gothic establishments as they are now called. Similar establishments have nursed and brought up all our great men—and what land can match them. Yet Monsieur Cousin, in his report on public instruction in Germany, with the true spirit of a pedagogue, boldly puts England out of the pale of civilisation

because she has no state monopoly of education. But the truth is, England and every other country that has produced great men has produced them simply by not attempting to *manufacture* them. Where great capacities were, there were the means at hand for their spirited developement, and, what was equally wise and right, *humbler intelligences were allowed to remain in their befitting humility*. At present, however, the great aim is to give to mediocrity the ascendancy by a forced and overwrought cultivation. Certainly to remove that ignorance which is opposed to moral welfare is pure benevolence; to afford opportunity, encouragement, means, and facilities of every kind to talent and genius, is also noble, and bespeaks a great nation; but to flatter and to stimulate the medium understanding and lowest capacities of society into an ambitious activity beyond the scope and intent of natural endowment, is, in our minds, to promote an unmitigated evil. This, nevertheless, is the primal especial tendency of most modern educational efforts. Their effect, or one of their effects, is shown strikingly by a fact mentioned lately in the French Chamber of Peers by the Duke of Fitz-James. He affirmed, "that in the years 1828 and 1829, among a million of individuals who had received superior instruction, there were 480 persons brought before the court of assizes as criminals, whilst among a million of inhabitants of the same rank, who had received only primary instruction, there were only seventy-two who had been placed in the same predicament. Thus those who had received superior instruction showed seven times more propensity to crime than those who had only received elementary instruction!"

* It may be said, perhaps, that the state system in France has not had fair play; that the troubles of revolutionary times have prevented the Government from giving it the constant attention and superintendence required. But this remark exposes strongly its master vice. A national education, depending on the Government for its efficiency, must ever be exposed to long periods of neglect. Whenever matters of paramount urgency occur to engross the legislative and public sympathies, the instruction of a people will necessarily be overlooked, and will be affected by all the crises a supreme authority is so frequently subject to. Even the most peaceful domestic vocations, by being made state vocations, feel every change in the political atmosphere. Private enterprise being sheltered from these sudden variations and revolutions, must, on that account alone, be infinitely more regular and progressive.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

WHERE would England now have been, but for the House of Peers? Where, if that important body had been either abolished, as they were by the political fanatics of the long Parliament, or merged in one assembly, as the Peers of France were by the *Tiers Etat*, or reduced by popular menaces to a state of impotence, as they were in this country at the passing of the Reform Bill? Can there be the smallest doubt, that if either of those three events had happened the movement party would have usurped an irresistible sovereignty; that the Protestant church would have been spoliated to make way for the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the one island, and a clamorous Voluntary medley in the other; that property of every sort would ere this have been either confiscated or on the high-road to confiscation; influence and authority of every kind made to flow, as in our democratic municipalities, from the lower classes, and been bestowed in general on the meanest and most corrupt of the people; the rotation of office have perpetually brought back to the multitude the agreeable flattery of candidates for power, and as eternally deprived them of the substantial benefits of good government, by dispossessing every functionary as soon as he became qualified by experience to discharge his duties? These, the usual and inevitable effects of democratic ascendancy in every country, must have ensued here before this time, had not the House of Peers existed as a rallying point to the friends of order, and first by their personal influences diffused a conviction among the middling ranks of the necessity of supporting them as an integral part of the constitution, and then by their firm countenance arrested the march of Revolution.

To restrain the abuses, and check the encroachments of power, to save the mass of the people from oppression, to give to industry of every sort the free and secure enjoyment of its fruits, and to exertion in every department the fullest means of development, is the great object of

civil government. It is by perpetually descending on these popular and important themes, by professing on every occasion a desire for the enfranchisement and improvement of the people, by declaiming on every subject against the corruption or the abuses of power, that the democratic leaders acquire, in periods of agitation, their astonishing influence. It is not surprising that they do so—but when these professions come to be put to the test of practice,—when the general enthusiasm has installed them in sovereignty, and by gaining the reins of power they acquire the means of carrying their professed designs into effect, it is speedily found all their professions were made for selfish purposes; that they are impelled forward by a needy clamorous crowd in their rear, and that unless the measures which they urge upon their leaders are resisted by an adequate force in front, a complete dissolution of government, and universal spoliation of property must ensue.

No one who has contemplated the systems of effervescence which have appeared amongst us for the last six years, and compared them with the political history of other countries which have been exposed to similar convulsions, can doubt that we have laboured and are still labouring, though with abated symptoms, under the true revolutionary fever. It is only necessary to compare the order-book of the House of Commons, the bills which pass the Lower House, with the acts of the Constituent Assembly, or the statutes of the Spanish Cortes, to see that the symptoms are precisely the same. What was the first thing which the French Revolutionists, under the guidance of Mirabeau and Lafayette, did? Confiscate the property of the church “to the purposes of charity and beneficence; placing the maintenance of the clergy under the safeguard of the honour of the French people.” What was the first thing which the Spanish Cortes did, under the transports of the democratic constitution of 1812, when it was re-established in 1822? Confiscate the

property of the church, for the purpose of national support and instruction. What was the next thing which the Constituent Assembly did? Abolish the whole privileges of the incorporations, and rest the appointment of all municipal magistrates in all the householders of the different burghs of France. What was the next thing which the Spanish Cortes did? Exterminate the rights of corporations, and dissolve the incorporated trades and bodies over the whole of Spain. Compare these, the first steps of revolution in these other countries, with the robbery of the Irish church, first effected by predial violence, and next attempted by legislative enactments, and with the effected revolution in municipal affairs in the country, and the identity of the first symptoms of the malady is completely established.

The projected measures of the movement party are, if possible, still more clearly indicative of the rapid and now undisguised march of the revolutionary fever. Mr. O'Connell now announces that he is resolved to effect organic changes; the House of Peers must be abolished, or converted into an elective upper chamber, chosen by a still lower class of constituents than the Commons; the supplies are to be stopped, according to Mr Hume's menace, if any resistance is attempted by the crown to these measures; and as the second instalment of church spoliation, half the glebe and cathedral lands are to be made over to the Popish clergy, and tithes every where reduced to fifty *per cent* on their present amount. Such are the measures now openly propounded by the ruling party in the House of Commons, no longer confined to the declamation of the hustings or the dreams of debating societies, but gravely proposed both to assembled multitudes in the open air, and in letters addressed to the whole people of Great Britain, by the individual who avowedly by his sole support sustains the government in office, and who is rewarded for his revolutionary exertions in the manufacturing towns of Great Britain during an autumnal tour by an invitation to the Lord-Lieutenant's table at its close.

All this however notwithstanding,

no one can doubt that the progress of revolution has been, is, and to all human appearance is destined to be, very different in these islands from what it was in the continental states. In both France and Spain the whole struggle was at first; when the government was overthrown by the junction of the three orders into one chamber in France in 1789, and the revolt of the Spanish soldiers in the Isle of Leon in 1820, the whole contest was at an end, and the dominant revolutionary party went on from one act of legislative robbery to another, till the passions of the people were thoroughly excited, and the first country was bathed in the blood of 1793, and the second steeped in the equally infamous atrocities of the Peninsula in the present time. But in this country the case has been very different. We, too, were overwhelmed by a sudden burst of the revolutionary tempest in 1831, which, excited by factious men for party purposes, and falling on an excited and suffering people, produced the violent convulsion, during the throes of which the Reform act was produced. The Conservatives, albeit embracing a great majority of the worth and property of the state, were so paralyzed by the violence of the shock, so weakened by the divisions consequent on Catholic Emancipation, and so tinged by the pseudo-liberality of the day, that they were unable at first to oppose any resistance to the enemy. Every one recollects the deathlike stupor with which the announcement of the Reform bill was received by the friends of the constitution in the country, and the demoniac shouts from the revolutionary crew with which the land resounded from end to end upon so unlooked for and prodigal a gift of political power to the people. The virtue and bravery of England, however, was bowed to the earth, not destroyed; the strength of the fabric of society in these islands proved itself equal to a shock from which its warmest friends could hardly have anticipated any thing but ruin. Bristol had the glory of taking the lead against the revolutionary mania. The celebrated petition of its bankers and merchants against the Reform-Bill,

presented in May 1831, was the first symptom of the revival of the true English spirit. Edinburgh, we are proud to say, next stepped forward to the fight; and the memorable meeting held within its walls in November, 1831, struck a note which vibrated to every British heart throughout the realm. The courageous stand made by the small minority of Conservatives in the House of Commons during the discussions on the Reform Bill; the admirable talent they displayed, the acuteness they discovered, the manly sentiments they expressed, roused the better part of the nation from the torpor in which it had been sunk; and if they could not enable them to win the contest, at least raised the spirits of the friends of freedom for the fight. Next came the House of Peers; and the splendid eloquence of its debates, the glowing language of its orators, the generous devotion of its chiefs, while it confounded the revolutionists by the display of a talent and spirit which they little anticipated, prepared the nation to expect from them the heroic conduct and mingled firmness and moderation which their subsequent career has so amply evinced. The press, too, righting from the bias of five-and-twenty years, gradually resumed, at least in all the higher departments both of thought and periodical literature, its proper station as the protector of liberty, property, and order. And without indulging in undue vanity, we may safely say that our own efforts, steadily and unceasingly directed, through all the changes and delusions of public opinion, to the maintenance of the same Conservative principles, were not the least powerful engine which appeared on the battlements to defend the ancient walls of the constitution.

True, these efforts were at the time unsuccessful. True, by a combination of circumstances unparalleled in history, the constitution was overthrown. True, the consent of the Upper House was forced, not won, to the great organic change of 1832. True, the Conservatives were reduced to a small minority of ninety-seven on the election, conducted amidst mobs and violence, general transports and tricolor flags,

in June 1832. All that was perfectly true: but it is in periods of adversity that the enduring fortitude, the high resolves, the patriotic resolutions are formed which, in nations equally as individuals, produce in the end their appropriate fruit of subsequent glory and triumph. A nation is never destroyed so long as the spirit of its inhabitants is unbroken. No organic changes, how great soever, are irremediable, as long as the resolution survives to combat the spirits of evil by all the means which the constitution has still left to its subjects.

Since the passing of the Reform Bill, and consequent installation of a movement ministry in power, the spirit of the nation has been flowing steadily in a Conservative direction. This is so obvious as to require no illustration. The growth of the Conservative party in the House of Commons from 100 to 300 members; the results of all the last contested elections; the steady increase and powerful operation of Conservative Associations; the courageous and independent declaration of Conservative opinions now, in all places and in all situations; these are so many symptoms of the vast change come over the spirit of the nation within the six last years, when, to superficial observers, to whom coming events cast no shadows before, nothing was apparent but the ascendent of democracy in the political heavens. On this subject we gladly avail ourselves of the excellent observations of Mr Osler, the worthy historian of Lord Exmouth, in his late pamphlet on the Church and Dissent.

“What a change in public feeling since five short years. Then, it was almost rashness to avow Conservative principles: now, we are surprised when we meet a man of education who disputes them. Then, and for time immemorial, young men were almost universally Liberal; now, they are zealously Conservative. Then, the Church seemed at the mercy of her enemies; now, they tremble to attack her. Then, the Church in Ireland, upon which, under God, we must chiefly rely to extirpate Popery, was ignorantly deemed an enormous sinecure; but the attempt to destroy her, that

Popery might be established on her ruins, has displayed her true character, invested her with the glory of a Christian martyr, and covered her persecutors with confusion. Then, Popery offered itself as a lamb, and we were assured that all its recorded atrocities were the crimes of former ages; but as it felt its strength, it began to speak as a dragon, proving, by perjury in Parliament, and by persecution and blood in Ireland, that its character is unchanged and unchangeable. Then there was a confusion of parties, while large classes of the friends of the constitution had objects, which the Destructives were willing to take in their way; now the question is brought to one simple alternative—the Protestant Church or Popery; the English Constitution or a Republic! a question which allows no room for neutrality, compromise, or indecision. By our triumph we shall save the country; she must perish if we fall.”

This steady and progressive reflux of the nation to Conservative principles, immediately after so great an organic change, is so remarkable, and so entirely at variance with that pretended necessary and inevitable tendency towards evil which the infidel fatalists of France set up as the excuse for the unparalleled atrocities of their favourite democratic leaders, that it merits the most serious consideration. The growth of Conservative opinions has not been rapid or vacillating; they have not shot up, like democratic enthusiasm, at once to vigour and maturity, but slow, steady, and undeviating; like the successive additions to the oaks of the forest, each successive year has added new converts to the cause; each successive wave of youth a fresh increment to the vast and growing alliance. Speculation, enthusiasm, theoretical views have had less share in producing this growing alteration than experience, disappointed hopes, and practical evils. It is the reduction of the visions of social improvement into practice; the actual trial of the boasted virtue of the democratic leaders; the experiment made of their political nostrums on the shipping interest, the Irish clergy, and the English

poor, which have mainly contributed to the effect. Hardly had the piteous tale of Irish suffering ceased to resound through the land; hardly had the magnificent charity of England relieved the Protestant clergy of Ireland from the grinding misery to which they had been reduced by the atrocious combination of the Catholic allies of Government, when a new and still more piercing cry arose from the English work-houses. Striking right and left at the most useful or defenceless classes in the community, these tyrannical regenerators of the empire with one hand reduced the Irish clergy to utter destitution, and with the other produced the most grinding misery to the English poor. Separating the parent from the child, the husband from the wife, denying all relief to the poor unless they consented to be shut up in vast prisons, and undergo the punishment of crime, debarring the victims of sickness or misfortune from the comforts even of spiritual consolation by attending their parish churches on Sunday, and throwing upon the victims of seduction and profligacy the exclusive load of maintaining their offspring. Nor were their efforts less vigorously directed to fasten the chains of slavery on the infant innocents of the realm. By their influence a bill was carried, by a majority of *two*, in the last session of Parliament, for repealing the laws which the humanity of Mr Sadler, Lord Ashley, and the Conservatives had procured for the protection of infant children in the factories, and nothing but the certainty that the inhuman measure could never pass the House of Peers prevented the influence of Government from forcing it into a law. It is these deeds, so ill corresponding with their words, which have wrought the real change in the opinion of the great majority of the middling classes; and by stripping liberalism of all its borrowed and fictitious lustre, and exhibiting the interior of the whited sepulchre in all its native deformity, prepared the nation gradually to return to Conservative principles.

Great also has been the benefit conferred upon the cause of the Constitution by the English Corporate reform. The results of this mea-

sure even, so far as they have hitherto developed themselves, afford a striking illustration of the limited extent to which human sagacity can foresee the real and final result of political changes. We all recollect the exultation which the Liberal press manifested at the result of the municipal elections, and how rapidly, in the tumult of success, they let fall the mask they had hitherto worn, of that change having been brought about for the purpose of local good government, without any reference to political purposes. They openly proclaimed that their object, from the beginning, had been to double their political power by gaining all the corporate funds and influence to their side, and that they had succeeded in completely effecting that object. Doubtless they did acquire a great accession of influence; but in that very triumph were involved the seeds of their ultimate discomfiture. Bring democratic principles to the test of experience; that is the true and the only antidote to the evil. In the English burghs this test has already been applied; the reform town councils, elected by the two-pounders, have been nearly a year in possession of power, and thousands, who before were sincere friends of liberal principles, have been awakened to a sense of the ruinous effects of such a system, even in local governments. The rapacious and selfish system of local legislation which they every where set on foot; the grasping at every situation of emolument which was within their reach; the invariable conferring of them on the most violent and democratic of their party; the exclusion of worth, talent, or respectability from every office of trust or importance, if not recommended by the *sine qua non* of democratic activity and factious zeal; the prostitution even of the bench of justice to such unworthy purposes, speedily produced an impression more powerful than reasoning could have effected. The moderate, the worthy, the upright of the Liberal side, are insensibly driven into an alliance with the Conservative party, to avoid the effect of such a hideous inroad of local oppression; and out of the first great internal triumph of the democratic party are derived the means of ultimately subverting their ascen-

dency. Attend to the working of the reform town-council in Leicester as a specimen of the general working of the system in England, as detailed in the late admirable report to the Conservative Association of that place.

"Since the first establishment of this society there has been a material change in the situation and prospects of the country; they wish not to conceal, that the recent changes in the parliamentary and municipal elections have, by the introduction of a new constituency, added materially to the strength and influence of the revolutionary party, who now make no secret of their destructive projects. The whole influence of government is in their hands; every situation of trust or honour is monopolized by their dependents; and the continual agitation of the passions of the multitude by means of the almost incessant excitement of parliamentary, municipal, and parochial elections, is not the least of the evils consequent on those changes; these considerations seem to your committee to demand, not only increased energies from every friend of his country, but a judicious and vigorous direction of those energies. With respect to the former, your committee have not, for a moment, doubted that the resources of the country would rise with its necessities; and they have now the high satisfaction of announcing that *almost every Conservative of weight and influence in this town and neighbourhood has come forward to join and strengthen this society*. Your committee now confidently anticipate that its resources, if wisely directed, will be sufficient to enable this ancient borough to sustain her accustomed part in baffling the aims of faction, and in assisting to secure the great objects of constitutional association—the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty."

This is just as it should be: and this example, if generally followed, will render the corporate reform of the Whig Radicals the source of their ultimate ruin. Strong as the town councils are in the possession of funds and faction, both of which they will unsparingly devote to the purposes of democratic corruption, they are by no means equal, generally speaking, to a combination of all the worth and property of the

kingdom. The effect of all great political changes will be found to depend on a simple principle applicable to the subject, of such general notoriety as to have passed in private life into a proverb. "Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride him to the devil," is the homely enunciation of the principle applied to individuals, on which all real Conservative reaction in political societies, in every age of the world, has been founded, and which is destined in this country, sooner or later, with more or less distress, vexation, and suffering to the community, to correct all the liberal delusions which have been diffused for the last twenty years.

But in the midst of all the cheering hopes arising from these favourable symptoms in the times, it is of the highest importance to attend to the circumstances on which our hopes of a favourable result to the present struggle from these growing changes of public opinion can alone be founded. For in all ages and countries of the world a reaction against democratic principles has ensued in every old state as soon as they had for a few years been brought into actual practice; and the severest and most immovable despotisms which ever have oppressed mankind have been founded on the magnitude and vehemence of this reaction. But, generally speaking, it is only after having descended into the gulf of revolutionary suffering, that this signal change has taken place; and the sword of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, a Robespierre, a Napoleon, or a Louis-Philippe was required to correct the fatal poison of democratic principles. What is it then which authorizes us to hope that we are to form an exception to the general rule, and that, for the first time in the annals of mankind, a nation generally imbued with revolutionary passions is to return to a rational and healthful social state, without running the usual course of discord, bloodshed, and suffering? Here too it will be found that a principle of the simplest and most familiar kind in private life lies at the root of the difference; and that it is according as the seeds of evil can or cannot be successfully combated by the principles of virtue in our social condition, that we are to re-

solve the question, whether the equilibrium of society is to be restored by a gradual righting of the pyramid, or a sudden convulsion which is to overwhelm us all in its ruins.

Revolutionary passions are to nations precisely what unruly desires are to individuals; the career of successful democracy is exactly similar to the feverish career of the rake or the libertine—of both, while rioting in the embraces of harlots, and revelling in the orgies of intemperance, we may predict, with unerring certainty, that they will ere long be feeding swine in a foreign land. But to both the means of combating the principles of evil within their bosom are given; and their course is not irrevocably settled to suffering till many opportunities of amendment have been thrown away. It is in the strength of the counter-acting principles, in communities as well as single men, that we are to look for a solution of the question, whether the unruly passions are to be restrained by wisdom, or burnt out by suffering. If the feelings of religion, the lessons of virtue, and the dictates of wisdom are not wholly extinct; if the prodigal pauses on the threshold of his career, and a struggle ensues in his mind when the consequences of his extravagance begin to develop themselves; if, in short, he turns from the wickedness of his ways, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he may yet save his soul alive. But if he is callous to all these feelings, and deaf to all these suggestions—if he mistake licentiousness for liberty, and dissolution of restraint for the energies of freedom—if religion is forgotten, and duty abandoned, and the gratification of desire alone made the object of existence—the evil days assuredly will come, and an awful reckoning await him or his children.

In considering our present position and prospects, it is of the highest importance that the real cause of the obvious difference between the strength of the resistance to the principles of evil which has been offered in this country, and that which was presented in the continental states should be distinctly understood, and the nation should acquire a distinct perception of the

causes which have hitherto saved it from the worst and most irreparable consequences of revolutionary innovation, lest, from a blind feeling of security, we should part with our only means of safety; and from being deluded by the belief that we are altogether beyond the reach of disaster, precipitate ourselves headlong down the gulf.

The first and most important circumstance which distinguishes and has throughout distinguished the present struggles, both from the convulsions in the time of Charles I. and the instant ruin of the French Revolution, is the general influence of Christian principles, and the tardy but now powerful enlistment of RELIGION on the side of order. Experience in every age has proved that such is the virulence and poison of the revolutionary passion, that no antidote to the evil adequate to the contest can be relied on but the influence of religion. It is this great principle which is the real antagonist of unruly desires in nations as in individuals; St Michael, and St Michael alone, is capable of chaining the demon. England was subverted in 1648, because these antagonist forces were brought for a time to draw in the same direction; France was precipitated into the horrors of 1793, because the irreligious spirit of the age rendered nugatory in all but La Vendée the great counterpoise to the principle of evil. England was again brought to the brink of ruin in 1832, because the fatal heart-burnings consequent on Catholic emancipation had paralysed the whole Protestant strength of the realm. But the wisdom of Providence often makes circumstances seemingly the most disastrous the means of extricating both societies and individuals from dangers and difficulties, to all human appearance insurmountable. In the insolence consequent on Catholic triumph—in the open announcement of the objects of Popish ambition—in the virulence and animosity of the Romish priesthood and their nominees in the British Parliament is to be found the cause of the general resurrection of the religious spirit of the nation. All true friends of the church—all genuine Protestants in the ranks of the Dissenters—all Christians in sincerity and truth,

have now combined with the friends of the monarchy in combating the efforts of the coalition of Papists and infidels who have united for the destruction of the Protestant establishment. Insensibly the contest has assumed a religious character. Whig and Tory, Reformer and Anti-reformer, are becoming merged in the one grand distinction of Popish and Protestant. Matters are coming back to the issue between Rome and England as in 1642; the train is preparing for a repetition of the unanimous Protestant effort of 1688. The bridge of union between the higher and the lower orders of England, cut away by the Relief Bill of 1829, has been restored by the violence and ambition of the Popish demagogues. O'Connell confesses that the majority of England—of England so recently convulsed with Reform transports, is against him!

The next circumstance which essentially distinguishes, and has throughout the whole struggle distinguished the British Empire from the adjoining states of France and Spain during their revolution convulsions, is the continued residence of the holders of property in the country, and the courageous stand which they have made against the efforts of the democratic faction. It is here that the strength of a free constitution is to be found; it is in this difference that the essential distinction between revolutions when falling on a despotic state and a constitutional monarchy lies. The higher ranks in the former situation are unaccustomed to combine together for their mutual defence—they are ignorant of the strength of voluntary associations—they are trained to obey authority, and ignorant of the mode of resisting it when wielded by a faction hostile to themselves. But in a state long blessed with the enjoyments of freedom—among a people who for generations have been habituated to its exercise, the case is widely different. They do not give way at the first shock—they do not abandon all for lost when an organic change has been effected. The effect of such conduct upon the ultimate issue of the contest is prodigious. The efforts of the populace, powerful and often irresistible in moments of effe-

vescence, are not to be relied on for a long-continued contest. Political, like every other passion, wears itself out in process of time; it is the durable strength of property and virtue which alone can be trusted to for a protracted struggle. In France, upon the breaking out of the first revolution, the nobles and landholders, to the number of above eighty thousand, emigrated, and sought in foreign and hostile lands the means of regaining at the sword's point their influence and possessions; the strength of the nation disappeared during the contest, and the King, with a rebellious army and an insurgent capital, was left alone in the hands of his enemies. But in England, notwithstanding the great convulsion of 1832, and the flames of Bristol and Nottingham, not one landholder has emigrated. Through prosperity and adversity, through evil report and good report, the property, education, and talent of England have remained at home confronting the danger. It is by such conduct that a nation is saved: it is by the display of such civil virtues that it is worthy of being saved. It is in this constant residence of the better and more worthy part of the nation throughout the whole crisis; in the demonstration which their talents have afforded of their capacity, in the triumphant refutation which their virtues have afforded of the calumnies of their enemies, that the vital distinction between our convulsions, and the disasters of France is to found. Can there be the slightest doubt that if the eighty thousand emigrants, who deserted France in 1791, and for the most part placed the male members of their families in the ranks of its enemies, had remained at home, boldly confronted the danger, put themselves at the head of the heroes of La Vendée and the citizens of Lyons, and served as a rallying point to the friends of order all over the country, the unspeakable horrors of the Revolution would have been prevented; and instead of now groaning under an enslaving police, and burdensome military despotism, France, with its free energies developed but not destroyed during the struggle, would have been enjoying peace, security, and freedom, under the steady sway

of a tempered constitutional monarchy?

In estimating the essential points of distinction between the British and the French civil convulsions, the difference in the character of their respective monarchs must not be thrown out of view. To the vacillation, indecision, and morbid sensibility of the unhappy but virtuous Louis, Napoleon and Dumont, the author of the Rights of Man have ascribed all the horrors of the Revolution. Who could venture, heart and soul, into a contest, when the leader who was bound by honour and duty to place himself at its head could not be relied on by the subjects who were perilling their lives and estates in his cause? But the character of the English monarch is very different: he inherits the religious principle, and personal intrepidity of the Brunswick race. If he was unable singly to resist the Reform tempest when the Protestant strength and conservative energy of England were paralysed in 1831, and he was left alone with a revolutionary administration, he has shown that, when the virtue and courage of his people revived, he was worthy to be their leader in the struggle. He has declared to the bishops that he would die rather than betray the Protestant cause; he ventured alone to front the Reform fury when it was at its height in May 1832, and the insane multitude were blindly rushing on destruction by creating a run on the bank of England to overthrow the Duke of Wellington; he dared singly to front the danger, and change his ministers in autumn 1834, when measures fatal to the church were about to be pressed on his acceptance; he has never yet, though goaded on incessantly by flattery, threats, and violence, swamped the House of Peers.

Vain would have been all these causes of difference; vain the religious spirit of the people and the residence of the landowners; vain the intrepidity of the monarch and the growing resolution of his subjects, if the third estate in the realm had been submerged in the outset of the struggle, and the Peers of England, either by their prostration before a revolutionary creation, their junction with a democratic Commons, or any organic change in

their composition; had been disabled from standing forth, in unmutilated strength, to bear the brunt of the strife. It is here that the greatest, the *most providential* difference between the French and the English revolutions is to be found, because it is here that the friends of freedom and the constitution found a rallying point without recurrence to the fatal necessity, the *ultima remedium*, ruinous alike to the victorious and the vanquished of civil warfare. If by any of these means the revolutionary party had gained entire possession of the legislature, all their projects, how insane or ruinous soever, would at once have passed into law. The House of Peers can reject the bills which pass the Lower House, and thereby prevent the frame of the law from being altered; the exercise of that important power is a matter of prudence, public necessity, and expedience. Unquestionably this power should never be exercised but on great and pressing emergencies; unquestionably the Peers should never place themselves at the head of Opposition to the Lower House, but when an obvious necessity for their interference exists; unquestionably they should not come forth till the strength of the interest they are to support has clearly evinced itself in the country; but when this has been done, then is the time for the Peers to come forward and throw their shield over the constitution.

From the extraordinary circumstance of the interests of property and religion having been overthrown by a democratic majority in the House of Commons, the House of Peers have now come to occupy a totally different situation from that in which they formerly stood; and the balance of the constitution has come to be adjusted in a different manner from what, for a hundred and forty years, had given liberty and security to England. Formerly, the real struggle between the aristocratic and democratic bodies, the vital contest which ever has and ever must prevail in every free community, lay in the House of Commons; when a measure passed the Lower House, it was hardly ever, except in a cardinal matter, such as the Catholic question, re-

jected in the Upper. If the Peers, by the influence of their representatives in the Lower House, could not succeed in preventing or modifying a measure, they rarely stood forth in their persons to occasion its rejection. The memorable struggle between the Peers and the King on the one side, and a majority of the Commons on the other, in 1784, was the only instance during the last century in which this actual collision took place; and the result of the general election, when Mr Pitt was called by the King to the helm in spring, 1785, not only proved that the Monarch on that occasion had the nation on his side, but settled the constitution on a steady basis for half a century after. But by the Reform Act this felicitous state of things was at once terminated. Reason and justice could no longer slowly, steadily, and safely make their way against influence, authority, and power: the majority of the Lower House was thrown into fierce and relentless hostility to the constitution, and so far from the domestic strife being carried on within the walls of St Stephens, a chaos of unanimity prevailed in the decided majority of its members, and the contest was transferred to the threshold of the Peers. From that moment it became evident to all unimpassioned spectators, that unless the constitutional party could, by some unforeseen accident, speedily recover their ascendancy in the House of Commons, the inevitable consequence must be, that the struggle would ensue with the Upper House, and if it was overthrown, the liberties, property, and religion of England were consigned to perdition.

The conduct of the House of Peers during this arduous crisis was a model of prudence and wisdom. Had they thrown themselves too soon into the breach, they would have been in all probability trampled under foot during the first transports of the Reform mania, and the Commons being then omnipotent, the career of the Constituent Assembly lay clearly traced out before the nation. Had they held back under the influence of timidity or irresolution, when the time for putting forth their strength had arrived, they would have utterly paralysed the friends of the consti-

tution in the nation, by destroying their confidence in their natural leaders. But they were under the guidance of a leader of cool and tried resolution, who had seen many a hard fought field, and proved victorious in them all. In 1833 and 1834, it was in vain for the Peers to think of openly resisting the Commons; the nation was not then sufficiently recovered from its delusion to have supported them in the attempt. But those were precious years for England; unnoticed by the triumphant revolutionary party—unheeded amidst the transports of processions, banners, and tricolour flags, unheard amidst the din of public meetings and hustings' declamation, the tide was silently turning; the flood-mark had been reached, and the receding wave already began to desert the shore.

This important change became at once conspicuous, when by the calling of Sir R. Peel to the head of his Sovereign's councils in the close of 1834, an opportunity was afforded of appealing to the sense of the nation. The general election of January, 1835, restored matters to a very different situation. From 100 the Conservative members were restored to 300. The effect of this alteration was in every way, and in the highest degree, advantageous. Hope, all but banished during the gloom of the preceding years, re-entered the Conservative ranks. But most of all was the change advantageous, by the desperate and reckless course which it led the Government to adopt. The Conservatives in the House were 300; the Radicals 180; the Whigs 150; the Neutrals 18 or 20. By uniting cordially with Sir Robert Peel they might have checked the progress of revolution; and in conjunction with the Conservatives have formed a powerful durable administration, supported by a majority of 150 in both Houses of Parliament. But such a course was inconsistent with their deadly and envenomed hatred of the Tories, and their rabid passion for the retention of power. They joined themselves in consequence to O'Connell and the Radicals; and openly hoisted the colours of organic change and Protestant destruction. This at once doubled the Conservative strength; it brought

the Waverers, and the immense body of the timid and the irresolute over to the cause of order; it roused the dormant but giant energies of THE REFORMATION. The effect of this, we are persuaded, will prove in the end more salutary, than if, by a junction of Whigs and Tories in 1835, the Radicals had been for the time suppressed. Such an union would have closed the tumour; it would neither have healed it, nor eradicated the poison. All great and durable political changes in a free community must begin with the middling ranks; public opinion, in the really virtuous and intelligent, must be the basis of the alteration; strength must be infused into the higher orders by support and assistance from below. It is this which the O'Connell alliance has done to the cause of England.

The wisdom which all this time directed the national reserve of England saw the change. The Peers made the first essay of their strength in striking out the most dangerous clauses of that great democratic innovation, the Corporate Reform Bill of England; and the result, however unimportant, so far as extracting the venom from that measure was concerned, was in the highest degree satisfactory, as demonstrating the temper of the nation, and the returning good sense of the people. It had been predicted that the collision with the Peers was to be the signal for an universal explosion; that hundreds of thousands of swords would start from their scabbards to avenge the majesty of the people; that the rebellious and infatuated nobles were to be crushed under the weight of general indignation. In prophesying thus, however, the democratic leaders fell into the usual error of shallow minds, that of judging of the present by the past. They thought 1835 was 1831. They forgot the effect of four years' intermediate experience of Whig Government and democratic ascendancy. The collision, of which so much had been said, accordingly took place; no general effervescence ensued; and the Peers felt, from this first essay, that hopes yet remained of successfully resuming the struggle.

Events mean while proved to the last degree favourable to the righting of the public mind. O'Connell

commenced his itinerant crusades against the House of Lords. At Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, he began to scatter sedition abroad and preach up the destruction of the hereditary Peerage. Elated by the magnitude of their triumph in the municipal elections, the Government thought the nation was now ripe for *organic change*, in other words, complete revolution; and their emissaries in the press have ever since incessantly inculcated the necessity of the substitution of an elective upper chamber for an hereditary Peerage, and the extension of democratic influence in the Lower House by the adoption of vote by ballot, household suffrage, and triennial Parliaments. We no longer hear of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill"—*Maxima Charta* has fallen into discredit.—Fresh advances in the career of revolution, organic change, are now the cry. Hundreds of thousands, who formerly were seduced by the pleasing illusion of democratic principles, have in consequence had their eyes opened to the errors of their ways; the Government no longer talk of a dissolution. Encouraged by these appearances; reassured by the obvious and palpable change of opinion in the country; perceiving that the strife was all but equal in the House of Commons, the Duke of Wellington saw the decisive moment had arrived. A huge mass of democratic bills, rashly and crudely digested in the Lower House, hastily and disrespectfully sent up to the Upper, were rejected. The revolutionary venom was extracted from many others which in part passed the ordeal. Whig-Radical cupidity, the passion for revolutionary change, received a signal check; Ministers were not permitted to fasten on the country in every direction a sordid crew of obsequious dependents. The Irish Church was rescued from the spoliation which, in Lord Melbourne's words, would necessarily have proved "a heavy blow, and great discouragement to Protestantism." The Catholics were indeed elated beyond measure at their open alliance with government; the Cathedral of Tuam was opened with truly hierarchial splendour; the Gazette de France announced the speedy downfall of Protestan-

tism; but mean while the tide had turned, the ardent glow of the Reformation was revived, and the people of England began to speak of Latimer and Ridley, and the lighting of a fire which, by the blessing of God, should never be extinguished.

Whether or not the *whole* bills rejected by the Upper House should be permanently rejected is a totally different question. Very possibly some of them may contain much matter worthy of approbation, and fit for the deliberate consideration of the legislature at a future period. The real question at issue in the recent struggle between the two Houses was not the separate and intrinsic merits of each measure which was brought before the Peers, but their *existence as an independent branch of the legislature*. Ministers had plainly resolved to reduce them to the mere rank of a court assembled to register the decrees of the House of Commons. For this purpose they prepared, by themselves or their revolutionary allies, an immense variety of bills; some striking at the Church, others increasing democratic influence, almost all fraught with numerous offices for Whig-Radical dependents or underlings. In the preparation of these measures, they spent the whole session from February to July. In August these bills having passed the Commons, began to make their appearance in the Peers; and daily measures of vast importance were brought up which their Lordships were expected to pass in as many days as it had taken their democratic task-masters in the Commons months to prepare and discuss them. The Radicals complain of the rejection of so many bills by the House of Peers, and stigmatize them as resolved to obstruct all reform, even for the most important practical purposes. Why, we will venture to assert that the swiftest reader at the English bar could not, if he had sat up all August and September, night and day, have got through one-half of the bills thus sent up for their instant passing or rejection. They literally formed, like the Roman law, *multorum camelorum onus*. They were sufficient to constitute work for ten years of busy and anxious deliberation.

The objects of Ministers in thus

suddenly deluging the Peers with a flood of democratic or interested legislation was obvious. If they passed them, under circumstances where deliberation or consideration was out of the question, they were obviously proclaimed to the country as a mere court of registration; the supreme authority was vested in the House of Commons, which alone was practically invested with the power of deliberation. If they rejected them, then the cry could be raised of their being obstructives—of their setting their face against all improvement—and of an organic change in their Constitution being indispensable to work out the principles of the Reform Bill. In either case their annihilation as an independent assembly appeared easy; in the first alternative, by practically exhibiting their insignificance to the people; in the second, by raising a cry which might in the end prove fatal to their existence.

Under the blessing of Providence, the pernicious effects resulting to Ministers from the O'Connell alliance, and the extraordinary prudence, firmness, and talent exhibited by the House of Peers in the struggle, have hitherto defeated this cunningly conceived project; and not only did that assembly never stand so high in public estimation as they now do, but the prospects of Conservatism and the hopes of preparing a constitutional monarchy are incomparably fairer now than they have been since the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. The Peers are now looked to by the holders of property, and the men of education of every description, as the real and only barrier which exists between the nation and revolutionary spoliation followed by democratic slavery. But that able and intrepid body should consider, that, however highly they are now estimated for having thrown themselves into the breach, and cast down the dragon of revolution at the first encounter, yet the weapons they have employed in the conflict may, in the end, if not duly tempered, prove dangerous to themselves. If year after year go on, and the bills sent up by the Commons are rejected, the people will become impatient of restraint, and the cry of their being

obstructives may swell into a reform tempest which may finally sink the constitution. It is impossible to over-estimate the *insouciance* and inattention of the masses of mankind; the surface alone is seen by them; the repetition of falsehood, for a certain time, in the end makes it pass for truth. To obviate this danger we would earnestly and emphatically recommend to the Peers to prepare, *bring into their own House, and mature by full and anxious debates, during the whole session*, a great variety of bills having a practically beneficial character. Let them unflinchingly throw out all bills coming up from the Commons with a democratic or selfish character; but as sedulously mature and send down to them many measures calculated, without benefiting either the democratic or the aristocratic parties, *to remedy existing and practical evils, and alleviate the sufferings of the poor*. Such topics are innumerable; in the heat of party or selfish legislation they are now all but forgotten, but their importance would at once appear if brought forward, night after night, in the House of Peers by the ability of a Lyndhurst, an Abinger, or an Ashburton. The introduction of a well-digested system of poor laws into Ireland, free equally from the abuses of the old and the cruelty of the new system in England; the correction of the monstrous inhumanity of the present law on that subject established by the Whigs; the establishment of a permanent and extensive system of emigration, by the aid of Government, from Ireland; the new modelling and extending the Church, especially in the manufacturing districts, so as to include the unconverted who swarm in the realm; and the erection of a permanent system for making the ecclesiastical accommodation keep pace with the growth of the population; the extension of local courts and cheap justice in the provinces; the interests of India—of the West Indies—of Canada, are among these important topics which might occupy their Lordships' attention; and by bringing before the eyes of the people the *real ameliorations they are heartily disposed to promote*, effectually extinguish the cry of their being opposed to all improvement. It

will not do in these times to be merely a court of review; they must be also a court of original jurisdiction. We attach the highest importance to the early and able adoption of this system; indeed we are convinced the issue of the struggle depends upon its being put in practice.

It is hardly necessary to add, that all the advantages which have been enumerated, as flowing, and likely to flow from the resistance of the Upper House to the democratic advances of the Lower, flow, and can alone flow from it, when it retains its present character of an *hereditary assembly*. The instant that this fundamental condition in its constitution is broken in upon; the moment that, under whatever pretence, or however disguised, under a pretended respect for its authority, it is rendered in any degree an *elective chamber*, its whole constitutional importance, as a barrier against revolution, is at an end. It will then immediately become swayed, and tinged by the prevailing opinions and passions of the day; and instead of retarding, accelerate the advance of democratic ambition, by exhibiting an additional power in the state, swayed by its impulses, and actuated by its spirit. We are noways moved by the insidious, though true observation of O'Connell, that at present a majority of Englishmen, if polled, would on a crisis support the House of Lords. That may be perfectly true, but it does not in the slightest degree diminish our sense of the paramount necessity of supporting, and at all times having an hereditary Upper House of Parliament. We cannot permanently rely on the strenuous and persevering efforts of the present day: we must not calculate upon always possessing a Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, a Peel in the House of Commons, or a Wellington, to throw over the whole the might of his name and the wisdom of his councils. In the long run, no protection against the advances of democracy can be relied on, but the good sense and patriotic spirit of the property of the country, headed and supported in a separate House by an hereditary Aristocracy. There is no example in history of an Elective House of Peers ever being of the smallest service in resisting the ad-

vances either of popular or regal ambition. What did Napoleon's Elective and Conservative Senate do, either to withstand the severity of the Emperor, or check the revolutions of the state? Nothing. What have the hereditary Barons of England, in every age, from Runnymede to Maxima Charta, done to resist the tyranny of the Crown, and temper the madness of the people? Every thing. It is their hereditary quality which renders them on all such occasions of such inestimable importance, because it gives them a lasting stake and durable interest in the country, and relieves them from those perpetual vacillations and changes of opinion or measures, in which the chief danger of democratic institutions is to be found.

The apprehension that an Upper House so constituted should prove a permanent barrier to improvement, or check in any degree the progress of useful legislation is, in this age and this country, of all alarms the most groundless. Granting that an unfettered aristocracy, like that of Venice or Austria, may throw a grievous bar in the way of the progress of freedom or the emancipation of mankind, can it be seriously argued that such an irresistible body of nobles is to be found in this country as would prove adequate, contrary to the general wish of the people, to prevent important changes? Deprived of the strong support which they now derive from the opinion and encouragement of nine-tenths of the property and education of the state, the Peers of England would speedily be compelled to succumb. What could they do, when during the Reform mania a large part of the steady body was swept away by the popular current? Peers are not different from other men: they live and associate with the Commons, and invariably adopt, though perhaps last of all the classes in the nation, the changes of opinion or measures which the progress of society renders necessary. They do not now live in feudal castles, nor are they surrounded by armed retainers, so as to render them a formidable military force. They do not wear full-bottomed wigs; nor tilt at tournaments, nor fight with lances and arrows as their ancestors did two or three hundred years ago. A Peer

of 1836 is as different in opinion as well as manners or dress from one of 1536 as a Commoner is. All the great changes in the Constitution, Magna Charta, the Revolution of 1688, were carried with their aid and concurrence. To the Reform Bill they opposed a decided and uncompromising resistance; and it became a law, not by the aid of their votes, but by their compulsory withdrawal from Parliament. And certainly the effect of that great change, hitherto at least, has been any thing rather than an impeachment of the wisdom of their councils and their importance as an integral part of the Constitution.

But the people should constantly recollect, that while the last hopes of freedom, religion and property, rest on the maintenance of the House of Lords as a separate hereditary branch of the Legislature, yet it is not by themselves alone that their position in the breach can be maintained. The example of the manner in which the Reform Bill was forced upon the House of Peers in opposition to the decided and declared opposition of a great majority of its members, purely from the supineness and apathy of the Conservatives throughout the country, may serve as an example of what may again be effected, if, on a similar clamour being raised for factious purposes, the holders of property and the men of education shall again stand aloof, or join the ranks of the enemy. Let but the Conservative body through the country cease to support the Upper House for a single month, and a Radical Revolution may ensue. Notices enough are to be found on the order-book of the House of Commons to sweep away the Constitution and Monarchy in a single session, if the breach now occupied by the Upper House is not adequately supported. We admit the hardship of perpetual vigilance and excitement; of no small expenditure of time and money; of the constant drain upon talent and industry to maintain the conflict; but it is absolutely unavoidable. It is the price which the nation pays for

the blessings of the Reform Bill—for the inappreciable advantages of Whig-Radical government, and O'Connell's tail.

A majority must be regained in the House of Commons, or the barrier now erected with heroic resolution by the House of Lords may be shot away. This majority must be regained by the efforts of the middling ranks. No sacrifices of time or money, no expenditure of vigour or talent, can be deemed too great to achieve such an object. On it hangs the future greatness or fall of the British empire. But time and money, vigour and talent, are not alone sufficient; ORGANIZATION and COMBINATION are indispensable to success—a disconnected mass of Conservatives is like a mob of brave men—perfectly useless in the day of conflict. Previous discipline and preparation, a thorough organization and subdivision of labour, is indispensable. The enemy are entrenched in the citadels of the land; the Reform Town-Councils are their strongholds. Let voluntary combination unite the whole holders of property and friends of religion in one Holy Alliance together, and these strongholds must fall. Let the Leicester Conservative Association be taken as the model for similar leagues through every town and village of the empire: let the utmost efforts be used to diffuse and encourage the Conservative press: the Manchester and Worcester Conservative Operative Societies show what may be the fruit of such exertions. How was South Lancashire won?—By combination, and the Conservative Associations. How was Cumberland, with more Conservative property and feeling, lost? By the want of them. We repeat what we said in May, 1835, and which has since been repeated by a greater authority in Merchant Tailor's Hall, and become the watchword of the friends of the Constitution throughout the land: "It is in the Registration Courts that the battle of the Constitution is to be fought and won."

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. I.

WHAT a multitude of strange, touching, odd, melancholy, humorous, and terrible things pass daily through the world! Now gazed at, wondered at, laughed at, shuddered at—and forgotten. Horace imputes the oblivion of the heroes who lived before Hector, to their want of a Homer. “*Carent quia vate sacro.*” The age of the poets is past, for one generation at least. But where are our Thomas Hearnese, our Beloe, our Seward, our Nicholse, the whole race of anecdote, those gipsies on the common of literature, those indefatigable beaters of the stubbles of life, with their eyes perpetually questing for game, and the gun perpetually at full cock to shoot down every fresh folly as it flew? Where are our Boswells, more amusing and ridiculous than them all? those carriers of the slippers, and carousers on the slipslop of the clever; those eager feeders on the crumbs dropped from the table of talent; those solemn followers of great names, like the attendant on the sacred camel of the pilgrimage to Mecca, for ever holding on by his tail, and proud to gather all that else might have fallen unheeded to the ground! But, peace be to them all. The Oxford adage, worthy of Solon himself, “*Omnis canis habet diem suum,*” is their hereditary epitaph; the full record of their virtues, talents, and achievements. They are mingled with the dust which they so often shook from the shelves of airless libraries, and deterged from the binding of books made for mortality.

We shall henceforth act as the representatives of all that is wise, witty, novel, and brilliant in the passing world. We shall exhibit in ourselves the march of mind. Where our predecessors were the grub, we shall be the butterfly; where they were the jackall, we shall be the lion; where they were the mole, we shall be the lynx; where they were the owl, we shall be the eagle. Where the past race of Lookers-on scarcely

ventured to look through their spectacles, we shall fix a naked eye, fearless as it is naked; we shall be piercing, penetrating, fearless, and universal! And now, “*In medias res.*”

There must be seasons of fever in the blood of nations. And why not? since they are composed of men. There are differences, however, in their ways of taking it, in the manner, and in the cure. The Italian is fevered from the Alps to the Mediterranean by a new fiddler, a new saint, or a new cantatrice. The distemper exhibits itself in a paroxysm of rapture, and is carried off in a sudden explosion of popular poetry and the bankruptcy of half-a-dozen principles. The German's fever is for a new constitution, a new curl of the mustache, or a new receipt for making beer. It is cured by a journey to the dungeons of Laybach, or the casemates of Spandau, a royal ordonnance for the general shaving of all non-employés, or the dropsy. But the Frenchman's fever is as full of change as Cynthia herself, full of clouds and gusts as an autumnal day, and full of himself in all. In the beginning of the year, the fever was for Spanish regeneration, then the change turned to Algerine colonization, and the rapture of living in 110 degrees of Fahrenheit. The next was conspiracy and the art of erecting the rabble of Paris into legislators, turning the Palais Royal into a House of Lords, and balancing the weight of that obnoxious limb of the legislature by turning the Champ de Mars into the site of a House of Commons. Then came the regicide month, and Alibeu, as the *chef* of the *cuisine*, the embodied crisis of the fever, fired a brace of bullets at Louis-Philippe, a fat man, and within three inches of his stomach, and—missed! Then came the Algerine massacre month, when all Paris, panic-struck, all Toulon, thunder-struck, and all Algiers, moon-struck,

heard of Abdel Kader's performances; the showy charges of his ten thousand wild horsemen; the intolerable bore of his long muskets; the braying of his trumpets through the ravines of the Atlas, and all the terrors of the Troglodyte roar, till the whole embarkation of pianistes and perfumers, dancers and diplomata-tists fell back; the glory of France was tarnished, and the march of civilisation and cigars in Algiers was postponed for a century to come.

The *type* of the disease at present is the "Duello." But in France every thing is done as nothing is done in any other spot under the stars, and the principals in those affairs are the scribes of the newspapers! The war-passion has perished in every other class in France. The fiery field-m Marshals are metamorphosed into quiet old gentlemen, some mending pens in a secretary's office; others carrying consecrated candles, in processions to the Virgin Mary; the rest gone home submissively to their wives. The whole minor multitude that once used to make life belligerent in every street and coffeehouse of "La Belle France," the "*vieux moustaches*," the "*beaux sabreurs*," the "*braves des braves*," the "*gens superbes de l'aiguillete*," have all subsided into that dull "Pacific ocean," which now flows over the French empire, ten thousand fathom deep below. But the warriors now are the men of the inkstand, the *ci-devant* obscure, whose only pellets once were paragraphs. The *ci-devant* trumpeters now form the only squadrons over which the Republican Bellona condescends to nod her plumes. The *ci-devant* puppet showmen are now the actors themselves, substitute their own skulls for the wooden occiputs of their laced and epauletted fantocini, and instead of pulling the strings of those professional pommellers, volunteer the absurdity of knocking out each other's brains.

The duel of M. Armand Carrel, in which that bustling Jacobin lost his life, in the attempt to send a bullet through his brother editor, was but one of the classed catalogue of French folly. The survivor in the combat, himself miserably shattered, has had the honour of a notification, that a whole tribe of "gentlemen of

the press" are only waiting to know when it will be his pleasure to be shot again. Six weeks of agony in his bed have probably tended to cool the belligerent within him. He has accordingly returned for answer, that he is not yet in a condition to be shot. But the *gens d'esprit* have resolved on a general field-day. The answer has not been deemed satisfactory. The aspiring heroes of the desk feel themselves defrauded of their fame, while the obnoxious editor has the breadth of a French crown of his frame unriddled; the shooting galleries are filled with heroes practising for his service, at sixpence a-day; and the select specimens of *La Jeune France* are measuring the dozen yards in the Plain of Grenelle, which are so often preparatory to half the number of feet in the *Père la Chaise*.

Carrel himself was an emblem of this "Young France," the tender, romantic, and pathetic title of as mischievous, unromantic, and hard-natured a generation as ever robbed on a highway. With some cleverness and an infinity of presumption, some spirit and the reverse of principle, some knowledge and no experience, he was a fierce, violent, idle, and bitter enemy of the public peace. It is no satisfaction to those whose quiet he thus invaded, or whose follies he tempted into revolutionary riot, that he led a wretched, weary, troubled life; that he was hunted by power, poor and an exile. Let such be the fate of every Jacobin. Let the disturber of men's minds feel in his own person the penalty of his profligate labours; and the man who betrays dupes into the dungeon, or stimulates madmen to the scaffold, be the first to lodge within the walls of the one, or mount the steps of the other. But to those who are ambitious of following his steps in any country, the career of Carrel should be a warning. No man ever devoted himself to the work of public tumult, who did not instantly subvert all his own hopes of personal happiness. What is the plaudit of the rabble to the reckless and anxious life of the demagogue.

Carrel's closing hours exhibited something of that strange superstition which so often mingles with

the most insolent infidelity. It is difficult for any man to extinguish in his bosom the original stamp of immortality. With the man of virtue this stamp, like the jewels on the breast of the Jewish High Priest, often grows bright and oracular as his days approach their end. The living characters of heaven throw a light over the dimness of the tomb. With the infidel they often turn like a brand upon the heart, his last hours are distracted with sudden terrors of the future, and the scoffer at sacred things shrinks into the slave of a sickly imagination. In his last night, Carrel thought that he saw his dead mother appear, and warn him of his fate next day. He went to the ground palpably under this feeling, exhibited a dejection which had never been seen in him before, lost his unerring aim, and in another instant received his mortal wound.

Two revolutions in the Peninsula. Who can doubt that some extraordinary change is preparing for the world? Is it that revolution is to envelop all Europe? or that the few nations still capable of being saved, are to be saved by being thus startled at the atrocity, folly, and misery of revolution? The truth is now palpably before us. In other times democracy wore a robe which practically disguised its vileness from the eye. The ruffian was there, but it was the ruffian of the melodrama; he flourished in the tinsel of antiquity, he brandished the dagger with the name of Brutus on the blade, he declaimed the sounding fustian of vice in the tones of the stage. But in the later instance it is the ruffian of the streets. Where are the grievances?—the price of brandy. Where the infringements on the liberty of the subject?—the prohibition of the drunken soldier to set fire to his barrack and sabre his officer. What the achievement of freedom?—the license of the soldiers to march into the royal palace, and there compel a frightened woman to take the pen in hand, and in a circle of drawn swords, and in the midst of brutalities and blasphemies, write according to the dictation of the drunkards. Here then we have revolution in its genuine state. Furious ignominy, low

insolence, and sanguinary tyranny, the sole agents in the regenerative process of national freedom in the nineteenth century. In the French overthrow of the monarchy, there was something to deceive the wise, and something to allure the imaginative. The Circe of the cavern was a creature of strange and powerful spells. She had the subtlety of the enchantress, if she had the sternness. Her countenance was dazzling, if her feet were dabbled in blood. The flame from her altar shot bold and high, even if it were fed with the hearts of human beings. But here all is sullen, base, and equalid; a riot in a jail would show as much magnanimity, an insurrection of galley-slaves would show as principled a respect for right or religion. And what is to be the practice of the constitution founded on this quick-sand? Can we, in common sense, conceive that the offering will not bear the mark of its parentage; that what was conceived in drunkenness, ferocity, and rapine, will not still more broadly flourish in the original abomination; and unless it should be strangled in its birth by its own profligate generators, give, every day of its growth, but more formidable evidence of innate rapacity, faithlessness, and turpitude?

In what condition, too, will these events place all the surrounding kingdoms? With two republics ringing the tocsin south of the Pyrenees, what power can prevent the echo on the north? Will Italy, with the knife in her girdle, refuse the pay which the Peninsular revolution offers to the rebels of the world? Will the dreams of the German never be roused into sleepwalking by the sudden blaze shot across the horizon from the furnace where the diadems of Spain and Portugal are melting down into the debased currency of the rabble? And when this confusion shall be complete, and the monarchs and the mob are trampling each other in every field of Europe, may not some vast dynasty, which has hitherto kept beyond the range of the conflict, let loose its weight at once, and rolling its hundreds of thousands of barbarian soldiery, like a tide of fire and iron, over the continent, crush the combatants together;

and having made this peace of the grave, sit in sullen tyranny over the general wreck of freedom?

Johnson used to say, that there were two kinds of talent—the talent for doing well what nobody did, and the talent for doing well what everybody did, and that the latter is the true one after all. “Puffs,” said Mathews, “have had their day.” But that cleverest of Mimes was mistaken: they have their day still, and are at this moment beginning to bloom with the floridness of a dahlia show.

There is in the genus puff a curious regard to the periods of the year. From July to September, the puff is as much in a state of non-vegetation as the tulip. It sinks from the eye, lies wrapt up in its own integuments, yet it thus prepares, in silence and secrecy, for the expansion of its colours and capsules in due time. About the beginning of October it sprouts, through the winter puts its head above ground in bolder expansion, and is in full flower through March, May, and June. During those three months, the auctioneer species, the publisher, the milliner, and the dentist are peculiarly brilliant. The fancy of all is in full glow, the language rich, and all the delicacies of description most delicate; the whole being as totally different from the arid, exhausted, frail, and falling beauties of the past season as a French bonnet fresh from Herbaut’s unrivalled hands is from a French bonnet which has run the rounds of Lord Hertford’s *dejeunés*, the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the Gravesend steamer, the waltz-nights at Devonshire House, the Olympic Theatre, and the Marchesa di Salza’s (late Lady Strachan, as the newspapers say) most select soirées.

However, there are some very promising specimens in the market already, evidences of the skill to which we have arrived in forcing. A music publisher thus displays one of the prettiest contrivances we know. A song, with a lithograph on the outside, displaying a broad-faced and open-mouthed young woman, with a prodigiously languishing physiog-

nomy, is prefaced by something in this style:—

“Extract of a letter from the Hon. Mrs N.—Pray, my dearest Adeline, have you heard this ballad? It is the most exquisite *morceau* on earth. Mathilda de — sang it at a large party here two nights since. The admiration was indescribable. We were all, the General, the Dean, and Lord E—, absolutely in tears. The Bishop ran out of the room, as he afterwards acknowledged, simply that he might not disgrace himself by exhibiting his emotion. Mathilda de — is, you know, one of the most fascinating creatures alive, except for a slight obliquity of vision, and that peculiarity of feature which our gallant neighbours so gallantly call the *petit nez retroussé*. But this song actually worked the wonder of giving her a new style of countenance. She looked quite a beauty of romance—the nose Italian, and the eye sublime. I recommend it to all our friends who sit for their pictures. Of the composer, I regret to say, I am wholly unable to give you any exact account. But I think the secret history of it is, a moment of inspiration of Paesello, polished by Rossini. Of the delicious poetry I happen to know a little more. The verses are from the pen of Charles B. Poor Charles! he is, I am afraid, hopelessly in love. His fine eyes are continually fixed on —. But on that subject I must be silent; yes, my dear Adeline, silent as the grave.

“I resume my pen to make a thousand apologies for giving you a commission. It is, that you immediately desire some London publisher to give this incomparable *bijou* to the world. Send it to Murray or Colburn; but, on second thoughts, I believe I remember (I am the most thoughtless creature alive) that they publish nothing but reviews, or maps, or some such things. However, order its immediate publication—from forty to fifty thousand copies for the first edition. We shall want ten thousand for ourselves here. All the country are soliciting us to write them out, and we have done so till our fingers absolutely are half worn off, and we dread the sight of a letter, for fear it should bring some fresh demand upon our

exhausted powers of transcription. *Toujours vôtre.*

"P.S. Lose not a moment in directing the ten thousand to be sent here. The Oxford mail is perhaps the safest conveyance. We all *pine* for their arrival.

"Encore un fois. Adieu."

The recommendation of the fair writer we hold to be equally authentic and irresistible.

A puff of a more practical order, but not without cleverness in its vocation, has just appeared in the front of one of those shrines of happiness which have obtained the rather anomalous name of gin palaces. Our objection is not to the assumption of the name of palace by the presiding genius of gin, but to the arrogance of the palace proper, in aspiring to give a name to the shrine. What similitude has, for instance, the heaviness of St James's, or the extravagance of the Pimlico Palace, to the lightness and grace of one of those *locales* of libation? What similitude the dreary dimness of either of those royal abodes to the brisk illumination of the crowd of lamps and lustres which make the galaxy of the gin-shop? Palaces are proverbially the haunts of care, clouded brows, dismal etiquette, and studied deception: who will charge those melancholies and criminalities on the pavilions where the votaries of taste convene under the sceptre of Sir Felix Booth?—rightly called *Felix*—the monarch of a population whose gaiety could not be chilled, even were they sent to people his new empire by the pole, nor whose hearts could know the gloom of care, though in the deepest cells of the Old Bailey.

The master of the pavilion alluded to, summons all the world to a "performance" which he pronounces to be unrivalled. His *annonce* is in the form of a theatrical placard, with all the elegancies, colours, varieties, and figures of printing and of speech, which make the bill the most eloquent, as it is the most colossal, of all authorship. The bill is headed, "Theatre Royal," and the "sole lessee" invites all the lovers of good things—the "pure" well of English undefiled—the critics of *taste*—and the "*amateurs* of

fashion," to patronise his endeavours to produce a capital *entertainment*. Eschewing the title of a mere vender of the essences of Sir Felix's distillery, he aspires to the display of all the luxuries which can delight the eye, exhilarate the brain, and pass, like Hamlet's recitations, "trippingly across the tongue."—The principal performance is a general tour of Europe by John Bull in person. The scene is first laid in Portugal, where, says the programme, "John Bull, weary of the waters of the Atlantic, and feeling a general disgust to water of all kinds, is delighted to find himself snug in *port*. He then proceeds to *Madeira*—then, after indulging himself with all the pleasures round him, he touches on *Teneriffe*, less, however, for its own sake than for that of engaging himself in a *hermitage*, supposed to be originally founded by the monks, and still remarkably a favourite with the good fathers. He now roves from spot to spot, sometimes lingers on the *Johannisberg*, sometimes plunges into the Moselle—then hastening to the north, spends some time in enjoying the beauties of Burgundy and Champagne. Then turning southward, makes a considerable stay at Bourdeaux. Yet, after all, thinks of Old England, and longs to be snug in *port* again."

Such being the sketch of the play, he proceeds to state the names of the principal players engaged. These are chiefly foreigners—Signors Claretto, Lisbano, Falernio, Sheryno, &c., for the serious parts. Monsieurs and Madames Cognac, Ratafia, Vin d'Amours, and Maraschino de Zara, for the ballet—and Messrs Strong Ale, Rummer, Stout, Ferintosh, Porter, &c., for the pantomime and grand tumbling. He has also had the happiness to engage for the tight-rope, a performer who has exhibited the most extraordinary performances in the four quarters of the world, who has been a favourite with all classes wherever he went, from the palace to the cottage, equally admired in private and public exhibitions, and an especial object of admiration to several of the reigning sovereigns, male and female, of the continent. In short,

a professor who never has had a rival in turning the heads of mankind, "The celeberrimo grandissimo Signor Aquavite!" The bill concludes with a declaration, which forms so strong a contrast to the illiberality of other theatres, that it should not be forgotten. It is, that "Orders to any extent will be admitted at the doors!" Such exertions, and such qualities, surely must bring down public patronage in showers, like Jupiter to Danae, if it be capable of feeling an interest in public merits; and we have no doubt, that whatever may be the thinness of other places of the acting drama, the tide of population will be found flowing nightly within the walls of the new Boothian Pavilion.

"Straws," says the father of English philosophy, "are slight things, but they show which way the wind blows." A straw of this sort has been lately thrown up by the Papists in Essex. That county has been long distinguished for its loyalty, its peaceableness, and its faithful attachment to the Protestant religion. All this has been uninterrupted for a hundred years and more, from that happy period when the Revolution of 1688 freed the land from the terrors of Popish domination, and gave us freedom and religion in place of bitter superstition and abject slavery. But times are changed. The Papists are conceiving hopes of attaining the old supremacy which enabled them to compel every man to worship "bits of the true cross," bowls of "the genuine milk of the Virgin Mary," St Dunstan's shin-bone, St Gregory's os frontis, the remnant of St Ursula's nose, and the crupper of the horse on which Pope Innocent III. rode up to Paradise. In full expectation that the days are at hand when Englishmen will pay for masses to redeem their souls out of purgatory, at a penny a-day, or a pound, if they like a more rapid process and a cooler place, they are beginning to gather subscriptions and build chapels for the worship of the wafer.

But in the instance to which we allude, something like a premature insult seems intended. The old Protestant church at Brentwood, on

the high road to Chelmsford from London, having been found too small for the congregation, a new church has been built, as close, of course, as possible to the site of the former one, for the convenience of the people of the town. This convenience, and the old site, were a fully sufficient reason for the position. But the Papists, of whom a small number live in the neighbourhood, excited by their priests, have fixed on a site for a Popish chapel within a stone's throw of the church, and between it and the Foundation Grammar school—Lord Petre giving the ground. Now, whether this location was the work of malice and insolence, or not—and there can be no doubt that a hundred other sites would have answered any legitimate purpose equally well—Lord Petre possessing a vast extent of land in all directions round the town—the result is likely to be attended with unlucky feelings on all sides. The Protestant congregation will weekly be brought into almost immediate contact, if not into direct collision with a congregation who are taught to despise, abhor them, and declare them heretics, utterly excluded from salvation.

The passion of the Papist for supremacy, and the dreadful use which he has always made of that supremacy, make us naturally deprecate all opportunities given for the indulgence of the Papist's temper. If ill blood arise out of this juxtaposition, the crime and the consequences will be theirs who foolishly and arrogantly thus revive impressions essentially productive of alarm on the one side, and offence on the other. Lord Petre is a man of great opulence, the possessor of upwards of £20,000 a-year in this county alone, besides large property in Hertfordshire and other parts of England. Yet what good has he ever done at the head of this opulence? Where are his donations to the public charities of the county? Where are his subscriptions to the plans for the public benefit of the county? Where are even his hospitalities to the gentlemen of the county? When he condescends to visit the estate from which he draws his great income, he sits in sullen and useless solitude, hoards his money, unregarded and

unknown until he can carry it away with him; takes a melancholy gallop or two after a pack of fox-hounds; and then is gone. Even in this man's patronage of the Popish chapel there is the characteristic visible. His whole beneficence amounts to L.100 and the bricks! We should be sorry to attribute the gift of the fragment of ground to any personal bitterness; but it is unquestionably a gift in which we look in vain for good sense, propriety, or discretion.

Where will our travellers go next? All the wild, the wonderful, and the romantic are now beaten ground, as much as St James's Park. The apprentices of St Paul's Churchyard as regularly prepare for their summer's tour, as if they had the blood of Mungo Park in their veins; and the Pyramids and the Cataracts of the Nile are now the common contemplation of "English nursery maids with children and green silk umbrellas." The Frenchman who recorded that sight and his own astonishment at it, would now lose the wonder in the frequency; and as we have a French *comédie* in Algiers, and will soon have coffeehouses and *restaurateurs* on the ridges of the Atlas; Morocco itself, the "*Leonum arida nutrix*," the "*lion's dry-nurse*," will have a railway speculation in the Exchange, a mail-coach company, a fire brigade, and a tunnel.

Yet all this declamation over the vulgarized condition of the wilderness, or the world, is idle. The mistake arises from confounding newness with interest, and supposing that where the landscape has been once described, all the eyes of mankind can see no more. But nature, circumstance, and man are inexhaustible. There are dull travellers who, from Dan to Beersheba, cry all is barren; while the man of intelligence sees interest in every thing, finds something new in every step he takes, and fills the obsolete, the sterile, and the commonplace with attraction. An "overland journey to India" has been lately made and written of by so many, who had better have kept their pens for billets-doux, that the very sound began to be tiresome. A man of cleverness takes up the ground, and builds a stri-

king narrative out of the worn out materials. Major Skinner of the British service (son of the Skinner), preferring the perils of a long and desultory travel through the east, to the infinite ennui of a three months' voyage, has just given a narrative of his "adventures." A work to which probably no antiquarian will refer for doubtful points, nor Geologist regard as authority for what is going on at the centre of the earth; but which exhibits pleasantry, animation, and taste, three qualities quite enough to make us pleased with any tour between London and Timbuctoo. A part of this journey lay through Palestine—a land which bears one aspect in memory, and another in reality; its present state is half savage desolation, a land of barrenness, beggary, and robbery. All these evil features were enhanced by its being winter; the hills were covered with snow, the plains with mire, the valleys were torrents. Rain fell incessantly; tempests beat in the roofs of the villages; the soldiers of Mohammed Ali were masters everywhere; and the Arabs were either rebels or robbers. Beggary was the chief profession, and famine the general prospect. Yet, in the midst of all, the Major contrived to see a great deal that was well worth telling, and that he has well told. We give a fragment from his sojourn in the dismantled town of Nazareth.

"It was just five o'clock when we came to the town, which was not visible till we were immediately above it. The grey houses standing on the side of the hill, some of them covered with snow, as well as the heights above, gave it a most sombre appearance. I never looked on a place of so melancholy an aspect. I could see into the convent from the place we were riding over, and in its court-yard were piled up heaps of snow. Some small houses had fallen down, and the stones having plumped into the snow, formed so many little fountain-heads to the numerous streams that the thaw was melting through the streets. The only uncovered spot around being over the valley in front, dark and frowning, too abrupt to retain the snow. The inhabitants appeared to be frozen. They sat without effort in their door-ways, and suffered the

melting snow to wander as it listed. Small as the town is, I was nearly an hour before I reached the convent gate. My horse fell three times, but lodging firmly in the newly made gutters, I did not lose my seat. At length, however, we were all obliged to dismount, and waded and floundered on, till, perfectly exhausted, we entered the gates of the anticipated 'Hospice.' The vesper-service was performing, and the deep sound of the organ accompanying a full choir, echoed among the hills. All beside was still as death.

"The inner door of the convent was closed. I passed through a small arch at the upper end of the court, and, raising a curtain, stood in the church. The monks were all on their knees, with their arms stretched, in the manner of the Franciscans, towards Heaven. It was dusk, and no light came from without; but candles and lamps innumerable gave a rich colour to all around. The procession was over, and the monks were immovable in prayer. Their devoted attitudes, their bald heads and long beards had a most imposing effect. The solemn notes of the organ, which was still played, the odour, and the handsome building itself, with the sudden manner in which I had descended into it from the cold hills and the deep snow, had an air of mystery about it that seemed not of this earth. Beneath the altar, which stands in the centre of the church, was a flight of steps leading into a cave, over which a soft stream of light was cast from several lamps which hung within. I could only conjecture the characters of those places; for all the monks were so absorbed in their devotions, that I could not enquire. I do not think that any one perceived me. At length they rose from their knees, and in a solemn procession, headed by the superior, wound along the aisles, their heads bowed down, and their arms crossed on their breasts. At certain parts of the church they paused, and kneeling for a moment, touched the pavement with their foreheads, and again rising, moved on, till, all being finished, they gradually disappeared through a small door beneath the organ-loft. The last of the devout line closed it after

him, and I was left alone in the church, doubtful almost whether I had witnessed a reality or not."

In the course of his wanderings the Major visited Acre, renowned since the days of the Crusades, and not less renowned for the gallantry of our countrymen and the repulse of Napoleon. He there met one of the Italians who are engaged in the service of the Viceroy of Egypt. "He spoke, as indeed all the Franks in the service do, very highly of Ibrahim Pacha—'Son Altesse is a great hero, and wars like a soldier—no Eastern luxuries in his court, not a woman to be seen, nor has he a single servant who does not carry arms.' The siege of the city lasted five months and a half. It was nobly defended by the Governor Abdulla, who is now a prisoner in Egypt. The garrison consisted of five thousand men, one hundred and fifty only of whom survived when the place fell. It would have been impossible to resist longer, for the Egyptian chief had the possession of the sea, and a tremendous force of artillery on the shore. The present state of the town shows the resolution of the governor. There is not a house uninjured in it. Some portions of it are utterly destroyed—every mosque is opened to the curiosity of the infidel. The minarets are overthrown, the fountains choked up. The dome of the principal mosque, however, still rises above the city walls, but fuller of holes than a pigeon-house. The marble pillars that decorated its court are cast down, the Kebra itself has been struck. A graceful flight of steps, also of marble, that led up to the pulpit, is broken in many places, and the tombs that stand without, of the Pachas and their families, have been opened by the shots, and—an ill omen to the Pachalic—the turban has been shot from the head of Djezzar Pacha's grave, the butcher of Acre, and its celebrated defender. The sickly soldiers who roam among the balls and fragments of shells to be seen in every part of the city, look like the shadows of those who have been slain, rather than the conquerors of the place.

"The Egyptians made two very spirited assaults, and in the first were repulsed with some loss. On the

capture of the town, the heads of those who had fallen within the walls were found packed up, preserved in wax in the good old Turkish fashion, to be sent to Constantinople as an offering to the Sultan. Ibrahim takes great pride and pleasure in his artillery, which was conducted by an Englishman, who was killed during the siege. The principal engineer, a Neapolitan, once a captain of sappers in the French army, is now very actively employed in restoring the works of the city. When Abdulla approached to offer homage to his conqueror, who awaited him in the centre of the town, Ibrahim drew him towards him, and embracing, called him brother, and placed him by his side. The beauties of St Jean d'Acre, in the days of Djézzar Pacha, have been often told. It has been my lot to see them destroyed. The public bath, so famous, and the bazaar, equal to that of Damascus, are in ruins. Those wonders pass away, but the position of the place will always secure it from the chance of losing fame in the annals of war."

It has been said of John Bull that he is at once the busiest and the idlest animal in creation. Look at any of the great London thoroughfares;—a stream of humankind pours through it, so rapid, so full, and so continuous, that the true wonder is, where it all comes from. But all is business, every step is hot and hurrying, as if a moment's delay were a thing of fate; every face is full of something to be done, every gesture is *en avant*. How different all this is from the tardy look of life in any other part of the globe all their visitants know. How long is it before we shall see a range of chairs posted rank and file in Cheapside or Cornhill, containing each its lounge, male or female, quietly displaying their own graces, or examining, with glass at eye, or goblet of port at lip, the shapes and costumes of the passing generation! Yet Paris, too, is a stirring spot, and an absolute mart—an *operatium* to the whole tribe of the towns of Italy and the Peninsula. Yet a dead dog, a fallen horse, two brats quarrelling, a detected pickpocket, or a pair of pigeons flirting on a housetop, will check the whole London torrent at once, fix every eye and ar-

rest every footstep till the spell is broken; the whole frozen tide is thawed again, and the torrent rolls onward. John Bull, too, loves his money as well as his time; and yet, for every sight and sound of frivolity, of chicane, of dexterity, or of dulness, both his time and his money are ready. There is no part of the earth where a swindler from east or west, north or south, from subtle and sparkling Italy, from dashing and flashing Ireland, from solemn Germany, or from cigar-souled Spain, finds such a harvest of dupery, and gathers his harvest with less expense of invention. In this point of view, the annals of our public offices are curious memoranda of the enormous facility of John. Ring-dropping, the oldest of all arts of living by petty larceny, is a perpetual revenue. Even the antiquity of a trick seems to be an element of success. A gentleman (he was a *country* gentleman) who found his purse and person walking along a crowded street a few days since, suddenly bethinking himself of his peril, called a cab as a safe conveyance for both. He had just returned from receiving a dividend of L.150 at the Bank. On getting into the cab, and telling the driver the name of his inn, the son of the whip, coming to the rapid conclusion that he might make something of his fare more than the shilling for his drive, shook his head, and asked the gentleman if he knew the character of the house to which he was going. On being answered in the negative, the cabman's ingenuity gave a detail, in which his own general knowledge of city life was amply drawn upon. In short, robbery and assassination were the least that the unhappy dweller under its roof could expect, especially if it were known that he had money in his possession. The cabman happened to have seen the gentleman coming out from the Bank, and constructed his alarms accordingly. "What is to be done?" asked the traveller; "I have a sum about me that I should be right sorry to lose, even if I were to escape with my life."—"Oh, nothing easier," said the cabman; "I can take your honour to an excellent house a couple of streets off." He drove up to the door of a hotel. The gentleman was about to alight. "And yet," said his

new friend, "it would perhaps be better, sir, not to trust too far to any of them. There are always bad characters, too, about the hall-doors of such places, and the best thing you can do with the money, is to leave it on the seat of the cab, till you enquire whether they can give you a room and a bed."—"Very good," said the honest traveller, took out his purse, and laid it on the seat. "There it lies, safe enough," said the cabman. The gentleman entered the hotel, was shown to a bed-chamber, saw every thing with his own eyes, and then returned for his purse. All had vanished. The porter of the hotel only told him, that immediately on his going up stairs, the cab-horse had exhibited symptoms of "startlishness," which suddenly set him in motion, increased to a trot, the trot increased to a gallop, the cab turned the corner, and—"that was all he knew about it." The gentleman in vain applied to the public offices, and called the cabman a rascal; but the friendly adviser never returned to defend his character, which still lies under the calumny.

The art of dining-out is one of the most essential to a regular liver in London; and the following specimen of this valuable science, though not new, for what is there *new* under the sun, is unquestionably among its nicest practical applications.

A few days ago, a personage, of remarkably fashionable equipment, with a prodigious pair of moustachios, hussar spurs, and a quantity of broken English, worthy of a foreign attaché or colonel on the Imperial staff, strode into one of the most costly *cafés* of Regent Street. All the waiters were instantly on the alert, and his Excellency ordered a dinner suitable to the magnitude of his moustachios and the length of his spurs. All was prepared with the elegance of the establishment. But his Excellency's appetite began to astonish the waiters still more than his dignity. From eating, he began to devour, and from sipping, to swallow. His favourite wines exhibited the high life in which alone colonels of the Imperial staff and attachés to the *haute classe* of diplomacy can be presumed to exist. Champagne, Burgundy, and Johannisberg vanished flask after flask, and the as-

tonishment now was, that his Excellency condescended to sit in his chair, and did not give way to that general law of gravitation which lays inferior matter under the table. At length, after the despatch of a dessert of grapes, nectarines, and a noble pine, his Excellency made a motion with his hand for the bill. His tongue appears to have refused the office. The bill was brought, and while his Excellency cast his eye over it, a sign was given for another bottle of Burgundy, and thus prepared, he slowly drew out his purse. At this moment, a bustle was heard at the door. Two bailiffs, followed by a policeman, rushed in, and pounced upon his Excellency. Nothing could be more embarrassing; the whole room was thrown into confusion; the warrant was shown to the waiters, the host, and the company. It was for the arrest of his Excellency for a debt of L.1000 sterling! His Excellency's faculties were not at that moment in the nicest state of discrimination; but the bailiffs and policeman, while he was recovering, helped themselves to the Burgundy and the remains of the dessert. His Excellency still held his green silk and gold purse in his hand, with the most honourable intent to pay. But this was so palpably against all law, that the policeman made caption of it "until he should be safe in arrest," and the bailiffs claimed it as a part of their client's property. The host demanded that his entertainment should be paid for on the spot. But the ministers of the law knew the statute too well for such loose practice, and they conveyed his Excellency, remonstrating against the baseness of the whole transaction, to a hackney-coach, directing it to drive to Whitecross Street, one of the fatal retreats for those who lead a life too *creditable* for this wicked age.

The *ruse* was, to procure a superb meal for one of the party, a favour which he had probably earned by some similar skill for his associates, with the additional object of ascertaining how far operations might be carried against the forks and spoons of the *café*. The scheme was hazardous, so far as it was practised, where all the parties might have been recognised; but from Napoleon to a pickpocket, the maxim of war is, no-

thing venture, nothing win; and even the Burgundy and the pine were matters for which men of more fame in the world have tried ventures graver than the chance of seven year's deportation. The charms of the table have made more knaves in high life than any other charms; and Walpole, and who knew life better than Walpole? pronounced, by his practice, that the first expedient of a minister, let his purposes be what they might, was to make the stomach the way to the conscience, melt down patriotism in soups and stews, and insert Champagne into brains otherwise inaccessible to "reason."

Another *ruse* of a still more dashing description has just transpired. The housewarming of a new inn, or some such occasion, gave rise to the proposal of a public dinner, at which the landlord's friends were to assemble to exhibit their goodwill to the house. The dinner was advertised, the company met, and all was ready but the chairman.—The landlord should, in all etiquette, have taken the chair, but probably being no orator, he hesitated about the dignity, and, in the mean time, a well-dressed personage, who had just entered the room and talked loud, proposed to relieve him from *l'embarras du choix*, and assume the head of the table. As he looked the thing, showy, volatile, and perfectly free from any doubt of his own qualifications, he was installed by acclamation. Dinner made its appearance, and if it did honour to the landlord, the chairman did honour to it. He ate and drank like the Dragon of Wantley. All were happy at the good fortune which had brought them together. The chairman exerted himself with great effect, made speeches on every thing and to every one, sang songs, roused up the latent energies of the company, turned men who had never heard the sound of their own tongues before into orators, and made singers on the spot, as much to their own astonishment as to that of their hearers. In the mean time he exhibited himself a mortal enemy to that heinous sin of long speeches and long songs, which consists in stopping the bottle. But time stays for no man. The chairman at length pulled out his watch, observed on

the lateness of the hour, and dropped a hint about discharging the bill—Wine, and brandy, and liqueurs, had not circulated in vain for the last three hours; and one-half of the company were in that condition which is more favourable to falling asleep than keeping up an argument. The bill was produced, the waiter was ordered to "lay the bill on the table." A song and an *en-core* partially relieved the lowness of spirits which generally follows this operation; and at their close, the active chairman left the chair, and offered to collect the contribution for the day. It was received, and he left the room to proceed to the bar and settle with the landlord. Some time having elapsed, and the chair being still vacant, the chairman was called for; he was not forthcoming; the waiters were rung for; they knew nothing on the subject, further than that several of the gentlemen had successively left the house. The landlord now made his appearance in considerable trepidation. His story amounted to the simple fact, that the gentleman who had sat in the chair had gone away about half-an-hour before, making a most gentlemanlike bow to him and his wife, saying that the dinner answered his warmest wishes, and desiring him to send up a fresh bottle of his best port to the company to drink his health. But where was the reckoning? "No where," so far as the landlord knew, "unless it were in the gentleman's pocket." The gentleman, of course, never reappeared, and the company had to examine their bill once more, and pay twice over for their dinner, receiving in return the landlord's advice, not to be too much in a hurry in the matter of chairman in future.

A still more recent piece of simplicity on the one hand and dexterity on the other, proves that the ancient qualities of the Cockney have suffered no deterioration in our days. It is not a week since a dashing figure, fresh from the Continent, all over strings and rings, a perfect specimen of "French polish," went into a jeweller's shop in one of our leading streets, as well known for the promenade of the ingenious as the Rialto for

the place "where merchants most do congregate," the Campus Martius for the exercise of fingers and faculties in a greater than Rome.—The *nouveau arrivé* addressed himself to the jeweller, and said that he came to pay a slight debt of L.18, 10s., which he had contracted for some *bijouterie* before his leaving town, just ten years ago, but which his going to the Continent, and his absence since, had prevented his paying. The jeweller was charmed with such an instance of punctilio, and peculiarly in a person into whose hands it might have been suspected that jewellery once having made its way had little hope of a return in the shape of money.—It was idle to look into the tradesman's books, an account of ten years back being too obsolete for examining at the moment. The consequence was that he thankfully made out his bill, and held out his hand to receive. The stranger took out his purse. But, most unluckily, he found that he had not brought gold with him, and its only contents were L.20 in a check on a banker. This was a difficulty. But even this was soon settled, by the tradesman's giving the balance. The "fashionable" then retired. The check was instantly transmitted to the bankers. But there the answer was that nothing was known on the subject, and the tradesman had to console himself with his experience. The points of dexterity in this instance were the time, which precluded reference to the account, and the smallness of the balance, which eluded suspicion. Would a man of such superlative elegance play a trick for thirty shillings? The affair was a *bajatelle*. The tradesman's knowledge of the world must have been narrow. Many a much finer gentleman would have done it all over again for half the money.

Malibran's death has filled the public with surprise, the musical world with regret, and the newspapers with histories, anecdotes, and characters of this fine performer and very clever woman. Her illness seems to have been primarily the result of excessive effort; following the exhaustion of a long and fatiguing journey and crossing the sea.

The report of the committee held to do honour to her memory and investigate the circumstances of her death, gives the idea that she was almost hazardously ill from the moment of her arrival in Manchester. She reached that town on Saturday the 10th of October; was unable to attend the rehearsal on the Monday following from indisposition; was taken so ill in the church on Tuesday, that she was pressed not to sing, and to call in medical assistance;—she however sang. She sang also at the concert in the evening, and from that time appeared to be sinking. But she was a vivid creature, and the idea of falling into the back ground when she was to have been the principal figure, was too much against her nature to be easily submitted to. After a fine display of her powers on Wednesday, she was so overwhelmed by her disease, a nervous fever, that further efforts were precluded, and she was forced to give up all rational hope of fulfilling her engagement. She was now, where she ought to have been from the moment of her arrival, in her bed; and there she so speedily recovered her strength, that her two medical attendants conceived her out of all immediate danger. But here begins the disastrous part of the narrative. On Sunday a Dr Belluomini, an Italian, came down from London, sent for by De Beriot, and instantly giving the two Englishmen their dismissal, answered their offers of acquainting him with the circumstances and treatment of the disorder, in the words of the committee, by telling them that "*his system (homœopathics) being totally opposed to theirs, he could not derive any benefit from a consultation with them, and that Madame Malibran de Beriot herself had full confidence in his mode of treatment.*" Into the hands of this person Malibran was committed. Nothing was known of his proceedings, and little of their results; until Friday morning, when it was suddenly announced that the unfortunate patient was dying.

It is impossible to regard this transaction without at least a strong feeling of the extraordinary arrogance which prompted this Italian to refuse all knowledge of what had

been done or suffered before his arrival. He might refuse to follow the *treatment* of the medical men; but what possible injury could be done by a knowledge of the facts, especially, too, when they had furnished such proof of the value of their services as to give up the patient in a state of convalescence? All this was so obvious, that we can feel no surprise at the public demand for a coroner's inquest,—we are surprised only that the inquest was not held. It would have been a matter of moment to know *what was the actual treatment* by this Italian. The committee say that they “know nothing on the subject;”—of course they do not, for nothing was to be known by any body. In their own words, “the committee think it right to notice a rumour that has been spread in some quarters, that the death of Madame de Beriot was hastened by improper treatment, and to state that no information or evidence was given to them that could lead to such a conclusion.” They then proceed to state the extraordinary circumstance as to the physicians, and that the Italian had refused to hear what they had to say, on the ground “that his system was totally different from theirs.” Then, as if alarmed at their own intrepidity in stating this strong fact, they say that they have “no knowledge *how far* this system was applied;” “but that a Mr Lewis”—(Who is he? A medical bath proprietor, acting under Belluomini)—“says that the cause of her death was a nervous fever, without the slightest grounds of suspicion, and that Belluomini acted like a zealous physician and an attentive friend.” All this may be true, and we are quite satisfied that neither De Beriot nor Belluomini could have desired to shorten the days of the unfortunate Malibran. On the other hand, the avowed facts are, that Malibran was so far recovering as to be considered by her English medical men nearly out of danger. That an Italian suddenly comes down from London, turns them out, says that he does so because his system is totally different from theirs, and so no more is heard of the matter, till, in five days, the news is spread that the conva-

lescent is expiring. Was not this ground for an enquiry?—at least for asking, whether the Italian had pursued his “totally new system,” or to what extent he pursued it? If a pauper dies in a workhouse, and the slightest intimation of malpractice, or even of negligence, has been given, a coroner's inquest is immediately required, and very properly required. If a patient in an hospital is supposed to have undergone any treatment unsatisfactory or even unusual, an enquiry inevitably takes place, and the facts are brought judicially before the public. We can discover no circumstance in the case of poor Malibran which should have precluded this wise vigilance, and relieved the humaner public of the pain of supposing that this woman of talent and celebrity had not received all the assistance that could be given to her by good sense, care, and *science*. The call is, then, upon the husband and this Dr Belluomini to show what was actually done, and this we are undoubtedly justified in regarding as the proper office of a coroner.

The conduct of De Beriot himself has excited strong impressions on the spot. *Before* his unfortunate wife dies he gives instructions for her funeral. The old and natural adage, that while there is life there is hope, seems to have had no place here. The committee say, “about ten o'clock on that night Mr Beale was sent for and requested by M. de Beriot to superintend the funeral of the unfortunate lady.” She was then alive! The proceedings were at least sufficiently active. It was declared by the Italian that De Beriot would die if he remained in the town. It was left to a stranger, Mr Ewart, to witness her dying moments! De Beriot was too fond and too feeling of course to be present. His sensibilities were, as the Italian says, too delicate; but they happily did not prevent his getting into a postchaise, leaving the spot without delay, and hurrying off in time—to do what? to reach London in time to catch the Antwerp packet and make his way to Brussels, all in time. We have heard of “French leave,” but this seems to us one of the most remarkable examples of the practice on record. And to make the matter

more surprising, the Italian tells us that this rapidity of flight is a continental custom. We altogether disbelieve him. But if De Beriot's delicacy was too refined to sit beside the last moments of his wife, or even to remain in the town, where he was offered a private house for retirement, was there no nearer retreat from his sorrows than Brussels, no simpler contrivance than a night journey in a postchaise, the bustle of a steam-packet, and the clamour of a capital? If those are foreign customs we may congratulate ourselves that we have customs on such occasions of a totally different order. "Poor Charles," as the doctor tenderly calls him, no doubt tore his hair, and tossed about his arms, and played the part of the bereaved in due style, but there are those who do none of those things, and yet could not muster up the frigidity to give directions for the interment of the woman they loved *before* she expired, nor leave a stranger to close her eyes, nor gallop away across England almost within the hour she died, to seek *comfort* in a foreign country.

We still must have some elucidations of the "totally different system." Even in Germany, the land of its birth, and of so many quackeries, from animal magnetism downwards to Prince Hohenlohe's miracles, it is, we believe, regarded as the most consummate folly. Its hazard we may conjecture from its avowed principle, that the medicine which in health would produce the disease, is in sickness the true one *to produce the health!* That such nonsense might delight a high German doctor, drunk with his own tobacco smoke, or set the brains of a beer-drinking college boiling with muddy novelty, is just what we should expect. But whether the Italian, whose name we never heard of before, administered his medicines on this principle, or administered any at all, was a question worthy of English investigation, and we hope at least that the "totally different system" has received its final blow.

In this country the press is the great organ of public reason. It may be also the great organ of public

frenzy. But the fault is not in the press, but in the fingers that touch the keys. It is a most superb instrument; we have only to provide it with performers who will not produce discords where harmonies, full, rich, and powerful, are lying ready for the hand of science. A large portion of its power has hitherto been worse than wasted. Of all the abuses of the art of printing, England, rational, manly, and wise England, has hitherto exhibited the most unpardonable. Yet these are passing away; the public understanding is beginning to look with disdain on the low deception that has less attempted to delude its sagacity than dared to insult its feelings. Men of sense scorn the shallowness of the chicane, men of honour shrink from the baseness of the artifice, men of virtue shrink alike from the means and the end, as alike centred in the vilest impulses of depraved human nature.

But other times are coming. The press would no longer be suffered to lie in hands which would as soon handle the poniard as the pen, and both for the same purpose, extensively throughout the country; the Conservative journals have adopted a new and vigorous tone; publications of a more local order have been produced, under the direction of the Local Conservative Associations, and especially in London; the great Conservative Association has already established a paper of the size of the *Penny Magazine*, and, like them costing but a penny, in which, once a month, they express their opinions on the chief public topics of the time; notice the progress of the Conservative spirit throughout the country; discuss and dissipate the absurdities of Whiggism, and its much honester, because much less hypocritical accomplice, Radicalism; and by detailing the truth of things, exercise the powerful influence of truth in rectifying the feelings of the empire.

But as we have not room in these sketches for more than this simple mention of a performance which, if it were for nothing more than the authority of the Great Association from which it proceeds, ought to be on the table of every Conservative in the empire, ought to

be in the hands of every minister of loyalty and peace, and ought to be spread through every cottage, we shall limit ourselves to its brief character of the *man* in whose disastrous grasp "concession and conciliation" seem to have placed the religion and constitution of England.

"The chief of the faction (O'CONNELL) was distinguished not more by his violence, than by his contempt. In his lips the men of England were beasts of burden, fit only for his packsaddle. The women of England were—what propriety forbids us to name! His annual visits to Ireland, where, in the vacation of his legislative insolence, he went to refresh himself by a plunge in the congenial element of agitation, were annual celebrations of his supremacy over the principles, habits, and interests of the empire. His whole career was the arrogance of rabble victory.

"We are not idle enough to impute this to the resources of the individual. He himself had been the creature of circumstances. His successes were the offspring of the time. The meanest instrument can do mortal mischief, if its operations are left uninterrupted. The gnat can torment the lion, if the forest-king will not shake it from his mane. The blind bat will drain the blood from the body of the giant, if he will but sleep on. In whatever era of England the public mind shall relax its vigilance, to the extent of allowing private cupidity to prey upon its strength, there will never be wanting reptiles to hasten to the feast. It is not the semblance of life in her mighty frame that will scare away the infinite progeny once destined to feed only on the corpse.

"On the other hand, we have not the slightest wish to depreciate the faculties of the disturber. We recollect no man in the history of modern mischief more completely furnished with the qualities which make a public enemy. If we vainly look in his character for the generosity, dignity, or courage which have occasionally distinguished the demagogue,—if we are daily dis-

gusted by some new proof of politroonery, some new art of political falsehood, or some miserable eagerness for low lucre,—we demand, What would be the use of higher qualities in his cause? If we instinctively start back from the sight of a public man gathering his bread from the beggary of the peasant, and are disposed to exclaim at the astonishing meanness which can stoop to live on such terms with mankind, we have only to remember that this power of stooping is essential to his trade—that *his* public is the populace, his national opinion the cry of the rabble, and his success the reversal of the whole order of society.

"No individual of his party can stand in competition with the possessor of those faculties. In Ireland all attempts to seize the leadership have successively failed. The young patriots were crushed in the shell. The bustling Macs and O's babbled themselves into silence. The little kennels of disaffection, turbulent and turbid as they were for their time, successively dried up, or only contributed to the great perennial Cloaca. In England his forty are forty nothings without him; and, even with him, they are but forty cyphers, useful only to give force to the solitary unit. The Ministry are equally trivial. Even the livery of office cannot swell their figures into an imitation of the thewes and sinews of the bulky Beggarmen. Lord John Russell, in all his love of Church spoil, is dwarfed beside the brawny rapacity of the Irish plunderer. Lord Grey's tall, aristocratic avarice is bloodless in front of the bold-faced rapine of the huge Irish stroller. All the rest, 'black, white, and gray,' with all their trumpery, the Poulett Thomsons, the Morpeths, the Howicks, are forgotten, or fly out of his way as the lords of Lilliput fled before the tramp of Gulliver. The entire tribe of official peculators are lost in the shade of the mighty grasper, who with one hand seizes the whole patronage of Ireland, and with the other lifts the Cabinet off its hinges, and threatens to fling it to whichever side of the house he will.

"Still those qualities, effective as they are among the vicious and the vile, are impotent against the honourable and the bold. The most hardened knave finds it his hardest task to look an honest man in the face. Those who have seen the Agitator listening to one of Lord Stanley's speeches have seen a countenance to which Hogarth himself, in his bitterest spleen, could have added nothing. Those who witnessed the still higher scene of his flight from the flashes of Lord Lyndhurst's indignant eloquence would have wanted nothing to give them the conception of a foul spirit detected lurking for some purpose of peculiar evil, and suddenly thrown into light and shame."

The balloons have done their duty; the season is over; but if, like other triumphs, they must take to earth again, it must be acknowledged that they have kept on gallantly to the last moment. Why is it that the balloon, so much commemorated in the lower ranks of literature, has been so little honoured by the higher? The historians who chalk walls with records at once so showy, yet so brief,—those elevators of knowledge to the eyes of the rising generation, who paste their placards so high, that while nothing but a telescope can read them, nothing but the top of the Monument or the dome of St Paul's can hope to escape those bearers of the brilliant novelties of the lettered world, who march through the streets with placards on poles, or posted on their backs,—are hitherto the only champions of this showy contrivance for rising over the heads of mankind. Darwin alone, of all our poets, good or bad, has attempted to pay the national debt of gratitude. His lines, too, are among the best he ever wrote—striking, poetical, and picturesque. The theme is the ascent of Montgolfier.

"Lo! on the shoreless air the intrepid
Gaul
Launched the vast concave of his buoyant
ball.
Journeying on high the silken castle
glides,
Bright as a meteor thro' the azure tides ;

O'er towns and towers and temples wins
its way,
Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault
of day.
Silent, with upturned eyes unbreathing
crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds,
And flushed with transport, or benumbed
with fear,
Watch, as it rises, the diminished sphere.
Now less and less—and now a speck is
seen,
And now the floating rack obtrudes
between."

From this view of the gazing multitude below, the description turns spiritedly to the comfortable condition of the navigator above. The lines are still clever.

"The calm philosopher in ether sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes serenest
gales,
Sees, like a map, in many a waving line,
Round Earth's blue plains her lucid
waters shine,
Sees at his feet the forked lightning's glow,
And hears innocuous thunders roll be-
low."

The fancies of the time were so elated with the discovery of the balloon that the gravest philosophers talked like children in a nursery at the first sight of a rocking horse. They thought that they could ride round the universe. The moon, the sun, and the stars, were to be visited with the regularity of the "London dilly, carrying six insides," and the man who condescended to live on earth without meditating a visit to the Dogstar, was looked on as a remarkably dull personage. The poet was palpably of the same opinion.

"Rise, great Montgolfier, urge thy ven-
turous flight
High o'er the moon's pale ice-reflected
light ;
High o'er the pearly Star, whose beaming
horn
Hangs in the East, gay harbinger of
morn ;
Leave the red eye of Mars on rapid
wing,
Jove's silver guards, and Saturn's dusky
ring ;
Leave the fair beams, which issuing from
afar,
Play with new lustres round the Georgian
Star ;

Skim with strong oars the Sun's attractive throne,
 The sparkling zodiac and the milky zone.
 Where headlong comets with increasing force
 Thro' other systems bend their blazing course,
 For thee Cassiope her chair withdraws,
 For thee the Bear retracts his shaggy paws,
 High o'er the North thy golden orb shall roll,
 And blaze eternal round the wandering Pole."

These are fine lines, though fantastic, and certainly not uniting the prophetic power with the poetical. It is remarkable, as if to tell human vanity how very trifling an affair it is, that the balloon, of all the showy contrivances of the last half century, is that which, with the most tempting capabilities, has been the least improved. The notion of stretching away for the moon, it was soon felt, would involve only famine, freezing, and a tumble to the top of some lunar mountain, or into the bowels of some lunar volcano, if the vessel ever reached the port. But the want of atmosphere would settle the question long before. Perhaps the height of the Himmaleh is as much as any gas which we can manage would be ever able to reach, and this certainly makes but a small part of the 230,000 miles between Vauxhall gardens and the moon's nearest horn.

Yet who shall say that the same air which carries a raven, a lumbering bird, or an eagle, as heavy as a lamb, and sometimes both lamb and eagle, may not yet be able to carry machinery enough to move a balloon "according to the way it should go?" Green's balloon now carries up the cognoscenti of Lambeth marsh by the dozen, at so much a head, takes them down to Essex (there being of course some understanding on the subject with the innkeepers and county gentlemen), suspends them in ecstasy over the river, gives them the pleasing variety of a flight with a fair wind for the Chops of the Channel, then turns coolly round, and drops them in a field at Chelmsford or Canterbury, just in-time for tea at the principal inn, and a triumphal entry into Vauxhall exactly at supper.

If this balloon is powerful enough to carry twenty people, which is said, we shall probably soon see some little steam apparatus superseding the crowd, and a steersman and a *stoker* urging their swift and solitary way with the mail-bags from Dover to Dalmatia, while a branch-balloon carries the news of the world from Calais to Constantinople, Caffraria, Coromandel, Cochin China, and with a slight bend to the south, to California and home. This would be a glorious sweep. But what would become of the wisdom of the world below? What would be the consternation of all the little German highnesses on finding that all their little precautions against the *entrée* of books, papers, and politicians were set at nought by a new steam-coach, travelling five miles above their heads, and sending down trunks and travellers every five minutes per parachute? What would become of the thousands of meagre clerks who sit shivering all day in their little dingy offices, living on the fees which they can extort in the shape of passports? A flying castle in the clouds would extinguish them and their captious trade together, sweep over boundaries and ramparts at the rate of forty miles an hour, and require nothing but a basket and a rope to hoist the victim of the Alien Office beyond the reach of all the *gend'armes* of the continent.

Yet is this all to be a dream? Are the powers of this great machine to be wasted for ever on a holiday show? On dropping Dukes of Brunswick out and taking Cockneys in? On gathering guineas into the pocket of the future Mr Grahams, and putting their future wives wide and wild between the sky and the earth? Are we never to have the power of traversing the deserts of the South, the forests of the West, and the snows of the North, without the slow travel, the long labour, and the torturing disease? Are we never to have the means of varying our climate even without passing from our own land; of shooting up from the fervours of a feverish summer into regions where no cloud intercepts the sun, and yet where eternal freshness reigns? Of meeting the morning, not in the mists of our heavy capitals, but in the rosy lights

of the ethereal Aurora? Of resting above the mountains, and looking down with philosophic delight on the infinite variety of form, life, and beauty below? Of sailing in our meteor-ship among the world of meteors, and floating among the golden and vermillion canopies of that "great soldan," the sun, as he slumbers on the west? What a vast, various, and lovely increase to the enjoyments, the knowledge, and the social affections of man would be given by this power of rapid transit, beyond all the harsh restraints of human domination, the difficulties of space, and almost the expenditure of time! Yet, are we in a condition to be trusted with such a power? Might it not be turned into a dreadful means of hostility? Might it not pour conflagration on sleeping cities, bring sudden invasion, shed poison in all our streams, fling infection in all our fields, and exhaust us in perpetual vigilance, without hope and without use, until we deprecated the power and deplored the luckless day when man, wisely deprived of wings by nature, invested himself with this new and terrible faculty of mutual destruction? It is scarcely possible to conceive that so fine an invention as the balloon would have been placed in our hands to be for ever worthless; to tempt us by its apparent powers, and disappoint us by its real inutility. Or may not its perfection be reserved for that happier era when peace shall be felt to be the commanding policy as much as it is the true interest of all nations; when sacred wisdom shall be the unfailing guide of public council, and benevolent honesty the great principle of empire? Then, and then alone, would there be an unmixed good in the possession of this noble instrument of communicating at will with all the peoples of the earth; in surmounting, with the ease of an eagle's wing, all the intervening barriers of mountain and desert; and

with a still more prolonged and productive flight, passing over oceans, and conveying to the ends of the earth the knowledge, the charities, and the sympathies of the great family of man.

In the mean time the steam-carriage, that earthly balloon, is preparing to take a higher character for speed. The London and Bristol Railway Company have announced that they will sweep over hill and dale at the rate of forty miles an hour. And it is stated by some of our engineers, that this is but a *mitigated* speed; that twice the velocity might be easily obtained; and that, in fact, there is no limit but the weakness of the materials to the rapidity communicable to the engine. It is to be presumed also, that in a period when railways are stretching over every county of England, and the minds of all scientific men are fixed almost wholly on the powers of steam, discoveries will be made in rendering those powers more applicable; that not merely greater velocity, but less expense, will be among the results; and, as the consequence, that the steam-carriage will be brought within the means of private life. This would, indeed, open a vast access of pleasure, profit, and power to mankind; almost extinguish distance; give the humbler classes of society a means of movement in every direction, of health, indulgence, or business; relieve man of the chief part of those toils which now, instead of invigorating, wear down the frame; save the enormous expense, waste, and trouble of cattle for labour; assist largely in cultivating the soil, and, by making every corner of our fine country accessible to all at will, would, in a few years, turn England into a garden, and, if the minds of men were capable of being softened by the bounties of heaven, that garden into a paradise.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

No. VI.

THE INTELLECTIVE FACULTY.

WE took occasion to observe in a former paper, that after the original subjects of thought were presented to the mind, and the simple impressions made, there appeared to be two principles or powers requisite for the actual composition of knowledge—one by which the mind might reproduce to itself those impressions, when that which gave occasion to them was withdrawn, and another by which it might frame those simple impressions into rational knowledge.

The first of these powers, that by which the mind is able to reproduce its past impressions, we have spoken of under the name of the power of Conception, and have examined at some length the law to which its operation is subjected, the law, namely, of Association. We now proceed to speak of the second, the faculty of intelligent discernment by which the mind acts upon the materials of its knowledge, and which we then designated under a name which is familiar to some of our older writers, calling it the Intellectual Faculty.

The clearest manner of exhibiting the nature of the action of this faculty is suggested to us by Locke—to examine in their simplest form some of the relations which it discerns. These relations he has treated at great length, and with very elaborate investigation; the perceptions of these relations are the most elementary acts of the mind; and their importance will scarcely be suspected in the extreme simplicity in which they may be exhibited; but it will be found that it is by their endless combination and complication, that the mind ultimately advances itself to its most comprehensive and powerful intelligence. It is by attending to the analyses, which resolve those complicated acts into the very simplest forms, that we are able to ascertain and understand the true character of the action of mind.

In explaining the offices or modes

of action of this Intellectual Faculty, we shall have to reduce under it certain supposed faculties which have been often marked out as distinct from one another; and we shall do so now with the faculty usually described under the name of Judgment.

Judgment is defined by the old logicians "that act of the mind whereby one thing is affirmed or denied of another." Reid, commenting on this definition, observes that it is necessary to be aware that the affirmation and denial here intended is not the affirming or denying by words, as the expression might suggest; but we are to conceive, he says, the judgment as one that is "not expressed; as a solitary act of the mind, to which the expression of affirmation or denial is not at all essential." This explanation is very necessary to be remembered. The logical definition, Reid adds, is otherwise as good, he believes, as can be given; and Stewart, in his *Outlines*, speaks nearly to the same effect. "A definition which, although not unexceptionable, is as good as the nature of the subject admits of." And he elsewhere explains that the defect is that which the explanation of Reid removes from it.

It appears to us that neither the definition nor the term of the logicians is at all adequate to the purpose of metaphysical enquiry into the powers of the human mind.

Those great and subtle speculators had not the same object in their researches and definitions which we have. Their metaphysical enquiry was conducted in subservience to their art. They were metaphysicians undoubtedly, and very acute ones, and their investigations show it; but in their doctrine they were teachers or expounders of logic; and their definitions were adapted, as meet was, to that science. Their object was to find in the acts of the mind, the original or exemplar of the forms of

their logic. One of the fundamental forms of logic is the proposition; which affirms or denies in words. They sought, therefore, that essential act of the mind, of which the logical proposition is an expression; that act they found to be a mental affirmation or denial; and they assigned the term judgment as the denomination of the act. For their own purpose, then, their definition and their term are both perfectly unexceptionable: but our purpose is different, and for it they are both inadequate. The forms of expression to which language must have recourse are to us of no moment. We are concerned only with the acts we find in contemplation of the mind itself, which we seek to reduce to their elements. And here we enquire for an act of the mind more essential and elementary than that of judgment, out of which judgment itself arises. And this we believe is the perception or discernment of that relation of the objects of thought to one another, concerning which the affirmation or denial is made: a prior act from which the act of judgment follows.

Thus, when two objects are submitted to the mind for comparison of any property, as two lines for comparison of their length, the first suggestion that arises to the mind may be that they are equal. It has an apprehension of the relation of equality; but it may hesitate for some time before it assures itself that these lines are indeed equal. Now during that time the perception of the relation itself is before it; but it does not judge till it has assured itself, and has decided. In like manner, if an object is presented to it which has been already before it, but which it does not certainly recognise, the idea of identity is suggested. The relation of identity becomes an object of its perception, while there is still an uncertainty whether it will at last be the subject of its judgment; for the mind may be unable at last to come to a decision. So, too, when any substance is become the subject of its examination, it finds that certain properties belong to it; it discerns the properties; it apprehends a common subject in which they must inhere. How is it that the idea of such

a substance is originally suggested to the understanding? It has never been proposed to it as a question whether there be such a substance. But the notion of such a subject arises inevitably to the mind as something to which these properties belong. And we affirm that the original conception of such an undefined something, is not, and cannot be an act of judgment, for an act of judgment is an affirmation or denial; but in the suggestion, the invention, it may be said of something before unknown, there is neither affirmation nor denial; there is notion merely. It is true that this notion of a common subject in which these properties jointly inhere is not separable in the mind from the belief that they do so inhere; yet certainly the notion itself is not the same act as that belief. And this becomes still more apparent in the endeavour which the mind often makes, in its excess of subtle speculation, by separating all these known properties from that notion, to discriminate the notion of substance as distinct from its properties; that is, to separate the notion from the very circumstances under which there is any ground for belief at all. Now the faculty which apprehends this notion, is that which we are concerned to know; the faculty which apprehends identity, which apprehends equality for example, while it is yet uncertain whether it shall judge that the identity or equality do actually subsist in the instances before it.

The act of judgment therefore does not describe the simple Intellectual Faculty of the mind. There is, as it appears, a more elementary act, by which the mind apprehends that which is afterwards to be the subject of judgment. If this view be just, that the sole office of the Intellectual Faculty is the perception of relations, then all propositions expressing affirmations or denials ought to be explicable as declarations of relations. And they are easily seen to be so. "The horse is white" — "the sky is dark" — "the sea is deep." Here is expressed the attribution of a property to an object; but such attribution is the declaration of a relation—the connexion between properties or qualities and objects being one of the

first and most important relations known. Simple as these instances may seem, as if the senses alone showed all we knew; yet assuredly there is an intellective act. But take any other proposition of a higher order.—“Where impious men bear sway, the post of honour is a private station.” Here is a very complex relation—very complex at least in its conception, on account of the objects compared, and the light in which they are considered. But the relation in its simplicity is that of identity—for the two things being very different, and in ordinary apprehension opposite, yet the mind, in the peculiar light in which it considers them, conceives and avers them to be perfectly coincident. We need go no farther to show that Judgment is a discernment of relation, that is, the same thing as an act of the Intellective Faculty. But, then, Judgment is not called by the old logicians, by Reid or by Stewart, a perception of Relation; it is called the affirmation or denial of Relation. The act of the Intellective Faculty is properly termed the simple perception of relation. And at the risk of repetition, we say the difference is this, that in this Judgment, as intended by them, there is always conceived a sentence deliberately pronounced—whether in words or not is of no consequence—a certitude of opinion fully made up on the particular case. But to the intellective act that is not necessary; it is perfect in the mere perception of the relation, even with the utmost degree of uncertainty of its having effect in the particular case; nay, it is perfect even when there is no case for judgment before it, and when the mere notion of relation is all that is actually conceived.

Entertaining this view, we cannot help thinking that in the following passage of Dr Reid he confounds judgment with this first simple elementary act of the Intellective Faculty, when he speaks of judgment as the power by which we get the notion of relation:—“We think that without judgment we cannot have any notion of relation.” And immediately after, “another way in which we get the notion of relations (which seems not to have occurred to Mr Locke), is when by attention

to one of the related objects we perceive or judge that it must from its nature have a certain relation to something else, which before perhaps we never thought of; and thus our attention to one of the related objects produces the notion of a correlate, and of a certain relation between them.”

“Thus, when we attend to colour, figure, weight, we cannot help judging these to be subjects which cannot exist without a subject; that is, something which is coloured, figured, heavy. If we had not perceived such things to be qualities, we should never have had any notion of their subject, or of their relation to it.”

He goes on—“By attending to the operations of thinking, memory, reasoning, we perceive or judge, that there must be something which thinks, remembers, and reasons, which we call the mind. When we attend to any change that happens in nature, judgment informs us that there must be a cause of this change, which had power to produce it; and thus we get the notions of cause and effect, and of the relation between them. When we attend to body, we perceive that it cannot exist without space; hence we get the notion of space, and of the relation which bodies have to a certain portion of unlimited space, as their place.

“We apprehend, therefore, that all our notions of relations may more properly be ascribed to judgment as their source and origin, than to any other faculty of the mind. We must first perceive relatives by our judgment before we can conceive them, without judging of them; as we must first perceive colours by sight, before we can conceive of them without seeing them.”

In the whole of this passage, Dr Reid, as it appears to us, notwithstanding his usual great clearness and sagacity, has fallen into an indistinctness in describing the acts of the mind, from the view he entertained of judgment, as a simple original faculty. He here speaks of a perception in which no affirmation or denial is included, and yet ascribes it to a faculty of which the office is only to affirm or to deny.

The analogy with which Dr Reid has concluded his observations is

that which we should have thought might have been more happily employed to explain what we have described as a faculty distinct from judgment. The perception of colour is not a judgment—it may be attended with a judgment or it may not. In the same manner there is a perception of relation, which is not a judgment, nor necessarily accompanied with one. We are, therefore, unavoidably led to the conclusion, that when Dr Reid, in the beginning of his chapter, speaks of judgment as that act which the logicians have defined by affirmation, or denial, and, farther on, speaks of it as the faculty by which we have the original perception, apprehension, or notion of relation, he joins unwarily under one name a simpler with a more complex act of the mind.

How decisively he includes the notion of affirming and denying in the act of judgment, appears from other passages, where he says, "The mind, with regard to whatever is true or false, passes sentence, or determines according to the evidence that appears." And again, "That I may avoid disputes about the meaning of words, I wish the reader to understand, that I give the name of judgment to every determination of the mind concerning what is true or what is false. This, I think, is what logicians, from the days of Aristotle, have called Judgment."

In his chapter on Judgment there is a discussion, at some length, of the priority of the act of judgment and the notion of relation. He attempts to establish that our notion of relation implies an antecedent act of judgment, from which it is itself derived. If we have succeeded in showing that our judgment is a judgment of relation, then is it evident that the notion of relation is included in it. Reid, we suppose, means to say, that our abstract conception of a relation can only be found in our mind, by reasoning from some act in which it was known to us in a concrete form. That is, that we conceive height, distance, equality, more, less, only by having known, that is, judged something to be actually high, distant, two things as equal, one as greater, one as less than the other. Certainly it seems

generally true, that our ideas of relation are first suggested by meeting with instances in which the relation occurs. But granting this, it still appears to us a most unsatisfactory way of stating the case, and likely to lead into error, to say that the act of judgment is prior to the notion of relation; inasmuch as from this mode of statement one would be led and warranted to conclude, that the act of judgment was something quite distinct from the notion of relation, and that the idea of the relation was a deduction or inference from the act of judgment. No one would by that mode of statement be led to understand what is really the case, that the act of judgment *includes* the notion of relation, and that the notion of relation that remains, is an exact portion of that original act, merely disengaged from the other concomitant elements of the act. It would plainly be a more satisfactory and more explanatory statement of the fact which Reid means to allege; to say that the judgment and the notion of relation are *contemporaneous* to the mind, and that the pure conception, which in its origin was immixed with something else, is now separated and freed from it.

Perhaps we may make ourselves still better understood by observing that Reid's way of stating it leads one rather to consider in what the two are unlike than in what they are the same; and thus to see in the act of judgment the act of affirming or denying, and not (the essential thing) that what is affirmed or denied is relation. Had he distinctly discerned how essential the idea, or perception of relation was to an act of judgment as defined by himself, he would hardly have held that discussion of his on priority. For though perhaps there may seem some reason in saying that an act of judgment, that is of affirming or denying one thing or another, must precede the idea of relation—leaving it to the reader to make out how they are connected—yet nobody could well say that an act of affirming or denying relation between two things, must be prior to the idea of relation.

On the whole, it should seem that all that can be reasonably asserted is, that the idea of relation, as conceived purely by the mind, must be

preceded by the perception of relation mixed in objects of sense, or knowledge; or more generally, that all relation is first known to the mind as an object of thought, in some case where it is believed really to subsist. That it is universally and necessarily so, and that no idea of relation can be formed except by observing an instance in which it is believed to have place, we venture not to affirm. That, however, is of no present moment to determine; all that is material to us being to determine what is the connexion between the perception of relation and the act of judgment. And from all we have said, we are confident that the connexion is this, that the perception of relation is not only a necessary element of the act of judgment, but, metaphysically speaking, its main constituent. For there is nothing else in the act, but affirmation; that is, the belief that the relation subsists. So that in the judgment of a relation as different from the perception of relation, in a given case, there is meant nothing more than this perfect reliance of the mind on its perception; which, surely, is no intellectual element added, but a feeling, or the fact of a state. If there is any idea added, it is that the mind is aware of its own acquiescence in its perception. Thus, then, there is no separate faculty of judgment from the faculty of perceiving relations; but the logicians chose their act well, for without this acquiescence of the mind in its perception, there is no proposition.

Upon the whole, then, we may say that the faculty concerning which we are to enquire, is that which apprehends all intellectual notions, which apprehends relations, and which is capable also of that act which is called Judgment.

We shall therefore proceed, as the method best suited to give a true view of the nature of the operations of this Intellectual Faculty, to exhibit some of the simplest of these relations in their most elementary form.

"Besides the ideas which the mind has of things as they are in themselves," says Mr Locke, "there are others which it obtains from their comparison one with another."—"The understanding, in the consi-

deration of any thing, is not confined to that precise object."—"It can look beyond" it, "to see how it stands in conformity with any other. When the mind so considers and carries its views from one thing to another, this is, as the words import, relation and respect."

The result of such a comparison is a perception of relation. The perception of this relation leads us to give a name to the one object denoting its relation to the other. "The denominations," Mr Locke goes on to observe, "given to positive things intimating that respect, and serving as marks to lead the thoughts beyond the subject itself denominated, to something distinct from it, are what we call relatives: and the things so brought together we call related."

The first of these, and one of the most important, is one to which we have already alluded—the relation of Identity.

"Here," says Locke, "what the mind compares is the very being of things: when considering any thing as existing at any determined time and place, we compare it with itself existing at another time, and therein form the idea of" its "Identity."—"When we see any thing to be in any place in any instant of time, we are sure (be it what it will) that it is that very thing, and not another, which at that same time exists in another place, how like and undistinguishable soever it may be in all other respects: and in this consists identity, when the ideas it is attributed to vary not at all from what they were at that moment wherein we consider their former existence, and to which we compare the present."

This appears to us to be the simplest intellectual act which we are able to conceive of the mind, when taking notice of a second impression, it compares it with a first, and there takes place a perception of the coincidence of one with the other; that is, of Identity.

This may be supposed in the case of the simplest sensations, as in colours: if white, for example, has been before the eyes, and when white is again before the eyes, there is recognition of the colour as the same. Or if the pain of heat has been felt, and when the pain of heat

is again felt, there is immediate reminiscence of the former sensation, and recognition of the Identity of the two.

When we apply the same recognition to objects, there is this difference, that we may know objects to be not the same, though they are undistinguishable to sense: but in general our recognition of the identity of an object is a recognition of sameness in the impression which it makes upon us.

This then we conceive to be the simplest form in which this relation is known to the mind—Identity in its own impressions: in which sense there is no difficulty in apprehending the meaning of the term relation, as applied to it; though there seems some force put upon language, when we say that an object stands to itself under the relation of Identity.

If now we conceive what takes place in the mind in this case, we shall find, that the repetition of the same impression upon an intelligent being must needs suggest to it the idea of sameness. To say that it judges its impression to be the same, appears to be encumbering the case with ideas that do not yet belong to it. It would appear that the very repetition must first suggest the idea, or even the feeling it might be said of sameness, before any such judgment can be the subject of its consideration.

There is with the repeated impression which takes place, reminiscence produced in the mind of the former impressions, by means of that property of its nature which we have heretofore described under the head of Association, viz.: that the renewed impression being identical with the former has power to bring back the conception of the former consciousness upon the mind: the elementary fact of all association. The mind is conscious of that reminiscence. That consciousness is the fact which is before its intelligence. And as often as the same impression is renewed, and the precedent impressions are brought up in recollective consciousness,—there is the relation of sameness submitted to the apprehension of the Intellectual Faculty. Now if it should be asked, how the mind is able to

discern that sameness? the only answer that can be given is that the mind is an intelligence, and that sameness is one of the relations which it is made capable of discerning.

But together with the impressions which are so nearly alike, that they are undistinguishable to the mind, and therefore all appear to it as the same, there will occur others, which, though in part like, and that to such a degree, that the second must needs recal the first impression, are in part also unlike, and that to such a degree, that the mind must needs be sensible of the unlikeness. Here then will be produced a new suggestion to the intelligence, viz. of "the same, and not the same;" a very perplexing suggestion as we may conceive to an unpractised intelligence, and very remote from a judgment. Yet this is the elementary form in which the relation of Diversity presents itself to the mind, and forces itself upon its perception. For things which have no likeness do not suggest the idea of diversity, inasmuch as they induce no comparison; one does not call up the conception of the other. But things at once like and unlike are brought in conjunction to the mind's notice; and the uneasiness and perplexity they occasion, constrain its intellectual consideration to the two; and the idea of not the same is immediately suggested; but this is evidently at first an apprehension merely, a new suggestion to the understanding, a perception of possible non-identity, which must be some time before the mind as a mere idea of diversity, before it settles in the judgment of a diversity actually subsisting.

The two perceptions thus arising in the mind, simple as they seem to be, are acts of its intelligence of the utmost importance. It is now that the mind is solicited to continual acts of judgment. For till it has acknowledged Diversity, it will easily acquiesce in the apparent Identity that ought to be distinguished. But when it is made aware that there is diversity in that which seems the same, it begins to take notice of less marked difference, and with deliberate consideration and comparison of present with past impressions, and with judgment as deliberate, to

establish its recognitions of identity, and of non-identity.

If it is well considered, it will be found that the most perfect attainment which we make in judgment throughout life, is the attainment of ability in this discrimination of what is, and what is not identical. This is that most exact judgment which science exercises, when, in comparing two effects, it decides that the power which produces them is, or is not the same. This is that most delicate judgment which taste exercises, when, in comparing the impressions which two objects make upon the feelings, it declares that these impressions are, or are not the same. The fault of rude science is, that it acquiesces in the suggestion of the same cause, for two effects, in which not the same, though like operation is traced. The fault of rude taste is, that having indistinct observation of affection, it allows in two cases as the same, the general emotion of pleasure, when it ought to perceive that there are circumstances, in the two instances, which qualify and distinguish the emotions.

It is to be remembered, however, that in the objects which are brought before the notice of the mind, the difficulty is not merely to guard itself from confounding those that are different, but to ascertain identity, where it is disguised by seeming difference. This also must be a very early occupation of the mind, since, when it has begun to apprehend diversity, it must necessarily be led erroneously to distrust the sameness of many an object, which, till then, it had conceived to be the same, and it will have to remove this distrust by minutely studying them. And it is probable that many objects which will have appeared to it different, it will by degrees discover to be the same. This appears more and more conspicuously as the mind grows more philosophical, and studies natural causes; for this great work of intellect is no more than to know identity of causation in different phenomena. What had Sir Isaac Newton done, when he showed that gravitation confined the planets in their orbits? What Franklin, when he showed that lightning was electricity? This merely—that the cause of the deflection of the motion

of those globes from a direct line, and the cause of the falling of a stone is the same; that the cause of the known appearance and effects of lightning, and the cause of the known appearance and effects of the electric spark is the same.

The perception of this relation, which is so diffusively incorporated with all our knowledge, becomes in the highest degree intellectual, when there is between two objects of thought coincidence in the more obvious but less essential properties, but discrepancy or non-identity in the less obvious but more essential. Ignorant, untutored, ill reasoning minds conclude those effects to be of one cause, which have common semblance—that is, of which the more obvious and striking appearances and circumstances are the same. The learned, the tutored, the judging eye sees deeper; and that which determines conclusively the highest judgments, is often something so unapparent that it escapes altogether the sight of common observers.

Such, then, is the first effort of the mind to release itself from delusions of sense, an effort begun in the study of this relation. The mind is already an intelligence exerting and discovering its proper nature, when among its earliest operations it strives to ascertain, to its own satisfaction, the real facts of existence, in despite, and yet by means of, the perplexing representations of sense.

In this relation of Identity and Diversity is virtually included the relation of Resemblance; since resemblance is nothing else than a partial identity of two impressions. But this partial identity may be found either in the impressions which the same object makes at different times, or in the impression which two different objects make, viewed either severally or together. When two different objects make an impression which is partially the same, we say that the objects resemble. When the same object at different times makes impressions thus diversified, we say the impressions resemble. Of course we cannot apply resemblance to the object itself, except in a figure of speech.

Resemblance, then, is the mixture

of identity and diversity, in any two impressions. As we enlarge our intellectual conceptions, we extend our perception of diversity to objects, which we should not before have thought of comparing. But this enlarged comparison does not take place till we come to a more fixed intellectual consciousness of the intellectual notion itself, and apply it voluntarily, beyond what the occasion forces upon our notice.

It is to be observed that this consideration of Identity, with the two connected relations, Resemblance and Diversity, may be pursued among all possible objects of thought; among mere sensible impressions of the mind, among objects having distinct existences, among properties or qualities of such distinct existences, or among mere entities of the conceiving intellect. It is according to the progress which the mind makes in framing to itself more intellectual objects for such comparison, and in applying this comparison to them, that it assumes more and more its proper intellectual character.

Thus it is evidently an advanced and a more intellectual state of mind when it perceives identity in properties, which are disguised to sense in their different manifestation. It does not seem too much to say that even the first notice of weight as a common property of very heavy and of the lightest bodies, was a very intellectual perception; that the notice of resistance, as a common property of the hardest substances, and the most yielding, as water and air, must be a perception of advancing intellect. For there is here the intellectual recognition of an identity, which is very much disguised to sense. Such, too, it may be said is the recognition of life as a common property of the animal and vegetable kingdoms:—such the recognition in the various animal kinds of affection and intelligence which the mind has first known only in itself. All these, however early they may appear, and however familiar they may seem, are nevertheless discoveries of an intellect irresistibly impelled to trace the relation of identity, wherever it can detect it, amidst the various seeming diversities which almost hide it from perception. The observation of the

weight of the atmosphere is one of the important observations of modern science, and the suggestion that the column of mercury was supported by that weight in the inverted tube one of its very boldest divinations. Yet this is merely the exhibition in the highest state of what we have described as the first incessant occupation of young intelligence. It is no more than the detection of an identity exceedingly disguised from the observation of intellect by the impressions of sense.

The consideration of these relations leads us now to speak of one of the most important intellectual forms in which they are found. We speak of that ground of scientific reasoning which we distinguish by the name of *Analogy*. It is worthy of observation that a very remarkable application of this reasoning process of the mind takes place in very early years; namely, when the child transfers the ideas of sensitive life, of thought, and will, which it perceives in itself, to other human beings. To this transfer it is evidently determined, by the observation of the same appearances in them, which are connected in itself with those energies or properties. Now, this reasoning, early as it takes place, is an explicit and decisive example of analogical reasoning, the same precisely as intellect in its highest power employs in the highest science. This reasoning by analogy is, in truth, nothing more than what we have now been describing—the pursuit of identity under various forms of diversity. This will appear from shortly examining the idea entertained of analogy by the best writers.

"Analogy, in general, is the substituting the idea or conception of one thing to stand for and represent another on account of a true resemblance and correspondent reality in the very nature of the things compared. It is defined by Aristotle, *ἰσότης τῶν λόγων*—a parity of reason."—BROWN'S *Divine Analogy*, p. 2.

It is this principle which is thus described by Sir Isaac Newton in his second law of philosophizing:—"Of natural effects of the same kind the same causes are to be assigned as far as it can be done. As

of respiration in a man and a beast, of the descent of stones in Europe and in America, of light in a culinary fire and in the sun, and of the reflection of light in the various planets." "The arguments," says an intelligent writer in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, "by which Sir Isaac Newton establishes the truth of the system of universal gravitation are precisely of this sort. He proves that the planets in their deflections towards the sun are all governed by the same analogy that is observable in the deflections of the earth towards the sun, and of the moon towards the earth, as well as of a body projected obliquely at the earth's surface, towards its centre. Whence he infers, with the force of demonstration, that all these deflections spring from the same cause, or are governed by one and the same law, to wit, the power of gravitation, by which a heavy body, when unsupported, naturally falls to the ground."

"The derivation of the word Analogy, indicates," as Professor Castillon of Berlin observes, "a resemblance discernible by reason."

"Two objects," says he, "are said to have an analogy to each other, when some identity is discovered upon comparing them."

"Analogy, that is to say, the greater or less resemblance of the facts, the more or less evident relation between them, is the only rule of physical enquirers, either to explain known facts or to discover new ones."—D'ALEMBERT, *Mélanges de Littérature*, tome V. § 6; quoted by Stewart, *Philosophy*, II. 441.

But the most interesting and instructive discussion on this subject is in Mr Stewart's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. II. chap. iv. sect. 4.

He there admirably explains, that "in the same manner in which our external senses are struck with that resemblance between different individuals which gives rise to a common appellation, our superior faculties of observation and reasoning enable us to trace those more distant and refined similitudes which lead us to comprehend different species under one common genus. Here, too," he says, "the principles of our nature, already pointed out,

dispose us to extend our conclusions from what is familiar to what is comparatively unknown; and to reason from species to species, as from individual to individual. In both cases the logical process of thought is nearly if not exactly the same, but the common use of language has established a verbal distinction between them, our most correct writers being accustomed (as far as we have been able to observe) to refer the evidence of our conclusions in the one case to experience, and in the other to analogy. The truth is, that the difference between these two denominations of evidence, when they are accurately analyzed, appears manifestly to be a difference, not in kind, but merely in degree."

Again. "A resemblance of objects or events is perceived by sense, and accordingly has some effect even on the lower animals: a correspondence (or, as it is frequently called, a resemblance) of relations is not the object of sense, but of intellect, and consequently the perception of it implies the exercise of reason."

The illustrations of analogy, as the ground of scientific reasoning, given with such simplicity by Sir Isaac Newton, and setting out from so simple a correspondence as animal respiration, coincide, we think, with Mr Stewart's view of the subject, in which he sets aside the logical distinction between analogy and experience, and contends, notwithstanding the attempt of some writers to limit one to nearer, and the other to remoter resemblances, that the act of the mind, and ground of its proceeding, which is all with which we can be concerned in metaphysical enquiry, are the same in both. Therefore, we do not hesitate to affirm, that by analogy is or ought to be understood "all intellectual determination of like properties from like manifestations," whether the likeness of the manifestations be more or less obvious to sense. We would further add, in recapitulation of what we have before said, that reasoning by analogy in the highest cases, is only pursuing an identity of a kind which it requires a more practised intellect to apprehend, and amidst diversities of appearance which make the indications more difficult to observe.

How much of an intellectual cha-

racter the cognizance of these relations may assume, according to the nature of the subject in which they are exhibited, is shown in a familiar manner—in language. In all language, there are many words which have a signification nearly, though not precisely the same. We call them synonymous, which is an inexact and deceptive expression; for there are scarcely any words truly synonymous in language. Those, however, to which that description is applied, are words approaching near to each other in signification, and yet distinguishable by shades of meaning sufficient to constitute a positive difference among them. Now, it is observable, in respect to such words, that a mind negligent or unapt for the apprehension of language will not ascertain the differences, but will acquiesce in one common and undistinguished meaning for them all. But a mind of more vigilant intelligence—more apt for that kind of self-reflection which is implied in the study of language, will readily and distinctly ascertain these differences, and will easily understand under each word its proper distinctive signification. This is one decisive indication of the intellectual character. But this is nothing more than an exemplification of what we have just been considering. In these different significations there is partial identity, but with it diversity. The vigilant mind adverts to the differences, and discriminates the meanings; the negligent or unapt mind does not advert to them, but acquiesces in the conception of a total identity, which does not subsist in the objects themselves. This appears chiefly in the study of other languages than our own. We may observe here, as an extension of the same principle beyond mere words, that the most excellent translation, which should render with the utmost fidelity and force the sense of a writer, would differ from the worst precisely on the same ground,—not in the general and absolute meaning, for that both would convey; but in the nicer discriminations. The incapable translator does not perceive the differences between his own renderings of thought and the expressions of his original. They appear to

him the same, or very nearly so; but where he perceives slight differences, or none, the other is aware of the greatest. He apprehends, in all the various ways of rendering a passage, precisely how near each approaches to the exact force of the original, and precisely in what it fails. It is his delicate and exact discrimination of these differences that enables him to select his expression, and suffers him not to rest till he has found that which is adequate: he performs his office well or ill, as he refuses or consents to admit as identical that meaning which is not identical.

From what we have now said, may be conceived the importance of the relation of identity among the subjects of cognizance to the human understanding. Nor can it be uninteresting, we think, or uninteresting, thus to observe these unfoldings of the human faculties, and to detect, in the first rudiments of their strength, and in their exercise upon the simple and rude materials that are at first set before them, the powers which, by a continual progress—not changing in kind, though changing continually in degree—advance at length to the accomplishment of the highest undertakings of speculative intellect.

From what has been said, it will appear, further, of how truly intellectual a character is the perception of the simplest relation: every relation being, in truth, to the mind itself an "*ens rationis*"—a creature of its own, produced to itself, though corresponding to what has place in actual existence; every perception of every simplest relation, being in itself a perfect evidence of the intellectual nature of the mind.

It may be worth while, too, to observe that there is a not unimportant character of relations, arising from this their intellectual essence; viz., that the mind has a clearer perception of the pure relation itself than of its application to any individual case. The idea it forms of identity, for example, is pure and perfect; it is an entire intellectual conception without defect. But in the application to particular cases, there may always be uncertainty and obscurity, as it is probable that no two impressions shall be perfectly identical, and

yet there are many which the mind admits as such, being unable to distinguish them. It bears within itself the pure conception; all it can do is to approximate the application more and more nearly to that model, as it sharpens by use its practical discernment.

Among the early relations of which the mind becomes conscious by the comparison of objects one with another, are those of Number, Quantity, and Form. We shall now speak of these in such a brief and simple manner as may be sufficient for pointing out their intellectual character.

The relation of Number is indistinctly perceived, as soon as that impression takes place in the understanding, which is indicated by us by the word "many." This indistinct apprehension, long preceding any notion of distinct enumeration, implies, that the objects thus felt to be many are already in some degree classed together by the mind. The process of the mind in classification, is carried on by the power we have of separating, in like objects, their common properties from those which distinguish them; combining them to our understanding, as one class, by those common attributes. Without this power of selecting, as a ground of classification, such common properties, we perhaps never could have had any idea of number; for, before we can consider different objects as forming a multitude, it is necessary that we should be able to apply to all of them one common name; or, in other words, that we should reduce them all to the same genus. In illustration of this, says Mr Stewart, in his *Elements*, vol. I. chap. ii, "The various objects, animate and inanimate, which are at this moment before me, I may class and number in a variety of different ways, according to the view of them that I choose to take. I may reckon successively the number of sheep, of cows, of horses—of elms, of oaks, of beeches;—or I may first reckon the number of animals, and then the number of trees;—or I may at once reckon the number of all the organized substances which my senses present to me." This simple illustration, Mr Stewart employs to show, that whatever be the principle on which classification proceeds, it is evident that

the objects numbered together must be considered in those respects only in which they agree with each other; and that, if we had no power of distinguishing in the individual objects of sense their common attributes, we never could have conceived of them at all as forming a plurality.

In this illustration, then, Mr Stewart describes that distinct process of classification which is necessary to the clear intellectual notion of a plurality, and to the distinct act of enumeration. But among the indistinct and confused apprehensions of the early intellect, we may remark, that a much ruder sort of classing may be sufficient for such an imperfect notion of plurality as may serve to ground the idea of number in the mind: the child, no doubt, conceiving the objects around it as few or many, even without giving attention to divide from one another those which are of different kinds. The process of enumeration reduces this confused multitude under the command of intellect: making that which appears most confounding to intelligence the matter of its most distinct and perfect action.

Let us observe, then, for a few moments, what this process is.

Amongst all our ideas, "as there is none suggested to the mind in more ways, so there is none more simple than that of unity, or one. It has no shadow of variety or composition in it. Every object our senses are employed about, every idea in our understandings, every thought in our minds, brings this idea along with it: And, therefore, it is the most intimate to our thoughts, as well as it is, in its agreement to all other things, our most universal idea. Number, continues Locke, applies itself to men, angels, actions, thoughts, every thing that either doth exist, or can be imagined."

This idea of unity, thus continually carried into our understandings by every object presented to them, is the element of all numbers.

From this single element, all our ideas of distinct number are formed—the first steps of our enumerating consisting merely of successive repetitions of simple unity: and our ideas of greater numbers being formed by repeating in our mind those first aggregates of simple unity—as when we carry on our process

of numbering by successive tens, successive hundreds, successive thousands.

Such, then, is the whole intellectual process of the beginning of enumeration—unity, and the repetition of unity; a process by which the mind goes on to reduce within its comprehension those numbers which seemed, when first presented to it, to be fitted only to baffle and confound and overwhelm its faculties.

It may be observed, that simple as this process appears in its elementary form, namely, the distinct repetition of unity, it is this perfect simplicity in which the successive acts of the mind are mere absolute renewals of its former acts, which gives their perfect intellectual character to the combinations that are grounded on this relation. Accordingly, the simple modes of numbers are of all others the most distinct,—every the least variation, which is an unit, making each combination as clearly different from that which approaches nearest to it as the most remote,—two being as distinct from one as two hundred, and the idea of two as distinct from the idea of three as, in the forcible language of Locke, “the magnitude of the whole earth is from that of a mite.” This is not so in other simple modes, in which it is not so easy, nor perhaps possible, for us to distinguish betwixt two approaching ideas which yet are really different. Nobody can undertake to find a difference between the conception of any two possible shades of the same colour, for example, or to form distinct ideas of every the least possible excess in extension.

Now, it is to be observed that both the idea of plurality, which is the subject of numbering, and the idea of unity, by means of which the process of numbering is carried on, are first presented to the mind as subsisting in material objects. The child does not divide the idea of many or of one from the objects themselves. It cannot, for it has not yet acquired such a reflective action in its mind. It is only during the presence of the object that the idea of many or of one is excited, and it must learn to number in sensible objects. By degrees the mind becomes independent of this

aid of sense, and conceives unity and that successive repetition of unity, which is number, as something distinct altogether from the material objects in which those ideas were at first embodied. But though it at first perceives the relation along with the subjects in which it subsists, still it is even then no less a true intellectual notion, and also the distinct and full preparation for that process entirely intellectual, in which number will be afterwards distinctly separated from the objects in which it is perceived to subsist, and made the pure matter of the mind's most abstract contemplation.

Upon this relation, so simple in its rudiments, and by a process which, humble as it appears, while the mind exercises itself merely in sense, is continually extended and refined, but at no moment changes its character, is that powerful science of numbers constructed, which, wielded by intellect at the height of its strength and skill, has seemed almost to enlarge the province of the human understanding.

It may be asked, then, in what manner does the mind proceed from this first state, in which it perceives the relation mixed, as it were, with the object of sense, to form that separated apprehension of number in which it affects those endless combinations? The answer is most simple; it is merely by taking more and more distinct notice of the impression made upon itself in the perception of number. It perceives the relation at first in sense. The intellectual impression, in which consists the perception of number, is intimately blended with the sensuous impression produced by perception of the objects. Still the mind is made conscious of the intellectual impression; and it is simply, as that impression is again and again repeated, that the mind's notice of the intellectual as separate from the sensuous affection becomes stronger and more distinct, till it ends in dividing altogether the perception of the relation from the perception of the objects in which that relation has first been made known.

If we could conceive an intelligence perfect in the use of its powers, on which the mixed impression of which we have been

speaking should be made, we may suppose that that impression once made would be sufficient, and that such a mind would proceed by mere reflection upon such a single compound impression of sense and intelligence to separate it into parts, and to divide from its conception of the objects having number, its conception of the relation of number subsisting among those objects; we may suppose that it would be able, from the impression once made, to clear up to itself or to evolve the intellectual notion of the relation. For the elements are already given; the perfect intellectual perception is involved, and there needs nothing but thought to produce it as a separate element. But constituted as we are, our mind, as we have before observed, "slowly disengages itself from sense," and it is only the repeated impression that forces it on by degrees, to the cognizance of its intellectual, as something distinct from its sensuous impression.

In this relation, then, we find again what we found in those which we considered above. An intelligence affected with the perception of a relation, and taking notice of the affection so produced in itself—and enabled by the distinction which it makes of its own pure affection, to obtain a command over the use of the relation, which it could never possess while it continued to know it only as involved with the objects of sense.

We have said enough to show how very simple is the origin of all our ideas of Number, prodigiously complicated as these ideas afterwards become; but at the same time, that simple as this origin is, the idea itself is of a purely intellectual character. We see that this is the case in the frequently baffled efforts of children, first, in conceiving, and secondly, in retaining pure abstract ideas of number. It is seen still more decidedly among rude tribes of men, with whom the ideas of number make slower progress than any other intellectual ideas whatever. Among some tribes that have even made considerable advances in the more ordinary arts of life, it is surprising how short a way the mind has proceeded in the art of numbering. The difficulty has been found so great, that they have

been unable to give names for numbers above five or six, and have had no other means of communicating to others their recollection of the number of particular objects than by pointing to other objects present, by showing their own fingers, or in the case of a great multitude by pointing to the hairs of their head. The wide distance between the mind of savage and of civilized man is more brought home to our understandings, and made more visible, as it were, in comparing in this instance, the inability of the one to manage the simplest intellectual conceptions, with the easy and unbounded command which the arithmetician and the algebraist possess over the most complex and intricate combinations of numbers in their almost unlimited extent, than by any other comparison which we might institute between them. For wherever man has risen into the earliest grades of social being, we often observe in him almost as strong sagacity, and as deep affection as amongst men whose natures have been to the utmost cultivated by civility. We can think of the orator or the poet of a rude tribe, even along with the greatest orators or poets of the most intellectual nations, and in certain dispositions of mind can almost conceive of them as standing on the same level. But it is far otherwise, when we think of the rude mind striving ineffectually to engage itself with such pure intellectual relations as those of which we have been treating, and we cannot dream of any thing so remote from each other as the savage with his notched stick or his string of shells, numbering succession, and the genius of Newton, for example, by its power over the same relations, bringing under human comprehension the laws of the infinite universe.

Let us now proceed to make some observations on the relations involved in our ideas of Quantity.

The first notion involved in the idea of sensible quantity is that of extension.

The idea of space is obtained both by sight and by the organs of touch and motion. This space, considered merely as extended in length between any two objects, without regarding or conceiving any thing else between them, is called distance. If

it be considered as extended in length, in breadth, and thickness, it has been called capacity. In every way in which it may be considered the term extension is applied to it. Capacity thus conceived, namely, as extension bounded in length, breadth, and thickness, is the measure of sensible quantity. We have only to add the idea of sensible substance as filling the extension or portion of space thus circumscribed, and we have the whole of what is included in the idea of sensible quantity.

The science of geometry is concerned not with sensible quantity thus contained in limited portions of space, but with the measures of quantity merely. It considers extension in length simply, or lines;—in length and breadth, or surfaces;—in length, breadth, and thickness, or solids, as they are called; meaning, however, not solids, with which it has no concern, but the measure of solids merely. Thus then, in sensible quantity, which is what is known to the mind contemplating objects through sense, and in that pure measure of quantity which is in its separate elements, or in their combination, the subject of geometrical science, we have again an exemplification of those same modes of beginning to perceive relation which we have just seen exemplified in the relation of Number.

Matter, in every form in which it can be presented through sense to the mind, offers these various perceptions, of distance, of superficial extension, and of capacity, or bulk—but it offers them involved in the sensuous perception of the material objects themselves. Here then the mind in its perception of material objects is necessarily constrained to the intellectual perception of the relations of extension subsisting among them. But those relations are made known to it in a manner which blends with intellectual perception the impression of sense. Here then again is the intelligence under the necessity of going through that process which has been already described:—and of separating its intellectual from its sensuous affection. This accordingly is what it does. Being itself a pure intelligence, and by virtue of its intellectual nature and tendencies being constrained to

take notice of all its intellectual affections, it does unavoidably make that perception of relation the subject of its distinct consideration. But in the very act of so considering it, it divides that perception from the impressions of sense in which it was involved. And in so doing, it brings that relation itself more and more to the state of a pure intellectual entity; an object of thought divided from the conception of matter.

The science of Geometry, then, abstract as that of Number, derives from this process its pure intellectual character. It is a science of relation merely:—of relation conceived in intellect alone. But inasmuch as the knowledge of that relation was derived from the sensible perception of matter, so the science founded on that relation is again applicable to matter: comprehending it in all its modes, and to its utmost extent. And these two sciences, namely, of Number and Extension, drawn from matter by intellect, and again in their intellectual perfection applied to it, are capable of comprehending the whole material universe. As sciences they have this capacity. The limitation is not in them, but in intellect itself, from which the means of observation are withheld; and of which the capacity is finite. It has been able to invent science, which, in its fullest extent, is beyond its ability to use, but which we may conceive that a higher, but still finite intelligence, might apply with its larger comprehension to its more extended knowledge; and without altering the nature of the science itself, obtain from it results exceeding our possible attainment in the same proportion in which it should itself exceed the measure of our intellectual power.

The view which is given us of the mind by thus considering its work, is, as it appears to us, in the most distinct and positive form, that of an intelligence apart from matter:—conditioned, indeed, so as to derive the whole awakening of its powers, and the first subjects of their exercise, from matter merely; but marked, from the beginning, as having its own independent being—and visibly, as soon as we are able to trace its operations, turning those sensible materials of thought to the uses of that independent, intellectual

nature. We observe, throughout its process, the effort of that higher being to lift itself out of sense—to fulfil, by the means which sense offers it, the inherent tendencies of its own constitution. And especially, as in the processes we have been describing, we see the determined and successful endeavour to separate its acts from matter, and at last to frame its materials of thought out of conceptions purely self-derived. For such are its ideas of relation in their ultimate purity—being mere modes of intellectual perception—and therefore perfect and exact in their final separation from matter—though imperfect, inexact, and uncertain as long as they are blended with it.

We cannot help adding, that the almost boundless power which the mind has derived from the pure intellectual conception of these relations, does not appear more than might have been expected, when a high intellectual nature was able, upon its own pure perceptions, to constitute a science applicable to the material world. The wonder is not in these almost unlimited results; but it is in the very first step in which those results are begun—a step which at once, and in the most decisive manner, characterises the intellectual constitution of the mind which is capable of it.

We shall now speak of a relation which is intimately connected with that of extension—the relation of Form or Figure; and again found what we have to say on the definitions and description of Mr Locke.

“There is another modification of the ‘idea’ of space,” says he, “which is nothing but the relation which the parts of the termination of extension, or of circumscribed space, have amongst themselves. This the touch discovers in sensible bodies, whose extremities come within our reach; and this the eye takes both from bodies and colours, whose boundaries are within its view;—where, observing how the extremities terminate either in straight lines, which meet at discernible angles, or in ‘curved’ lines, wherein no angles can be perceived—by considering these as they relate to one another, in all parts of the extremities of any body or space, it has that idea we call

figure, which affords to the mind infinite variety. For besides the vast number of different figures that do really exist in the coherent masses of matter, the stock that the mind has in its power, by varying the idea of space, and thereby making still new compositions, by repeating its own ideas, and joining them as it pleases, is perfectly inexhaustible; and so it can multiply figures in *infinitum*.”

He then goes on to illustrate the process of this infinitely variable combination.

§ 6. “The mind having a power to repeat the idea of any length directly stretched out, and ‘to join it to another in the same direction, which’ shall thus double the length of that straight line, or else with one with what inclination it thinks fit, and so make what sort of angle it pleases:—and being able also to shorten any line it imagines, by taking from it one-half, or one-fourth, or what part it pleases, without being able to come to an end of any such divisions:—It can ‘thus’ make an angle of any inclination, so also the lines that are its sides of what length it pleases; which joining again to other lines of different lengths, and at different angles, till it has wholly enclosed any space, it is evident that it can multiply figures, both in their shape and capacity, in *infinitum*; all which are but so many different simple modes of space.”

“It is obvious, that the same process which the mind can thus carry on with straight lines, it can also do with ‘curved,’ or ‘curved’ and straight together; and that whatever it can do in lines, it can also in superficies:—By which we may be led into farther thoughts of the endless variety of figures that the mind has power to make, and thereby to multiply the simple modes of space.”

Figure, or form, then, exhibits one kind of relation—the relation mutually subsisting among the several parts of that circumscribing boundary which encloses any portion of space. All bodies present to us figure, because they all have extension defined on all sides; and those defining boundaries, by the relation subsisting among their parts, constitute figure. For, examine what is meant by figure or form, and you will find that

when you have stated the idea of the boundary in every part of the extension of the body, and have added to this the idea of the relation to one another, subsisting among the different parts of that boundary, you have exhausted the subject; you have defined figure by stating all its elements.

Let us shortly consider the nature of these relations.

We look at the forms of things in nature, and the imagination is overcome with their infinite and seemingly incomprehensible variety. But intellect applies itself to the study of that which has overpowered imagination; and examining, not that variety of forms which can never come within its cognizance, but the essential relations of form, which, subsisting in its own perception, are truly cognizable by it, it resolves that innumerable, unimaginable, inexhaustible, and almost infinite variety, into four simple elements—lines straight and curved, and plane and curvilinear surfaces. Yet even this resolution is not ultimate, for every surface may be conceived as resolved into an infinite number of lines in apposition one with another; and every line may be conceived as resolved into an infinite number of points in apposition one to another—either in one direction, making a straight line, or in a direction continually varying, making a curve line. And in this way the whole of form is resolved entirely into relation; for these points are nothing whatever in themselves, and serve only to mark or express the continually varying relations of itself with itself, subsisting throughout the boundary of any portion of extension. However, the four elements that were enumerated—lines of two kinds and surfaces of two kinds—serve as generic expressions of such relation. And such lines and surfaces, placed in various relation to each other, make up all possible figure.

If we ask, then, in what manner this simple relation of form can be defined, "it is the relation of one point to other points in space;" or to comprehend entire figure it is, in the words we have already quoted from Mr Locke, "the relation which the parts of the termination of extension, or of circumscribed space,

have amongst themselves." This relation resolves itself into two kinds—direction and comparative distance. From these ideas—all virtually included in the idea of space—all Form is compounded.

Space, then, and the included ideas, direction in space and limitation in space, are all that intellect requires to combine the infinite possible varieties of form. If space be given, the others which are relations merely, and therefore pure intellectual apprehensions, are sufficient for the rest.

Whether space itself, therefore, be a purely metaphysical idea or not—which we think may be difficult to decide—the application to it of these relations for the composition of figure is purely metaphysical: and in this instance as in those already treated, we see the extraordinary manner in which intelligence, having drawn the lessons of its knowledge from matter and sense, returns upon them to subject them to itself. Matter through the senses presses upon the contemplation of the mind—Form, in varieties which are only less than infinite. But the mind, awakened to the contemplation of form, and investigating its constitution, resolves it into two elementary relations—namely, direction and limitation in space.

We need scarcely ask—when intellect has acquired this absolute command over form, as a creature of its own, and yet applicable, as far as matter can be susceptible of the relations conceived by intellect, to material being—what is the nature of the power thus obtained, and to what purposes is it applied. The first application of the mind's intelligence of figure is to a purpose that is yet entirely intellectual, when it creates pure form, and then evolves its relations in pure geometrical science;—the second application, wherein it proceeds to unite form with matter, is to all the powerful constructions of mechanical art. It being the peculiar and proper character of these constructions, and the element of their power, that in them matter, by receiving forms which are pure intellectual conceptions, and therefore perfectly known in their relations and properties by intellect, becomes itself subjected to intellect—the

mind wielding and commanding the gross materials of its art by pure intellectual science. And hence it is that these arts, in their highest achievements, acquire a dignity even to our imagination, the mind contemplating with pleasure and admiration its own intellectual dominion over matter. Hence it is, too, that the greatest works of even mechanical art have been possible only to minds of the very highest intellectual capacity, and have formed fit subjects for their exertion. The most celebrated monument of the genius of one of the greatest minds of which modern Europe boasts, Michael Angelo, is the unrivalled construction of a dome,—a work which, from the simple circumstance of its magnitude, and the mechanical difficulty of its construction, is one confessedly which no inferior mind could have achieved. Under this head we have spoken of architecture as a simply mechanical art. But there is yet a last application of the power of form to matter, to which we may allude, in which architecture is also included, but under a different relation. We speak now of those beautiful and noble arts, in which the mind has subjected material form to the uses of imagination,—sculpture especially, and architecture considered merely in its relation to imagination. Both these arts depend for their power over the mind solely upon form; and it was only in the intensest contemplation of form, that genius found the conceptions by which it has been able to invest them in their majestic and immortal beauty. Hence it may be understood why the greatness, and even the beauty, of both these arts is of so severe a character,—it is because their great element, form, is a conception wholly intellectual, being merely the exhibition in matter of relations which are the birth of intellect alone.

Such, then, is the dependence of intellect on matter, and such is its independence. Such is its sovereignty over it, from which it learns merely to know itself—that strong in that knowledge, it may go forth to establish its dominion over the material world. Matter, it might almost be said, if we might leave for a moment the sober expression of

simple research, to speak a language that was known to philosophy of old, is busy in a constant endeavour to overpower and oppress the intellectual mind; but by that vain endeavour it only rouses up powers, and furnishes arms for its own subjugation.

Form, therefore, which when first we look in upon our own impressions, appears to us to be simply discovered to the mind by the eye, and only so discoverable; which, nevertheless, the moment we consider the minds of those to whom light has not been given, we perceive must be discoverable also through another sense—touch, namely, aided by the organs of active motion—is, as we perceive, when we pursue it to its ultimate analysis, a perception of relations by the mind. Those relations are perceived involved with matter, and till we consider the subject carefully, we are not aware how totally they may be separated from matter. Yet, even then, the mind itself has so separated them, and in a thousand instances has framed in itself ideas of that pure form, which cannot subsist in what is shown to our senses at least, of material being. In this we end, that the mind itself, by its own pure forms of thought alone, both comprehends what is brought before it of material existence, and moulds to uses of its own its subject matter.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, that it is by the simple process which we have described as giving us the notion of number and extension, that the mind is able to form to itself an idea of Infinity in either. It is merely by endlessly repeating the combinations of unity, and the conceived measures of extension, that this idea is obtained. We cannot suppose any point at which such a process can possibly stop; for the termination of one series at such a point, would be in fact nothing else than the commencement of another. It is, however, equally obvious, that though we can thus form to ourselves the idea of infinitude in number, space, or time, we cannot form the conception of any number, extension, or duration, actually infinite; for this would be a contradiction, as it would imply a limitation of infinitude.

TORENO'S HISTORY OF THE SPANISH INSURRECTION, &c.

THE Spanish historian, who but the other day was the trusted Minister of Queen Christina—the supreme ruler of reformed Spain, and who is now, with a price set upon his head, flying or skulking for life, from the virulent enmity of those whom he considered as his brother reformers, but who consider him as that most abhorred of created or imaginable beings in revolutionary politics, a moderate—has been a chief actor in the scenes he describes. He is by birth an Asturian, or a Leonese nobleman—we are not quite clear which. He was present in Madrid on the 2d of May, amidst all the tumult and bloodshed of that day of horror. His father, and probably he himself, took an active part in the Asturian insurrection which opened the great drama of the rising of the universal Spanish nation. He was one of the two Asturian deputies who, upon the completion of the first insurrection, put to sea with a white flag, in an open boat, in the Bay of Biscay, to endeavour to get on board some English vessel, and thus make their way to this country, with which theirs was then at war, here to announce the event, and request of a generous enemy assistance against perfidious allies; although, with a laudable and pleasing abstinence from self-exaltation, he says little of the hazardous nature of the adventure.

Many of our readers must, like ourselves, still recollect the sensation produced in London by the unthought-of advent of these same Asturian deputies, when, in the words of Anacreon Moore, we beg pardon, of Thomas Brown the Younger—

“Provided their wigs were but decently black,

A few patriot monsters from Spain
were a sight

That would people one's house for one,
night after night.”

Our author was the one of those

first “patriot monsters,” known by the title of Visconde Matarrosa, which he bore during his father's life.

After his return to Spain the Visconde seems to have been implicated in some of the squabbles and intrigues of the Asturian junta, with or against Romana; and he was afterwards a member of the extraordinary Cortes assembled at Cadiz during the siege of that city by Victor; which Cortes concocted, we will not say digested, a constitution for Spain whilst the country was occupied by the enemy—whilst French balls and bombs were rattling and exploding about the ears of the diligent theoretic legislators.

In this his new capacity Toreno was, by his own showing, one of the most ultra of the ultra-liberals; and, start not at the confession, Conservative reader, we like him never the worse. He appears, still by his own showing, to have run the course that we think most natural to an enthusiastic temperament when combined with conscious mental power. In early youth the person thus endowed is keenly sensible to every possible moral and intellectual beauty or deformity; and what can be more fascinatingly beautiful than complete, consistent theory? Most especially, perhaps, in legislation.—What more revolting to the pride of intellect than the perception of anomalies? It is only the slow and irksome tuition of experience that can teach the reluctant pupil how incompatible with fallible human nature is such theoretic perfection. Painfully lessoned by old experience, the impetuous youthful reformer, according to temper and circumstances, either ripens into a rational Conservative, prompt to correct manifest abuses whilst firmly resisting the headlong torrent of innovation and revolution, or sours into an unprincipled demagogue, or a ruthless despot, often both, in succession. The

Conde de Toreno is as yet not above half mature, we fear, but he has taken the ripening course. He speaks, with apparent regret of their exaggeration, of his liberalist opinions in 1811, avowing that time and experience have modified them. Moreover, he was expelled from Queen Christina's counsels by the more violent of the *mouvement* party, upon whom she was soon compelled to rely; and we shall be surprised if subsequent events, viscissitudes chancing even whilst we write, have not hastened, like the bite of an insect, his Conservative ripening.

Turn we now from preliminary considerations and from the author's individuality to his history, which is designed, we understand, to comprise the whole period of Ferdinand VII.'s being, *de facto* or *de jure* King of Spain; or, at least, so much thereof as may include all the wars and revolutions that harassed his reign, real or nominal; *i. e.*, from the Aranjuez insurrection, in 1808, to the King's restoration to absolute power by the Duc d'Angoulême, in 1823. How many volumes this history is likely to fill we have no information, and must request our readers to form their own calculation from the few data we can give them; to wit, the length to which historians nowadays run, even amongst our impatient Gallic neighbours, as *e. g.* Sismondi's *Historie des Français*, of which, we think, nearly a score of thick octavo volumes have appeared, without reaching the reign of Louis XIV.; and the fact that the four goodly octavos which we have received only bring down Count Toreno's history to the very beginning of 1812, to the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and the publication and acceptance of the new constitution.

A history of the Spanish insurrection, war, and revolution must necessarily divide itself into two portions, the political and the military; and to the mere desultory reader, the latter might perhaps seem the most interesting. But what are the really interesting operations of the Peninsular war? Are they the mostly injudicious and uncombined, the always rash measures of the Spanish generals, and their consequent disasters? We mean to cast no slur

upon some splendid examples of heroism, such as the defence of Sagossa. But to whom is that new? And Toreno, who, save that he inhabited Cadiz during the siege, was present at no active hostilities, it should seem, has added nothing to the universally known narratives of Messrs Vaughan and Southey. Are they the daringly gallant, but individually almost insignificant, feats of the Guerillas? Or are they the triumphs achieved by the indomitable valour of our own countrymen, wielded by the rare military genius, and the yet more admirably rare invincible constancy of the Duke of Wellington?

But for the details of these last it is not to the pages of the Spanish patriot that we are to look. He allows, indeed, that "Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, acted a principal part in the Peninsular war." Nay, upon one occasion, *i. e.* the defence of Portugal, he even says, "his plan, drawn up and submitted to Lord Liverpool, was a masterpiece of foresight and mature judgment." But still he evidently considers the British general and his army as mere auxiliaries, useful assuredly, but not very important or materially influential upon the issue of the contest. In proof of this Spanish verdict upon the relative importance of the exertions of the Insular and Peninsular troops and their leaders upon the final result of the war, it may suffice to say that Toreno despatches in four pages the siege and recapture of Ciudad Rodrigo by Lord Wellington, previous preparations and consequent rewards included; whilst to the defence by the Spaniards and the fall of Tortosa and Tarragona, for instance, he allots respectively nine pages, and twenty; to the resolute, though equally unavailing defence of Gerona, full half a book; and even to the daring, but immaterial, because unsupported and transitory surprise of Figueras by the ecclesiastical Guerrilla Rovira, as much space as to the important and permanent recovery of the first named fortress. We have imputed this strange apportionment of brevity and detail to the noble historian's nationality. Can we be mistaken in this idea? Is it possible that an im-

partial critic, neither English nor Spanish, would explain the seeming absurdity of the relative number of pages by the simple observation that Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo in about as many days as the French marshals consumed months in reducing Gerona?

But such negative undervaluing is not the worst act of unfairness with which we are compelled to charge our Spanish patriot. His volumes contain accusations, open or hinted, of the Duke of Wellington, so thoroughly ludicrous that we are half ashamed to speak of them at all—seriously we may not. For can any man, in the slightest degree acquainted with the history of the Peninsular war, be expected gravely to comment upon, gravely to argue against such accusations of such a man, as that he was both very timid and fool-hardy, and so-greedy of power and fame as to be actually jealous, not only of Lord Beresford's dearly purchased victory at Albuera, but of the talents, we know not whether also of the exploits, of all the Spanish generals? The latter charge is easily substantiated by the plain facts, that when restored health enabled Hill to resume the command of his own army, committed during his illness to Beresford, the Portuguese field-marshal returned to his own peculiar, important, and ably executed duty of creating Portuguese troops; and that Lord Wellington was dissatisfied with all those Spanish generals with whom the Spanish authorities were in the end, ay, and often while supporting them against him, equally dissatisfied; approving of, and agreeing with those only who alone showed any thing like sound judgment or military skill, namely, Castanos and

Romana. The former charge rests upon more numerous and diffuse statements; a few of which we will bring together. We are assured that it was Lord Wellington's object to prevent any intimate union of Spain and Portugal:—that he suffered Ciudad Rodrigo to fall, perhaps not quite contrary to the rules of military science, but contrary to the urgent prayers of the Marques de la Romana, whilst the Duke's despatches* show that Romana, how loath soever to lose the place, fully and frankly concurred in the conviction, that, under existing circumstances, to attempt the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo would be to risk the whole for the sake of a part:—that he fought the battle of Busaco solely from impatience of the blame his previous over-caution had incurred, the author seeming to be unsuspicious that it was then necessary to gain time to remedy the previous neglect of the Portuguese regents:—that from excessive fear of being attacked at Torres Vedras, the thing he probably most desired, he made no effort to check the devastations of the French, the mangling of their foraging parties by British cavalry and by Portuguese troops under British officers going for nothing:—that he was equally remiss during his pursuit of Masseña, only driving him on, on, on, and never fighting him, and then as injudiciously gaining the victory of Fuentes d'Onor to remedy that remissness—in fact, we suspect he never consulted the Conde about his plans of campaign:—that he suffered Badajoz to fall for want of succours—Badajoz, which capitulated at the moment when informed of Beresford's march to relieve it; and, in the opinion of the Spanish government, with such needless pre-

* We cannot allude to these despatches, now in course of publication, and refrain from remarking upon the wonderful extent of capacity and variety of mental power that they reveal; upon the extraordinary faculty they exemplify of devoting attention, amidst the most critical military circumstances, to affairs political, financial, legislative, judicial, and administrative, the last embracing the minutest details, as well of police, both municipal and castrensian, as of the conduct of the inexperienced commissariat, and all rendered more harassingly difficult by the necessity of managing every species of unmanageable temper. Had the Duke of Wellington's despatches been collectively published at the period when Whig wittlings ridiculed the idea of making a mere soldier First Lord of the Treasury, even Whig wittlings must have been silenced by such irrefragable proof that a military command, of the nature of that intrusted to Buonaparte's Sepoy General, was the very best possible school to form a prime minister.

capitation, that the governor was forthwith put upon his trial, though the trial, as if in rivalry of a Chancery suit, ended only by the return of Ferdinand VII. in 1814:—that he sought, for interested motives, the command of the provinces bordering upon Portugal, although whether the interested motives were to give them to England or to Portugal, or to make a private kingdom of them for himself, is not explained.

If it be asked, "Why then notice the Señor Conde at all?" we reply, "Look at the title of the book, gentle reader; you will there see that the work is not exclusively military." And when we turn from that portion, much of the fault of which, after all, is the natural fruit of Spanish hyper-nationality,* we find much valuable matter. Amongst the principal, some that may, at this present time, afford a useful lesson to those pseudo-statesmen, British or continental, who fancy they can say to the tide of popular commotion, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;" who know not that every attempt to check such commotion, when once excited, is like striving to close flood-gates through which the heady current is impetuously rushing. Bolts and bars, wrought by the hands of men or of pigmies, may hold them securely shut, but once opened, to reclose them surpasses the strength of a giant. A fearful lesson to revolutionary leaders, more strongly taught by the course of events in the Spanish colonies than even in Spain, and which may be perhaps listened to from the pen of one who still is a liberal, and has been an ultra-liberal. We shall extract some of the lighter lessons from Toreno's accounts of the breaking out of the Spanish insurrection against French usurpation. Indisputably never was there a more justifiable, a more virtuous insurrection, or one that promised to be more orderly; yet how seldom were the proceedings of even this insurrection unstained with guilt—with blood. We will begin with one, if we recollect aright the

only one, that was permanently though with difficulty preserved from such pollution. But we must introduce it by letting our author give his reasons for the great detail into which he enters, in relating at some length the course and manner of the separate portions of this general insurrection, as unconnectedly and almost simultaneously it burst forth from one end of Spain to the other. We should observe that in Toreno's volumes the following reflections succeed to instead of prefacing the statements.

"Considering the nobleness of the cause, and the ignorance, real or affected, so commonly alleged as to its origin and progress, it has not seemed unreasonable to dwell, somewhat circumstantially, upon a memorable revolution, which, through the neglect of some and the malevolence of others, seemed in danger of being speedily and mournfully buried in oblivion, or totally disfigured. To accomplish our object we must add a few short reflections that may help to refute some of the grossest misrepresentations from which it has suffered.

"One of the most common of these is the ascribing the commotions of Spain to blind fanaticism, excited by the intrigues and influence of the clergy. On the contrary, it has been seen that in many places the rising was spontaneous, and that if in others individuals sought to use and direct the popular feeling, they were neither exclusively priests, nor belonging to any specific class, but to all classes indifferently. The clergy certainly did not oppose the insurrection, but neither did they originate it. They entered into it like the rest of the nation, impelled by an honourable spirit of patriotism, not by any fear of spoliation. The French had hitherto given no occasion for such fears, and it has been seen that at Bayonne the Spanish clergy had appeared rather as partisans than enemies of Napoleon, considering him as the restorer of religion and public worship in France. The resistance of Spain sprang from hatred of foreign domination; and the ecclesiastic like the philosopher, the soldier like the peasant, the noble like the artisan was moved by one and the same impulse, at one and the same time, without a thought or care of aught save the national dignity and independence."

We proceed to the outbreak in the Asturias, considering the last ex-

* In the Conde Toreno's pages, to take the first instance that offers, the brilliant surprise of Artoyo Molinos might seem to have been planned solely by a Spanish general, and executed chiefly by Spanish soldiers.

tract as a sufficient explanation of the Conde's views of the insurrection, as opposed to the Colonel's.

"The Asturians, disturbed and uneasy, had already, on the 29th of April, flung stones at the house of the French Consul at Gijon, provoked by his scattering from his windows pamphlets against the Bourbon family. A report was now circulated at Oviedo that rigorous orders had arrived from Madrid, enjoining the severe punishment of the insult offered to the Consul; and this increased the irritation of the people, constantly stimulated by the patriotic exhortations of the Marques de Santa Cruz de Marcenado, his relation Don Manuel de Miranda, and Don Ramon de Llano Ponte, a canon of the Oviedo cathedral, who had formerly served in the Guards and was a gentleman of distinguished talents.

"On the 9th of May, the magistrates (*audiencia*) and the military chief having agreed to publish the sanguinary edict issued at Madrid by Murat on the 3d, went forth into the streets, where they were met by thronging multitudes, who, with shouts of 'Ferdinand for ever! and death to Murat,' obliged them to recede, and abandon their purpose. The rioters, amongst whom the students distinguished themselves, now deliberately proceeded to the hall in which the general *Junta* of the principality held their sittings. Here they found support from several of the members. Don Jose del Busto, chief judge of the city, who had a secret understanding with the insurgents, spoke in favour of their noble resolution; he was seconded by the Condes Marcel de Penalva, and de Toreno (the author's father); and the *Junta* unanimously agreed to disobey Murat's orders, and to take measures suitable to this bold determination."

The *audiencia* and some men of consideration in the province endeavoured to allay the popular ferment by reasoning; Murat to crush it, by sending troops and sterner magistrates, one of the latter being, according to our noble historian,—

"Don Juan Melendez Valdez, better adapted to sing the conqueror's triumphs than to silence popular clamours. . . . But these measures, instead of quieting, exasperated the public irritation. . . . Meetings were held at the house of Don Ramon de Llano Ponte, and with so little caution, that from all quarters unknown persons flocked to this focus of insurrection with all sorts of offers. We, who had recently arrived from Madrid, assisted at these secret assemblies, and were enraptured at the numbers of peasants, indeed of persons of all

classes, who incessantly came in, with the noblest disinterestedness, pledging their persons and property to the defence of their hearths." . . .

"Precautionary measures were taken, the charge of heading the multitude was committed to Llano Ponte and Miranda. . . . On the 24th, Llave, the new commandant sent by Murat, entered Oviedo, accompanied by several persons well acquainted with the plans arranged for that same night. It had been settled, that at eleven o'clock the church bells of Oviedo and the neighbouring villages should ring the alarm, and the rising begin. Some mistake occasioned the delay of an hour, and the patriotic conspirators were agonized with anxiety; but at the stroke of twelve, a general peal relieved their fears.

"The first step was to gain possession of the *depôt* farms, which contained 100,000 muskets, partly manufactured at Oviedo and in its vicinity, partly sent thither some time back by order of the Prince of the Peace. The artillery officers, who were in the secret, facilitated the attack; another party hastened to the dwelling of Llave; all, as they passed along, called at the doors of the several members of the *Junta*, summoning them by name; and at this late hour they forthwith assembled, being joined for the occasion by persons not of their body. The *Junta* thus installed, reassumed the supreme authority, confirmed the revolution, named the Marques de Santa Cruz their President, and committed all military authority to him. The next day, the 25th, war was declared against Napoleon amidst a unanimous shout of indescribable enthusiasm. . . .

"The *Junta* consisted of the first men for birth and fortune in the province. The Attorney-General, Don Alvaro Florez Estrada, who had been forewarned of the organized commotion, supported it vigorously, and the *Junta* collectively adopted the most efficacious measures for arming the province and preparing for its defence. . . .

"The purity of the Asturian rising, guided by nobles and ecclesiastics, was as yet unsullied by any popular excess, by violence or assassination. But the lapse of a few days involved us in the danger of witnessing a wofully tragic spectacle. For their own security Murat's commissioners, the Conde del Pirar and Don Juan Melendez Valdez had, upon reaching Oviedo, been placed in confinement, together with the commandant Llave, Colonel Fitzgerald of the regiment de Hibernia, and Ladron de Guevara, commander of the carabineers, who alone had dissented from the unanimous decision of their respective corps. Santa Cruz, a harsh and obstinate man, had from the first insisted upon their being tried. His proposal flattered the multitude, whilst the *Junta* procrastinated,

in the hope that time might soften the general anger against the prisoners. Mean while it chanced that amongst the new recruits, coming in from the most distant parts, arrived some from a peculiarly turbulent district near Noira. The Junta, fearing some disaster, resolved to send the prisoners out of the principality. From stupidity, or the secret malice of some unknown individual, it was arranged that they should begin their journey at mid-day, in a carriage. At sight of them, a rabblement of women screamed out—'They are carrying off the traitors!' These extravagant outcries brought together a troop of the Noira recruits, who surrounded the five unfortunate men, and dragged them to a field beyond the city walls, where they tied them to trees and prepared to fire at them. In this imminent peril it happily occurred to the canon, Don Alonzo Ahumada, to try the power of religion in curbing the disorderly multitude. Bearing the sacrament in his hands, and accompanied by men of authority, he succeeded in rescuing from immediate death these persecuted victims, of whom Colonel Fitzgerald had remained undaunted throughout the horrid scene. And thus, by the preservation of their lives, the fair aspect of the Asturian insurrection remained pure and unblemished." . . .

"From the moment that the Asturian Junta declared itself sovereign, it sought to communicate with England. Don Andres Argel de la Vega and the Visconde de Matarrosa (author of this history) were ordered to visit London for this purpose. . . . The voyage in itself offered difficulties. There was at that time no English cruiser off the Asturian coast, and to venture in a Spanish vessel was to risk the very object of the mission. Fortunately, on the third day of the insurrection, a Jersey privateer was despatched from Cape de Penas. Her appearance was accidental, and, fearing treachery, she long refused to attend to any overtures; but at length a large sum of money bribed her to take on board the two deputies, who set sail from Gijon on the 30th of May."

We think not of following Count Toreno through all the separate insurrections of the different Spanish provinces, but we have to show the perverted character which they too often at once acquired, and how seldom and hardly the higher and more enlightened classes could retain such influence as in the Asturias. For this purpose we select two from the mass—the insurrections of Seville and of Valencia: the first, partly from the importance it owes to the high rank assumed by its

Junta, but chiefly as exemplifying the ease with which the well-intentioned are, upon such occasions, duped by the designing; the second, as exhibiting the very madness of popular feelings, whether of suspicion or of resentment, whether founded or unfounded:—

"Persons who had escaped from Madrid amidst the fiercest of the tumult of the 2d of May, took shelter at Mostoles, a place about three leagues distant, where they described the horrors then taking place in the capital with the strong colouring of recent terror. The *alcalde* immediately communicated the intelligence to the nearest town, that it might be quickly circulated. And thus it spread, growing from mouth to mouth to such a pitch of exaggeration, that when the tale reached Talavera, Madrid was said to be on fire in every quarter. Hence the tidings were presently conveyed to Seville."

. . . . "At Seville the municipality thought of arming the province; their discussion of plans for this purpose was checked by subsequent orders from Madrid. But the agitation of the people encouraged a few individuals to take charge of ruling the universal discontent. One of the chief agitators in this city was the Conde de Tilly, of an illustrious family in Estremadura,—a restless turbulent man, whose private life was reprehensible enough. Though as eager for riots and innovations as his brother Guzman, so notorious in the French Revolution, the Count could never have attained his object if the cause he now embraced had not been so sacred as to induce other respectable inhabitants of Seville to join him.

"They held their meetings at a place called El Blanguillo, near the gate of La Bargaeta, and there debated the mode of beginning their enterprise. At this time appeared in Seville a certain Nicolas Tap y Nunez, a person but little known, who came thither for the purpose of agitating the city. Ardent and determined, he harangued in the streets and squares, swaying the Seville populace at his pleasure, and carrying his audacity so far as to demand of the chapter a sum of 12,000 *duros* (about £3000), with which to effect an insurrection against the French; a request which that body refused. He had formerly been much connected with the contraband trade carried on with Gibraltar. The authorities were silent, fearing greater evils; and Tilly and his conspirators sought to gain the goodwill of a man who, in a very few days, had acquired reputation and popularity far surpassing all others. They were speedily confederated."

... "The news of the abdication of the royal family yet further inflamed the popular indignation; and Tilly, Tap, and their associates resolved that the opportunity should not be missed. The night of the 26th of May was appointed for the rising." (It was effected too quietly to be worth extracting.) "In the morning of the 27th the people proceeded to form a supreme *Junta* of the most distinguished persons in Seville. Tap y Nunez, on account of his straightforward proceedings and his popularity, was chosen to select the members whom others pointed out to him. Acting blindly, as a stranger, he named two who were disliked for their previous incorrect conduct. He was warned of this, and would have struck them off his list. But his endeavours were vain, and even brought upon himself a long imprisonment, those whom he had considered as his friends appearing most inveterate against him—the usual lot of those who, disinterested and inexperienced, implicate themselves in revolutions."

"The *Junta* was installed, and named for its president Don Francisco Saavedra, formerly minister of finance, and relegated to Andalusia by the will and pleasure of the Prince of the Peace. Of a generous and peaceable disposition, he possessed extensive and various knowledge, but misfortune and persecution had perhaps despoiled his soul of the energy which the times required. At his solicitation the chief magistrate of Seville, Don Vicente Hore, was elected member of the *Junta*, despite his intimacy with the fallen favourite (Godoy). Another and an influential member was the monk Padre Manuel Gil, who, unjustly accused by Godoy of participation in a cabal formed against him in 1795, had been confined in the convent de Torribios, at Seville, where errors, suspected or proved, were chastised by a disgraceful punishment, disused even towards boys. At an advanced age Padre Gil enjoyed the strength and fervour of youth; he readily imparted his own fire to others; and amidst a few extravagances, the offspring of the neglected education of the cloister rather than of a disordered mind, he was pre-eminent for erudition and perspicuity of intellect.

"The *Junta* thus constituted called itself the Supreme *Junta* of Spain and the Indies."

But thus proudly entitled, and, upon the whole, judiciously constituted, how long could this *Junta* restrain the insurgent people within the bounds of reason and virtue?

"During the tumults of the night of the 26th, and during the morning of the 27th, none had transgressed, and these first hours

of insurrection were undefiled by murder or excess. On the evening of this same 27th, the walls of the city were ensanguined by a horrible assassination. The municipality had transferred its sittings to the Hospital de la Sangre; a step that gave rise to rumours and animosities. To allay these and concert a co-operation with the newly created *Junta*, the Conde de Aguila was despatched to the latter body. At his sight the people were exasperated, and in blind fury demanded his head. The *Junta*, for his protection, promised that he should be tried, and sent him as a prisoner to the tower of the Triana gate. Aguila passed through Seville amidst insults, but unwounded, untouched in person. But as he entered his appointed prison, a homicidal band entered with him, bade him prepare for death, fastened him to the balustrade of the balcony overlooking the Triana gate, and, deaf to his prayers, to his offers of wealth, inhumanly shot him. Many tears were shed for this guiltless cavalier, whose probity and good conduct were generally appreciated in Seville. Some persons, indeed, accused the Count of imprudence, but the greater number imputed the foul deed to concealed enemies."

Perhaps a more wanton assassination is hardly upon record than this of Aguila, yet it fades into insignificance in comparison with the horrors perpetrated at Valencia. The tale of these is too long to translate, and we shall content ourselves with abstracting its pith and marrow, assuring our readers that we adhere rigidly to the liberalist Conde's more prolix narrative.

On the morning of the 23d of May the *Madrid Gazette* of the 20th, announcing the Bayonne abdication, reached Valencia. It was, as usual, read aloud to the assembled multitude, and the reader, a man of bold and fiery temper, upon finishing the account of the said abdication, tore the *Gazette* in two, shouting, "Ferdinand VII. for ever, and death to the French." The cry was echoed, thousands upon thousands congregated, enkindling each other's fury. But they wanted a leader, and the first who offered was the Franciscan friar, Padre Juan Rico, a resolute and fervid spirit, endowed with popular eloquence, hallowed in the eyes of the people by his religious garb, and well fitted to rule the multitude and restrain their excesses. He was raised to the unenviable dignity.

The friar was borne on the shoulders of his followers to the place where sat the royal tribunal. The members and the Captain-General were compelled by the people to declare against the French, and the Conde de Cervellon, a grandee ill adapted to the troublous times, was named leader of the Valencian army. The legitimate authorities, alarmed at their compelled insurrection, wrote an account of the transaction to Madrid, requesting assistance against the mob. This letter fell into the hands of the people, who, stopping the post, seized the letter-bag and carried it to Count Cervellon's house, there to examine its contents. The Count's daughter was present, and seeing at a glance the nature of this letter, together with the fearful consequences that must ensue from its perusal, she boldly snatched and tore it to pieces. The fury of the multitude quailed before the daring of a girl, who thus saved many individuals from certain death.

The next day Padre Rico obtained possession of the citadel by a stratagem, and the commandant joined his party. On the 25th a *Junta* was elected, in which nobles and artisans were mingled, and war was declared against France. Thus far no excesses had been committed; but the scene was about to change.

The Baron de Albalat had long been an object of popular aversion; and though chosen a member of the *Junta*, he thought it prudent to absent himself, and retired to his country-seat. This contumacy exasperated the people, and to appease their wrath the *Junta* ordered him to repair, as a prisoner, to the citadel. He obeyed, but met on the road a band of the populace, who seized him. From their clutches a detachment of troops rescued him, and at his unwise entreaty carried him to the house of his friend Cervellon; whither he was followed by the enraged and ever increasing mob, clamorously demanding his head. Padre Rico hastened to Cervellon's mansion, in order to concert measures with the Conde for preserving the Baron from his virulent foes; but the General, less brave than his own daughter or than the friar, dreading to incur the popular re-

sentment, pleaded illness, went to bed, and declared himself unable to do any thing for his imperilled friend. Rico then saw no hope but in conveying the Baron as a prisoner to the citadel in the custody of the soldiers. But in Spain the military seldom appear effectively to guard their prisoners from an infuriated mob; whether from their own sympathy with the passions of that mob, or from their leaders' fears of offending the sovereign people by hostile measures, we know not, but so it is; and upon this occasion, as upon others, the populace triumphed. They broke through the ranks of the troops, and despite the prayers and remonstrances of the leader of their own choice, Padre Rico, stabbed the Baron in his very arms; after which they cut off their victim's head, and paraded it about the streets.

But the murder of the poor Baron was soon forgotten in the more horrible scenes that followed. On the 1st of June, Don Baltazar Calvo, a canon of San Isidoro at Madrid, made his appearance at Valencia. Calvo was one of those able, but turbulent and recklessly ambitious men, who invariably start up in times of popular commotion, as though generated by the fermentation, and who acquire the command of the rabble by inflaming their passions. Calvo's object was to be master of Valencia, and he proposed to effect it by maddening the lower classes, and terrifying the higher. He first attracted notice by a display of extraordinary sanctity; he then directed the attention of the populace towards the numerous French traders and artisans domiciliated in the city, awakened suspicions of them, and kindled the ready vengeance of the Valencians against the countrymen of the invaders. The *Junta* consigned the Frenchmen to the citadel for their security. On the night of the 5th of June, Calvo, with his followers, made his way into the citadel, overawed or seduced the feeble garrison, told the French prisoners (truly enough) that their lives were threatened, and persuaded them to make their escape by a postern, and fly to the sea-shore, where they should find means of getting on board a French vessel. When the frightened victims attempted to follow this per-

fidious advice, they fell into the hands of the infuriated mob, purposely stationed there, amongst whom Calvo had raised a cry that the French were escaping. Within and without the citadel the work of slaughter began. But, true to the strange admixture of devotion with crime that characterises Spaniards, the massacre was suspended whilst confessors were summoned to prepare the victims for death. Humane individuals sought to profit by this interval; they brought to the spot the sacred images most revered by the Valencians; the confessors implored mercy for their penitents, and the *Junta* commissioned Padre Rico to interfere in behalf of the devoted Frenchmen. But Rico had failed before against less odds. Now Calvo's blasphemous assurances that nothing could be more grateful to the Divinity than the murder of Frenchmen, and that the Valencian authorities sanctioned his measures, prevailed. The massacre was consummated!

No, not consummated. Seventy of the proscribed yet lived, and the assassins were surfeited with blood. Calvo affected compassion, proposed to remove them to a place of safety, and sent them to where another band, yet hungry and thirsty for blood, lurked, impatiently waiting to relieve their weary predecessors. In this night of horror 330 unoffending Frenchmen suffered for the crimes of their master.

Calvo's triumph seemed to be assured. The constituted authorities were, as he had expected, terrified; and on the morning of the 6th, whilst his followers were seeking French survivors concealed in private houses, the Canon, still reeking with blood, took his seat as a member of the *Junta*. Padre Rico alone, and vainly, spoke of his crimes, protested against his admission, and declared that Valencia was lost, unless signal punishment were instantly inflicted upon this wholesale murderer. The stupefaction caused by the friar's boldness had not subsided, when a detachment of the populace broke in, dragging along eight Frenchmen, to be slain before the eyes of the *Junta*, who, they had been taught to believe, approved of the transaction. Mr Tupper, the

English consul, who had already saved some intended victims, strove fruitlessly, and at imminent hazard to himself, to rescue these. They were murdered even there, and the shuddering *Junta* dispersed, their garments stained with gore.

It is some satisfaction to be able to add, that the triumphant Calvo's success was not lasting. When all was over, the blood-drunkenness of the people was sobered—the business of life again flowed in the usual channels—and within the month Calvo paid the penalty of his atrocious demagoguism upon the scaffold.

These scenes of insurrection, dreadful as they are to minds accustomed to live under the undisturbed rule of law, are, as we have already said, less impressive lessons as to the dangers consequent upon agitating the populace, than the course of affairs in the Transatlantic provinces. But we reserve that for its proper place, when we speak of the conduct of the *Cortes* towards the colonies; and to the *Cortes* we propose devoting the remainder of this paper, after we shall have given an extract or two from our author's account of his mission to England.

"On the night of June the 6th, the deputies reached Falmouth, and, accompanied by an English naval officer, immediately set out post for London. It was not seven o'clock in the morning when they crossed the threshold of the Admiralty; and its Secretary, Mr Wellesley Pole, could scarcely trust his ears, whilst he eagerly sought on the map the almost imperceptible spot that had ventured to declare war against Napoleon. Soon afterwards, early as was the hour, Mr Canning, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, received the deputies. The English Minister, upon seeing the fervid enthusiasm that animated these Asturian deputies (then common to all Spaniards) did not for an instant hesitate to promise the efficient protection of his government to the glorious insurrection of their province. His keen penetration at once perceived the spirit that must reign throughout Spain, when Asturias thus dared to raise the cry of independence, as also the possible influence upon the fate of Europe, and even of the world, of a Peninsular insurrection.

... Upon this occasion the national interest coincided with the dictates of justice and humanity, and hence opinions, the most divergent and clashing upon other subjects, united and commingled to celebrate the

rising in Spain. The deputies never stirred in any direction that shouts of greeting and exultation did not rise up around them."

"An eager desire to take part with the Spanish patriots was excited in England; nor was it confined to natives, or to fortune-seeking adventurers; it extended to foreigners; it ascended to illustrious and celebrated personages. The Spanish deputies having no authority for treating upon such matters, declined to listen to overtures of this kind, of which it were tedious to enumerate even the principal of those addressed to them; we will mention only two of the most remarkable. One was from General Dumouriez, who earnestly solicited permission to repair to the Peninsula, there to hold a command, or at least to assist with his counsels. He fancied that they and his name would rout Napoleon's hosts. Stained as he was with inconsistent conduct and infidelity to his native land, he could ill have deserved the confidence of an adoptive country. The other proposal was from a person who in every respect, especially on account of his own and his family's misfortunes, merited a very different reception. Nevertheless it was not in the power of the deputies to entertain the noble sacrifice which the Comte d'Artois (now Charles X.) wished to make of his person, proffering to go to Spain, and there fight in the ranks of the patriots.

"Some other occurrences during this mission are worthy recording. Shortly after the arrival of the deputies in London, the Duc (then Comte) de Blacas, waited upon them to assert, in the name of Louis XVIII., the illustrious head of the house of Bourbon, the right of the French branch to the throne of Spain, in case of failure of the line of Philip V. The deputies, eluding as premature so thorny a question, answered evasively, with the respect due to a venerable and unfortunate Prince. They replied more drily to a note from Prince Castelfidardo, ambassador from the King of the Two Sicilies, advancing a somewhat similar claim on behalf of his master."

Our author seems to attribute this dry answer to the unbecoming style of the Prince's note, or we could almost suspect, from his mode of treating the application, that he was ignorant, even to the present day, were that conceivable in a Spanish minister of state, of the proximity in point of right, at least according to the Salic law introduced by Philip V., of Ferdinand IV., Charles IV.'s next brother, to the Spanish throne, who, according to every known law of succession, must have

taken precedence of the remoter French collateral line.

We are now to speak of the extraordinary *Cortes*, their constitution, their legislative labours, and their colonial policy. But first of their convocation and its antecedents.

The only men of any celebrity in the Central *Junta* were the Conde de Florida Blanca, and Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos. The first was an able and upright ex-minister of Charles III. now well stricken in years, and so pertinaciously attached to those forms of unlimited authority which he had long administered for the advantage of his country, as to be bent upon preserving every existing abuse, as to hold the very names of improvement, of change, in abhorrence. The other was a celebrated philosophic writer, an advocate for really liberal principles, who had once been called to the ministry by Charles IV., but immediately dismissed and imprisoned, as suspiciously philosophic and liberal, by the incapable, and therefore jealous Godoy. The health and vigour of Jovellanos were nearly as much impaired by the severity of his confinement as were those of Florida Blanca by age; the latter had completed his eightieth year when named President of the Central *Junta*.

From the first moment of their meeting as members of the Provisional Executive Government, the convocation or non-convocation of the old national council of Spain, the *Cortes*, had been a subject of dissension between those two eminent statesmen; and so long as Florida Blanca lived he succeeded in preventing a step which he deemed fraught with revolution and civil war; but which the English Ministry, contrary to the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who dreaded an inexperienced popular assembly in critical times, supported Jovellanos in recommending, because they thought free institutions calculated to arouse all the energies of the nation, whilst their Spanish advocate, we apprehend, thought only of taking advantage of existing circumstances to recover the long lost liberties of his country.

Upon the death of Charles III.'s

old Minister, Jovellanos accomplished his object, and the Central *Junta*, before, scared at the approach of the French hosts, they fled from Seville, summoned a *Cortes* to meet in the Isle of Leon. But Jovellanos really was philosophically liberal; he was no democrat, and he wished to secure for his country such a constitution as England had flourished under, rather than either such a one as had proved insufficient for any good purpose in France (the constitution of 1791), or any theoretic experiment, or compilation or selection from the bygone dissimilar constitutions of the different Spanish kingdoms united into the kingdom of Spain. He had therefore from the very first recommended the summoning of two chambers, one of popular representatives, the other of hereditary nobles and of prelates. Toreno tells us that the arguments of Jovellanos convinced the Central *Junta* of the expediency of this course, adding a singular anecdote upon the subject.

"In their decree respecting the convocation, the Central *Junta* insisted upon the necessity of an early calling together of the *Cortes*, and enjoined the immediate issue of summonses to the grandees and prelates, adopting the important innovation of assembling the three orders (*brazos*), not in three, but in two chambers, called the popular chamber, and the chamber of dignitaries.

"The decree further regulated the mode for supplying the place of a representation in those provinces which being occupied by the enemy, could not immediately elect their deputies, until they should be liberated and enabled to proceed to direct election. The same course was to be followed with respect to America and Asia,* on account of their remoteness. . . . The regency never published this document, an omission ascribed to the papers having been mislaid by a most respectable man, who was supposed to be adverse to the plan of two separate chambers. He, however, fully established the delivery of this document, as of all the papers appertaining to the Central *Junta*, into the hands of the commissioners appointed by the regency to receive them; whence it appeared that

the suppression proceeded, not from one who disapproved of the separate chambers, but from those who abhorred every kind of national representation."—(How this follows we do not distinctly see.)

The issuing this decree was nearly the last act of the Central *Junta*, the members of which, upon reaching the Isle of Leon, resigned their authority into the hands of a Council of Regency. The new executive was in no hurry to meet a deliberative assembly that might shackle its authority, and months rolled away without the convocation of the *Cortes*. The active liberalists, who, insufficiently occupied with resisting King Joseph and his French armies, sighed for the debates of a national representation, became impatient.

"The public clamour increased, and the deputies of several provincial *Juntas*, who were then resident at Cadiz, consulted upon the means of legally promoting an affair of such consequence. . . . Upon the 17th of June, they commissioned two of their number to place in the hands of the regency a statement designed to recal the promise of assembling the *Cortes*. This office fell to the lot of Don Guillermo Hualde and the Conde de Toreno (author of this history), deputies from Cuenca and Leon respectively. They presented themselves to the regency, and having obtained permission, the last named deputy read the paper of which they were the bearers. The Bishop of Orense (one of the regents), little accustomed to hear, and less to follow advice, was highly indignant: the commissioners replied, and both parties were growing angry, when General Castanos (another of the regents), interposing as a mediator, appeased Hualde and Toreno, and at length allayed even the passionate and loquacious wrath of the prelate. Then he, conjointly with the other regents, returned a satisfactory answer to the deputies."

But now arose the question as to the constitution of the long promised *Cortes*, whereupon the Regent sought the advice of the "principal corporations" of the kingdom. The ancient form had differed in the different Spanish states, so that precedent could afford little help, and according to Toreno, the general

* Colonial deputies were, with wise liberality, admitted into the *Cortes*; and in the Councils or *Juntas* of regency, or at least the earlier of these bodies, we always find one American member. It is with some satisfaction that we subsequently learn from Toreno that the representative of Peru in the extraordinary *Cortes* at Cadiz, was a lineal descendant of the ill-used aboriginal Incas.

inclination was for a single chamber—he says :—

“ The nobility and clergy, although they had joined cordially in the existing struggle, had done so rather individually than as corporate bodies, and the most exalted of both classes, the *grandees* and *prelates*, had not in general shone at the head of armies, of governments, or of *guerilla* bands. To this must be added an anti-hierarchical tendency of the nation, and a disposition to reduce the privileges of the nobility within the narrowest limits, in order that all without exception might attain to the highest posts.

“ Hence, so general was the opinion in favour of a single chamber, that it was supported not only by such as were democratically inclined, but also by the enemies of all representative government whatever ; and this not as a mean of producing disorder (there was too much good faith in Spain for such artifice), but merely not to thwart public opinion.”

This representation of the feelings and desires of the Spanish nation is so completely at variance with all our preconceived ideas upon the subject, whether derived from books,* from conversation with travellers, or from reflection upon the course of events in Spain, that it somewhat startled us as we read. Upon further reflection, the only solution of the discrepancy that occurs to us is, that the Count was then, whatever he be now, himself a democrat, and that it is a propensity of human nature to see our own opinions reflected around us. To proceed, — Jovellanos and Garay stood alone, it should seem, in appreciating and urging the importance of a second chamber to preserve the balance between sovereign and people in a constitutional monarchy. The majority triumphed, and the *Cortes* were convoked to meet in a single chamber.

But although we may deeply lament this extravagance of revolutionary democracy in the most enlightened Spaniards, and must distrust its prevalence in the body of the nation, we must not too austere condemn

this unfortunate and injudicious imitation of the grand exploits of the French Constituent Assembly, in 1811, whatever we may do in 1836, after a quarter of a century's political education. We must recollect that, in Spain, up to the very moment of the usurpation, many of the most oppressive, most irritating abuses of feudalism continued in offensive existence, whilst its finer parts had perished—its patriarchal spirit had evaporated ; that throughout the continent, where the nobility really does or did constitute a privileged class, without political duties, exempt from public burdens, and supporting its unnumbered junior branches at the expense of the state—that is to say, literally the industrious classes—it is scarcely possible that any notion can be conceived of our House of Peers, composed of hereditary legislators, with important public duties incumbent upon them, without privileges, except such as are calculated to facilitate the discharge of those duties, not to benefit themselves—who are supported by hereditary property, and whose younger branches are absorbed into the body of the nation, into the Commons—a proud title, to which continental languages and laws offer, we believe, nothing analogous, any more than to our peerage. Let us, then, rather pity than blame the Spanish patriots, if they could not appreciate an institution of which they could not form an idea. We did hope that they had profited by experience, when we saw Queen Christina's *mouvement* partisans convoke their *Cortes* in two Chambers. But, alas ! even whilst we write, her *juste milieu* is annihilated, and the revived democracy of 1812 again triumphant !

Of the parties into which the Cadiz *Cortes* forthwith split, and of the leading men in each, Toreno gives a sketch, which we extract, because, if not very powerful or masterly, it is yet interesting as delineated by one of themselves :—

* Captain Henningsen represents such notions as confined, even at the present day, to those classes of the inhabitants of towns whom the French term *industrielles* ; and even the Officer of the British Legion, who has just published his uncorrected journal for the express purpose of confuting all the Carlist Captain's statements, does not venture to assert that the peasantry entertain the slightest desire for liberty or a Constitution.

"The main division was, as in all deliberative bodies, into the friends and the opponents of reform. The public bestowed the name of Liberals upon the first party, perhaps from their continual repetition, in all their speeches, of the phrase 'liberal principles or ideas;' whence the name was transferred from things to persons. The opposite faction waited longer for a name, until a sprightly author fitted them with *Serviles*."

"The *Cortes* contained a third party, vacillating in its conduct, which could always turn the scale in favour of the side it joined. This was the American party, which usually acted with the Liberals, but deserted them upon many Transatlantic questions, and always when the object was to strengthen the Peninsular Government.

"At the head of the Liberals shone Don Agustin de Arguelles, admired for brilliancy of elocution, harmony of expression, and correct language—who, kindling into animation, was most felicitous and fertile in extemporaneous debate, full of various and profound information, especially political, and possessing much knowledge of the laws and governments of foreign states. The ease and dignity of his unaffected action, his lofty stature, and the vivacity of his glance, heightened the effect of his other qualities. Of his party, and after him the most distinguished in discussion, were the lay members Don Manuel Garcia Herreros, Don José Maria Calatrava, Don Antonio Porcel, and the celebrated geographer, Don Isidoro Antillon;—the last two only entered the *Cortes* at an advanced period of its sittings. The author of this history likewise engaged actively in the debates, though he did not take his seat until March, 1811, and was then so young as to need a dispensation with respect to age.

"Among the ecclesiastics of this party, those who gained most reputation were, Don Diego Munoz Torero, Don Antonio Oliveros, Don Juan Nicasio Gallego, Don José Espiga, and Don Joaquin de Villanueva, who, after some fluctuation in his opinions, became a main pillar of liberalism by his vast and exquisite erudition.

"Some deputies of this party, who seldom or never spoke, were nevertheless men of great abilities. The most remarkable of these was Don Fernando Navarro, member for Tortosa, who, having studied at the Sorbonne, in France, and travelled through divers countries in and out of Europe, possessed many modern tongues, as well as the

learned and the Oriental languages, and was familiar with the various branches of human knowledge. In short, he was what is vulgarly called a well of science.

"The anti-reforming party likewise could boast of members not less distinguished, whether for learning, for command of language, or for practical knowledge of business. Amongst these (of the laity) the first place must be assigned to Don Francisco Gutierrez de la Huerta, Don Jose Pablo Valiente, Don Francisco Borrull, and Don Felipe Aner, although this last at times inclined to liberalism. The most noted ecclesiastics of the anti-liberal party were Don Jaime Creus, Don Pedro Inguanza, and Don Alonso Canedo. But it is to be observed that, amongst these members and their followers, many acknowledged the necessity of some amelioration in the government; for the disorders which overwhelmed Spain were so glaring, that few indeed could oppose every reform as unnecessary.

"Amongst the Americans, likewise, were seen wise and eloquent deputies. At their head was Don José Mejia, a man of very enlightened understanding, astute, extraordinarily perspicacious, subtle in argument, and who seemed born for the ringleader of a faction that never acted but as an auxiliary, and according to the dictates of its own separate interests. Mejia possessed such serenity and command of words, such flexibility of consummate talent, that he would, without the slightest apparent perturbation of spirit, assert at the close of a speech the direct contrary of what he had maintained at its opening. Apart from politics he was an excellent man, endowed with the most honourable qualities. Amongst his followers and supporters we may name, of the laity, the *Senores* Leiva, Morales Duarez, Felice and Gutierrez de Teran; and of the clergy, the *Senores* Alcocer, Arispe, Larrazabal, Gerdoa, and Castillo."

Turn we now to the proceedings of this extraordinary *Cortes* of Cadiz, which were almost exclusively devoted to the formation of a new constitution for Spain and her Transatlantic colonies. And let us, in the first place, confess that it is a splendid, a spirit-stirring sight to behold a body of civilians calmly pursuing their legislative duties in the very midst of danger and death. Nor must it lessen our respect for this moral fortitude, that we feel less re-

* Don Eugenio Tapia, in a well-known poem, where he maliciously divided the word by a hyphen, writing it thus—*Ser-vil*; a form that converts the word into a pun—of course untranslatable, but which may be explained; as the meaning, thus written, is, "to be vile."

verence for their judgment; that we do not quite agree with the *Cortes* in their view of what these duties were; that we think they would have been more beneficially employed in organizing armies, providing their supplies, and the like, than in preparing a constitution against the country should be delivered; or that, if, even in such a crisis, they were bent upon adhering to their natural functions, upon preserving the due separation between the legislative and executive powers, they should, like the Romans, have immensely enlarged the authority of that executive, should, in fact, have created a Dictator. Either of these courses might have spared much blood, and what, though less important is not immaterial, much expense, by shortening the war.

But the Duke of Wellington and the British army, in conjunction with the indomitable resolution of the Peninsular nations, and of their slowly disciplined troops, did at length achieve what they ought to have been enabled to achieve earlier, the expulsion of the French invaders; and the obstacles that so long impeded their success are now a by-gone theme. Would we could add, so is the constitution that was the produce of the noble though ill-directed labours of the *Cortes*; the ultra-democratic institutions of which, peculiarly unfitting it for a country so little advanced in political knowledge as Spain, rendered its annihilation an easy feat for Ferdinand, amidst the glow of national exultation that hailed his restoration.

One event, however, concomitant with, or consequent to, if not produced by the measures of the *Cortes*, we mean the separation of the American colonies from the mother country, is pretty certain to prove permanent, though whether for good or for ill to either party, it is not as yet quite so easy to pronounce or predict. We shall give the *Conde's* views of the relations between and separation of Spain and America, and apprehend that his introductory remarks upon the former will appear as original to the

reader as they did to ourselves. We must confess, we never before saw or heard the tyranny of Spanish domination over the Colonies denied, or even disputed.

"There is nothing in which foreigners have shown themselves so unjust or absurd, as in their judgments of the Spanish colonial system. To hear them, it would seem as if the great and illustrious men who conquered America had planted the Castilian banner there for the sole purpose of devastating the country, of turning rich and flourishing fields into barren deserts; as if an advanced state of cultivation had been compatible with the rude condition of the American aborigines. Undoubtedly, the Spaniards did commit great and reprehensible excesses, but only such excesses as almost ever accompany conquest, and not surpassing those that we have, in our own time, seen perpetrated by the troops of nations calling themselves most highly civilized."

"The population of the colonies, independently of the Philippian islands, amounted to 13,500,000 souls; of these a very small proportion were Europeans, who alone were interested in preserving the connexion with the mother country. At first there had been but two races, the conquerors and the conquered, or Spaniards and Indians. . . . Subsequently the division of *castes* has multiplied to infinity. The first of these consists of the children of Spaniards, born in America, and called Creoles. Next in rank are the *Mestizos*, or offspring of Spaniards and Indians; and lowest of all are the Negroes imported from Africa, together with the various shades of colour resulting from their union with the other races. The Creoles enjoyed equal rights with the Spaniards; and, subject to very few and slight restrictions, so did the *Mestizos*, provided the father were Spanish and the mother Indian; in the contrary case they were classed with Indians. . . .

"Of those several Transatlantic *castes* the Creoles were the most desirous of change. They thought themselves aggrieved—they were well-informed, and surpassed all other natives in wealth and influence.* The Indians, although numerous, and in some districts inclined to sigh for their original independence, were deficient in cultivation, as well as in the qualities and means requisite for daring enterprise. The children of Africa could take part in the contest only as auxiliaries, at least at first. . . .

"The supreme power was exercised,

* This last should seem a very odd ground of dissatisfaction, yet it is clearly stated as such.

under the various titles of viceroys, captains-general, or governors—by military chiefs, responsible for their conduct only to the King, and the Madrid council of the Indies. But their authority was partially counterbalanced by the *audiencias*, which, in America, besides administering justice, acted, under the name of *acuerda*, as councils to the viceroys.

"A ruinous abuse had long been practised by the *alcaldes mayores* (local magistrates) upon assuming office; it was called *repartimiento* (allotment), an ill-sounding word, and was this. Under pretence that a sharp spur was necessary to make the natives work, the new magistrate allotted to every Indian within his jurisdiction a certain portion of goods, on his own, the *alcalde's*, discretion, as to selection, quantity, and price, to be paid for within the year in agricultural produce, of which also the *alcalde* fixed the price. Being thus at once parties and judges, the *alcaldes* commonly made handsome fortunes in their five years of office.

"Don José de Galvez, afterwards created Marques de Sonora, having discovered the evils resulting from such a system, upon being appointed by Charles III. Minister for the Indies, abolished both *repartimientos* and *alcaldes mayores*, supplying the place of those magistrates by provincial intendants, a very great improvement in American administration."

Other improvements followed, chiefly in finance and education; together with so much relaxation of commercial restriction, that

"America was permitted to trade from several of her ports with the whole coast of Spain, provided the trade were carried on by Spanish subjects. The effect of this concession was the doubling of the trade within a very few years, and the diffusion of the consequent profit through all the provinces of both hemispheres. (Toreno's word, not ours, as we should hardly have ventured on calling Spain a hemisphere.)

"Under an administration thus improved, and with increasing opulence, the Transatlantic provinces grew in vigour, and were preparing to walk without the leading-strings of Spain. The tie betwixt them was, indeed, still strong; but other causes concurred to weaken it. Amongst the chief of these must be reckoned the Revolution of the Anglo-American United States. . . . Next came the French Revolution, sowing in America, as in Europe, ideas of liberty and restlessness. . . . An attempt at insurrection was made in the Caraccas, in 1796, when the war with England broke out; but at that time the instigators were

the Spaniards Picornel and General Miranda, both of whom might be said to be foreigners. . . . For Miranda, though born in Venezuela, had been years absent; and being a general of the French Republic, imbued with its doctrines, thought more of them than of the situation and prejudices of his native land.

"When the throne of the Spanish Bourbons was first overthrown, all the Transatlantic provinces displayed such genuine enthusiasm in the cause of Spain as checked the few who panted for innovation. . . . But as this first glow of zeal subsided, and misfortune followed misfortune in the Peninsula, public opinion gradually changed, and desires for independence germinated anew, especially in the Creole youth of the middling classes, and in the inferior clergy. The English, dreading the fall of Spain, encouraged such feelings, as did the French and King Joseph's emissaries with different views, their object being to detach these regions from the Government established at Seville or Cadiz, which they termed insurrectional. The Anglo-Americans encouraged them, especially in Mexico; and, lastly, they were encouraged on the Rio de la Plata by the emissaries of the *Infante* Dona Carlota (the Princess of Brazil), then residing in Brazil, whilst Brazil's independence of Europe offered an example to South America somewhat similar in effect to that given by the independence of the United States to the North.

"The first explosion occurred, without previous concert, amongst the several provinces, for which America offered no convenience. Caraccas, a region accustomed to conspiracies, was the first to revolt, and did so, as has been intimated, upon receiving the news of the loss of Andalusia and the dispersion of the Central *Junta*. . . . The *Junta* that assumed the government declares that it held the supreme authority, only until either Ferdinand VII. should reascend his throne, or till a lawful government should be established by a Cortes, including American deputies."

These loyal declarations, it need hardly be added, made themselves air; and it is their seemingly causeless evaporation—it is the conduct of the American colonies, in separating themselves from the mother country, at the very moment when she appeared ready to meet their every wish, and to treat them as equals—that appears to us a more impressive lesson as to the uncontrollable nature of popular insurrection, popular commotion, than even

the sanguinary horrors perpetrated at Valencia. The Spanish authorities did not, however, shrink from the endeavour to close the flood-gates of which we have spoken.

"The Regency, upon its installation, despatched messengers across the Atlantic, to report the transactions of the beginning of the year, to proclaim the equality of condition granted to Americans, and invite the election of deputies to the convoked *Cortes*. . . . On the 17th of May, the same Regency issued, or seemed to issue, a most important order, authorizing the colonies to trade directly with foreign colonies, and with all European nations. . . . The commercial interest of Cadiz, most especially interested in the colonial monopoly, was confounded at this sudden alteration, and protested against the measure as unjust; it was indisputably irregular and premature. The Regency was, or pretended to be, unconscious of such an order having been published. An enquiry into the transaction was instituted; and it appeared that in the office for Indian affairs a concession, limited to flour and to the Havannah, had been made to embrace all foreign produce and the whole American coast. . . . The Marquis de las Hormazas, Minister of Finance, was arrested, as well as Don Manuel Albuerne, chief clerk of the Indian office, and a few more, who were implicated. . . . It appeared that Hormazas had signed the order without reading it; and that the real culprit was Albuerne, conjointly with the Havannah agent, and encouraged, at least it was so publicly reported, by one of the regents. . . . The Regency revoked the order; but it had already been despatched to America, and it is easy to conceive the bad effect that the issue and the revocation would there produce."

This incident might alone illustrate the mode in which the new Spanish authorities conducted the government, as also the little probability there was of the Americans being conciliated; but as though this were insufficient, the *Cortes* busied themselves in discussing American interests, and managed to offend the American deputies even by their intended liberality, though we must say the fault appears to have lain more with the latter than with their Spanish colleagues. After an obstinate debate, the *Cortes* granted for all future *Cortes* equality in representation with Spain—a deputy for every 60,000 souls. They revo-

ked the old prohibition to cultivate the vine and the olive; exonerated the aborigines from the tax imposed upon them; abolished the *repartimientos* where they still existed; and the *mita*, or compulsory labour in the mines.

"But because they did not declare America independent of Spain, all this was unavailing; for the real instigators of discord never meant to be satisfied with less."

But "then came the tug of war," when, in the discussions relative to the incipient constitution, the question was mooted as to who were, and who were not, Spanish citizens.

"Upon this question vehement debates arose respecting the Africans and their descendants. . . . They were not at once declared citizens, like all other Spanish subjects, but a door was opened for them to obtain that favour by their future conduct. At first the American deputies showed no wish that the right of citizenship should be granted to those individuals; and some, as the Señor Morales Duarez, indignantly resented the very suggestion. . . . Afterwards some American deputies demanded for the negroes both the active and passive right of suffrage" [we imagine this must mean the right of electing and of being elected], "though the greater number asked the first only; whence it was suspected that they thought more of increasing the number of American deputies, by increasing the number of electors, than of benefiting the black castes."

"The Spaniards felt no ill-will, no objection to these castes; not so the white natives of Spanish America, where, according to Señor Salazar, member for Peru, the enmity and aversion felt towards them were so great as to betray themselves even in the parish registers, of which one was kept for Spaniards, or reputed Spaniards, and another for the inferior castes. . . . The situation of the European members was most difficult in American affairs, in which they ever walked as on the edge of a sword. To deny the rights of citizenship to all of negro blood, would exasperate that class; to grant them would beyond measure offend all other Americans. The Transatlantic members, on the other hand, found their advantage either way: the majority of them wishing to provoke disorders that might precipitate the day of independence."

But enough of these heartless

discussions and dissensions respecting castes and colours, which painfully remind us of the one great blot deforming and defiling the character of those boasted and boastful free-men our own Transatlantic kinsmen. In truth, we should hardly have thought such disputes worth the notice we have already bestowed upon them, but that they tend to illustrate the little cause then existing for the irritation which seemingly produced the important result. In the midst of an apparent communion of sentiment against one and the same usurper, and for one and the same betrayed and imprisoned sovereign, with every disposition to concession on the part of Spain, and no remaining unredressed grievance on that of the colonies, it should seem that, as the mere natural consequence of a popular rising even in a lawful cause, the final severance of the colonies from the mother country ensued.

We have expressed doubts as to the effects of this severance upon the fortunes of either country; and we may possibly be ridiculed as stupidly, blindly servile, for mistrusting the advantage to one nation of that independence under which we admit that another has prospered. We have little hope of vindicating our candour or our claim to common sense in the eyes of those liberals who contemplate with unruffled serenity the sacrifice of a contemporaneous generation to some uncertain future good; but, for the sake of less stoical philanthropists, we must take leave to state the grounds of our scepticism, by pointing out the difference of character and condition that exists between the Anglo-Americans and the Hispano-Americans, and must produce a difference between their prospects.

The former, previous to their insurrection, were trained by popular institutions to self government, and, some few commercial restrictions excepted, were pretty nearly as free and prosperous as men need to be. It was their pride solely or mainly that revolted from the sway of the mother country, as the pride of youthful manhood habitually does

revolt against parental authority. They were of age, were ripe for emancipation, and the peculiar circumstances of their population especially fitted them for a republican form of government. The Hispano-Americans—to say nothing of the numerous inferior *castes*—had, on the contrary, been, and, up to the moment of the seizure of the Spanish royal family, still were, completely enthralled; they had not reached even the elements of their education for liberty, hardly for independence. They have, as was to be expected, shown themselves utterly incapable of self-government; and revolution and civil war, bloodshed and devastation have hitherto been the wretched and only fruits of their emancipation. The absence of a Washington among them has been deplored as the great cause of these disasters; but we confess that in our opinion such a man of men would have been amongst the Hispano-Americans a noxious apparition; Bolivar was far too high-minded and disinterested for them. A Cromwell or a Bonaparte would be better suited to their condition. The change from a European to a compatriot despot would be a great step in improvement, and sufficient, we conceive, for the present generation, perhaps for the next.

Shall we be suspected of a tendency to paradox, if, having shown that the colonies have gained little by their separation, we express our belief that Spain has lost as little thereby? We are assuredly not of the school that holds colonies to be nothing but encumbrances; but Spain had little or nothing to export to hers; and hence, though they paid a share of their mining produce into her treasury, and afforded means of enriching a few individuals in official situations, their commerce did not, could not, pour a stream of wealth throughout the country; and it is not a little remarkable, that Spain, when she acquired those colonies, was populous, industrious, prosperous, and that, during her exclusive possession of them, her population and agriculture declined, her manufactures well-nigh perished. We ascribe this

to domestic causes, to the loss of her constitutional liberties, to the gradual degeneracy of her absolute kings—a degeneracy, we apprehend, almost inevitable—to the consequent maladministration of worthless favourites, and to bigotry and intolerance, carried to a pitch elsewhere unexampled. This decline of Spain we do not, then, impute to her colonial possessions; but evidently those possessions could not prevent it; and it is equally remarkable that her decline has not increased, not even continued, since their loss, but that she is, or was, up to the breaking out of the present civil war, rapidly recovering in every respect, and this notwithstanding the long war she fought for her independence, notwithstanding all the faults and follies of Ferdinand VII.'s reign.

These last assertions may perhaps startle our readers, but they are based upon facts and figures, which we have extracted from *Le Journal des Travaux de la Société Française de Statistique Universelle*, of the date of 1834. According to this journal, the population of Spain had, in the beginning of the last century, dwindled to 7,500,000. Under the Bourbon kings, who were, more especially Charles III., a shade superior to the latter Austrian sovereigns, it had, at the commencement of the present century, in 1803, recovered to 11,359,000; and in less than a third of a century since, in 1834, it

had risen to 14,660,000. In order to show what is, or ought to be, the present strength of the Spanish monarchy, we add the population of the remaining colonies:—

The Canaries,	200,000
Cuba and Puerto Rico,	856,000
The Philippines,	2,525,000
African settlements,	4,000

18,245,000

Spanish agriculture has similarly recovered during this century, disastrous as its annals have seemed to the Peninsula. In 1803 the corn grown in Spain was insufficient, by one-fifth, for the support of a population of less than eleven millions and a half; in 1834 it was amply sufficient for upwards of fourteen millions and a half. Together with agriculture, trade and manufactures have revived; such coarse manufactures as are suited to the demand of the lower orders are, or were then, thriving; and the finances were so far improved, that the expenditure did not exceed the revenue by much more than half a million sterling.

From the Ministerial posts occupied by Count Toreno, we feel justified in hoping that his future volumes will throw further light upon this subject, and we look for them with proportionate impatience.

THE CHERWELL WATERLILY.

BRIGHT came the last departing gleam
To lonely Cherwell's silent stream,
And for a moment seemed to smile
On tall St Mary's graceful pile.
But brighter still the glory stood
On Marston's wild sequestered wood.
The lights that through the leaves
were sent,
Of gold and green were richly
blent;—

Oh! beautiful they were to see
Gilding the trunk of many a tree,
Just as the colours died away
In evening's meditative gray;
Sweet meadow-flowers were round
me spread,

And many a budding birch tree shed
Its woodland perfume there;
And from its pinkly-clustered boughs
A fragrance mild the hawthorn throws
Upon the tranquil air.

Deep rung St Mary's stately chime
The holy hour of vesper time,
And as the solemn sounds I caught,
Over the distant meadows brought,
I heard the raptured nightingale
Tell from yon elmy grove his tale
Of jealousy and love,
In thronging notes that seemed to fall
As faultless and as musical
As angel strains above;
So sweet they cast o'er all things
round

A spell of melody profound;
They charmed the river in his flowing,
They stayed the night wind in its
blowing,

They lulled the lily to her rest
Upon the Cherwell's heaving breast.
How often doth a wildflower bring
Fancies and thoughts that seem to
spring

From inmost depths of feeling!
Nay, often they have power to bless
With their uncultured loveliness:
And far into the aching breast
There goes a heavenly thought of rest
With their soft influence stealing.
How often, too, can ye unlock,
Dear wildings, with a gentle shock,
The fountains of the heart,
And bid Religion sweetly rise
Before the mourner's tearful eyes
To do her holy part.

Ah! surely such strange power is
given
To lowly flowers, like dew from
heaven,

For lessons oft by them are brought

Deeper than mortal sage hath
taught—

Lessons of wisdom pure that rise
From some clear fountain in the skies.
Fairest of Flora's lovely daughters
That bloom by stilly-running waters,
Fair Lily! thou a type must be
Of virgin love and purity!
Fragrant thou art as any flower
That decks a lady's garden bower;
But he who would thy sweetness know
Must stoop and bend his loving brow
To catch thy scent, so faint and rare,
Scarce breathed upon the summer
air;

And all thy motions too—how free,
And yet how fraught with sympathy;
So pale thy tint, so meek thy gleam,
Shed on thy kindly father stream.
Still as he swayeth to and fro
How true in all thy goings,
As if thy very soul did know
The secret of his flowings.

And then that heart of living gold
Which thou dost modestly enfold,
And screen from man's too piercing
view

Within thy robe of snowy hue.
To careless minds thou seem'st to roam
Abroad upon the river;—

In all thy movements chained to home,
Fast rooted there for ever:
Linked by a holy, hidden tie,
Too holy for a mortal's eye,
Nor riveted by mortal art,
Deep down within thy father's heart!
Emblem in truth thou art to me
Of all a woman ought to be!
How shall I liken thee, sweet Flower!
That other men may feel thy power;
May seek thee on some lovely night,
And say how strong, how chaste the
might,

The tie of filial duty—
How graceful too, and angel bright
The pride of lowly beauty?
Thou sittest on the varying tide,
As if thy spirit did preside,
With a becoming queenly grace,
As mistress of this lonely place.
A quiet magic hast thou now
To smooth the river's ruffled brow,
And still his rippling waters—
And yet so delicate and airy,
Thou art to him a very fairy,
A widowed Father's only daughter.

FRED. WM. FABER.

Univ. Coll.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

WHAT is usually meant by "Historical Painting?" The term has been so vaguely used by the professors of the art, that we are often at a loss how to apply it. Does it mean painting passages of history, or the ideal and poetical in almost any given subject? It has always seemed to us not only ill defined, but foolishly held up as containing the excellence of art, and as alone worth the ambition of an artist. If, however, we look to the examples generally given by professors of the art in their public lectures, and by no means exhibited in their own works, the historical painting recommended would appear to be an imitation of Michael Angelo; particularly in that in which is said to consist the "Grand Style." That the real merit of this grand style lies deep, and that it is the invention of a wondrous genius, we fully believe; but we very much doubt if the general conception of it extends beyond the mere visible exaggeration of limb and muscle in depicting the naked figure, and that in Michael Angelo it is the ideal force of power so effected. But it requires the genius of the original inventor, of a Michael Angelo, to reconcile the truth of nature with the exaggeration of art; and we may easily believe, that in inferior hands, in imitations, this grand style would descend to most laughable contortion, and terminate in ridiculous or tame fury. The large scale of his works, the necessity of their being painted on walls, and seen only under particular and unvarying lights, and from below, may have created a necessity for the exaggeration, which, for easel pictures, which can be brought to any focus of the eye, would be entirely misplaced. Even theatrical display, to appear natural, must be something above nature. Were no other passions of the human breast but the violent fit for the scope of genius—were power alone, whether to inflict or to bear, the admitted divinity of art—were the race of painters compelled, under penalty of degradation, to perpetuate designs of Prometheus, his tormentors, and his

vulture, and to seek varieties only in the tortures of the Inferno, and to forswear all portraiture below a thundering Jupiter, we should bewail their pitiable necessity, and cry up Michael Angelo and the sublime for ever. But totally denying any such necessity, and believing that the superior charms of art are produced in portraying the gentler passions, in tone, sympathy, and a thousand mixed feelings, and that mankind at large really find more delight out of, than in this grandeur of art, and that genius no less superlative is required for these than conception—we protest against the directions and authority of professors in general, and would by no means concede the eminence, the invidious distinction they would bestow on their "historical painting." Indeed, their own practice has generally been the very reverse of all they seem mostly to admire, and what miserable failures have been the few attempts to revive this "grand art."

Then there is something in insinuating that you have all the requisites of the most ample genius, but that the public want taste. Now, we firmly believe the contrary, and that excellence will, sooner or later, raise the public to its admiration, that artists are to make the public taste by constantly showing what is good, and that they are not to be led to it by the dictates of an ignorant, previously uninstructed people. It is undignified to pander to a weak and depraved taste, and then querulously to lament that it is no higher. But we are persuaded that the public taste is daily looking for higher gratification than it receives, and too frequently, at our exhibitions, looks for food which it does not receive; but whether the wholesome food is that prescribed and but seldom offered, may be a question that more are inclined to raise than to sift and solve.

But let us allow historical painting a more unlimited range, and still we would avoid the invidious distinction. There are many elevated walks of art that we only object to; we

detest vulgarity; the whole range of poetry and of nature blended is open to the artist. Whether he choose the fabulous, the landscape, or mixed design, we ask not. He is the man for our admiration, and for public admiration, if he rival Claude, the Poussins, or even Vanderwelde, and some of the Flemish painters. Let him paint strictly history, if he will; but if it be mere matter of fact, it certainly will not bear the highest rank in our estimation. We protest against the continued professional jargon on this subject, and the unmanly complaints of want of encouragement, which, we believe, have the additional demerit of being utterly false. The fact is, that there is an increasing love of art in this country, and in consequence, there is no conceivable style that does not meet with patronage of some sort or other. Hence the multiplication of artists to a fearful extent.

The walls of our Exhibitions have their pictures by thousands, and it is fair to presume that all these artists are maintained in some way by their profession. We think the professors wrong in proposing to mediocre talent too high an aim, and the pride unpardonable and almost unpitiable that, folding itself in the splenetic conceit of neglected merit, will persevere "*Crassa invitâ Minervâ*" in ridiculous aspirations, neglecting to bring saleable commodities of ready talent to a willing market. It is possible for artists to have very inflated notions both of the objects of their pursuit and of their own means of perfecting them—and such are seldom satisfied with the fair merited rewards they meet with, and would appropriate fame and fortune. The returns not equaling their desires (overlooking the real cause of failure, if it be failure, for the world is still liberal even to them), they vent their ill-humour on the public taste. If you presume to criticise an artist's work, and press him hard with your reasons, it is ten to one but he will agree to your remarks, and defend himself upon the plea that he must do wrong to please the public. Others again, and happily they are few, if asked why they persevere in works which they say the public do not like, assume an air of contempt for present gene-

rations, and go on daubing, prophetic of future fame, in the spirit of martyrs.

But, as we said before, he must be a very bad performer who will meet with no encouragement. We should like to see the true Dr. and Cr. account with the public of some of these discontented artists, and are sure that in many instances the sums received would show a very decent maintenance for any given number of years. With regard to some we know this to be the case. Yet are they lavish of abuse upon the tasteless and illiberal public. "I said the world was mad," exclaimed the lunatic, "and they said I was mad; they were too many for me, and here I am." We look upon replies not very dissimilar as lamentable instances of the insanity of pride.

With great pity for the sufferings of individuals, we must not, even in their cases, permit the public taste to be unjustly treated, we had almost said insulted, nor the arts in general degraded by an attempt at particular and unmerited exaltation. It is with no small pain that we have noticed a recent correspondence in the newspapers—the consequence of an appeal to the public from Mr Haydon, headed "Historical Painting." Were this only an appeal from Mr Haydon as a sufferer, from whatever cause, we should join in general sympathy in his behalf; but he is suing in the name of the "Neglected Arts." He is putting forth the arts in a beggarly position, to sue in *forma pauperis*. We would rescue the arts from this unworthy position, and entreat for Mr Haydon the substantial commiseration to which his mistaken course in his profession may entitle him. The first appeal from Mr Haydon appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, September 12; but as one in the *Spectator*, September 17, contains some addition, we prefer an extract from that paper.

" HISTORICAL PAINTING.

" To the Editor of the *Spectator*."

" King's Bench,
15th September, 1836.

" SIR—I appeal to the English People, the Nobility, the Government, and the

King, if the condition of historical painters for a hundred years has been honourable to or worthy of the rank of the country in science and art? Regard a moment the historical painters of France, Germany, and the Netherlands; are they not more employed, better off, and in higher rank? Since Thornhill's time, has any historical painter made a decent competence? Is not their condition become a proverb all over Europe? Hussey retired to Devonshire in disgust; West, but for the King, would have starved; Barry was always in struggles; Fuseli escaped to the Keepership; Proctor died of want, after carrying both medals for painting and sculpture; Howard was glad to be Secretary; Hilton to succeed Fuseli; Westall has been in great afflictions; Etty has left off great works; and I am in a prison.

"There is but one cause for this—the want of State encouragement.

"The Duke of Bedford has presented my Xenophon to the Russell Institution. Suppose the Government gave two commissions annually for different institutions, and offered premiums for the best designs for the interior of the Lords: we should cease to hear of the necessities of historical painters. It will be done sooner or later: would it not be a pleasure to Lord Melbourne to start the thing?

"If I may be allowed to intimate my own cause of affliction, it is from paying L.303, 8s. 6d. law costs, in addition to losing L.240, 16s. 8d. on the Banquet, and paying L.592 this last year *in toto* to the greater portion of my creditors, leaving the remainder angry and disappointed. But I am nearly out of debt; and could I be placed again before my canvas, and three fine subjects I have left (Poitiers, Saragozza, and Samson), I would pay the balance in a year, or less. I am in prison for L.30; my friends would pay it, but unless my peace is guaranteed by the rest, I should be in confinement again in a week.

"You have always been kind, and seemed to consider my troubles not quite private, caused as they have been solely by beginning great works in early life without capital.

"Your obedient servant,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"P.S. So completely had lawyers stripped me, I had scarcely *clothing* left: on L.7, 10s. I paid L.8, 10s. costs; on L.15, L.19 costs! and could not help it. And now I am locked up, as an additional assistance—a profitable labourer!"

Now what reply might "the People, the Nobility, and the King" make to this appeal to them? "The King" (Heaven give him, notwithstanding, a long reign), simply that he is no great judge of painting, but that he will encourage that or any thing else that may be good, and that his Ministers may recommend. "The Nobility," that they have purchased, at large prices, historical pictures of modern artists; and "the People" (the patrons of art among them, referring to their bankers' books) and all to exhibition catalogues, that they were not aware of any lack of patronage of historical painters, or that, if there were, it was or ought to be dishonourable.

It may seem invidious to remark upon the several living artists whose names are brought forward by Mr Haydon; we only hope, and suspect that the case is not so bad. Do not most of them still paint historical pictures which sell at a fair price? Etty's fanciful pieces we delight in, and sincerely hope that he will never resume his "Great Works." But Westall—why, we have seen large sums given for his pictures; and has he not been fully employed all his life in illustrating literary works, and we presume was not unpaid for his labours. We know not the cause of his afflictions; but must have better proof than Mr Haydon's assertion, that they are from lack of patronage—for his assertion with regard to Mr West is most palpably wrong. Did he not receive from the British Institution L.3000 for his picture, and that a copy? And have we not seen many of his pictures in private collections, for which large sums were given? And was, after all, the admitted patronage of the King nothing? Then what sums did he obtain from publishers for permission to engrave from his pictures? Did loved and honoured Stodhart leave behind him acres of painted and unsold canvas? Was not his profession a badge of unworthiness to him? Was not his honest industry in enthusiastically applying his talents for a series of years to a marketable commodity, and which still the public, however multiplied be their heads, including minds and eyes, delight in, in working for the

engraver—and his designs may yet be thought "great."

We have seen galleries of Fuseli's pictures, and never heard that he gave them away. Barry, strange being as he was, sold—and Northcote's large pictures sold—go back to Opie, he sold—and we would ask, if their pictures did not yield these artists a fair price? And if, now when the value may be better understood, they were brought to market, the purchasers or their families would be found great gainers, or to have been illiberal paymasters? We recollect a year or two ago some statement in the *Morning Chronicle* of a sale of modern pictures that had been purchased, and an account of the prices paid, and the sums they produced at auction. The statement was highly in favour of the liberality of the purchasers. But does not Mr Haydon strangely omit the notice of some who have recently, as in the instance of Sir D. Wilkie, left other walks for the historical? We see historical subjects in every print shop, the engravings are costly; and what publishers would engage in such undertakings if the public taste did not give them hope of remuneration? And can this hope be, or is it realized without benefit to the artist?

Mr Haydon ends his catalogue of the unfortunate with himself, and we lament the extent of his personal calamity—"And I am in prison." But still Mr Haydon, far from showing that he has received no patronage, that he has many and important pictures that nobody will buy, shows that there are considerable sums that he has received, though unfortunately very much has been expended in law; he shows that "beginning great works without capital," notwithstanding their heavy expenses, he is nearly out of debt, and no allusion being made to other parties, the finishing of three only would extricate him from debt, and that in fact he is now nearly so. It appears that, though beginning without capital, he has been enabled to pay L.592 to his creditors; we find sums stated

to have been paid, and therefore we presume, previously received, amounting to . . . L.803 8 6
In addition to loss on the
Banquet . . . 240 16 8
And the above mentioned 592 0 0

L.1136 5 2

Here is above eleven hundred pounds, the result of patronage to an historical painter. It is, however, true that all this may fall short of what Mr Haydon may think a just remuneration for his labours and rewards for his genius. He has rather been unfortunate in his self-estimation, or in his means of making his merits known. His means were certainly of his own choice—his name has been much before the public, as well as his works, and we believe what has been excellent in them pointed out by himself in literary accompaniments. He has not shunned observation or notoriety. We recollect the time when if we met a strangely-dressed figure in the streets, we were told it was one of Mr Haydon's pupils. It was industriously circulated that his views of art were in total opposition to those of the Academy—and they have not acknowledged his superiority. He seems to have considered himself a Gulliver in art in the hands of vexatious Lilliputians who pertinaciously tied him down with their small threads, walked over his person, and inflicted on him innumerable wounds with their small arrows, yet has he himself been a pugnacious competitor for fame.*

We are not at all aware that historical painting in France, Germany, and the Netherlands is either in higher repute, or has more substantial rewards than in this country. Mr Haydon asserts it, but we doubt the fact. Nor does he, when he makes his appeal to our Government, show *how* the governments of those countries encourage their painters. He says that the last encouragement in this country was given to Sir James Thornhill (he died in 1732). Now, if the State be

* Who criticized in the public papers Bird's picture, when he and Mr Haydon were competitors for the prize offered by the British Institution? We remember a clever caricature that came out at that time on "High Art."

requested to inflict on the country a repetition of allegorical history, by way of encouraging high art, we most sincerely hope that they will not listen to such appeals, nor even petitions, for a moment. Not even the Luxembourg nor Whitehall specimens of art to be admired, but neither felt nor loved, can reconcile us to such historical painting. Whatever skill they show in the craft and mystery of the art, we deplore their waste on such subjects, and the waste of genius which might have been so much better employed. Mr Haydon proposes two things:—

- 1st. That the government should give two commissions annually.
- 2d. That they should offer premiums for the best designs for the House of Lords.

We fear that two annual commissions would ill satisfy the many competitors; and though Mr Haydon thinks that this State patronage would set all right, we much doubt if it would extricate him from his difficulties. But we do most sincerely hope that pictorial decorations for the House of Lords will never take place. What could the historical decorations be? Allegory is totally gone by; never, in the name of common sense, let it be revived; it would but excite public ridicule, and is scarcely in itself a step higher than caricature. It has even been rejected for frontispieces to works of puerile erudition. Shall we have the old siege of Troy? The repainting of Dido's Palace? Or shall we have English History? And where commence? By all means with the naked Picts, and Prince Vortigern—and an Act of Parliament to constitute and certify the likenesses.

Every nation's history will unfortunately furnish battles enough to fight over again on canvas, but what are to be distinguished? We should have an animated debate now whether we should complete the Barons of England on Magna Charta—or shall all give place to two splendid pictures, to occupy two whole sides, of Lord Grey's Reform Dinner and

the Battle of Waterloo? Alas! the public have already seen enough of the former to Mr Haydon's cost, who is a loser by it of L.240, 16s. 8d. sterling. And is there no room to be left for future great doings, whether by statesmen, heroes, or artists; or are we to consider England's glory in arms, arts, wisdom, and artists to be finally closed for ever with this one grand national decoration? The fact is, all this kind of historical painting is gone by; writers have taken the place of painters. Mankind were formerly taught by sights, but now by reading. Even the ornamental part, the decoration and the effect of history, have passed off from the painter to the romance-writer. It is found that in this walk the pen excites more than the pencil, and that truth may go to which side she pleases, for few care which. Both may have their share of ambiguous facts; but in the written the imagination is not too definitely fastened down, and when duly fevered, will delight more in its dreamy liberty. We say not that this is altogether desirable—history has been declared but an old almanac only fit for historical novels. They have absolutely superseded strict historical painting. We no longer want public documents in paint; nor shall we ever again light our religious lamps for devotion or knowledge from illuminated missals. The superstition of the arts, historical and otherwise, if we may be allowed the term, is irrevocably gone by, and with it those pictorial appeals to nations' eyes on a large scale to which it gave rise. They are gone with the very means of art that brought them forth—fresco painting. Popedom has no more churches to fill; and Mars and Bellona, and Venus and Cupid, and even blind Justice holding the scales to the wisdom of Solomon, will never again raise recruits or insult municipal authorities with dictations as to how they should act, and with doubts of their most perfect wisdom.

* If the Trojan war be determined on, we enter a caveat against Mr Haydon's Achilles, exhibited in the Suffolk Street Exhibition. He is a great striding, naked, ruffian, bathed in blood to the very arm-pits. And this, before he had, according to Homer, fleshed his sword.

There is no hope of Gog and Magog ever appearing in fresco, though admirable subjects for the Angelic grand contour and amplitude of limb. Genius must henceforth, we are fully persuaded, be content with oil painting, easel pictures, and moderate-sized galleries; and we have not the slightest doubt that real genius will have no reason to complain that it is cramped and limited; but will take as it is, or make the humour of the times subservient to the native richness of invention. Nature, in her gifts, is jealous even of her own work, and will rather create a difference than allow a repetition. We must be content, in some respects, to let the old masters, particularly of the great school, stand unrivalled in their own niches in the Temple of Fame, and trust in the power that makes geniuses, for finding other temples and other niches for all who will merit places in them. No—let these public decorations be no more thought of. They do not suit our climate; if in oil, they must be varnished—damp destroys them.—We know not of a single attempt to renew them that has not been a failure—from the talked-of encouragement of Sir James Thornhill to Barry's inconsistencies at the Adelphi. Even Sir Joshua's Window at New College is in entire mistake of the effect most desired, and within the scope of painting on glass—rich colours that are to throw around mysterious and religious light, for his design is without colour. And as to patronage for the mere design, the conception of which is stolen from Correggio's *Notte*, we believe he was paid an enormous sum—we think as much as £2,500.

The parishioners of St Mary Radcliffe, Bristol, liberally ordered sacred subjects, on a large scale, from Hogarth. They had better have fed him at much less cost to caricature the vestry. The Italian painters had not only the freshness and enthusiasm from the novelty and extent of their employment, but had devotional feeling from the superstitions that blended with their love of art itself, and gave a character to their conceptions, which we fear English artists will not acquire. The great works of the ancient Greeks were

performed with this feeling too, and exhibited to a people who believed in their miraculous power. A willing, perhaps adoring people in both instances, the old Greeks and the Italians, acknowledged the very impress of Divinity in the works of men. Can we wonder, therefore, if artists felt an inspiration which they were allowed to have, and conceived from it extraordinary energy and power. Much of this will never, can never return. Still genius is as unlimited as the creation which is given it for materials, and where it finds the ground too beaten for its feet, will show that it has wings, and liberty to use them. We would even venture to assert that there is something gained in the rejection of a large class of historical subjects. Mere figures, in Roman or Grecian costume, telling an ambiguous tale, too insipid to excite even curiosity to prove what it be, however dexterously handled, are happily now considered lumber. Troy and Carthage have even faded from the tapestry, and will no more be renovated. We are satisfied with Virgil's description of the Picture Gallery; Achilles is best in Homer, since the grand style leads us to burlesque; and we dread calling up the ghosts of English history to daylight, and ushered into our Houses of Parliament, either headed by Angelica Kauffman, or Mr Haydon.

With regard to Mr Haydon's disappointments, we have but one word to say—we would recommend him earnestly, if he finds his branch of his profession not sufficiently profitable, to change it for another. If he does not find, or cannot make the public taste answerable to his views, it would surely be more honourable to transfer his talents, if to less agreeable, to more certain and profitable employment, than to persist in incurring debts which complaints against the public will not pay, and which his experience must have shown him his own works do not pay! This would be a far more honourable and worthy condition, and a far happier one, than any that can be acquired by forced and solicited Government patronage, or bounty arising from commiseration. Surely portrait-painting is lucrative and open to him, or the illustration of

literary works. Raphael himself did not consider himself degraded by painting the arabesque at the Vatican, nor by designing for China plates. If he delights in unprofitable history, let him look forward to it as the luxury of his leisure hours, which honest industry in a new line will be sure to give him.

Mr Haydon's appeal called forth a very ably written letter, signed "Pictor," in the *Morning Chronicle* of September 14., to much of which we fully assent. But as the writer, in misconception of the appeal, and evidently with a strong political bias, rather misnamed liberal, is alarmed at the idea of a premium for artists, we think it right to make some comments on his letter, which follows.

"PENSIONS TO AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

"To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*."

"SIR—A painful appeal in your paper of this morning should awake the attention of Government and the people to the heartless imprudence of granting pensions occasionally to the professors of art and literature, thus creating a fund of false hope, on which unborn thousands will noisily starve; and alluring the indolent, the sanguine, and the vain from the remunerating pursuits of laborious industry, by the expectation so easily formed, where one's own merit is the condition, of living in lazy glory upon the public purse.

"What! is the claim of the poet, poetess, sculptor, electrician, artist, and literary composer, or compiler, to be maintained at the national expense? Are not the present incumbrances of the nation, the dubious spinsters of Mr D. W. Harvey's aversion, as dear to the Irish peasant and the Scotch weaver, as lyrics, odes, green statues, and books of the church? Why, in the name of Mercury, are we, having paid for our book, our bust, or our historic picture—why are we, personally or nationally, to be called on again to contribute to support the artist or author? Is there any want of poetry that it must be raised by bounties? or is it so unnatural to Englishmen to have any enjoyment untaxed, that the arts and sciences beg so loudly and so sturdily to be made at once British, oppressive, and unpopular? Does a doubled pension make * * * * * readable? Should not failure serve as a salutary notice, and sink an aspirant into utility instead of raise

him into a pensioner? And might not the incomes of many have been deferred until their paymasters, the mighty, active, and struggling population of this busy land, had found time to master the longer published and somewhat, as I understand, superior works of Shakspeare and Milton?

"No one will raise a voice on this subject, because these gentlemen hold the penny trumpet of ephemeral fame, and because every trickster in politics can now charge the pension list with the pamphlets and paragraphs he was formerly obliged directly to pay for; but this question must be seriously settled, and it should be agitated by men who fear neither the bitterness of a bitter race nor the short-sighted liberality of a munificently-disposed public.

"It should first be determined whether there is to be a pension list, its extent and resources, and then the creatures who are to feed on it, whether by absolute nomination in the Monarch and Minister, with the invariable qualification of partisanship and servility, or after receiving the approbatory fiat of a public investigation into their claims? When the authority which is to confer this pleasant chaplet is established, I shall take an early opportunity of presenting to it the condition and wants of a manufacturer, who, after feeding hundreds for years by his capital and enterprise, had his fortunes destroyed by the vacillating foreign policy of this country—of a banker's family, whose father inclosed commons and planted heaths, and died soon after failure in consequence of the monetary change of 1819—of a high-minded and generous merchant, now a lunatic, who traded largely with Denmark (after being shut out from almost every port in Europe by our external wars, and from India and China by our home impolicy), and who lost his all in that country when we seized on the property of the Danes in this. I have thousands of cases, from the noble ruined in raising the honour of the country at Newmarket by improving the breed of horses, down to the last sanguine inventor of the last invaluable patent which nobody uses or appreciates; I will bring them all into court—we will learn where we are to begin and to end—we will establish a principle, and perhaps uproot a prejudice—the records of the new tribunal will either prove that Governments have nothing to do with such questions, or that, if they should interfere, there are cases in every pursuit and in every grade which call as loudly for aid, in the name of the honour of old England, as the

miseries of the votaries of the pen and pencil.

"I am Sir, your obedient servant,

"London, Sept. 12.

PICTOR."

Now, Mr Haydon does not ask for a pension, but for encouragement, for employment; nor do we agree to the republican view, that every one must take care of himself, and that governments are never to reward. Governments may be said to contract with every individual for common labour and common talent, because, in a general way, they have no reason to expect more. But if superior talents, and more than common labour, produce greater benefits to the public than they expected when their services were contracted for, it is manifestly to the common interest that the overplus of talent and labour should be considered as entitling the possessor to an additional claim; and if such claim be not admitted, there is not that due encouragement to stimulate gifted persons to extraordinary exertion, from which the general good is so much advanced. Surely it is neither liberal nor just to receive a great deal, and make a very small return, because there is no legal demand for a greater.

The cases brought by the author of the letter are lamentable, and we read them with a feeling of great pain as common incidents in the diary of human life. It may, however, be allowed that these unfortunate persons commence with speculations in which their own good is alone the object. But this is not the case where the advantages brought to the common stock are very great—yet consist not of marketable productions in a pecuniary point of view.

It is possible for a man without any view, or without the possibility of payment, to make known inventions of the greatest importance to human life. Philanthropy and a love of science alone may have been the motives. Yet, in the prosecution of these inventions, and in bringing them to bear, the personal interests of the individual may have been greatly neglected.

Is the government just or wise in letting that man starve, thereby killing the very source of the great-

est advantages to mankind? For example's sake, we would instance the inventions of Davy, particularly the safety-lamp,—and that of vaccination, by Jenner. Such cases are innumerable, and will generally be found in the products of genius—seldom in the products of mere labour. Great victories have been won by a song, by which perhaps the author did not gain five shillings. The writer is very splenetic against poets; and though ready to admit the superiority of Shakspeare and Milton, yet, were they living, and had not made the most provident bargain with their publishers (as was certainly the case with Milton), and were they, from ailments and infirmity, unable to produce saleable works, the principles of Pictor would send them both to the workhouse, and inflict upon the country the stigma of ingratitude for having received the greatest benefits, and having left their benefactors to starve. We humbly think that this is not honesty.

If to raise the moral feeling of a people—if to engender in them a love and a taste for the highest qualities that adorn and civilize mankind be deserving of the reward, let not governments, with a narrow policy, miscalled liberal, neglect their poets. An old Grecian dramatist well observes—"Masters are for children, but poets are for men." And we can easily imagine that what may be said of poets may be said of painters. Who will deny that Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the great painters who have made Italy illustrious, and visited by all the world for its treasures, have given more to their country than their country has given to them. Their works sell at something more than prime cost. We think it fair to add Mr Haydon's reply to both correspondents:—

"HISTORICAL PAINTING.

"To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

"SIR—In reply to both of your correspondents, I beg to say the historical painters neither will expect or desire to be provided for by pensions. They only desire that the State would annually afford them that employment which all States have done when historical painting

has flourished, and which was done here by the State before the reformation in religion. With respect to the second correspondent, I cannot approve of his plan of public sale, because works are depressed or kept up by so many tricks at sales that it would be a very unfair criterion of an artist's value.

"There is nothing to be done that will be ever effectual but employment by a sum set aside in the estimates annually for that purpose.

"It will, it must take place—it would be popular, and carried with acclamation.

"Your obedient servant,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"King's Bench, Sept. 19."

We dislike proposing schemes—for every one you propose twenty will arise, and perhaps all impracticable; but we have suggested before, and now repeat the suggestion, that nothing would so much both improve the public taste and raise artists to the most honourable condition; as the establishment of professorships of painting, sculpture, and architecture (perhaps united) in our universities. The principal advantage that we see in this is, that the youth of England who attain the highest education would, at their most docile years, acquire a taste, and consequently a love of art, and would become judicious patrons. It would tend greatly to rescue them from lower or frivolous pursuits, too often the resource of those who have nothing to do, and would perhaps, even to them, be of equal advantage with the usual doubtful acquirements of the dead languages. If this scheme were thought an interference with the Royal Academy, visitors might be appointed from thence; but we would invariably have the professors Masters of Arts, and a peculiar degree, on examination, conferred on students;—a school of painting should be annexed, in which lectures might be given, and the art practised. We learn that the ancients did make painting a necessary part of education, and that they forbade it to be taught to slaves—thereby establishing for it an "honourable condition." With regard to the House of Parliament, on September 16, we find another letter on the subject, in the *Morning Chron-*

nicle, addressed to Mr Haydon, signed "Volksfreund" (the People's Friend):—

"HISTORICAL PAINTING.

"To B. R. Haydon, Esq.

"SIR—As one of the 'Public' to whom you address yourself, in conjunction with the other (generally so considered) more potential patrons of the fine arts, I venture to suggest what I have long thought a much better remedy for the evil of which you complain than 'State patronage' or aristocratic support, however generous and splendid; *splendid!* because *rare*. Nothing can be splendid (that is, remarkable) that is not rare—uncommon; and historical painters starve upon *splendid* patronage; that is, they are *rarely* employed, and *rarely* paid.

"Historical painters have often been told, that the only support the 'State' can and ought to afford, is the protection it gives to the arts of life in general. No exclusive or extraordinary aid can be challenged for what is rather a luxury than a necessary.

"But the luxury of one generation becomes the necessary of the next; and in this, as in all other things, 'the appetite grows by what it feeds on.' We have lived to see a great change in the public taste for music; there has been a great elevation of the standard in my time; and is not the commodity of readier sale, and higher in the market?

"My remedy, then, is open market—public sale—sale by auction—sale for all paintings, and at any price—for what they will fetch—the price of the canvas, if more cannot be obtained. Leave the 'cold shade of aristocracy,' and bring your wares to public market. Create a taste for painting, by feasting the eye in proportion as music has been poured into the ears of the public, still greedy for more. What becomes of all the pictures that remain unsold at the end of every annual exhibition at Somerset House? Why are they not sold for what they would fetch? Why should such a procedure be derogatory to the character of the painter? And is not the chance of now and then a good painting being sold for less than its real value likely to sharpen the desire of purchasers, and compensated by the diffusion of a taste for more?

"Under whose auspices did the Italian and Flemish schools begin to flourish? The patronage of the merchants of Florence and of Venice, the burgo-masters of Antwerp and Amsterdam.

popes, princes, priests, and potentates followed in their train—they did not lead them. Did Pericles create, or did he take up, the public taste and advance it? Painters and sculptors are not made in a day, and neither the 'State' nor the 'Lords' of Athens could, by any possibility, raise a race of artists by their exclusive patronage. Before Apelles painted for Aspasia he painted for Aspasia's father, the merchant of the Pireus. Work for 'the many-headed monster.' Paint and sell—not for high prices, but for what you can get. Let no man put up his canvas a second time. Let the historical painter court a large, not a select, market, remembering (in homely phrase) that the nimble ninepence is better than the slow shilling.

"Of your individual case, sir, I do not venture to speak. I address this to you in answer to your appeal to the 'Public' in favour of historical painting in general.

"VOLKSFREUND."

The writer seems very jealous that an aristocracy should be supposed for a moment to be patrons of art,—though we really think that those who have large estates, and leisure, and means by education to cultivate their tastes, are after all likely to be the best purchasers. But his plan for promoting the arts is somewhat whimsical: he would have artists sell their pictures, all of them, though they should cry,—*"What, all my little ones!"*—Yes, all,—*"for what they will fetch?"* Must they sell to a loss? Yes, surely, valuing the canvas as spoiled. We have heard that the Altieri Claudes were on the point of being knocked down at a custom-house sale for a very few pounds; and we should, under this remedy, certainly frequently tremble for the labour of months.

Volkfreund is very zealous to show his friendship for the people, and has the common fault of popular zealots, that of not saying who the people are; but we are sure that the purchasers of pictures must be an aristocracy, whether solely of wealth or rank.* *"Popes, princes, priests,*

and potentates," if it be true (which we very much doubt) that they followed in the train of merchants in their patronage, certainly very greatly advanced art. However the writer may rail at *"the Lords of Athens as incompetent"* to raise a race of artists, we suspect that without *"Prince Pericles,"* Athens never would have been adorned with the wonders of the world. For the suspicious people looked upon Phidias as a thief, and banished him from Athens. And what was the consequence? He enriched another state with a work that eclipsed his Minerva—his Jupiter Olympius. The Eleans, however, were not too enlightened to discard gratitude from their code of public laws or virtues, for they appointed, doubtless with odious pensions, his descendants to keep clean the wondrous statue. We should be glad, not so much for the artist's benefit, as for the country's honour, if a permanent committee were established, and suitable galleries constructed, that the portraits of the best of all men in the country who most eminently distinguish themselves, might be deposited as monuments of the glory of the country. How valuable, how gratifying a legacy would this be to posterity, and how cheap and honourable a mode of both raising and rewarding great men.

Though we think Mr Haydon's complaint in reality groundless, and would reverse the saying, *"Were there Macenases there would be Maros;"* believing that good artists, as bad ones do, will make their own way, yet we see no very great objection to government encouragement, even in the way that Mr Haydon proposes, excepting the decorating of the House of Lords. We fear that the competitorship for *"two annual prizes"* would not, as Mr Haydon thinks, put an end to all complaints; for it by no means follows that the commissions would be given to those whom Mr Haydon might think the most worthy. Besides, the complaint, is a very old one, and was

* We know but of three aristocracies, rank, wealth, and talents, and believe that there is a strong party in America furiously opposed to all these, and are jealous even that one man should be educated above another, and therefore set their faces against all intellectual improvement. We see nothing in this but the extension of the first principle of Democracy.

made in the days of Raphael and Michael Angelo, who, in spite of the evil of their time, arrived at the greatest glory. And so will artists now, if in their excellence they will rival those great men, and will most effectually ameliorate and lead the public taste by their works. But do yet such works exist? It may not be unprofitable to quote a passage from Castiglione's *Cortegiano*, which fully verifies our assertion. "Before," said he, "I undertake this, there is one thing more I desire to mention, which, because in my judgment it appears of importance, ought

by no means to be omitted by our courtier; and that is the skill in drawing, and a competent knowledge in the very art of painting, nor think it strange that I require this skill in him, *which in these days is looked upon as mechanical and little becoming a gentleman.*"—*The Courtier, Book 1st.* We perfectly agree with Castiglione, and wish that the art of painting was considered a necessary part of the education of a gentleman. Mr Haydon will know that the author was the intimate friend of Raphael, who had at that time greatly distinguished himself.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

As all men travel nowadays, and take special care to acquaint the world that such is the fact, I see no "just cause or impediment" why I should not be as communicative as the rest of my travelled brethren, and gratify a discerning public with the particulars of a strange adventure that befel me many years since in a secluded Highland district. Before, however, I commence my narrative, it may be necessary for me to observe that I am, or rather was—for, I thank Heaven, I am long since out of my indentures—an apprentice to a wealthy distiller in Tooley Street; am of a romantic enterprising turn of mind; devoted to elegant literature, for I take in the "Mirror," and am profound in the periodicals of the day; and am, moreover, endowed with that intuitive perception of character, and utter freedom from self-conceit or prejudice for which—I trust I may say it without flattery—we London citizens are and have ever been notorious. True, we are accused of looking down with contempt on all who have not had the good fortune to be born within the sound of Bow bells; but this is a pitiful calumny, at least as far as the Tooley Street Debating Society, to which I have for some months past had the high honour to act as secretary, is concerned; for I can take it on my conscience to assert, that there is not one member of this celebrated

club but agrees in opinion with me that genius is independent of locality, and needs not the certificate (to quote the poetic language of Alderman Thompson) of having been "born and cradled in a city ward," to enable it to pass current with a citizen. As for our quick insight into character, which has also been spitefully impugned, that is not a matter for us to boast of, nor do I urge it by way of vaunt, inasmuch as it is the necessary result of the peculiarities of our position; for who that, like myself, has been in the habit for years of daily serving scores of customers of all degrees, ages, tempers, and intellects, but must be well versed in the varieties of human character? Let others make the tour of Europe, by way of sharpening their perceptions of men and things, your Londoner has only to stay at home and mind his shop, to become quite as shrewd a worldling as the best of them.

But enough of egotism, now to "business." It was in the summer of the year 1824, that, having unexpectedly come into possession of a small legacy left me by an uncle in the hardware line, I resolved, as the saying is, to take a peep at foreign parts, so quitted London for a few days' pleasuring among the Highlands. I had long nourished a desire to visit this remote region of brownies, black dwarfs, and second-sighted seers, who, I had heard,

could see like cats in the dark, and of whose doings I had read such marvels in the Scotch novels; moreover, I was not a little curious to ascertain what were the notions of propriety entertained among men who, dispensing with the superfluous luxury of breeches, walk abroad in all the beauty of unsophisticated nature; and the considerate death of my kinsman enabling me to gratify this curiosity, I took my passage in a steam-boat bound for Leith, having previously received the adieus of the club, each member of which bade me farewell with the same kind of compassionate interest with which the Newgate Ordinary shakes hands with a man who is just going to be hanged.

After a long and stormy voyage, during which my head and shoulders were incessantly over the vessel's side, I reached the Scottish metropolis. Questionless Edinburgh is a pretty city, and its Arthur's Seat twice as high as St Paul's, but it contains no public buildings equal, in my estimation, to the Mansion House; no street half so crowded as Cheapside; and no shop by many degrees so splendid as Day and Martin's blacking manufactory in Holborn. Then there are no picturesque tea-gardens, where one may sit and breathe the fresh air in one's bower of a Sunday evening—a sad oversight, for who ever yet heard of a metropolis without tea gardens? I soon therefore grew tired of my locality, and directed my steps towards Glasgow—a business-like city, celebrated for the sensible quality of its cold punch; whence, after a two days' halt, I set out for Loch Lomond, and took up my abode at a quiet unassuming inn in the neighbourhood. There I devoted my leisure to writing a journal of my adventures for the edification of the club, when I should return to them with all the dignity of a travelled man, after exploring the lions of the district; in the course of which rambles I stumbled upon many rural mountains; a few country-boxes, almost as neat as those which delight the eye of taste at Clapham Common; and one enormous waterfall as long (I do not exaggerate) as the monument on Fish Street Hill.

One evening, after having indulged in a longer stroll than usual, I was slowly bending my steps homewards, when the strangeness of the scene around me convinced me that I had lost my way. This was embarrassing, for Scotland is not like England, where, thanks to well-regulated turnpike-roads, one's way is no sooner lost than found; the deuce a road or turnpike could I see, nothing but an unprofitable heap of rocks and mountains, all jumbled confusedly together, for no other reason, apparently, than to perplex a civilized traveller. To increase the unpleasantness of my situation, a mist was fast rising about me, which I could feel pierce straight to my lungs, even through the folds of my flannel-waistcoat. Conceive my predicament! Imprisoned—for there was no visible outlet—within the walls of a grim, Newgate-looking glen—twilight staring me sternly in the face, like a jailor, as much as to say, "Here you are, and here you shall remain"—not a human being, not even a cottage, within the range of vision—and nothing to be heard but the distant sound of falling waters, and the scream of a prodigious bird, which kept wheeling in a most suspicious manner above my head. It was really a most distressing case; and when I reflected, in addition, that I was in the country of Rob Roy, and a prize well worth the catching, I became as fidgetty as a fly in a milk-jug, for I thought it far from improbable that I might be pounced on by some red-haired Highland footpad, lightened of my gold watch and seals, and then flung, like the exciseman Morris, into a lake, with a big stone tied by way of ornament round my neck. Ah! it is one thing to read of romantic adventures by one's cozy fire-side in Tooley Street, and another to encounter them in one's own person five hundred miles distant from that enviable spot.

While absorbed in these cheerless reflections, it suddenly struck me that meditating in the midst of a mountain labyrinth was not the way to get out of it; so, after scrambling to the top of the nearest eminence, and bawling till I had fairly bawled away my wind, I folded my new silk bandana across my chest, by way of preventive against the measles, which

I had never had, and resolutely strode forward, though with no more cheering prospect than that, some time or other, provided in the interim I was not starved or assassinated, I should come to some town or village where I might procure supper and a bed.

By this time the sun was set, and as I looked towards the frowning west, all the wild Highland legends I had ever read came rushing across my mind, and not a stream, or glen, or meadow did I scamper past, but I half expected to have my coat-skirts twitched by some such hands as made free with the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare. 'Twas a childish apprehension, you will say: granted; but the perusal in early youth, behind the counter, of those fascinating fictions, the "Bravo of Bohemia" and the "Mysteries of Udolpho," has given an imaginative turn to my mind, which I cannot, even if I would, get rid of.

I had now been on the full trot for upwards of half an hour, when just as I arrived at the edge of a narrow valley, I caught sight of a man standing beside a brook, busied apparently in fishing. From his occupation at such an hour, as well as from his humble attire—to say nothing of his appearance, which was pacific enough for a sheriff's chaplain—I took for granted that he was some industrious peasant fishing for his night's supper; so I just halted an instant to tuck my watch and seals into my fob, and deposit my diamond brooch in my purse—for it is bad policy to throw temptation in poor people's way—and then hastened up to him.

"Fine evening, my man," said I.

"Very," was the sententious reply.

"I think we shall have rain though, and unfortunately I have forgotten to bring my umbrella."

"You are a Londoner, I presume?" said the stranger, eyeing me from head to foot.

"Why, God bless me!" said I, thrown off my guard, "how did you find that out?"

"And have missed your track," he added, taking no notice of my question.

"Just so, and see not the slightest chance of finding it again, unless you will consent to act as my guide."

"Humph. It is a long way to the nearest inn."

Of course I knew what this hint implied, so, by way of encouragement, I promised the man that if he would accompany me home (mentioning the place), I would willingly give him a shilling, and a pot of beer into the bargain.

I thought he would have gone into fits at this proposal; he laughed till he seemed on the verge of suffocation, which added to his mode of expressing himself, made me more than half suspect that I had formed an erroneous estimate of his condition. I felt in consequence not a little foolish, and was bethinking me of an apology, when he restored me to confidence by saying with the utmost good humour, "it is too late for you to think of returning to your inn, for there is a storm gathering; but I know of a cottage not very far off, where I can take you by a short cut, and where I dare say I shall be able to procure you shelter for the night."

A short cut! I have a horror of all short cuts, for I have invariably found them the longest; however, needs must when the Devil drives, so I acceded to the stranger's offer.

"We must make haste then, for there is not a moment to lose," and as he said this, he put up his fishing-tackle, and hurried on at such an energetic pace that, plagued as I was with tight boots and corns on each foot, I had no little difficulty in keeping up with him.

For some minutes we pursued our road in silence, when, as we were crossing a rustic bridge, below which the stream formed a deep, quiet pool, the stranger made a sudden halt, and after casting a glance at the water, as if he expected to see a fine salmon rise, enquired whether I were fond of fishing.

"Not exactly," I replied; "I once very nearly hooked a perch in the Croydon Canal, but a barge coming by at the time, the animal, I suppose, was frightened, and swam off. Fishing is all very well so long as"—

"Perhaps," said the stranger interrupting me, "you are more at home with the gun."

"No, I cannot say that either. I certainly shot a cock last year in a farm-yard at Isleworth, but I rather

think I must have taken too close an aim, for when I came to look for him, I found nothing but a beak and a few feathers on the dunghill. I should like shooting much better, if I could only get my gun to go off without knocking me backwards; but I don't know how it is, whenever I take aim, I am always sure to be floored; and as I make a point of shutting both eyes on such occasions, of course I never know where I am going. It was only last September that I was pitched into a saw-pit by the kicking of the blunderbuss against my shoulder, and when I scrambled out again, I found myself covered with white, powdery dust, just as if I had been snowed upon, or had run up against a baker."

"Ay, some guns, I know, are more lively than others, but you should make allowances for difference of temperament. Were you ever at an Epping Hunt?"

"Ever at an Epping Hunt!" I exclaimed, astonished at such a question; "was I ever at Epsom races? Was I ever at Vauxhall? Was I ever at Greenwich Fair? Yes, sir, I have been at an Epping Hunt, and more than that, sir, on one remarkable occasion, carried away by my ardour for the chase, I actually got before the stag! It is not every sportsman who can say as much as that, I think."

"Wonderful! you are indeed entitled to boast."

"But I never do though. To be sure, my friends know the fact, but the world in general has no more idea of it, than that I once waltzed with a Lady Mayoress's own lady's maid at a Margate Assembly."

Thus agreeably chatting, we came to a sort of glen or ravine which formed one of the outlets of the valley, to which the stranger directed my attention, asking me at the same time what I thought of the Highland scenery.

"Why, on the whole," I replied, "I must say that I have been disappointed. It is such a frightful labour to get to the tops of your mountains, and when there, it is so cold and damp and windy, that"—

"You are glad to hurry down again. Admirable criticism!"

"Yes," I rejoined, flattered by the manifest sincerity of this praise,

"I plique myself not a little on my relish for the beauties of nature. But a taste for the picturesque seems born with us Londoners. Milton, you know, was a Cockney."

"True, and it was no doubt the view from Hampstead Heath that suggested to him the description of Paradise."

"A happy idea—but how are we to get across this marsh?" said I, stopping beside a sedgy stream that crossed our path; "I cannot wade through it, for I shall spoil my boots, and as for leaping"—

Hardly were the words out of my mouth, than the stranger, with a brisk, abrupt movement that took me completely by surprise, gave a prodigious jump, which landed him safe on the other side of the brook.

Much as I was disinclined, I had no other resource than to follow his example; but not possessing half his activity, I plunged right into the centre of the marsh, from which I did not extricate myself without sore detriment to the graces of my outer Adam.

When I had recovered from the effects of this untoward accident, I renewed my conversation with the stranger.

"You mentioned Hampstead Heath just now," said I; "perhaps you are not aware that from the bow-window of Jack Straw's Castle you can count not less than sixteen country boxes, belonging to some of the richest brokers on 'Change. Show me the Highland landscape of which you can say as much! As for your Loch Lomond, I grant you that the Serpentine is not to be named on the same day with it; but," I added, with an air of complacent superiority, "did you ever see Virginia Water, with its Chinese temples and Egyptian obelisks?"

"Never," said the Unknown, meekly, as if he felt the great advantage I had over him.

"Then you have indeed a treat to come—that is to say, if you have a taste for the sublime and beautiful."

"You could scarcely expect such refinement in a poor Highlander who has been only three years breeched."

"God bless me! only three years breeched! You must have found it cruel cold in winter."

"Not a bit of it, for nature has made kindly provision for the necessities of all Highlanders, by endowing them with the hide of an armadillo. Did you never hear that they were bullet-proof in the stern?"

"Oh, come now, this is too much," I observed with a smile of polite distrust.

"Fact."

"How uncommon odd! I shall certainly take a note of this in my journal;" and then wishing to keep up the good opinion which it was plain the stranger entertained of me, I turned the conversation to the subject of the streets, squares, parks, &c., of London, on which I expatiated so much to his satisfaction, particularly in the parallel which I instituted between the voyage down the Clyde to Dumbarton, and that up the Thames to Richmond, that he was quite enthusiastic in his applause—which gratified me for two reasons; first, because it evinced rare discrimination in a man who, if he spoke truth, had been only three years breeched; and secondly, because it is flattering to one's vanity to find one's self appreciated at such an awful distance from Tooley Street.

It was now so dark that I could hardly see beyond my nose, and so cold, that the tips of my fingers were like lumps of ice; I was besides so fatigued—having never in my life been so long on foot, except on one occasion when I missed the Windsor coach, and had to walk across Hounslow Heath in silk stockings and pumps, without an umbrella—I was, I say, so thoroughly knocked up that I could with difficulty drag one leg after the other, which the Unknown perceiving, kindly offered me his arm, with the expression of a hope that I was a good climber.

"Pretty well for that," I answered; "I have been twice to the top of the Monument. But why do you ask?"

"Because we shall have to scramble on our hands and knees up a precipice presently."

"Don't mention it; I shall faint."

"Nonsense, man, there will be no great hazard in it, though, to be sure, the rock is nearly perpendicular, and some four hundred feet high, to say nothing of a raging torrent at the

bottom; but a cold bath is a most refreshing luxury when one is tired."

"A cold bath! Why, I am all ice already. But are there no seats cut in the rock for gentlemen to sit down on? They have such at Hastings."

"Yes, about half-way up there is a natural projection about the size of a coach-box, where you can sit with your legs dangling over the precipice; and if you will but wait there till sunrise, you will be rewarded by the sight of as lovely a landscape as you ever saw from Hampstead Heath. You must take care, however, that the wind does not blow you over, and be sure you don't stir hand or foot, even though you should happen to feel an eagle giving a preliminary peck at your face, in order to ascertain whether you are in a fit state for his purposes."

"What? Sit all night on a rock with an eagle pecking at my face! Oh Lord! here is a pretty go! I wish I was safe back in London."

"Courage, young gentleman, courage," replied the stranger, laughing in—what I cannot help saying was—a most inhuman manner. "You a Londoner, and flinch from an inoffensive precipice! For shame! What *would* they say on 'Change if such a thing were known there? Come, cheer up; when once we have crossed the rock, the worst part of our journey will be over;—we shall then only have to wade through two miles of soft bog, and swim across one river."

"Swim! Sink you mean. How, in God's name, am I to swim?"

"Did you never try?"

"Never but once, in a bath in the City Road, and then I went to the bottom."

"That's awkward, but never mind—Take my advice—lay yourself flat out on the water, like a corpse, keeping your hands moving gently by your side, and you will float as naturally as"—

"Sir," said I, angrily interrupting him, "this is really too bad. You have used me, I must say it, in a very cruel manner, for you promised to take me by a short cut to a cottage; and, instead of that, you have inveigled me to a precipice four hundred feet high, where I have only one of two alternatives—either to be pecked to death by an eagle; or

to be drowned in a river. Sir, I consider myself an extremely ill-used gentleman; and moreover, sir, I cannot but feel that your allusion to a corpse is particularly indelicate, under the trying circumstances in which I am placed."

"Hah! hah! hah! Youngster, don't be agitated, for, if I mistake not, I see a light glancing through the trees a few yards ahead."

"It is a light, sure enough."

"Then we have escaped the precipice, for I have made a lucky blunder, and taken the longest but safest road," said the Unknown; and this welcome intelligence restoring me to good humour, I stepped out with an alacrity that soon brought me to the door of a cottage, whose inhabitants, consisting of a grey-headed peasant and his son, a lad about sixteen years old, received us with a cordial welcome, particularly my companion, whom they seemed to know well, and treated with a world of respect.

This confirmed my previous opinion of his respectability, though when I came to examine his dress, I found it any thing but genteel. He wore a coarse sporting-jacket considerably the worse for wear; a pair of grotesque-looking gaiters; and shoes, or rather clogs, of a pattern that defies description. Then he had neither watch, nor seals, nor brooch, nothing, in fact, that indicated respectability; if, therefore, he was a gentleman, all I can say is, he was marvellously unlike our City gentry, who, with the instinct of true breeding, never sink their rank in their occupation, but when sporting in the country, at Tottenham or Epping, dress precisely as they do in Tooley Street or on 'Change. This is as it should be. I am a great advocate for gentlefolks dressing as gentlefolks, for how otherwise is their quality to be recognised?

No sooner had we taken our seats by a blazing turf-fire, than I called for a boot-jack, but I might just as well have called for a basin of mock-turtle soup, for the unhappy cottagers had never so much as heard of an article which is to be found in every public-house in England.

"Never mind the boot-jack," said my companion, while the old man

stood staring at me, as perplexed as a calf in a butcher's cart.

"Oh, it's no odds," I replied, not wishing to be thought effeminate, "I'm not one to be afraid of catching cold, for I'm remarkably thick in the soles of my feet."

"Then you ought to be deeply grateful to Providence," observed the stranger, "for having made you equally thick at both extremities."

I did not exactly see the point of this remark, though I suppose it must have been intended to convey some meaning, for I observed a smile wrinkling the old cottager's face, which for the moment somewhat disconcerted me. Could the fellow be laughing at me? Impossible! It was for me to laugh at him, for who ever heard of a civilized being ignorant of the existence of a boot-jack?

"And now what shall we have for supper?" enquired the stranger.

"Well, then, I could fancy a six-penny plate of cold boiled beef, with a pickled onion or two, and a thimblefull of raw gin just to take the chill off my stomach."

"Capital!"

"Yes," said I, "it is capital, 'specially when cut off the edge bone; some folks, I know, prefer the rump, but for my own private eating"——

Before I could complete the sentence, my attention was called off by the sight of the remains of a smoke-dried mutton ham which the old fellow placed on the table, together with some oaten cakes, and a bottle half-full of whisky, on which we instantly commenced a vigorous assault. My reminiscences of the stranger's prowess on this occasion are among the most vivid of the evening. There was "no nonsense" in his appetite. It was unsophisticated and straightforward. Ah, thought I, as I beheld him pegging away at the ham with a steady perseverance that would have galvanized a Vauxhall waiter, if this be a dainty to you who are, doubtless, tied by necessity to this district, as schoolmaster, possibly, or apothecary, what *would* you think of the fare at Dolly's Chop-house, where I am in the habit of dining at least once a-week!

Supper over, our hosts retired to

rest, and the stranger and myself brewed ourselves some excellent whisky-toddy (considering we had no loaf-sugar to sweeten it with) which so exhilarated me, that I gave vent to a thousand sprightly sallies, and kept my companion in a constant roar of laughter—a striking proof, as I have often said, that real wit is wit all the world over. I could not but observe, however, that he talked little himself, so by way of encouraging him to throw off his diffident reserve, I began praising the *Waverley Novels*, and the Scotch literature in general, which, I added, was warmly patronised by the President of our club, Simkins, who was a young man of too much talent himself not to admire it in others.

The Unknown's reply was given in such a comical vein, and was also so encomiastic of the wit, worth, wisdom, liberality, and worldly shrewdness of the Cockneys, of whose habits he seemed to know far more than I could have anticipated, that I felt persuaded of my mistake in supposing him to be either the parish schoolmaster or the apothecary; concluding, therefore, that he was a country gentleman, of average Highland means, who had nothing to do but to amuse himself, I observed, as a sort of feeler, "from your acquaintance with this charming neighbourhood, sir, I presume you are a resident here?"

"Not so, young gentleman; I am here one hour, gone the next; wandering on *terra firma* to-day, travelling among the clouds to-morrow."

"Travelling among the clouds!" thought I, then without doubt he is Mr Graham the aeronaut, come, like myself, on a few days quiet pleasuring to Scotland; and all his random talk about being only three years breeched, &c., is a mere trick to prevent my detecting him. Pleased at the shrewdness with which I had made this discovery, I said, in my slyest manner, "your health, sir; I think I had the pleasure of seeing you some months since at the Eagle Tavern, on the day when the balloon race took place. It must be pleasant travelling among the clouds, I should conceive."

"I really cannot say," rejoined the Unknown, laughing heartily as he

spoke, "for I never was in a balloon in my life."

"But you have been a traveller, I conjecture?"

"Right—I have been a traveller, and witnessed stranger sights, and wandered through stranger regions than even Marco Polo himself. I have heard the roar of the lion in the Numidian desert; seen the condor's wing overshadowing the forehead of Chimborazo; been drowned in the far Pacific, and restored to life without the aid of the hot bricks and flannels of the Humane Society; had my hat knocked off by the skirts of an Alpine avalanche; been plunged headlong into the crater of a volcano; trampled beneath the dusty hoof of an African tornado; half-strangled by a boa-constrictor in the depth of an Indian forest; and caught in the web of a tarantula, just as I was in the hurry of escape from a Spanish wolf."

"My stars! you don't say so! what strange adventures you travellers do meet with! no wonder you thought so little of climbing up a precipice, and floating on your back across a cataract! But of all your escapes, that from the tarantula, which I remember reading about in the *Mirror*, was, I think, the most fortunate. I can't abide even an English spider, how much worse then must a foreign one be!"

"Dislike spiders! why so, young man? If the laws of association are to avail any thing, you should be inoculated with a high respect for them. For where are these insects oftenest found? In wine cellars, which shows their convivial turn of mind; in old libraries, which shows their good sense; among picturesque ruins, which shows their relish for the beauties of nature; among old paintings, which shows their quick apprehension of the Fine Arts; they do not lie in bed all day, like toads, and come sneaking out at dusk, about lanes and hedges, with their hands in their breeches pockets, like the Irish crocodile;—no, they are an industrious, intelligent race, up betimes in the morning, fighting, fly-catching, or making love; the best weavers that ever fabricated a web; the truest of friends when well-treated, witness

Baron Trenck's spider; and to sum up their claims on your consideration, illustrious by their descent, by the mother's side, from Arachne, as also, by their having taught our Bruce his first lesson of heroic perseverance. But I must be cautious how I express myself, for I feel that I am speaking in the presence of a master of the descriptive—of one," continued the Unknown, with animation, "who, in the quickness of his wit, and the fertility of his conversational powers, reminds me of Shakspeare's Master Slender."

"Talking of description," said I, delighted to find myself compared to one of Shakspeare's characters, "you should hear the details my friend Simkins once gave the club of his having been caught in an equinoctial gale off Gravesend, just as the last rays of the setting sun were glimmering on the hoary battlements of Tilbury fort. He made you feel the horrors of the scene—the roaring of the wind which skinned all the umbrellas on shore—the raging of the waves, which dashed the wheels off three bathing machines—and the paralyzed aspect of the crew, who forgot even their sea-sickness in their fright. Ah! that was indeed a description. But we cannot all be Simkinses. Should you ever come to London, sir, I shall be most happy to introduce you to this young man. You will find him uncommonly talented, but so shy! I have tried a hundred times to prevail on him to give his description to the world, but, with the modesty inseparable from true genius, he has always turned a deaf ear to my request. However, I am not without hopes of one day seeing it in the *Monthly Magazine*."

"A tempest off Gravesend," observed the stranger, with an emphasis suited to the occasion, "is undoubtedly a terrific thing; but I, sir, have been shipwrecked under the very nose of the North Pole, and hung out to dry on an iceberg, and this not four nights since; possibly to-morrow night I may be taking a trip to Utopia or El Dorado."

This last remark furnished me with the sole clue wanting to all my companion's previous discourse. I was now no longer at a loss to account for his strange adventures;

his eccentric apology for spiders, and his bullet-proof Highlanders. It was evident he was mad—mad as a March hare! Yet when I took into consideration his talk on other matters, which was full of worldly sagacity, I confess I was sadly puzzled, and after turning the subject over in my mind, could come to no other conclusion than that he was one of those harmless, good-humoured characters called monomaniacs, who—as the *Penny Medical Gazette* eloquently observes—are sane on all points but one. While, therefore, I pitied the poor fellow's condition, I could not but chuckle at the idea of my own penetration; another person might have been in his company for years and not have detected his infirmity; but I had always great insight into character, as Simkins remarked, when I discovered the sterling genius that lay hid beneath his uncouth exterior.

By this time I began to be sensible of a certain obliquity of vision, arising no doubt from the stifling heat of the cottage; so, abruptly cutting short my meditations, I hurried to the window in order to get a mouthful of fresh air, but the rain beat in so heavily that I was compelled to close it in haste, lest I might catch cold by exposure, without my hat, to the night air.

"Sit down, man, sit down," exclaimed the Unknown, "and brew yourself some more toddy. I would join you, but I am a member of the Temperance Society, and never exceed my sixth potation. Don't mind me, therefore, but help yourself, and I will tell you some more of my adventures."

"No, no, my good sir," I rejoined, unconsciously tapping my forehead, and looking towards him with an expression of mixed kindness and commiseration, "no, no, not now, don't disquiet yourself, pray don't,"—a well-intentioned remonstrance which so tickled the stranger's fancy that he laughed with a continuous energy that at length infected me. Outrageous laughter is like the small-pox; when your next neighbour catches it, you are pretty sure to catch it also.

When the hurricane had spent its strength, the Unknown enquired whether I were not writing a jour-

nal, as he had heard me allude to the circumstance once or twice in the course of conversation.

"I am so," I replied; "and shall be grateful for any information you can give me touching the manners, customs, &c. of this benighted region. I cannot say that as yet I have met with any thing remarkable."

"Perhaps not, for our brownies and kelpies are not everyday goblins, like your Cock-lane ghosts."

"What, is it true, then, that the Highlands are still infested with these beings? I have often read of such things, but I could never bring myself to believe in them, notwithstanding the authority of the great Johnson, whose faith in ghosts was undoubted."

"It is perfectly true; and more than this"—here my companion spoke in a whisper, while his countenance became clouded with apprehension—"this very cottage is occasionally haunted by a brownie!"

"You don't say so! It is getting late; I think I had better be returning."

"Not for the world, young man; consider your immortal soul."

"Exactly so, nevertheless"——

"Consider your friend Simkins."

"That's true, as you say, but still"——

"Consider business! What would become of your business, if you should happen to be waylaid by the sprite, and hurled headlong down a precipice?"

"Right—right—I had forgotten business; business must be minded; but seriously speaking now, do you really think there is any cause for"——

"Possibly not, if you remain here, and show no signs of fear."

"Fear!" said I, indignantly, "I never was so much at ease in my life; I could not be more so were I surrounded by a posse of policemen. I should just like to see one of your Highland goblins take liberties with one who has served his time, and is free of the City! Fear, indeed! *That* for the apparition!" and I snapped my fingers, and despatched my whisky at a gulp, to show that I was not afraid.

The Unknown seemed horror-struck at my audacity, and after a brief, mysterious silence, during

which he covered his face with both hands, while a half-strangled convulsive chuckle—poor devil, how frightened he must have been!—escaped him, proceeded to edify me with a variety of other Highland legends, each rising in horror above its fellow, till, I will candidly acknowledge it, notwithstanding my recent declaration, I felt far from easy in my situation. My head, too, whirled round strangely; surrounding objects took odd shapes and dimensions; and when I directed my glance towards the stranger, whose manner was now as solemn as hitherto it had been familiar, methought there was a glare in his eye, and a singular expression playing about his uneasy lips, that reminded me again of the monomaniac!

Anxious, therefore, to emancipate myself from his presence, which—such is the curse of a vivid imagination!—now began to operate on me like a spell, I pleaded extreme fatigue, and dropping my eyelids, like a swindler at a conventicle, requested that he would be good enough to show me to my bed.

"Bed!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "why, my good sir, you must be dreaming that you are at your inn!"

"What, no bed—no clean sheets—no warming-pan!—Oh, heavens, what a country!" and I absolutely sweated with vexation, while the Unknown, pointing to an inner compartment, or rather cupboard, the door of which was half open, directed my notice to a pile of fresh-pulled heather.

"No, no," said I, "none of your heather-beds for me; I have no notion of indulging in such unchristian usages," and my disappointment getting the better, for the moment, of my nervous sensibilities, I broke out into an impassioned tirade against the Highlands, the pungent sarcasm of which was by no means mitigated by the incessant promptings of my corns, and the thoughts of my having to sit up a whole night in an uncushioned chair.

"Well then," said my companion, "since you will not accept this primitive couch, I will." With which words he rose from his seat, and moving into the adjoining partition, he

wished me good-night, and closed the door after him.

When he was gone, I drew his chair towards me, put up my legs upon it, tied my handkerchief by way of night-cap round my head, and began to occupy myself with speculations as to who, or what he could be. That his wits were something damaged on one point, was certain; but on all other topics he was quite as rational as myself, with an air of energy and decision besides, that, in spite of myself, extorted my respect. Then, as regards his language, I was quite surprised at times by its point and fluency; once or twice indeed he rose to positive eloquence, and expressed himself in a style that even Simkins might have envied. Who could he be? Neither his manners nor conversation afforded me the slightest clue to conjecture, for there was nothing professional nor peculiar about them; and I was compelled therefore—despite his homely attire—to set him down for a sporting gentleman who had probably received some slight concussion of the brain by a fall from his horse in hunting.

This point being settled, my thoughts, excited by the loneliness of my position, the romantic strangeness of my adventure, the dismal howling of the wind without, and the solemn stillness that reigned within the cottage, began to take a new direction; and though far from superstitious—as what Londoner is, despite the received calumnies to the contrary?—yet I will not deny that the fearful legends I had heard imparted such a thrilling awe to my mind, as they rose one after the other to my recollection, that I became riveted to my chair, and afraid to look about me. By way of diverting these reflections into a more familiar channel, I began repeating the Multiplication Table; but just as I had got as far as “seven times eight is fifty-six,” the cottage lights went out, and I was left in utter darkness. Imagine my sensations! Alone at midnight in a Highland wigwam, in the region of romance and barbarism, and never a policeman within 500 miles of me! Oh, that I could have heard some sound or stir of life! Even a snore would have been a God-send.

In this blessed condition, with

shaken nerves and a fevered brain, I dropped asleep. But how frightful were my dreams! That infernal mutton, not content with having nearly dislocated my jaws, plagued me also with nightmare in its most appalling form.* Paunchy brownies danced and howled about me; a black dwarf sawed off both my legs—a damp kelpie squatted upon my chest—and, right opposite me, glared the monomaniac, his eyes emitting a phosphoric radiance, like those of Montoni in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*.

From this state of unmitigated horror I was roused by a piercing yell, resembling the shrill treble of a sow-gelder's horn, and, starting up with a convulsive effort, so thoroughly obfuscated that I neither knew where I was, nor who I was, I beheld, at the half-opened lattice—how came it so?—at which daylight was just staggering in, a strange face leering at me with an expression hideous enough to have cowed the courage of a lord mayor. Never—were I to live for centuries—shall I forget the horror of that moment! For one brief instant I stood as if bereft of reason, but the next, I shouted and screamed till the whole cottage rung again; whereupon the old man and his son came rushing in half-naked to my assistance, and were followed almost immediately afterwards by the Unknown, who had evidently, poor fellow! been frightened by the same apparition, for his manner bore every indication of excitement, and he laughed with a frantic vehemence that made me absolutely tremble for his senses. We must have formed a striking *tableau vivant* at this moment. Here stood the stranger holding both his sides, and firing off a voltaic battery of hah! hahs! there, the old man shivering in his shirt, open-mouthed like a dead oyster, and turning first to one, and then to another of the party, as if he suspected we were all mad together; next to him was his son, rubbing his drowsy eyes, and standing on one leg like a stork, for he had got only one shoe on; and close to the window was myself, quivering with all the sensitiveness of a skinned cat, and pouring forth such hurried explanations as the disquietude of the moment permitted me to offer.

The Unknown, however, was by far the most excited of the group, and accordingly, when I had myself regained composure, I directed my whole attention to him, with the considerate view of restoring him also to tranquillity; but, strange to tell, the more I exerted myself to reassure him—even though I went so far as to express my conviction that the brownie we had both seen was the mere offspring of our heated fancy, in which the old man agreed with me, though I shall always entertain doubts on the subject—the more hysterical his laughter became. Singular, what a close resemblance excessive fear bears to excessive mirth!

In due time, the violence of this paroxysm being with difficulty got under, the Unknown, together with the cottagers, returned to their respective dormitories, and I, resuming my seat, fell into a refreshing dreamless slumber, from which I did not wake till the sun was high in heaven, and the breakfast apparatus on the table. Of course, not seeing the stranger, my first enquiries were after him. He was gone, the old man knew not whither, and to all my subsequent interrogatories—and frequent and searching they were—not a reply could I get, but that he was a gentleman who was very fond of sporting, angling especially, and that this amusement frequently brought him into the neighbourhood. On my return after breakfast, to my inn, I thought I saw him gazing from the summit of a rock which I should have supposed no human foot could have scaled, on the vast prospect that lay stretched out below him; but even if it were he, I had no means of reaching him, and thus, in spite of all my efforts to unravel it, his name and profession remained as great a mystery as ever. He came like a phantom, and he vanished like a phantom.

Within a week from the date of this strange adventure I bade adieu to the Highlands—having had quite enough of romance to last me my lifetime—and embarked on board a steamer bound for London. A proud and a happy man was I when I again got sight of St Paul's, and found myself hurrying in a cab towards Tooley Street. How Simkins will

stare, thought I, to find me returned in such unquestionable safety; and my desire to astonish him by a recital of my adventures being irresistible, I just waited to despatch a hasty dinner, and then posted off to the Club. That enlightened fraternity received me with open arms; the President, in particular, was quite enthusiastic in his greetings, as men of lively fancy are apt to be; but when, at his request, I entered upon the history of my travels, dwelling with special emphasis on my encounter with the Unknown, and the mysterious apparition which had so terrified us both in the Highland cottage, Simkins's whole manner changed, and, instead of sharing in my sensibilities, he burst out laughing in my face.

"Apparition, indeed!" said he, with a sneer evidently prompted by his jealousy; "why, can't you see that the stranger, whoever he was, was quizzing you, and that he was himself the ghost?"

"Quizzing me!" I replied with asperity, for I was no less hurt than astonished by his manner; "a likely story indeed! What, quiz the Secretary to the Tooley Street Debating Society! Quiz the man whose conversation reminded him of one of Shakspeare's characters! No, no, Mr Simkins," I added, casting a glance, first, at the elaborate patch on his elbows, and then at my own gold seals, "the stranger might have quizzed *you*; but I am convinced he would never have taken such a liberty with *me*."

The President's reply was couched in the most acrimonious terms—so much so, indeed, that we had a desperate quarrel on the spot, and (though I shall always speak favourably of his uncommon powers of mind) have never been on speaking terms since. But this is scarcely to be wondered at; for, with all their excellences, men of genius are the most difficult subjects in the world to deal with. There is a young City poet of my acquaintance who has owed me fifteen shillings for upwards of ten months, and though he has a thousand times taken his solemn oath that he will pay me, I suspect I shall never get back one farthing. But I am growing pathetic—so, to resume.

It was about a year after my encounter with the mysterious Unknown, that business connected with the distillery brought me unexpectedly once again to Leith. I had by this time nearly forgotten the circumstances of that romantic meeting; but fate appeared to have determined that they should be revived in all their freshness, as the following incident, equally remarkable in its way, will testify. I was sauntering, on the evening before my departure, along the High Street, Edinburgh, anticipating with a shudder the morrow's sickness, when happening to cast my eyes on the opposite side of the way, I beheld a gentleman whose gait and figure reminded me of my old Highland acquaintance. Wonderful illustration of the force of circumstance! However, I was too much agitated to philosophize; was it he, or was it not? this was my only speculation; and resolved at all hazards to solve it, I hurried across the road, then turning back, met him face to face, and saw at a glance—though in the dusk of the evening he did not recognise me—that it was indeed the Unknown. How my heart beat at the sight! A flood of recollections came rushing across my mind; I was again in the Highland cottage, devouring impracticable

mutton, and getting undesired glimpses of a Brownie. The stranger meanwhile continued his course, while I followed close at his heels; and saw by the reverential obsequances made him by the different passers-by, that he was a man of first-rate consequence—perhaps a lord—perhaps a mighty merchant worth a hundred thousand pounds in the three per cents! This inflamed my curiosity to such a degree that there was no bearing it; and despairing of gratifying it by any other means, I rushed up to a respectable tradesman who was standing at his shop-door, and pointing to the stranger who had just passed, asked him if he would be kind enough to tell me his name, for it was evident he was well-known in Edinburgh. And what was the answer I received? Who was this Great Unknown? Who was he whose manners and conversation had so pleased and perplexed me in the Highland cottage? Astonished reader, it was—CHRISTOPHER NORTH—CHRISTOPHER in his SPORTING JACKET!! And I had actually mistaken him for a monomaniac, and, worse than that, offered him a shilling and a pot of beer! I thought I should have swooned!

TIME THE YOUNGER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CADIZ DURING THE SIEGE 1810, 11, 12.

"Who are these two odd-looking chaps, jawing together so earnestly at the corner of Colle Ancha?" This was the question put by Captain (now Vice-Admiral) the Hon. Chas. E. F. to his friend Perico S—, just as they entered the Plaza St Antonio to smoke their meridian cigar.

"Why," replied Perico, "I can tell you their names, but as for their histories you must find that out yourself. That fellow with the puffy face almost obscured by hair, who wears the star, the cross, and collar of some foreign order, is a German humbug, who calls himself Baron Geramb; smoke his velvet trowsers, yellow boots, and jingling spurs! He has contrived to insinuate himself into our service, and, as you perceive by his sash,* now holds the rank of major-general. Of his pretensions to that or any other rank, there are some doubts. The Regency has not, however, attached to it the more substantial appendages of a command and pay—these are favours yet in expectancy; mean time *his excellency* (who, if as unconquerable in the field as at the card-table, would be a second Cæsar) manages to pick up a very comfortable livelihood. Some say he is as much a baron as I am a bishop," continued Perico, with the most companionable laugh that ever disturbed the face of gravity; "indeed one of the partners of the house of Taslette and Co., of London, who was here a month ago to purchase indigo and cochineal, swore that the baron was neither more or less than a German Jew, whom their house had employed as their indigo

broker in the City some years before. In that capacity he certainly could boast of causing many to *dye*, and obtaining numerous *orders* also. The chief badge of his *own* order is not yet eradicated; the lapis lazuli tinge is still on his phiz, but he wears such a vizard of hair that it is difficult to get a fair view of his face! Whatever he may be, he will be discovered one of those days, and then there will be an end of his military honours; but you know, my dear captain, that, in the present unsettled state of our country, adventurers of all nations crowd to us for employment; and as rank costs them nothing, our government are not particular to a shade on whom they bestow it. Now, look at that tall, strapping, sunburnt-faced fellow that stands on his right, looking with undisguised envy on the brilliant bauble that hangs at the *soidisant* baron's breast." "Well! wha's he?" "Why he is an Irish humbug." "Irish?" exclaimed the sailor. "Yes Irish!" replied Perico. "Ay! you may well stare at his yellow jacket, red waistcoat, and green pantaloons, which make him look like a pappaguirá;† but there is nothing too extravagant in the way of dress nowadays. You see he has got the three bars‡ of the colonel on his cuff, and is no doubt clamorous for the *bordado*§ and he will get it too; for he has done the state some service in the field, and more in the saloons. He is quite a bashaw amongst the señoras—in the secrets of all the dowagers—and can write as well as fight. More fortunate than the baron, he is what we call *efectivo*; being in command

* No officer under the rank of *general* officer in the Spanish service wears a sash. It is of scarlet silk, and the rank of major, lieutenant, and captain-general denoted by the number of embroidered bars at each end of the ties, which terminate in a rich gold fringe.

† Macaw, or parrot.

‡ The various ranks of field-officers in the Spanish service are denoted by a *narrow* stripe of gold or silver lace round the cuffs of the coat—a major *one*—lieutenant-colonel *two*, and colonel *three*.

§ The *bordado* or embroidery round the cuffs of brigadiers is of silver, single; in a major-general of gold, and single; and general, two; captain-general, three. It is a handsome rich embroidered bar about an inch wide; the same distinctive bars are also on the sash of general officers. Never were any nation more punctilious in regard to the due gradations of rank than the Spaniards; not only the rank of officers of the army and navy may be ascertained at a single glance, but that of the individuals in all the civil, naval, military, and financial departments are marked by an infinity of distinctive decorations. Hence almost every third man one meets (above the rank of mechanic) boasts of some kind of *uniform*.

of a dragoon regiment, and under such pay as the deranged finances of government enable them to afford."

"But who comes here, glittering along the Culle Aorcha, every body shaking hands with him?" asked Captain F.

"That's your own countryman, Lord Macduff, a regular trump—we consider him now as one of ourselves," answered Perico.

"Lord Macduff!" repeated the honourable Charlie, reflectingly; now, as this was a title not much heard of since the days of Macbeth (his lordship's father having only lately succeeded to the earldom of Fife, and the first earl having died without legitimate male issue), the captain was for one moment put on his recollection; but the Scotch are keen genealogists, and Charlie soon put his best leg foremost, accompanied by Perico, to greet his gallant compatriot.

However reserved, on first introduction to strangers, there is that genuine national warmth and cordiality between Scotchmen, when meeting in a foreign country, that is quite refreshing to witness—it smacks of home, of its hospitalities and attachments—these two gallant sons of Scotia were soon as intimate as if they had passed their lives together. Captain F—— could not suppress his astonishment at his noble countryman's costume; which it may be as well to describe, to account for that feeling.

Lord Macduff, then turned of thirty, a well-made, tight figure, about five feet nine, wore the dress-coat of the Inverness militia, in which his lordship held the commission of lieutenant-colonel—scarlet, green facings, with rich gold lace; the epaulettes were Parisian, and of peculiar richness (so much for British costume); the lower garment was the huge wide Cossack trowser, looking almost like a petticoat, into each limb of which any corpulent gentleman of fifty might encase his whole

body without a squeeze. These were of Russian green, ornamented with a particularly broad embroidered stripe on each outside seam; his waist was bound with a *cavalry* sash, half gold, half silk, a very costly and elegant article; round his neck he wore a well-bowed silk handkerchief, *not* black, but of the real *Duff tartan*! while his head was ornamented with a high-backed Spanish-cut hat, with a gold scalloped binding of more than an inch in breadth within and without; in the centre of the scarlet cockade was an elegantly-mounted miniature-painting of the frightful face of *Ferdinand the Beloved*! while, to crown the whole, a lofty and spreading white feather, with red bottom (the British regulation plume), waved in the clear breeze of an April noon. This extraordinary dress—rich and rare—however unsuited to the region of St James's, was quite "*en caractère*" with the taste of the Tuileries and of the Plaza St Antonio, in those days. Well, this little *tableau vivant* having been exhibited, readers may be tempted to enquire what brought Lord Macduff there? Was he soldier or spectator? Why, a soldier every inch of him! and one whose services will long be remembered by the Spaniards with grateful regard.

His lordship was amongst the first of the British who repaired to Spain after the invasion of the French to range himself under the banners of the Spanish patriots; without any stipulation as to rank, he tendered his services unconditionally. But the Supreme Junta conferred on him that of colonel. After some months of active service in the field, his Lordship became attached to the staff of General Cuesta, and acted as his aide-de-camp at the battles of the 27th and 28th July, 1809, at Talavera de la Regna. His conduct during these *two trying days** gained his Lordship golden

* It is strange that this battle, which was extolled in England as a splendid victory, and as calling for the thanks of both Houses of Parliament and the title of Viscount on the gallant chief who directed it, should, with the army who bore the brunt of the battle, have been deemed little better than a defeat, or at least an escape. Sir A. Wellesley himself, in his general orders after the battle, did not venture to call it a victory. He thanked the army for its conduct on these "*two trying days*" (27th and 28th July, 1809.) The circumstance of the immediate retreat of the British army, leaving its sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy, took from the battle all the character of a victory; and never was surprise greater than that which the whole army felt at learning, in a few

opinions throughout the Spanish army, whose fortunes he shared during all the vicissitudes of the remainder of that year's campaign. "He fought, and," as he himself says, "ran," at Ocana, Medalin, and other places. Indeed the candour and good humour with which his Lordship detailed the *few* triumphs and the *many* reverses in which he shared during that campaign (when sitting, as he always was, the favoured guest, at the table of the first person in the realm) was a source of constant pleasure and amusement to his royal master. "So long as the Spaniards would face the enemy," his Lordship would say, "I was always to be found in the front, and when they were determined to run, why, I was obliged to run too. But I was in the rear at every retreat. I did all I could to prevail on General — to rally the troops on two occasions, but what could one voice do against twenty thousand!"

No man can better afford to joke or be joked upon his Spanish campaigns than the noble thane; for no man could have established a higher character for individual courage and conduct, and the cheerfulness with which he shared the labours and privations of the army, as well as the zeal and activity by which he distinguished himself during a harassing, a bloody, and not in every case inglorious campaign, fixed his fame, in Spain at least, as a good and gallant soldier, and a disinterested partisan, never having accepted a single dollar, nor sought rank or distinction for his valuable services; but that which his proud humility forbore to ask was liberally bestowed by a grateful government. The services of that campaign were rewarded by the rank of a brigadier, and at a subsequent period by that of major-general, with the orders of Charles III., and of Ferdinand, and Merit.

On the approach of the French on Seville, Lord Macduff accompanied the army on its timely and masterly retreat on Isla de Leon, when he made a tender of his service to equip and head a brigade to reinforce the army of Catalonia. The hasty irruption of the enemy into all the towns bordering on Cadiz bay

prevented the Regency from taking immediate advantage of this spirited offer; but it afforded additional proofs of his Lordship's devotion to the cause of Spain, which were not lost on the government or the people of Cadiz, where we found him in general esteem on the arrival of the British under General Stewart and General Graham.

The gallant defence of Matagorda by Captain Maclaine of the 94th (who was then wholly unknown to Lord Macduff) was the theme of daily conversation of all ranks in Cadiz, and of universal admiration. His Lordship became fired with the noble desire of assisting his brother Scot in the defence of his hazardous post. The intention was excellent, but what could his single arm effect? There was no want of either powder or ball; and as for courage, each day afforded fresh proofs of its superabundance in every man, from the commandant to the corporal. His Lordship, therefore, threw in supplies of another description,—"munition de bouche!" Hampers, well stored with wine, porter, hams, and other good things, were embarked for the beleaguered fortress; and to render them the more welcome and acceptable, Lord Macduff came in person to the fort. The bold Maclaine was not insensible to this honour (where is the North Briton who would?) His Lordship's visits were often repeated (though not without imminent hazard). The French battery opposed to Matagorda having direct and uninterrupted communication with its resources, day by day repaired the damages caused by the active fire of the brave little garrison. From every appearance on the part of the enemy the French commander seemed determined to make one grand effort to take it by storm. The preparations for this attack were too evident not to be observed by the besieged, who boldly made up their mind to give the enemy a rattling reception. On the expected day Lord Macduff put off for Matagorda, accompanied by the Spanish Major-General Sayes (as brave a little fellow as ever wore a sword with honour!) Long before their boat had

weeks, that that battle, in which they had considered themselves all but beaten off the field, was a glorious victory.

crossed the inner bay, they became exposed to the random shot and shells which were already pretty thickly flying about; and some of which approached so near as to give them the benefit of a shower-bath and an electric stroke at the same moment. After running this gauntlet for a quarter of an hour, the boat at last got under the shelter of the fort and the ruins of an old magazine which had been completely riddled through in every direction. In another ten minutes they were in the fort, with clothes saturated with sea-water from the splash of shot and shell; but the atmosphere of Matagorda at that moment was hot enough to remove all inconvenience from them on that score. It was, and had been during the last half-hour, one blaze of fire, every gun on its battery being discharged once at least within each minute. The commandant had little time to greet his gallant visitors with words, but their presence at such a moment produced a general cheer, which, borne on the breeze, accompanied by a heavy salvo, must have rather astonished the enemy, whose storming party did not yet venture to show; but in the mean time their fire was truly terrific. The tops of the various men-of-war in the bay, and the towers of all the houses in Cadiz were crowded with anxious spectators, watching with telescopes the issue of this furious and oftentimes doubtful conflict. The occasional intervals of firing on both sides were employed in repairing damages and refreshing the combatants, but a shot from either side was the signal for the renewal of the war of iron with fresh fury.

It was, from the shore and shipping, an awful and interesting sight:—amidst clouds of smoke and showers of ball the flag of Spain was easily discerned, triumphantly floating over the battlement; one unlucky shot, however, wounded the flag-staff, and the golden ensign was seen to droop: a shout of grief, of vexation, and despair, passed from tower to tower. The cry was, "*It has fallen!*" Thousands of anxious hearts sunk for that moment, but the star of Spain was still in the ascendant. Lord Macduff, on perceiving the staff tottering, insensible to the danger of the movement,

sprung up to its support, and by main strength sustained it until further aid could reach him. Sayes, Maclaine, and others, came to his relief; and by the help of the engineer and artificers, the staff was once more secure and erect. The assemblage of so many persons on a spot wholly uncovered and unprotected, attracted the fire of the enemy upon them. It was at that moment, and such a noble occasion, that Lord Macduff received the wound which had so nearly deprived him of a limb. But although suffering severely from the effects of this wound, his Lordship remained long enough to see the end of that day's work in the mutual cessation of fire. The French apparently thought better of their storming speculation, and like their adversaries, rested from their toil.

When it became known to the people of Cadiz that this gallant friend, "*Maudoo*" (as the Spaniards called him), had been severely wounded, a very general feeling of regret prevailed throughout the city. It was talked of at the time, that Maclaine, in making up his official statement of the defence of Matagorda, paid a highly-deserved compliment to the valuable services and aid of Lord Macduff, brigadier-general in the Spanish service; but his Lordship having been a volunteer, and not a member of the *British* army, the cold etiquette of our service prevented his Lordship's name from receiving that honourable mention which his gallantry during that admirable defence on many occasions so well deserved. But the Spanish Government made ample amends, by a public testimony of its sense of the noble Lord's merits on that occasion.

This wound which his Lordship received, although not dangerous, was a source of great annoyance to him, for he was for some weeks unable to move abroad, or receive company *indiscriminately* at home. He had accepted the accommodation of a chamber in the house of the worthy old consul, Duff (who was, of course, proud to claim consanguinity with the noble Duff!) but, although every thing which the hospitable consul thought could contribute to his noble guest's comfort and convenience was cheerfully furnished, and his Lordship's male

friends freely admitted to the honour, of a chamber audience, the ladies (with whom Lord Macduff was an especial favourite) were, by the rigid rules of the consulate, denied this indulgence. His table, however, was covered with cards, all marked "*en persona*," to prove the kind interest which the gentle señoras took in his honourable mishap. After a tedious confinement, which, to one of his Lordship's locomotive propensities, must have appeared an age, he at last ventured abroad, but not as yet on a sound footing.

A crutch is an unsightly machine even in the hand of a hero. His Lordship, therefore, eschewed that abomination, and made his sortie in a *silla de mano*, or stupendous sedan chair, in which he was borne about by two sturdy Gallego porters, whose bronzed and brawny legs, disdaining the dandyism of stockings, formed a fine contrast with their snow-white drawers and shirts. The chair itself had been, in its original days of finery, a costly article; on a white ground, angels and cherubims were floating in the air, bearing wreaths of flowers in their hands; and the head and shoulders of a gilded saint were yet to be seen beaming from each of the corners. Within sat the good-humoured Lord, who was halted at every ten yards to receive the congratulations of his numerous friends. When arrived at the Alameda, the chair was absolutely besieged by dozens, titled and untitled, all anxious to express their joy at his reappearance. As to the vehicle itself, it became the object of general mirth; but foreigners are led to believe that Britons have a privilege of doing any thing *outré*, by virtue of their rights as *freemen* (?), and that this extraordinary mode of transport was but an English whim; and while they all laughed and joked, no one more heartily joined in the merriment than the invalid himself. In this conveyance his Lordship was borne about for hours to all parts of the town, in a kind of triumph, like the fortunate candidate after his election; but with this difference, that the greetings of the people of Cadiz were infinitely more sincere and disinterested; for his Lordship, by entering so heartily into their cause, had so identified himself with the

Spaniards in custom and manners, that he was popular with all classes. As Lord Macduff remained at Cadiz during the greater part of the siege, sharing in all the events of that period, whether in love or in war, in peril or in pastime—the mention of his name must necessarily often recur in the course of these recollections.

Hitherto the efforts of the enemy were confined to the bombardment of the fleet, or an occasional attempt to interrupt the intercourse between Cadiz and Isla; and considering the waste of shot and shell (four or five of the latter might frequently be seen in the air at the same moment), it is astonishing what trifling damage this war of "sound and fury" occasioned in the fleet or in the batteries on shore; but these efforts were but trial-practice on the range of these mortar-batteries—the perfection which these dreadful projectiles attained, at a later period of the siege, was then but little anticipated.

The almost constant roar of cannon on all sides during the forenoon, at first so appalling, became by daily repetition so familiar to the ears of the inhabitants of Cadiz, that a cessation of the noise for any lengthened period seemed to create a degree of *ennui*, which it required the enlivening thunder of the batteries to dissipate. Sometimes, as if by convention, the firing from the batteries on each side would occasionally be suspended for a day; but by way of episode in the warlike drama, the attention of the gazing public would be called to a trial of skill between the mortar battery at St Catalina, which bore on the narrowest part of the bay, and the two British bomb-vessels, the Thunder and Etna, which were directly opposed to it. Cadiz had some few years before been bombarded by Nelson on the south-east quarter of the city, but from the distance, which prudence rendered it necessary on the part of the bomb-vessels to keep, so as to avoid the fire of a small fort called Santa-bastion in that quarter, but few shells fell within the walls, and these only in the suburbs. The Spaniards therefore had no high opinion of the efficacy of a sea-mortar battery; but in that, as in every other branch of the service, the improvements of

science were making daily progress, and the citizens had on two occasions the gratification of seeing the boasted fort St Catalina not only silenced by British fire, but almost destroyed. On the last occasion, a shell from our bomb-vessels having fallen on their magazine, an explosion took place, which produced an effect like an earthquake in all the towns bordering on the bay, and required the aid of a thousand workmen, employed by torchlight, to restore the fort, which it took three weeks to accomplish, but not without a heavy loss of life and limb. Each day the citizens became more confident in their safety, and more reconciled to the appearance of the red-coat within their walls, where the British force was gradually increased to about two thousand men, infantry and artillery. The commandant, Colonel (the late Major-General) William Wheatley, was an officer every way calculated to preserve that harmony and good understanding between the troops and the citizens so necessary at a period so critical. This estimable officer was a fine specimen of the old guards, a perfect soldier in the field and a perfect gentleman in the drawing-room; and it is saying much for the credit of citizens, of commanding officers, of soldiers, that there never was a riot, never a drunken brawl, nor knife on one side, or bayonet drawn on the other, during a period of three years!

The splendour of the British embassy was nobly sustained by Mr Wellesley (who had not then received the honour of the red ribbon). His excellency's house, situated *pro tem.* in the Calle Amalgura, the *Street of Bitters!* (a most inappropriate title for a locale, which, during his residence in it, was the seat of pleasure and hospitality), was the point of reunion for the higher orders of military, British and Spanish, as well as the diplomatists and public authorities of the day. The Duke of Palmela, then plain Senhor de Sousa, equally free from the cordon of nobility or matrimony, was his neighbour. After a short residence as Portuguese ambassador, he returned, with the title of Count Palmela, a peer and a Benedick. This title he retained (perhaps in humble imitation of the Duke of Wellington)

when afterwards elevated to the rank of marquis, and ultimately to that of duke. His appearance at that time, although five-and-twenty, was extremely boyish, which his low stature and slender figure increased; but even at that early period of his political life he gave indications of those diplomatic talents which his subsequent career so fully exhibited. His condesa (the child of an ancient and noble house of Portugal) was extremely young, not fourteen it was said, plain in feature and unformed in figure; yet she grew up to be a woman of fine person, and though still deficient in beauty, very engaging from her amiability and condescension. As Marquesa de Palmela, she was very well known and much beloved by the higher circles of London, Paris, and Vienna, whither she accompanied her husband when assisting at that celebrated congress where his superior diplomatic tact attracted the particular attention of those veterans in diplomacy, Talleyrand and Metternich. There were *charges d'affaires* from Sicily, Austria, and latterly one from Sweden nominated to the regency of Spain, but there were no ministers of the rank of ambassador save the British and Portuguese at that time accredited to the Spanish court; and it may with truth be stated, that had it not been for the brilliant series of dinners, soirées, and balls given by the British ambassador, the higher order of society at that time crowded together in Cadiz, confined to the humble attractions of the national Tertulia, would have found that city extremely dull and tiresome. The money of the public is never more usefully or profitably expended than when in supporting, with becoming splendour, the representative of the sovereign at a foreign court; and it is surprising that among the members of the legislature, nine out of ten of whom are fully aware, from experience, of the magical influence of a splendid dinner on the mind and temper (on the principle that the nearest road to a man's heart is down his throat), so many can be found endeavouring to clip, pare, and cut down the salaries of our ambassadors, not one of whom ever maintained the dignity of his station without a sacrifice of private fortune equal and often-

times greatly exceeding in amount the national allowance granted him. If we are to possess influence in foreign courts to confirm the fidelity of friends and neutralize the intrigues of political adversaries, these objects can never be effected by a griping pitiful parsimony in our diplomatic expenditure. The elegance, not to say profusion, which reigned at all the entertainments at the hotel of the British ambassador; the extreme benignity of the man; the mild, persuasive, and dignified address with which all his ministerial functions were discharged, rendered Mr Wellesley (now Lord Cowley) the most beloved and popular British minister that ever graced the Spanish court. And it is no small proof of his tact, that the esteem and veneration which, in his diplomatic character, he had won from the Regency and Constitutional Cortes of Spain was, without any surrender of his independence, or compromise of a character always distinguished by candour and integrity, renewed to him in the favour of the King when restored to his throne and country. Reader, have you ever seen the Hon. H. Wellesley, now Baron Cowley? If you have not been so fortunate, let me introduce you to him as he appeared at Cadiz in 1810. The Right Hon. Henry Wellesley, youngest son of that noble house, was turned thirty-five—very tall, six feet at least—slight, but straight, and well formed, and particularly elegant, though equally unpretending in carriage and demeanour. His face at that period bore no resemblance to any of his brothers'; it was pleasing and expressive, though tinged with melancholy. The ball given by the British Ambassador in 1810 was the first gay assemblage of nobility which Cadiz could boast of within her walls since the fall of Seville. The house was small, comparatively with that afterwards occupied by his excellency, but still large enough to accommodate nearly 200 guests, a considerable muster in those days of but partially subsided alarm. The whole of the arrangements for this ball were committed to the management of Donna Maria S—, who knew all the inevitable persons of her own sex, and from whose general list such selections were made, according to the numbers to be invited, as this

accomplished mistress of the ceremonies and the Secretary to the Embassy, in secret conclave, decided upon. The saloon presented a brilliant display of stars, ribands, and orders; uniforms of all cuts and colours; as the *grandeos* were, as a matter of respect, invited *en masse*, the British visitors, as in duty bound, endured whatever inconvenience the crowded rooms occasioned, in order to afford the natives room for their display. Amongst the *grandeos* presented on that occasion was the Dowager-Duchess of Ossuno (Princess Benavente), a woman who had long exercised a powerful, and it is not to be doubted pernicious, influence in the old court of Spain. That power was not yet extinct; and when it is considered that the return of Charles V. and his guilty Queen to the throne was, though improbable, still possible, and that, even if that restoration were to take place in the person of Ferdinand, with his friends she held an equal influence, the courtly attention paid to her by the British Ambassador, together with the homage she appeared to receive from the Spanish nobility, may be duly accounted for. The Duchess was at that period turned of fifty, the remains of a beauty, and had at one time been the rival, though at all times the friend, of the ex-Queen Maria Louisa (over whose crimes even the grave has not proved a sufficient veil), and the confidant of her political, as well as personal intrigues. Strange state of society, when to be deemed a fitting depository for such secrets was considered an honour!

The Duchess herself, like the whole female court of the day, never affected a greater degree of purity than her neighbours. She bore the late duke a son, whose legitimacy, from his strong likeness to his noble sire, was unquestioned: although an elegantly formed young man, he was much the reverse of handsome, while her next son, Don Pedro, Prince of Anglona, a major-general at twenty-one, and his sister, the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, were goodlooking; but the youngest daughter, Manorla, at that time (1810) about fourteen, was an extremely beautiful though forward child, and counted very like Gene-

ral Manuel la Pena, the disgraced of Barossa, once a guardia (life-guardsmen), and the Duchesa's favourite. "Such things were, and, however shocking to our soberer minds to reflect on, such things are." The amiable Queen Christina, the precious guardian of an infant female sovereign, has been twice a mother since her widowhood; and the most favourable footing on which her friends can now place her connexion with the guardsman, Munoz (in order to save her from general execration and contempt), is, forsooth, that her Dowager-Majesty has been united, to the low fellow from the first days after her husband's death. Yet this is the matron, and hers the court, for the support of which British blood is every day shed in torrents!

"Digression is a sin that, by degrees becomes exceeding tedious to the mind."

But these are random recollections, and the reader must indulgently bear with them, as they do not profess to be dry details of historical events half lost to memory, and the *désagrémens* of which are not worth preserving. After passing through a siege of three years, Heaven defend the scribe from the folly of dragging the reader through the ordeal of a dull journal of military details, which should only be occasionally glanced at to introduce on the scene the noble or ignoble actors in the warlike drama! We left off in the saloon of the British Minister. The Duquesa de Ossuno was by consent allowed precedence with her eldest daughter, the Marquesa de Santa Cruz. Mr Wellesley opened the ball with a *contre danse Espagnol*, the most graceful and pliant of all dances; being a mixture of English country-dance, German waltz, and French quadrille, without the jumping and jigging of the first, the pawing of the second, and the exhibition of shins and ankles of the last. The Count Fernon Munoz followed with the tall and elegant Duquesa de Higar, who with a mask would have been esteemed the finest woman in Europe. Mr Charles Vaughan, or, as the Spanish ladies usually pronounced

his name, *Baun*, was honoured with the hand of Doña Manoria. The Duke of Ossuno, his brother, and a crowd of grandees followed. It has always been remarked, that the Spanish ladies appear to more advantage in the national street costume, the *sayo* or *basquina*, with the mantilla, than in full dress on the occasion referred to. This was very evident; the style of female dress being half French and half English, the worst portions of each, and so bad, that not all the display of diamonds could improve. Diamonds without a head-dress of feathers always appear *de placé*. The Duquesita (or little duchess), as Doña Manoria was called, although not yet out of frocks, wore a necklace of diamonds worth at least two thousand pounds; while those worn by the seniors might be counted by tens. But with all their lack of taste in the ball-room costume, it seems almost impossible to make a Spanish woman look otherwise than captivating by candle-light. There was but one Englishwoman present that night, to defend her countrywomen from the imputation of dulness and decorous insipidity which foreigners attach to them, and this lady was the wife of Mr Spencer Smith, the brother of Sir Sidney of Acre,* and a very delightful woman. She had passed some time in Greece, and was on her way to the Mediterranean to join her husband, who held some diplomatic office, accompanied by a female friend or companion. Without any other advantage of the toilette than a white satin dress, which showed to perfection a form truly Grecian, a chaste coiffure and pearl suit, well adapted to her light hair and fair complexion, Mrs Smith proved a powerful champion for the claims of British ladies to a more favourable consideration than foreigners are prone to believe. She danced almost exclusively with the Duque de Ossuno, whose want of comeliness in face was more than counterbalanced by the grace and elegance of his figure and movements—in the waltz more especially—in which as a man he excelled; but perhaps he never before met a partner so fully his equal. Every eye followed them with delight, from the first gentle and

* Whose stories (although he merited all the praise he demanded for his valuable services) gained him the soubriquet of "*Long Acre*."

louncing revolution of the slow waltz, till it increased by degrees to the rapid whirl which makes the head of the spectator almost giddy to look on. The supper was splendid, and whatever may be said of the abstemiousness of the Spaniards, it must be admitted that no people on earth partake of the joys and luxuries of the table with more undisguised gusto, or drink more wine without its having the slightest visible effect; not that either sex possess that bibacious propensity which this circumstance would imply; that strength of head or stomach must therefore be in some degree constitutional. Amidst the hundreds of decanters of wine, flasks of champagne, and vases of iced punch, flying about on this and similar occasions, when the hour for resuming dancing arrived, not one Spaniard could be seen even in that first stage of inebriety called "elevated," while many and many a British officer found, in the fluency of his tongue, all that he had lost in the steadiness of his gait in the "*first set after supper*." This seems an extraordinary quality in the Spanish temperament. This entertainment was very well timed, for it brought about the ambassador a crowd of grantees whose principles were very much doubted. Their loyalty had been exposed to a hard trial, it is true. Driven from splendid palaces in Madrid or the provinces, they fled before an array of triumphant invaders; and numbers of the Spanish noblesse, and those the most noble and ancient, including even the Duke of Medina Celi, who, in default of royal issue, had legitimate pretensions to the throne, were reduced to the dilemma of sheltering them-

selves in Cadiz in half-finished, or even in parts of houses. To persons thus situated every act of kindness and attention had double value; the wavering opinions of many were won over, and fixed to maintain the cause of the country against France, by their new-born confidence in the British Government, from the enlightened, the generous, and the happily exercised policy of the British minister. It was pleasing to every wellwisher of Spain (and with the exception of a few inveterate and incorrigible, though honest-hearted *Bulls*, we all were) to observe the growing intimacy and confidence between the great leading members of the aristocracy and government of Spain and the ambassador, and this too without effort or importunity, but sheerly the result of high personal consideration for the individual, and a grateful appreciation of the benefits of British alliance. The reverses which the armies of Spain experienced in Catalonia, Valencia, &c., tended but in a small degree to depress the spirits of the people of Cadiz and Isla. A Spaniard can always find consolation for defeat in the valour, supposed or real, of the vanquished; and it is not saying too much to assert, that this very national vanity became one of the most useful virtues at that period; for if reason and a clear judgment had been suffered to operate, the people must have sunk under the constant succession of disheartening defeats and disgraces which were then experienced by the armies in Catalonia, &c. The government, with great prudence, withheld as long as possible from the mass of the people all intelligence from

* The writer having once been detained by a heavy flood in a village in the Estrella mountains in 1809, was lodged in the house of the padre, who, not having any wine in his establishment, sent among his neighbours to collect a few canadas of the wine of the country. When it arrived it was so strongly flavoured of the skin that it was impossible to drink it. Having his canteens, in which was an abundant store of good old Jamaica rum, with sugar, a fine bowl of punch was substituted for the wine. The padre and his three nieces each drank a wine-glass of that powerful liquor pure and unmixed, it taking effect only (slightly) on the padre. The cura, a young priest under five-and-twenty, paid an evening visit, and was invited by his superior to taste of the "*rom tergley*." He declined, asserting that nothing stronger than water ever passed his lips, except the sacramental wine. The old padre continued to urge him, winking most knowingly at his English visitor, as if he anticipated a scene of *fun*. At length the young man consented to drink a large wine-glassful of rum. The ludicrous grimaces of the fat little padre while awaiting its effects were amusing, but his expectations were sadly baulked; for during the hour he remained the cura exhibited no change on his handsome dark countenance, preserving the same gravity as when he entered.

those armies calculated to depress their hopes, or relax their exertions; and General Blake, with the remnant of his defeated forces, had arrived from the eastern provinces in Cadiz before the inhabitants knew or even conjectured the extent of the national calamities in that quarter. The defeat and dispersion of an army was soon forgotten in the triumph of some Guerilla chief; the first was called a movement, the last a glorious victory! All this was perfectly justifiable with such a people, and under such circumstances.

Amongst the visitors to Cadiz about this time the most distinguished was the Duke of Orleans, now Louis Philippe, King of the French. He made his appearance from Sicily with a slender suite, and was desirous of appearing under the character of a private individual; but the Regency, with a due regard to etiquette, could not allow a prince so nearly allied to their own sovereign to remain a moment in the Spanish territory without according to him all the distinctions due to his rank. The state-coach (used by the Regency), with its six horses, and a squadron of cavalry, was sent up from Isla de Leon for the conveyance of his highness and suite to the seat of government. The object of the Duke's visit was to solicit a command in the Spanish army, by which he hoped to entice to his standard all the malecontents of the French ranks. It is understood that his proposition, from the first moment it was submitted, met with the coldest reception; nevertheless the regency, to qualify their refusal of his disinterested offers, treated him with every mark of personal regard and attention, and though declining his promises of service, tendered him the honorary rank of captain general in acknowledgment.

The Duke took his leave, after a few days' sojourn, for the court of his father-in-law, rather disappointed and mortified at the unexpected results of his mission.

A character of inferior rank, but of no small notoriety in his own way, also paid us a hasty visit; no less a personage than Lord Blayney, a northern Irish peer, whose Parliamentary influence obtained for him the command of an expedition which any captain in the British army

would have conducted with more skill and prudence, as the result sadly proved. But Lord Blayney was a gallant hot-headed soldier, who, unfortunately for himself and his troops, took a very one-eyed view of the important duty he undertook to perform. His Lordship, who was as perfect a gourmand as a brave soldier and general genius, brought with him to the ambassador's table, besides his very lively and entertaining, though eccentric, self, a store of the latest invented pickles, sauces, and preserves; a cargo of soda water; a pair of self-illuminating patent lamps; a portable horse-shoe of his own invention (and a clever one too); and his last book on the art of veterinary surgery.

The total failure of, and the misfortunes which followed, his Lordship's Malaga excursion, are matters of history. Poor Lord Blayney was one of the first doomed to inglorious capture; and those of his party who were fortunate enough to escape could not but deplore that, to so stout and manly a heart the blessing of a calculating head had not been added. Lord Blayney published a book in 1816 or 1817; a Narrative, it was called, of the Expedition to and Capture at Malaga; but, after a few pages, it has no more reference to Malaga than to Madagascar. It was, in truth, a journal, and a very amusing one, of his own sayings and doings, adventures and even amours at Verdun, where he passed some years of his life—sometimes merry, sometimes sad, but never cynical. He was by turns amateur cook and confectioner, farrier, sadler, and general artisan of that general jail for British prisoners and *détenus*. His book, besides giving a piquant description of all the little *liaisons* of that place of very lax morality, is a *melange* of Mrs Glass's cookery and Taplin's farriery; one-half the work being printed in italics, and the other in capitals! No writer since the days of Joe Miller caused more hearty laughter, although Lord Blayney was innocent of any such intention, much less effect. His jokes, which he always commenced with "By the by, this reminds me of a most remarkable circumstance," were the only parts of the book on which a reader could look grave.

Andrew Lord Blayney, a staunch Protestant ascendancy ("black north," as they say in Ireland), married Mabella, daughter of the Earl of Caledon, and dying, was succeeded by his son Cadwallader.

We had also a flying visit from General Houghton, one of the best humoured men and inveterate punsters that ever enlivened a company. Puns, he used to say, ought to be d——d bad, in order to make you laugh; and the merit of his may be estimated by his always keeping the table in a perpetual roar. He was a fine fellow, and his gallant behaviour at Albuera, where he fell covered with wounds, will be thought on with admiration and respect as long as a survivor of that bloody day lives to tell the tale.

But one of the most amusing of these birds of passage was an English senator, who rejoiced in the patriarchal name of J——, who, although no chiropodist, had been engaged in the corn-trimming question for the last twenty years. This gentleman, who had past some time at Malaga, Cadiz, and Seville, and whose quarto volume on "Men, Women, and Things, Customs, Laws, and Manners of Ancient and Modern Spain" should be in every person's hands who values the pleasure of a sound nap—not at all liking the flight of those bodies of light called bombshells, gathered up his manuscripts and his *sac de nuit*, determined to take advantage of the sailing of a brig of war with despatches for Lisbon, then unmooring in the bay of Cadiz, to proceed so far on his way to England. Engaging a Spanish boat, he shoved off, at first in great trepidation, as shells were pretty plentifully flying about the bay, and also from apprehension that after all his risks he might not catch the brig. Half the watch were aloft making sail, when the member for —, waving his hat, and roaring "Brig a-hoy!" was descried, the Spanish boatmen mean while pulling with all their might. The lieutenant of the watch, through his speaking trumpet, demanded "What he wanted?" The answer was, "A passage to Lisbon." "Ask him who he is," said the captain. The reply of the supplicant was, "My name is J——!"

"J——!" repeated the captain; "a damned Jewish name. No, no, it won't do, tell him; so," then addressing himself to the men aloft, "loose top-gallant sails." By this time the brig was under weigh. "Sir," says the lieutenant, "he is waving his hat, and holding up a large book." "What the devil does he want?" peevishly asked the captain; "you know we can't take the chap in, that's flat."

The stranger had approached within cable's length, and then roared out, with the lungs of a boatswain, "I want to get to England immediately, to attend to my duties in Parliament!" "What's that?" quickly asked the captain; "did he say *his* duty in Parliament?" "Yes, sir," replied the lieutenant. "D—me, that alters the case. Stand fast, top-gallant-halyards," roared the captain. "Back main-topsail—wear ropes at the side there! Steward, bring up my best hat, and put a bottle of Madeira on the table. His duty in PARLIAMENT! Gently fend off there. Now, sir, give me your hand—welcome on board the *Persiana*," concluded the captain, as he dowsed his hat, and tripped before the legislator, bowing like a dancing-master, followed by the honourable member, who seemed to feel all the importance of the senatorial character!

"We may *fill* now, sir, I presume," said the lieutenant, with an odd leer at his captain.

The reader must now accompany me to Isla. Here we find General Graham—the good, the gallant, and generous Graham—that *preux chevalier* of his glorious days of warfare—established in his quarters. Beloved and respected by all—the idol of his own circle—surrounded by a staff of distinguished officers devoted to him, not more by the ties of professional respect than by that personal regard which he had the happiness to inspire in all around him—with an army ready to follow wherever he list—in the enjoyment of the confidence and esteem of all true patriots—and by none held in higher veneration than the poor, half-clothed Spanish soldiers! who would have rejoiced to have been allowed to range themselves under his banner. Shortly after daybreak each morning the general was to be

seen at the head of his staff, sweeping along the heights which commanded the St Petri River, inspiring by his presence the zeal and activity of the troops and artificers of both nations employed about the several batteries which soon rendered his position so secure. By his humane and considerate arrangements for the health and comfort of these numerous working parties, their food, their wine, and even their fuel were brought to the scene of their labours. The soldiers, one and all, considered him as their protector as well as governor, and wrought with an energy and diligence which proved their humble sense of duty and regard. Before eight of the clock every guard, nay, every sentinel's post, was visited on the long and scattered line of defence.

The Spanish generals and authorities were astonished at such activity, and the soldiers were enraptured at even the chance of fighting under a leader, in whose every action the soul of the soldier broke forth. But without this constant activity what the fate of Isla would have been is no longer doubtful; and if assailed from the land side, from the loss of Isla, Cadiz must have fallen! General Graham was aware that, with the whole coast opposite to him bristling at every point with guns to the number of from three to five hundred pieces of heavy artillery, nothing but the most unremitting activity and watchfulness could induce the safety of a position so extensive and so exposed to attack. He had opposed to him one of the first generals of the age, whose character had in a manner been staked on the result of this siege. Soult, however, whose services were withdrawn to other quarters for a while, left the command in nearly equally skilful hands. Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno, proved himself a powerful assailant, but both were baffled, and in the end Cadiz and Isla triumphed! The house in which General Graham had taken up his quarters was that vacated for his use by the governor, Don Diego Alvear, an officer whose heavy misfortunes were still fresh in the recollection of every British officer, and as deeply regretted. In the eyes of the Spaniards he was a martyr; and his unvarying

politeness and attention to every member of the British force, from high to low, was viewed as an exercise of Christian charity beyond the reach of vulgar minds. Don Diego, who had held a government for many years in one of the richest of the Spanish colonies, had realized a considerable fortune, and was on his return to the mother-country to enjoy in the bosom of his family the fruits of long and arduous service, when, within almost sight of the land of his birth and hopes, the little squadron of Spanish frigates was intercepted by one of superior force, under the broad pennant of a British commodore; the surrender was hostilely demanded. Having entered on this homeward voyage wholly unconscious of even the chance of war between Great Britain and Spain, the Spanish commodore was taken by surprise, and sought an explanation, at the same time putting his vessels into the best state of defence which his means admitted. The explanation was given in the form of a *broadside!* These devoted vessels were known to be laden with treasure, the possession of which the British commodore was aware would reconcile both his crews and his nation to this act of barbarity, and, indeed, under the circumstances, it might be added of piracy! Although no declaration of war had been issued, that guilty thirst for gold which is the leading passion, or rather the besetting sin of the nation—which leads to every crime, each in full force, the action was continued, and in a few broadsides a victory which brought no honour was gained over a powerless foe. But the most lamentable portion of this tale of national degradation remains to be told.

Don Diego Alvear, with his eldest son Don Carlos (then a boy, but who afterwards distinguished himself so much in the South American revolution), were on board one frigate, while the mother, with the younger children, had, for the convenience of more ample accommodation, taken their passage in another. In the midst of the atrocious and never-to-be-forgotten attack, the unfortunate governor and his distracted boy beheld the frigate which contained all that was dear to them

in life, in blood, and in treasure, blown to atoms! Who will say that the Spaniards are a vindictive people, when it is stated that they received with open arms the soldiers and sailors of that nation by which so horrid an outrage was perpetrated within four years—four little years—even before time had woven a veil thick enough to cover its infamy? As the British commodore anticipated, his return to port was hailed with triumph; an ostentatious display of waggons, laden with the plunder, each bearing in front the Spanish standard surmounted by the British ensign, moved along the road to London, the train occupying nearly half a mile; and on its road through the towns and villages in its progress the bawling volunteers turned out to present arms to the *Juggernaut* of *British* idolatry, and nought was heard but shouts and hurrahs for the gallant—and (*proh pudor!*) the Spanish treasure!—The indignant curses, the heartrending moans of the bereaved husband and father, and the sobs of his orphan boy were drowned in the brutal acclamations of a besotted and sordid mob! Alvear remained a prisoner at large in England for some time, an object of general sympathy even to the Ministry by whose bloody decree he had been bereft of all he valued in life. A pecuniary compensation (to a paltry and limited extent) it was supposed would have healed the wounds of *his* lacerated heart, on the same principle that a British grandee pockets a few thousand pounds which a jury of tradesmen award him (*ad valorem!*), as the price of his honour and domestic happiness.

The plundered and disconsolate Alvear accepted at length from sheer necessity the sum bestowed upon him, and shortly afterwards betook himself to Spain, where we now find him in the honourable capacity of Gobernador de la Isla de Leon, with the rank of Capitan de Navio, (our post-captain).

The Regency having now fixed on Isla as their permanent residence, the foreign ambassadors of course followed, and Cadiz lost for a season the splendid hospitalities of the hotel of the British Minister—but a heavier calamity was impending! Whispers of the reappearance of the

dreadful epidemic disease which, a few years before, had swept off fourteen thousand of the inhabitants of Cadiz in a few weeks, were first heard from the Barrio de la Viña, the quarter of the city in which the lowest order of the people reside: the rapidly increasing deaths in that district were attempted to be accounted for by the increased wants and privations of the poorer classes; but the awful truth could not be long concealed, and soon those whispers became the half-suppressed murmurs of thousands, and the words "Epidemia," and "Calentura Amarilla" (yellow fever), were heard at every corner, but not without the careful glance of the alarmist on all sides, to see that he was not heard by the humble ministers of justice, who were on the constant watch to make prisoners of all who should be found propagating the report. But in the mean time the disease, which had been making fearful progress amongst the poor and needy, soon reached that class to whom the plea of poverty could not apply as a cause for the rapid mortality. Concealment became no longer possible. Prayers were offered up in all the churches—fasts and penitences enjoined, and every precaution which the terror of the people and the wisdom of the governor could suggest, was used to mitigate, if it could not ward off, the ravages of this European plague. Amongst the prudent measures adopted on the cessation of this dreadful visitation in 1804, the burial of the dead within the vaults or walls of the churches in the city was at once and for ever abolished, and a large tract of ground, three furlongs beyond the outer ditch of the second line of defence, was appropriated for a public cemetery. The next precautionary measure was the general destruction of all tapestry or hangings of woollen or silk, more especially in those houses which were tenanted by several families, together with old curtains, carpeting, mats, mattresses, &c.—This sanatory regulation extended itself to the highest quarters; formerly all the cabinets, saloons, and boudoirs in the better class of houses were hung with the richest figured silk, every yard of which was consigned to the flames; and those who were willing to replace the luxury

had to purchase the articles new, after the purification of their houses had been certified by the officers of health; but the more sensible discontinued this expensive decoration, leaving nothing but the smooth walls, which in almost every house are refreshed with a coat of lime twice during the summer months. This, while it reduces the chances of contagion, certainly gives an unfinished appearance to the spacious rooms, which is, however, obviated by rich mirrors, pictures in light and elegant frames, and costly brackets supporting ornaments of splendid china or glass. Carpets are wholly abolished; and as the floors of the most superb houses are of *red tiles*, from the cellars to the attics, the foot is protected from contact with them by matting, either of Spanish or Indian manufacture. The curtains are generally of muslin, and, from the absence of coal smoke, of a spotless and radiant whiteness. By these judicious precautions Cadiz was much better prepared to meet the awful revisit of the pestilence; the most rigorous measures were established with respect to the intercourse between the diseased and those whose health remained unaffected—whole streets were placed under quarantine—houses of business, to the great detriment of their affairs, were sealed up, with all their inhabitants, where once the yellow fever had made its appearance. The physicians, the officers of health, and the Gallego labourers who carried in provisions and water, and who removed the dead, were the only visitors to the house of mourning! The destroying angel spared neither sex nor age—no passing bells were tolled for the dead—they were silently hurried to the grave at sunset in masses—the greater number without those rites of religion which the people of those countries consider so necessary to their salvation. An appalling terror seized even the priesthood—many, very many of whom had perished from their laudable desire to administer the last consolations dictated by religion and humanity. At the Puerta de Tiena, an office was established for registering the number and names of the deceased, as their remains were hurried through that last passage to the yawning grave,

prepared, not for one, but for scores! Here also was erected an altar, where masses were constantly offered up for the repose of the souls of those who had been summoned from life “unaneled, unanointed, and with all their imperfections on their heads.” Each morning the official bulletin of deaths appeared. Heavens! with what anxiety the eyes of survivors, scanning the report, compared the numbers departed within the last twenty-four with the preceding. For many weeks a gradual increase appeared each day; but happily, compared with the dreadful mortality of 1804, it was but as one to four.

From a strictness of discipline, and regularity of system established for the safety of the British troops, and attempted to be followed by the Spanish commanders of regiments, the soldiers were rigidly confined to their barracks, except those actually on duty in the city; their ration of wine exchanged for one of spirits; a gill of rum diluted was the daily allowance to each man. Lime was abundantly supplied to wash the walls and passages, and vinegar to sprinkle all the floors; these were preservative measures which none but British troops would have enjoyed. The entire loss to the English drum during this terrible calamity certainly did not exceed fifty. Some of the civilians, whose particular duties necessarily drew them towards the infected districts, paid the penalty of their lives for the faithful performance of their hazardous task. Eight or ten English and Spanish subordinates, acting under the commissariat department, perished, and one officer of the army.

Although a painful reminiscence to the writer, it may satisfy the curiosity of the reader to view the rapid progress and awful termination of a disease which baffled all medical skill to avert or alleviate. No certain evidence has ever yet been produced to authenticate the recovery of any one person, whether in youth, maturity, or old age, from the attack of this dire scourge of humanity. Hundreds, it is true, whose habits were weak and systems constitutionally bilious, took it from fright; and although many perished, many more recovered, whose jaundiced eye and sallow cheek gave, as

they imagined, evidence of their having had the genuine disorder; but the Spanish physicians, humble though they be in the science of pathology, seldom failed in their prognosis when deciding on the fate of those attacked. For example, the young gentleman alluded to, and who was one of the first victims, had returned to supper, after his usual evening lounge, to the house where his chief was quartered, and in the lower part of which he had a chamber. His spirits, generally lively, were observed to be unusually depressed; insomuch, that some uneasiness was felt by the gentlemen of the establishment, and by the lady of the only married one, whose fine family of young children were strictly confined to the attic story of the house. The youth, however, attempted to rally; but his efforts were in vain. His fried fish lay before him untouched, and his glass of wine, which he twice tried to gulp down, remained unemptied.

A physician of the name of Ramcati, a man of no mean talent and experience, had fixed his eyes on the young officer from the moment he took his seat at the table, but, fearful of alarming the lady of the house, pretended to make light of his complaints, which (as the doctor, unfortunately for one in his profession, was deaf) he expressed by pointing to his forehead and eyes, and moving his head, to give an idea of his sense of giddiness. On the retirement of the lady, the doctor immediately ordered the ill-fated youth to his room, which he was unable to reach without assistance, and then pronounced the appalling words—"He is struck!" Kind and humane

as were the members of the establishment, they would have given a thousand dollars to effect his removal, but at that late hour it was impracticable. They passed an agonized night, and at seven the next morning, a *silla de mano* (sedan chair) was at the door, ready to take the unfortunate officer to the general hospital. No one had entered his room during the night, nor would any of the domestics now approach it. He lay moaning on his bed in his clothes, not having had strength to remove them the previous night. The Gallegos were as timid as the servants, but having been furnished with a

piece of camphor wrapped in linen, with which they plugged their mouths, one of them ventured to approach the chamber, where he beheld the ghastly young man struggling from chair to chair to reach the door. He called in a piteous tone for his chief, whose room was in the *entre suelo* (the second floor in a Spanish house being the grand suite), to assist him.

His call was not disregarded; he was borne in the arms of that officer and placed in the chair, while with tearful and averted eyes he took his last leave of the talented and promising being whose hours of life were numbered. During the distressing scene the family stood in the balcony overlooking the *pato*, or centre of the house (which being built in a hollow square, leaves an opening in the middle, in which is the *posa* or tank of water). They were all in tears; and when their guest had performed his mournful office and was about ascending to breakfast, they entreated him to remain below; mean time the water-carrier was despatched for a barrel of water, which afforded a bath, and then every article of clothing which he had worn was steeped in vinegar. After this purification, and an entire change of garments (at the loss of the old suit), he was allowed to sit at the breakfast-table.—The poor young officer, after being placed in the British general hospital, was, it is feared, left in a great measure to take the chances of his fate; no person but the chief of the medical staff, and his surgeons and assistants, were permitted to enter, and how they performed their dangerous duty it is now useless to enquire; but at about ten o'clock the next morning the officer to whose service he had been attached prevailed on one of the hospital mates to allow him to look into his room, and if he were yet sensible, to collect his last wishes and requests; when a horrid sight presented itself; the corpse of the unfortunate and abandoned youth was lying extended within grasp of a pitcher of water, to which he had endeavoured to crawl from his low bed, with the hope of assuaging the thirst which was consuming him, but he had sunk under the effort! It was a heartrending sight, and

one which could not be confessed to the inhabitants of the house from which he had been removed till many weeks after the epidemic had totally disappeared. The most kind

and humane beings are not proof against the indurating effects of the terror and horror which accompany the awful sound of "*Pestilence!*"

IN MALIBRAN.

En! subitus tristisque dolor pervenit ad aures!
 Perniciem mæstam Fama sinistra tulit.
 Ille sonus verum luctum, lachrymasque frequentes
 Sparget per terras, Pieriosque choros.
 Quæ modo consensu facili præclara nitebat
 Ante oculos, illam Mors inopina rapit.
 Vitæ mortalis monitum quàm triste! coronis
 Quàm prope succedunt candida pepla necis!
 O! tenerum citharæ mœrentis suscipe carmen:
 Succubuit morti carminis ipsa Dea.
 Vox quæ gaudentes animos evexit in altum,
 Elatis pennis, sidera celsa petit.
 Numine quæ dignos numeros spirare solebant
 Flumine perpetuo, labra tenella silent.
 Tam diram sortem calamus memorare recusat;
 Dilectum nomen scribere dextra tremit.
 Emoritur *Malibran*—quis vocem audire severam
 Possit, nec gemitum corda per ima trahat?
 Nunc Cantatrici tantum sua gloria restat,
 Cujus inhærebant plurima turba sonis.
 Vox extincta latet fatali inclusa sepulchro,
 Quæ pervasit heri templa verenda Del.
 Huic lyra multa licet laudes insignior edet,
 Luctus vix ullo pectore major erit.
 Nos quoque divinos sonitus audivimus, ore
 Jucundo effusos, Musa canora, tuo.
 Et Tu, "tam caro capiti" viduate, doleto!
 Eheu! quàm subito lux tua fausta cadit!
 Quæ tibi fida comes, tibi quæ suprema voluptas
 Exstitit, eripuit mortis acerba manus.
 Fœmina cui gentes certabant reddere cultum,
 Dum florent ætas famaue, mæsta perit.
 At tibi vexato spes et fiducia dulcis
 Adveniat, levior quàm foret iste dolor.
 Non dubium est, abiit—cordis cujusque venustâ
 Lætitiâ rapti lumina nostra carent.
 Nec sola—inclusum lateri caput alma tenebat
 Alterius vitæ (mors geminata!) parens.
 Vim tamen accipies, hoc tecum mente revolvens,
 Quo minus immitis sæva sagitta cadat.
 Orbem vexatum curis variumque reliquit,
 Vitæ quàm nulli gaudia certa manent.
 Corporeis mens astra petens liberata catenis,
 Nunc habitat cœlos æthereasque domus.
 Quàm medios inter cœlestes pace serenâ
 Hæc dilecta sedens, angelicosque choros,
 Auratis citharis resonantibus, Angelus ipsa,
 Aëra per liquidum fundet ab ore melos.
 Te quoque post vitam in sedes accedere sacras,
 Et lætam uxorem, sint tibi vota Deo.
 Nominis insignis Famam celebrare superbam
 Nobis per terras flebile munus erit.

THE PROFESSOR'S DREAM.

"MILLIONS of years the world has been a-making;
 Millions of years, as Tom Hill says—'POOH! MILLIONS!'
 All other theories are but a take-in,

I challenge all the most profound civilians,
 And every theologian in the nation—

As to Moses,

No one supposes

Ought in disparagement of such a pen as his,
 But only as regards the Book of Genesis

We want a NEW TRANSLATION!"

The sage Professor said;

Then went to bed;

And, quite fatigued with having made so great a

Discovery, three several strata,

Sheet, blanket, counterpane, pull'd o'er his head;

And thus enveloped from the crown to toes,

His nose

Soon gave sonorous symptoms of a doze.

Heavy his respiration was and thick;

He had begun to lose

His senses in a most delicious snooze,

When from beneath the bed up jump'd Old Nick!

"Hilloh!" quoth Satan, "Doctor, how d'ye do?"—

Rous'd by the diabolic "hilloh"

The *savan* grumbled from his pillow

In phrase, of late endemic—"Who are you?"—

"Come, come," said Lucifer,

Looking a little blue-ly,

"Upon my life I never flew so far

And found a gentleman take things so coolly,

Howe'er bemused by drunkenness or revel;

Who am I? quoth-a,

By my troth a

Pretty question!—Why, sir, I'm the Devil.

And let me hint, you're in a tightish hobble,

For here I come to ramp and roar,

Seeking whom I may devour!

If you want proofs,

Look at my hoofs;

My horns, and tail—I'll have a glorious gobble;

Who am I?—Come, that's good—I rather guess, sir,

You never saw me munching a Professor?"

The Devil show'd his teeth with fiendish glee!

"Munch," quoth the grave geologist, "munch,"

Half rous'd by breath so redolent of lunch,

"Munch! pooh! pooh! Nicholas,

Don't be ridiculous,

You know you *can't* eat me!"

Then darting forth a glance as if to scan him all—

"Tail, horns, and hoofs!

Are these your proofs?

Why you're a Ruminating, Graminivorous Animal!

Whom to devour?—

It is not in your power;

Excuse my saying, Nick, your education

Has been neglected, as may well be seen—

Whom to devour?—*What* to devour, you mean—

We'll mend your grammar in my NEW TRANSLATION."

ALCIBIADES THE MAN.

SCENES XI—XVIII.

Scenes in the East.

"Because he had, like Alcibiades,
The art of living in all climes with ease."
Don Juan.

WE love the Orient land, where the steps of advancing Morn are ever rosy, and the broad-cast swing of her fair arm sows the earth with liquid pearl. We love to linger in thought amid the relics of primordial greatness, or to steep our basking soul in sunshine and romance. Our reasons we hope to give you some fine winter's day—should Mr Mackenzie graciously allow us one this season—when we commence a series of charming articles on Oriental fiction. Mean while accept the fact, as a psychological curiosity—and be thankful for this peep into a great mind. Something, you perceive, we have in common with Napoleon, Burke, and Mr Silk Buckingham!

This taste pursues us—haunts us—even in our classics. For instance, you should see us read Herodotus! It is not, be assured, *à la Niebuhr*. "I found him sometimes," says Mr Francis Lieber, in his most catchpenny *Reminiscences of the great historian* (?)—"I found him sometimes in a lying posture on a sofa, *holding the work of an ancient writer over his head*" And he thinks it needful to add—"these were not works which he read by way of *relaxation*!" We should think not—if he used a Wesseling Herodotus. Since Aaron and Hur held up the arms of Moses—blasting the Amalekite—who ever heard of a rational biped in such an attitude? Now our system—and we learned it from Charles James Fox—is quite the reverse. Upon the plump bosom of that deep and downy rug, that vies in hues and texture with our carpet from a Turkish loom, we spread out the venerable folio. Then

"Our arms cling to our ribs, our legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down we fall"

prone on that useful organ, wherein the immortal principle of unreformed town-councillors was commonly supposed to dwell. And so *incumbent*, by fire-light, we gloat upon our prey. Behold, then, how we hug the Muses of the ancient chronicler, and what portion of her rifled sweets each undying sister is forced to yield us! Clio, with a leering grace, melts into the glowing scene of Gyges and Caudales. Euterpe, with a roguish smirk, surrenders that titillating story of King Rhampsinitus' daughter and the luckiest of Egyptian thieves. Thalia, comic creature, salutes us, at the very onset, with her tale of the sultan, the physician, and the beautiful Nitetis. Melpomene presents that edifying narrative of the Amazons and their Scythian cavaliers. Terpsichore, Erato, Polymnia, Urania, Calliope—are they not all glancing with the glories of Darius and of Xerxes—gorgeous even in his ruin? West of the sea of Azof our sympathies need never wander. Our intellectual retina is charged with the splendours of Ecbatana—its gold and its silver battlements, its blue, its purple, and its orange—and the fainter tints of European pageantry look poor and wan in comparison.

It is the same thing when, defying headache, and only bestowing a gentle execration on the author for not living to *revise and correct*, we buckle to the eighth book of Thucydides; or when, groaning over Schneider's dearth of manuscripts, we combat with the tough morsels of Xenophon's Hellenics. Tissaphernes—Pharnabazus, son of Pharnaces—what Oriental, mouth-filling euphony!—Sardis—Artaxerxes—are names that hold us like a spell. It will be delightful—we feel it beforehand—to plunge Alcibiades into the

midst of such associations. And the reader will follow us entranced—a single *quo me rapis* just quivering on his lips. You have loved our nimble-witted Athenian under all his phases. You liked him in your heart—in spite of poor Glycerium—in the midst of his volatile countrymen. You liked him in barbarous Sparta, where they eyed an honest paunch with indignation, and seasoned pig-soup with vinegar. Better and better you will like him among congenial scenes, the pomps and luxuries of Asia. Only try!

Fast, on their fleetest steeds, Alcibiades and Antiochus fled from Miletus—one slave their sole companion.

Nothing now of the astonishment throughout the town next morning. Nothing of the half-shame, half-rage that tore the bosom of Astyochus. Nothing of the deadly wound, which all in that moment felt had already been inflicted on the Spartan interests. We go with the illustrious fugitive to Sardis. Soon as his coming was announced, he was admitted to the Satrap. The curtain rises on

SCENE XI.

TISSAPHERNES. ALCIBIADES.

Tiss. (at whose signal, on the entrance of ALCIBIADES, the courtiers retire, and who advances two steps to meet the Greek, with grave dignity). Welcome to our court, son of Clinias. We behold thee with pleasure. What brings thee hither in such haste?

Alc. (bowing with a noble grace). Partly my necessities; partly the friendship that for some time hath been between us. Noble satrap of the Great King, Sparta hath dealt with thee and me alike; hath first availed herself of our assistance, and then repaid it with ingratitude.

Tiss. Our assistance! Stranger, thou includest much under one word.

Alc. Much: and yet not more, methinks, than it may compass. Thou art a confederate of mighty weight in any scales. But the aid of courage, experience, and ability, is haply not inferior to the aid of force. Thou gavest them men and money; I gave them counsels and expedients—counsels that were oft more weighty than a bannered host, more precious than a hundred thousand darics. Hitherto have we both been men of note in their alliance; towards both, so soon as fortune seemed their own, they have behaved with equal vileness. For thee they will prescribe new articles of treaty; for me—my life is their aim.

Tiss. Thy life! Thou art then once more a fugitive?

Alc. (proudly). A fugitive, but at no loss for a refuge. The general of Syracuse offered me his country's hospitality. Out of love for me, Miletus would have barred her gates; twenty of Grecia's foremost cities would have flung open theirs. In this perplexity of choice, I bethought me of the friendship thou hast ever shown me; on thy nearness, thy riches, thy might; that our aims, our enemies, our loves and our hates, our very faculties of mind and soul, were the same; and deemed I should requite thee with honour for honour, if I gave thy court the preference.

Tiss. (smiling). Ha, excellent, Alcibiades! This stroke attests a master!

Alc. How so?

Tiss. Has not thy whole preamble been a demonstration, that I am more bound to thee for coming hither than thou to me for thy reception?

Alc. (without a change of countenance). O let us not calculate and balance counter obligations! Yet be it acknowledged, Tissaphernes, I hold the present which I make thee not a light one. How much a single head may oft achieve, thou knowest better than I can teach thee; and

wilt esteem it no vanity in me to count with confidence upon my own capacity. Who can vaunt to have pryed more deep than I into the tangled politics of Greece and Asia? Who has endured the discipline of such vicissitudes, at an age when the fire of youth is yet undamped, and experience is commonly so rare? Who can boast himself more zealous as a friend, more fatal as an enemy, more prompt as a general, more cautious as a statesman? Who can deny that, wherever I have turned myself, victory has planted her standard?

Tiss. Thou speakest of thyself proudly; but *falsely* speakest thou not.

Alc. Well! and if I speak but truth, confess—for whom could my talents prove more precious than for thee?—for thee, whose court is so rich in pomp and rank, but so poor—if I except thine own—in the nobility of soul! In what are thine *armies* wanting? Assuredly not in numbers, and often just as little in individual bravery. But they want a LEADER, who knows and who fulfils the wide circle of his duties. In what is thy *Council* lacking? In men that can trace out the moral map of different lands; that blend promptitude of mind with practical wisdom. What has caused the Persians so oft to flee before the Greeks? Was it not because they were almost always ignorant of our tempers and manners, our strength and weakness, and all our multifarious and ever-mutable relations? Had Xerxes listened to the words of Demaratus, Thermopylæ had never been a name that still brings the blood into the cheeks of every Persian who hears it.

Tiss. (*half in mockery*). Art thou done yet, stranger, with thine artful oration?

Alc. (*offended*). Done! so utterly done that I await but thine *artless* confession, whether I have spoken truth or falsehood;—thy simple *yes* or *no*. Thou art silent! Be it so! Ere the day departs, O Tissaphernes, I turn my back upon thy

court! (*Proudly*). A stranger such as the son of Clinias will not want for another asylum. Unconcerned whether thy safe conduct protect me or not, I will travel on. I trust to that security which nature planted in my soul, and wrote upon my forehead. (*Bows gravely, and is about to go*).

Tiss. Nay, Alcibiades, remain! So as thou speakest with me no other one has ever dared to speak. But I myself comprehend not the irresistible sway thy whole character has o'er me.—Remain at my court, not as a client, but as a member of the state! Among all the offices, all the dignities, of war or government, choose what may please thee! The one thou chooseth shall soon be vacant!

Alc. (*smiling*). Well then—I choose none.

Tiss. (*amazed*). None!

Alc. None, and yet the greatest of all! the *dignity* of thy friend, the office of thy *counsellor*.—Tissaphernes, the free-born Greek, the Greek for ever free, discerns no honour where the subjects of despotic thrones oft find the most exalted. No duties but the duties of *friendship* could bind me *here*—at least till Persia be altogether my country. But hast thou dangers to break through; here is my arm! projects to contrive; here is my head!—and here too my heart, in which there throbs no drop of blood that will not gladly flow for him who once commands my love, and who proves worthy to retain it!

Tiss. Son of Clinias, no foe could e'er subdue me as thy lips have done. With every fresh expression thou hast mastered me the more. Come! I accept thine offer. I shall know how to gain thy love; and struggle to preserve it. Here is my hand! The Persian Satrap scruples not to give the Grecian leader his kiss and his embrace. (*Embraces him*). Come! come! The whole court shall learn this day that Tissaphernes is thy friend, and that thy post is next his own.

"I trembled when you left me; I trembled when you staid away so long; how should I have trembled had I overheard your words!" said Antiochus, when his friend reported progress.

"I was right," replied the son of Clinias;—"talk not of the rashness—the danger! Better a quick death than a slave's life. The crouching, crawling Alcibiades he would have ground down by ceaseless injury; the erect, unflinching Alcibiades he could but smite at once, or take at once to his bosom. And now, let my voice but be heard at his council, let me but approach him with that subtle flattery, so far above the awkward adulation of coarser spirits, and you shall see Alcibiades become more indispensable to Tissaphernes, than Tissaphernes to Alcibiades!"

He kept his word. An incomprehensible enigma—a wonder greater of its kind than the temple of Ephesian Diana—did it seem to the poltroons of court, when the proud vicegerent, before them all, named the Greek refugee his *friend*. Still more incomprehensible was it to the grey-haired counsellors to mark the daily-growing influence of Alcibiades over a man who hitherto had followed no will—esteemed no merit—but his own. Bars and bolts—satellites and eunuchs—appeared to be changed, by some magic formula, into negative quantities. Treasury and harem stood open to the stranger. Open as these, in the same direction, for a time was the heart of Tissaphernes. Bully Bottom was not more "translated" than the Sa-trap.

And Alcibiades too—oh that the ephors and old senators of Sparta could have seen him! The very sparks and spendthrifts of Athens would scarcely have recognised their former brother-rake in the voluptuous, perfume-breathing, resplendent Persian into which he was metamorphosed. His table-service of ivory—and what viands to match it!—his cups of gold—his bath of essences—his feet treading upon purple! Music lulled him to repose; music wakened him from slumber. Scourged was the slave that spread the rose-leaves on his couch with an unpractised hand. Scourged was the cook that over-salted a dish at his board. And withal there were moments when the bold Greek revealed himself—when the hero beamed out of the woman's garb—when truth itself, a thing so unheard by Tissaphernes, broke freely from his lips. Take the next fragments in evidence!

SCENE XII.

Gardens of TISSAPHERNES, near his Palace.

ALCIBIADES, TISSAPHERNES, ANTIOCHUS (*at a little distance*). *Persian courtiers.*

Alc. Yes, Tissaphernes, more than royal is this palace; more sumptuous than the hanging gardens of Semiramis are thine; boundless, sumless the wealth you this morning showed me! Were Greece to be bargained for, town by town, hamlet by hamlet, acre by acre, thou couldst come away the purchaser; and yet—

Tiss. Ha! some fault yet to find? Out with it freely!

Alc. O no, not exactly a fault. In all that I beheld there was a glorious combination of outward show with intrinsic value. Never, I say it again, never has private individual possessed a treasure like this. *Like this—* mark me! And yet I know the owner of a jewel that transcends all thine in rarity, and outweighs them in worth.

Tiss. And this enviable person—who may he happen to be?

Alc. Myself.

Tiss. (*with a smile of surprise*). Thyself? Forgive me, Alcibiades; thy word goes far with me—but here, methinks, there is need for more than common faith. All deference for thy paternal inheritance! It may have been the richest at Athens; nevertheless I am master of a single girdle, set with precious stones—perchance it may have escaped thy notice—which I would not give for it.

Alc. Nay, of this inheritance I spoke not. It once *was* mine; what I am now thinking of, *is* so still. Vaunt thy jewels, good Tissaphernes, as much as you please! But even the poor, the banished son of

Clinias, has yet a jewel—offer him ten times thy girdle's cost for it, and he accepts not the exchange.

Tiss. Ha! now I understand thee, modest Greek! What else canst thou mean than thy *mind*—so far at least like a jewel that it sparkles with a variety of colours.

Alc. A false guess, most mighty Satrap! Yet even that would I not exchange for the lifeless heaps of thy gold, for thy diamonds—*unconscious* of the hues they shine withal, and thus widely different from me. But of that—believe me—I thought not at this moment. I was speaking of a *visible* treasure.

Tiss. End then my uncertainty, and say of what?

Alc. Of *THIS!* (*Catching hold of ANTIOCHUS, and placing him close to TISSAPHERNES.*)

Tiss. (*astonished*). This thine inestimable jewel! I deny not the merit of Antiochus, but—

Ant. (*quite disconcerted*). O Alcibiades, why bring me thus to shame?

Tiss. (*laughing*). Tell us thyself, wonderful stranger—of what costly metal art thou made? Or what powers of enchantment reside within thy soul?

Alc. Hear me out, Tissaphernes! And then thy decision! Lo, it is not the voice of a flatterer—such part shall ne'er be mine—when I call thee *great*. Exhaustless are thy stores; almost unbounded is thy might; and many are the slaves, who bow down in the dust before thee—their life and death suspended on a nod of thy head, on an accent of thy tongue. But 'tis true, is it not, above *all* vicissitude of fortune thou art not yet elevated? It is *improbable*, but not *impossible*.

Tiss. When did I ever say so? When could human being ever say so?

Alc. Suppose a case: suppose thou hadst suddenly—*some two months since*—received intelligence that the favour of thy great king had changed, without a cause, into anger against thee—that a vast army was on the march to attack thee unprepared—and that, shouldst thou be taken, death or endless captivity would be thy doom;—to which of all thy courtiers wouldst thou then have intrusted thy life? Which would

have been ready to partake with thee of exile, poverty, danger, and death? You are silent! You muse upon the question!—muse without finding a reply! O rich Tissaphernes, how poor art thou in comparison with Alcibiades, so long as thou lackest an Antiochus!

Ant. Son of Clinias, wilt thou kill me with shame?

Tiss. Soon—I fear—may this *shame* change quarters. Declare the honest truth! Did Antiochus do all this for thee?

Alc. He did yet more. He threw away security, and chose trembling wretchedness. He wrung from me by violence the permission to attend me; to the very realms of eternal night he swore to follow me; and would do it without a murmur; would do it with joy.

Tiss. (*embracing ALCIBIADES*). Ah yes, then art thou richer than I:—Richer, although my treasures were tenfold multiplied! By the Sun's sacred fire, thou hast holden up a terrible mirror before me, and I shudder at the nakedness in which I stand within it.

Alc. Be it mine, then, to heal the wounds my own hand has dealt. Some weighty words, noble Satrap, thou has heard me utter; think on them, and thou art comforted. (*A pause*).

Tiss. In vain—I cannot divine them.

Alc. *Some two months since*, I said; and laid there my emphasis. Then wast thou still poor; to be rich *now* rests with thyself alone. The son of Clinias had only his Antiochus; thou mayst have Alcibiades and Antiochus together. Farewell; to hinder reflections of some sorts is a crime—and a crime I dare not venture on. (*Going: TISSAPHERNES stops him*).

Tiss. A few moments longer! I will not examine whether thy *last* words are quite so true as thy *first*: they are at least flattering to me, and deserve acknowledgment. (*Signs to his distant attendants*). Hither! I have somewhat to say to you. (*They hurry to him*).

A Courtier. Thy commands, most mighty!

Others. Here—here we are—most merciful!

Tiss. Chamberlains Bagoas and

Artaspes, remember ye that I lately pondered how we should name this garden?

Bagoas (with hands crossed, and head bowed low). Undoubtedly, most glorious! thy slave remembers it. Thou soughtest to mark by a single word the idea of all that is good and beautiful.

Artasp. (like the other). It was to express, in a few syllables, the image of some darling—some unsurpassable being—some object ever charm-

ing, ever young. Whole days long have we sought for it, and discovered no such word.

Tiss. Well then: I have discovered it! Be this garden named henceforward ALCIBIADES (*turning round to him with a smile*). Whether thou wilt name yon neighbouring palace (*pointing to it*), which I have often myself inhabited, and which, with all its furniture, I now present to thee, *Tissaphernes* or *Antiochus*—I leave solely to thyself.

Another—and another—and another—of the actual drama, before the stage-manager can venture to show himself.

SCENE XIII.

Eight days after the preceding.

Chamber of TISSAPHERNES.

TISSAPHERNES. ALCIBIADES.

Tiss. Welcome, Alcibiades. Whence so early?

Alc. I come to thank thee.

Tiss. For the Iberian damsel, perhaps? Spare thy thanks! They might outvalue the present. Does she please thee?

Alc. Not more than I please her in return. I have not forgotten the *erotics* of my old master, Socrates.

Tiss. Bravo! But what like you best about her—the sprightliness of her mind, or the beauty of her person?

Alc. Both are charming. But, to say the truth, I have seen and known too many of our Grecian maids to find any thing extraordinary in the mind of an Asian girl.

Tiss. How? Dost thou deny our countrywomen souls?

Alc. Not entirely; only I question how far they go.

Tiss. How far?

Alc. Mind and freedom—you understand me—are related to each other like sunshine and plants. Take away the one, and the others grow stunted. Your stove-heat may pamper some of the slighter sorts; but

the grander will not rise except beneath an open sky.

Tiss. (becoming very grave). I should hope that this same difference thou dream'st of betwixt our damsels and yours is not meant to include the other sex.

Alc. (laughing). And I will not say what may be guessed unsaid.

Tiss. (enraged). Ha! insolent! and thou darest to my very face—

Alc. (interrupting, but with a calm tone). Dare to thy very face to say that—there is no rule without exception; and that each exception may then lay claim to so much the more honour. One scarcely notices courage in a Spartan—wit in an Athenian; but he who blends them both—as THOU dost—would even in Greece be great, and is in Persia ten times greater. Loftier seems to tower the lonely cedar in thy garden than it would do, with equal height, on Lebanon. This is my theory. Storm at it, if thou wilt, and canst! But O, what are myriads of ordinary Persians to a Tissaphernes? Or is he too—peradventure—a slave, as the foremost beauty

of his harem, despite all her graces, must be?

Tiss. Egregious eel! thou glidest away too quick for one to trace or catch thee. Would that I knew of some net to hold thee fast! But to come back to the point from which we started—knowest thou that, with regard to my yesterday's present, I did but *share* with thee? The same slave-merchant who brought me the Iberian delivered to me also a virgin of Lesbos, captured from pirates; the world's whole limits never looked on aught more lovely.

Alc. I wish thee joy of her.

Tiss. Such a shape—such a stature—such a face, the very type of all enchantment—son of Clinias, all this must be seen, not told of.

Alc. (*coldly*). And yet I believe it all unseen.

Tiss. Harkye, I am already close on fifty, and should know what it is to *live* and to *enjoy*; and yet did I go into raptures that would not have disgraced fifteen—nay, am in raptures yet, so cordial and so child-like, that I should feel a want, were my friend not to learn how exquisite this creature is. Away with me—I will show her to thee.

Alc. As you please (*suddenly drawing back*). But yet, Tissaphernes, first tell me, dost thou believe thyself master of her person only, or of her heart into the bargain?

Tiss. Why, I flatter myself of both. I plucked the first fruit off this young vine. And the transition, from want to overflowing affluence, appears to inflame her gratitude.

Alc. So had I best not see her,

that her heart may remain with thee.

Tiss. What meanest thou?

Alc. At least don thou some costlier robe, and suffer me to follow thee in my plainest. In that case she may forget to look beyond the dress to the man.

Tiss. (*with indignation*). Knowest thou, Greek, that the sturdiest patience tires at last, and that thy vanity—thy laughable vanity—is becoming insupportable?

Alc. (*laughing*). What! can you call me *Greek*, and not remember that *thus* you justify my pride?—Truly thou art right. Even in this womanish disguise the free-born Greek is visible. Sharp is the glance of a female eye. Soon would the fair Lesbian recognise a countryman in me; soon would she distinguish the republican from him who serves a king—although *great King* he may be, and so—for the sake of this little bond of sympathy—perhaps give me her—secret preference.

Tiss. O, the chimera!

Alc. Such you may think it. But even a chimera shall keep me from running in the way of damaging my friend and my protector.—I must not see this Lesbian, (*Exit rapidly*).

Tiss. And all this he says and does with impunity! I, that was once wont to endure nothing, endure all from him.—By the mighty Ormoz, now can I not decide which of us two is playing most the woman's part:—he with his thousand humours and caprices, or I who put up with them all!

SCENE XIV.

A few days after the preceding.

TISSAPHERNES. *A Chamberlain.*

Chamb. Mighty Satrap, he is following close upon my heels.

Tiss. Let him come in, and then . . . (*waves him away*). There must be none in the next chamber.

Chamb. To hear is to obey. (*As he goes out, ALCIBIADES enters*).

Alc. Thou hast summoned me in

monstrous haste. Has any thing happened abroad?

Tiss. Nothing abroad, but something at home. Son of Clinias, thou must have bitter enemies at my court.

Alc. How can I doubt that, when thou art my friend!

Tiss. Or is it perhaps no work of enmity! Have I been deceived in thee? Read this letter. The charge is a grave one.

Alc. (unmoved). Then is it false before I look at it. (*Reads and smiles*). Grave, and yet absurd enough! What! I am aiming at nothing less than thy life!—Tissaphernes, couldst thou for a single instant believe the hundredth part of this foolish lie?

Tiss. No! And if I had, the composure you have read it with would convince me of the contrary.

Alc. A test which serves in this case, but admits of many limitations. Detected guilt—it may be true—alone turns pale; but innocence, suddenly accused, will often blush. On the whole, noble Satrap, 'tis not this letter makes me wonder; 'tis only that they should not higher rate thy penetration and sagacity than to lay for thee such an everyday device—such a self-detecting snare. I, a stranger, without a party at thy court, without an effort to obtain one—I, treated by thee so generously, and never in my whole life suspected of ingratitude—I attempt the murder of my friend, the only one on whom I can rest a hope of safety! And why?—that Sparta's faction might triumph? That the people here might most righteously fall upon the murderer, and tear him to pieces? That, in the luckiest possible event for me, I might again become a fugitive? And yet to think—

Tiss. Well; to think what?

Alc. That you could really be weak enough to deem it necessary, at least desirable, on that account to try an experiment.

Tiss. As if an innocent experiment, even when the result seemed most certain, were not still praiseworthy!

Alc. Praiseworthy in him who cares not for lost time and self-caused disquietude; but blameworthy in thee, O Tissaphernes, who, in thy close connexion with

me, mightst have concluded beforehand that it would anger many, would rouse much envy against me, and against *thymself* much more.

Tiss. More against myself? How's that?

Alc. Set a ring of huge price upon thy finger. While thousands would gaze on it with envy, would they not persuade thee, if they could, that thy brilliant was worthless?

Tiss. (laughing). Always the same man when it comes to self-estimation! But how, O Alcibiades, if I had already a tolerable guess as to the name of thine anonymous accuser?

Alc. (indifferently). Well for thee! So knowest thou his value for the future.

Tiss. And what if, to testify my love for thee, I did yet more—gave him over to *thymself* for punishment?

Alc. Why, then—just to balance the gift—I should send him back to— But, no! I hold thee to thy word. Name him!

Tiss. Bagoas.

Alc. Where were my thoughts not to light on him unaided? Lowliest of all he ever bows before me, lies in wait for every glance of my eye, and flies to anticipate my words! Often already have I whispered to myself, on such occasions—for a certainty, either a rascal or an enemy! I am almost glad to find both united.

Tiss. Dispose of him, then, at thy pleasure.

Alc. Not before, in the face of your whole court, you deliver him to me, and he himself has confessed his villany. We Greeks pass judgment only on convicted criminals. 'Tis Persian despotism to sentence the suspected.

Tiss. (laughing). Really! And yet thy country doomed thee unheard.

Alc. Therefore has it ceased to be my country.

Tiss. As you please. At this day's meal shall your conditions be complied with.

SCENE XV.

THE BANQUET.

Tiss. (as he takes his place upon the couch). Son of Clinias, thou next me as usual! (To one of the attendants). Where is Bagoas, the Chamberlain? He shall present my wine.

Chamberlain. My lord, he had but yesterday the good fortune——

Tiss. And shall have it again to-day. Let him be called.

Chamb. Instantly. He is in the next apartment.

(*Whispers of discontent among the courtiers; BAGOAS advances, with looks of pride towards the rest, of humility towards his master.*)

Tiss. (towards the end of the entertainment, turning to BAGOAS). Dost thou know, Bagoas, to whom thou owest the honour of waiting on us twice successively?

Bag. (with crossed arms). Happy should I count myself, if my weak, but well-meant services, have pleased my glorious master.

Tiss. (sternly). If well-meant they be, they are certain to please me. To-day, however, I was looking not so much to them as to a certain recommendation in thy favour.

Bag. O that I knew the friend—the patron—who is so graciously disposed towards me!

Tiss. Behold him here! (Pointing to ALCIBIADES).

Bag. (somewhat disconcerted). Thou! illustrious son of Clinias! In truth——

Alc. (laughing). Ha, ha! You don't know, perhaps, my eloquent friend, how you have deserved to be remembered by me? Enlighten him, most noble Satrap.

Tiss. (bitterly). As if the one recommendation did not merit the other! Thy letter, however, Bagoas, has produced nothing; but his good word has been effectual.

Bag. (still more embarrassed). What letter, most illustrious master?

Tiss. (holding up to him the letter). Whose hand is this?

Bag. I know it not.

Tiss. (breaking out into fury). Thou knowest it not! Ha! miserable! and thine insolence goes so far as to pollute my ear with lies? Are these not thy characters? Was not yes-

terday thy day of attendance? Who but thou could have entered the chamber where this was found? Who but thou was seen of my guard a few moments before, creeping stealthily away? Have there not escaped thee, more than once, half-sentences of malice towards my friend? Was not——Yet why debase myself so deeply as to seek for proofs against a wretch like thee? We have means to wring the truth from obdurate spirits. Choose this instant between full confession and the torture.

Bag. (kneeling). If mine innocence——

Tiss. Innocence! What, venture still? Guards, seize this miscreant, and away with him to the rack. Take him down when he has breathed his last sigh, or confessed his last villany!

(*The guards seize him, ALCIBIADES seems desirous to speak.*)

Bag. O mercy, mercy!——(They are tearing him away).—There shall need no rack. I will confess all! I wrote the letter.

Tiss. Turn, then, thy face this way (pointing to ALCIBIADES), and make confession. To him I make thee over, thy means, thy life, thine all. He is thy master and thy judge.

Bag. (prostrating himself before ALCIBIADES). O that thou——

Alc. (with majesty). My warmest thanks, great Satrap, for this honourable confidence. 'Tis meet that I should strive to merit it! Bagoas, I will be more than thy judge, I will be thy mild one. I might, perhaps, ask thee how have I—who never wronged thee by a word, by a thought—drawn on me thy hate, and that too of so keen a quality? I might ask thee who are thine accomplices?—and bring them hither to my foot like thee. But I desire not to know them, nor to punish thee. Arise! thou art pardoned.

Whispers around the circle. Great! Noble! Incomparably noble!

Tiss. (amazed). What! Alcibiades, thou wouldst——

Alc. Implore thee too to do as I do. This unfortunate——

Tiss. Forgive him? Never! Seize him there, and let a cross——

Alc. Pronounce it not, noble Satrap! What! Tissaphernes retract his word! To me he consigned the fate of Bagoas, and I decide it.

Tiss. Be it so. His life thou mayst present him with; but my forgiveness he shall never have. Let him be degraded from his office; banished from my court, and from my face for ever.

Alc. Not so, O generous Tissaphernes! Worthless then would be my present; more insupportable than death itself would be his punishment. His attempt was harmless to me; let it be also harmless to himself. He sought to shake me in thy confidence and favour; the strongest proof that he could not—the most terrible to his accomplices, or those who think like him—will be thy readiness to listen to my requests in general, and to this in particular.

Many of the Courtiers (half aloud). Magnanimity beyond compare!

Tiss. Son of Clinias, on how undeserving an object dost thou lavish thy clemency, thy nobleness! Persuasion drops from thy lips; but to justice I must lend a readier ear. (To BAGOAS.) Miserable slave, hearken to thy doom! and that no argument, no prayer may further mitigate it, hear me attest it by the Sun's pure fire—authentic emanation of divinity. Thank Alcibiades that I suffer thee to live! Thank his liberality that I leave thee half of thy possessions—I know thy avarice and thy wealth—and promise him the half alone! Thank his superhuman magnanimity

that I banish thee not for ever! But take thyself now from my presence. If after a month's space this noble Greek again shall speak a word for thee—then mayest thou haply once more, vile slave, prostrate thyself before thy master.

Bag. O permit me yet once again to kiss the dust from thy feet! Before thee, too, illustrious Alcibiades, permit me——

Alc. Away, Bagoas! thy thanks I wish not, and thy petition I already divine. Be assured, the next moon's first day, if it depend on me, shall be the last of thy banishment. Moreover, fear not for thy treasures. My princely friend has given them to me; but the giving back again he has not forbidden. Economist for myself I never yet could be; for another I trust to learn the art.

[BAGOAS withdraws.]

Tiss. Glorious Alcibiades!—sole Greek that deserves to be my friend! Touchstone never tested the worth of virgin gold more undeniably than this event has shown the greatness of thy soul. Wo to him that even by a look affronts thee! Death without pity—even at thy entreaty irremissible—to him that speaks or writes a word against thee. I will punish even the man that envies thee; although truly I myself am not far from this infirmity. See, thou refusest my present of the wealth of Bagoas. This ring from my finger thou shalt not refuse. I give it thee, not because no jeweller has hitherto presumed to put a value on it—it shall be merely a remembrancer of this day—nothing more.

With his first step into the Satrap's council-chamber Alcibiades had altered the whole temper of Persian politics. We could show him, as his own heart began to yearn more and more for his country, working round, with inimitable skill, the mighty mass, whose huge momentum he now desired to bring to bear in favour of Athens. We could show him insidious in the harem, persuasive in the closet, triumphant in divan. But, alas! there are ever two sides to the tapestry. We should have to show, notwithstanding all his management, the innate craft of a semi-barbarian too strong for him at last. It would be too mortifying to exhibit, with our own proper pen, a Tissaphernes improving on the lessons of his teacher, and learning to play fast and loose with the pupil of Pericles.

Blessings, then, on Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, Deist as he was! Often as we have laughed over the quaint coxcombrity of his Thucydides, still oftener have we respected a translator, "to whom," says our thrice-worthy friend, Aristophanes Mitchell, "something might be added on the side of elegance, but whose closeness and fidelity few can hope to surpass." We

venerate the very "heads of his Analysis," and shall draw upon them with the more satisfaction, because they will save us an unpleasant task. An accomplished scholar, like yourself, will follow, without losing a link, enough of the chain to connect the recent scenes with the next in succession.

"Alcibiades crosseth the business of the Peloponnesians.

He adviseth Tissaphernes to shorten their pay, and to corrupt the captains.

He counselleth Tissaphernes to prolong the war, and afflict both sides.

He adviseth him of the two to favour the Athenians.

Alcibiades aimeth at his return to Athens."

So far all has been well. But, supposing you to know all about the plots and counter-plots this aim gave birth to—the doings of Phrynichus, and the doings of Pisander—the Athenians at Samos and the Athenians at home—the struggles between democracy and oligarchy—the five hundred and the four hundred—supposing you, we say, to have all this at the extremities of your digits, pray mark three more heads, and we are satisfied :—

"Tissaphernes hearkeneth again to the Peloponnesians.

The authors of the oligarchy resolve to leave out Alcibiades.

Alcibiades is recalled, and cometh to Samos."

There, you see, the democratic principle, backed by the troops at Samos, appears to have the best of it. And as Thucydides has filled up no speeches in his last book, we shall be forgiven for usurping his office. The soldiers are met in assembly—Alcibiades harangues at Samos.

SCENE XVI.

"My brothers, how long an interval has passed away since last I spoke as an Athenian to Athenians—as a friend, loving and beloved, to my countrymen! Not a word now of that faction and their artifices who impeached me of a crime more foreign to my nature than water is to fire; who shrunk into themselves for shame when I challenged them to open trial; and then struck into my back the dagger, more fatal to my country than myself. What need of a defence to you, whose eyes and hearts already acquit me?

"And not a word of the afflictions I endured, a wanderer from sea to sea—from city to city; a wanderer, until the clemency of a barbarian became my last and surest refuge. To you I will not quarrel with my destiny, still less appeal to your compassion. To draw your attention to *yourselves* must be my aim—my duty. It is needful ye reflect on what you *lost*, as an earnest of what you have *regained*."

"Before you, as masters of sea and land, mighty in allies whom I

had brought you—mighty in your own strength, which I had made you feel—before you lay Trinacria, the Queen of islands, one-half of it your assured friend, one-half your certain booty. Trembling Syracuse had no power to withstand that fleet—the greatest, the most puissant of all recorded in the Grecian annals. Before you the Peloponnesians were bowing down, and distant Carthage shuddered. This your lot, while I still was at your head! This the vista before you at the moment ye displaced him who had opened it!

"Must I enumerate the misfortunes that have since befallen you? Must I say—never would a Gylippus have come to Syracuse; never, like some furtive freebooter, have slipped by and stolen in, had I been his opponent? Must I disclose to you all the weaknesses, the follies of Nicias? No, no, unfortunate! That enmity which divided us when living let the grave shut up for ever! Dearly didst thou pay for thy errors. Athens would forgive thee—would bless the memory of thy many vir-

tues—were not the wounds still bleeding, thy pusillanimity inflicted on thy country. Athenians, ye are in a relenting mood, and I will not proceed. In two words let me compress the loss of Chios and Ionia, and all those manifold calamities that have crushed or scattered your fleets and armies in the present war.

A Voice. Thine own work!

Many. Silence! silence! Who was this intruder! Away with him!

Others. This is no time for such reproaches! Away with him!

Alc. Let him abide! Bitter as his words may be—yet are they true. Yes, Athenians, when ye forced me to become your enemy, it was mine own resolve to be no despicable foe. When ye condemned me to death, I threatened to convince you I was still alive. I have kept my pledge. No question now if I were right or wrong!—With willing heart do I pardon your injustice; as freely pardon my revenge. Even amid my fiercest indignation, I never utterly forgot my love for you; and hard would it be to decide whether the harm I did you then, or the service I have done you since, be the greater. My work is that dissension which has lamed the arm of Sparta, and blunted the Peloponnesian swords. My work is this safety in which ye are lying here at Samos, while not even your internal feuds, and the frantic rule of those four hundred, can give your foes the spirit to assail ye. My work it is, that not yet Phœnicia's fleet has linked itself with that at Miletus, and destroyed your naval power for ever. 'Twas I who made out of Tissaphernes, your deadliest and strongest foe, not only a slumbering adversary, but a man now ready to embrace your friendship. These his parting words:—"Go," he said, "a noble land must I count thine Attica, since even after a banishment the most unjust, after honours at my court the most exalted, the longing and the love for her has never left thee. But the most ungrateful people must this Athenian people be, if this constancy of thine be unrewarded. Go, and assure thy countrymen—can I once repose a reasonable confidence in them, their army shall not want for sustenance, though I should sell my own bed to

purchase it—the fleet at Aspendus shall not only lie at anchor, but shall weigh anchor with all speed to join them, at least to join that party at whose head Thou shalt stand."—So spake the Satrap. What ye, Athenians, now find it meet to do, yourselves conclude!

(He pauses. Agitation for a moment among the crowd, soon breaking out into an universal cry.)

Some. Welcome, as the friend of thy country!

Many. Welcome, as our general!

Others. As general with unfettered powers!

Others. Unfettered and alone!

All. Unfettered and alone! Unfettered and alone!

Alc. *(signing with his hand to them).* With nought, my brothers—

All. *(in greater tumult.)* Unfettered and alone! No refusal, son of Clinias!

Alc. *(as before).* For one moment suffer me—

All. *(louder and louder).* Unfettered and alone!

Alc. *(having suffered them to exclaim for some time—at last with the most earnest air).* Athenians, hear me, or by my life, I come down from this bema, and mount it again no more.

A few. Hear him!

Several. Speak! but no refusal of our call.

Alc. And yet I must refuse it. Is it possible, my brothers, that ye should so misunderstand, so utterly mistake me? By my head, that miscreant who charged me with the mutilation of the Mercuries, could not wrong me more than your misjudging love. I your sole commander! I preferred to men who so honestly laboured for my recall, who so brother-like embraced me at my coming! No, Athenians, to be the colleague of Thrasylus and the rest I stand prepared with all the powers of my mind, with all my dearly-bought experience. But to wish to be more—or to place more within my choice—is against the duty of free citizens.

A voice. Brave men are our generals; but thou art bravest of the brave! Be thou our only leader!

All. Our only leader! our only general!

Alc. Would ye but learn to know what ye demand! To know that

even unfettered powers would make me impotent to serve ye! Shall I be your *only* leader? And yet 'tis indispensable that soon I leave ye.

All. Thou! Never more! Never more!

Alc. Thoughtless! have ye forgotten already that Phœnician fleet? Have ye forgotten already that much remains to be discussed with Tissaphernes, if he is to become entirely your friend? O Athenians, but for a moment do ye now behold me. Once more must I fly back to Asia, in order to return entirely, solely yours.

Many. Fly thither, and return!

Alc. So must ye mean while have leaders! must thankfully requite them, if they mean you well! must

—(*with quickly altered tone*). And yet, why linger I so long? For a moment I accept that unlimited authority ye offer me, and use it—to elect my colleagues. Thrasyllus, Thrasybulus, here, before all the people, I embrace you as sharers of my power. Be not angry with *them*! A transport of joy made them, for a few moments, too eagerly my friends. Be not angry with *me*! ye see that I forget not your worth. A terrible dissension rends asunder city and army. Comrades must we be, unsevered by envy and dissension. Even as fraternally as Charicles and I joined hands, will we now—forgive these tears! They speak: though through them my mouth is dumb.

Once more, honest Hobbes, assist us!

“The Peloponnesians murmur against Tissaphernes and Astyochus.

Mindarus, successor to Astyochus, taketh charge of the army, and Astyochus goeth home.

Alcibiades saveth the Athenian state.

Alcibiades goeth after Tissaphernes.

Alcibiades returneth from Aspendus to Samos.

Tissaphernes goeth toward Hellespont to cover the favour of the Peloponnesians.”

And that brings us again to the thread of our story. “He has known me,” cried Alcibiades, “as a Spartan and a fugitive. Let him behold in me now the victorious Athenian!” Away then he went to the Satrap. Around him a superb escort; along with him the richest presents, that might at once soothe the avarice of Tissaphernes, and declare the magnificence of the donor. But here came one of those tricks of fortune, against which the most long-sighted prudence is not always a safeguard.

With what naked simplicity does Xenophon—for Thucydides and Hobbes desert us now—relate the adventure! “Alcibiades having arrived in one trireme, bringing gifts of hospitality and other presents, Tissaphernes arrested and imprisoned him at Sardis, under the pretence that the King had ordered him to make war on the Athenians. But after thirty days”—let us not anticipate the sequel. Do but observe what genius has made out of fifteen words of the original omitted here!

It was on the thirtieth evening of his captivity that he lay upon his couch, apparently wrapt in the deepest slumbers. Near him sat Masistres and Spithridates (so his guards were named). In low whispers they were expressing, distinctly enough, their compassion for his lot, and their anxiety as to the probable course of Tissaphernes, should Sparta demand his death. Then did Alcibiades for the first time detect a favourable opening. With a quickness that took them by surprise he started up, and in a tone of fervour that seldom failed to move his hearers, exclaimed,

“Thanks to the Gods! For a time left me not for ever. Even in prison they bring me friends. Perfidy

has thrown me into it, but your generosity will free me.

Spithr. Free thee! If wishes could do it, thou wert already free. But *(shrugs his shoulders)*.

Alc. O no! ye are men; and men content themselves not with *wishes*. Let but friendly *deeds* attend your friendly *words*, and what can hinder our flight and my deliverance?

Mas. Our flight?—Dost thou forget that we are Tissaphernes's servants; that he would not have committed thee to us, had our truth been unproved? Forgettest thou that oath and duty bind us?

Alc. Bind you! Ha, is't possible that honest men can owe obedience and fidelity to one who knows not what faith, and truth, and gratitude mean? If ye be attached to Tissaphernes, it must be by reason either of *his virtues* or *your interest*. The former never had a being, and the supposition of the latter will vanish on the first close examination.

Spithr. Greek! think what thou art saying!

Alc. Nothing. I am not prepared to prove.—Remember ye the day of my former presence at this court? Who could ever boast to have so utterly possessed the confidence of Tissaphernes? On whom did he ever before, in the hearing of all the circle, bestow the name of FRIEND? Who marked out the plan on which he governed, and governs still?

Mas. Unquestionably *thou*.

Alc. But a few moons ago and *Alcibiades* was his very name for all most near and dear to him. One salutation from my lips was more to him than ten kisses of his Lesbian damsel. One word of my tongue was an oracle. And now a prison my reward; the hazard of death my requital! O, which of ye can augur for far smaller services a better recompense—for far inferior security a longer duration? Who can cleave with real ardour to a master who is ready, from base fear, to sacrifice the darling of his heart, but to shun a *distant* danger, while *nearer* ones his blindness cannot see?

Mas. What dost thou require of us?

Alc. Three easy things. The opening of these locks; three stout horses, and your company.

Spithr. *(laughing)*. Truly a modest

sacrifice to ask for. Greater our Great King himself could not demand.

Mas. Art thou in earnest when thou requestest that for thy sake we abandon substance, friends, and country?

Alc. In order to find all these doubled and trebled in Greece. *Yours* shall be all that is mine. *Yours* whatever ye but desire, and I have power to bestow. Fair is Grecia's clime; friendly are her people; and friends to you will be her noblest race—the race of Athens—if ye preserve her darling—her chief—in me! Then will ye taste the unspeakable delight to be slaves of none and masters of many. Then shall ye choose between luxurious rest or active dignity, according to your pleasure. It was not without a purpose I often asked you, *are ye fathers*? With joy I heard your *no*! That loss alone I could not have repaired for you. All else that here ye prize, there shall ye find again, and shall wonder at the usury with which I will repay the loan ye make me.

Mas *(shaking his head)*. Fair words, fair words! Many such are spoken in durance and forgotten in deliverance.

Spithr. Greek faith is ever reckoned an unsafe security; what, then, can we expect from the word of the *slyest* of all Greeks? The very maxim you have condemned in Tissaphernes,—first to make use of him that can be useful, and then to forget—

Alc. *(interrupting with eager indignation)*. No, cruel ones, this is too much! Do what seems good to you. Suffer me to languish on in these bonds! Away to your Satrap; tell him to what I would have tempted you, that he may make your wages higher, and my imprisonment more stern! Follow his commands; though these commands be death to me! For all this you haply may find grounds enough *without* ye and *within* ye. But what moves ye to place me in the ranks of the ungrateful? Why suspect in me a treachery I have hated all my life with my whole soul? One example only from my history, and I may hope 'twill teach ye! Know ye Antiochus?

Mas. How should we not? Was he not a short time since with thee at the court of Tissaphernes?

Alc. And what think ye of him?

Spithr. That he yields to none but thee.

Alc. Yet was that Antiochus born in the deepest poverty; was dragged forth to light and honour by my friendship; and won that friendship by a single service not worth two drachms in actual value, but in my eyes the more precious, because I looked to the benevolence of heart that showed itself thereby. For the sake of a little bird, recovered for me by him, I raised him above the noblest youths of Athens—showering on him riches and preferments. Shall I do less for those, that rescue me to life and liberty? Or have

ye, in the whole career of your great Satrap, one trait to point to that can match itself with this? one man to name, whose happiness he so utterly created? whose patron, whose protector, he so unchangeably remained? Ye are dumb.—Away then, away, and continue slaves, while it stands in your own choice, to become the friends of a Grecian General, who wants—to make him mightier than ten Satraps—but one sole advantage—freedom: who will share with you every obolus of all his treasures—every tittle of his glory—every drop of his blood. O, be ye assured, that even to immortality your names will soar, if ye save the man on whose destiny the fate of Greece and of Persia hangs suspended!

Dead, peradventure, to our readers' eyes, are the alphabetic characters, composing these words of Alcibiades; but *living*, and *life-imparting*, was their sound in the ears of both his hearers. Then add the eager confidingness of his look—the warmly proffered hand—the entrancing grace of his beautiful person—the thousand little concomitants, that cannot be *described*, and therefore were the better *felt*—and so you may conceive how it was that Tissaphernes' trustiest slaves were gradually converted—their fidelity all oozing away, after the fashion of Bob Acres's courage, or Lord Palmerston's Toryism—to the opposite party. To them, as to our accomplished friend, Henry Lytton Bulwer, a foreign mission seemed decidedly before the home-service—in point of emolument. Like *honest* Joseph, they were all for the Greek cause—and their chance of a good dividend.

At midnight—on the swiftest coursers of the East—away they sped to Clazomenæ. “Again my matchless destiny!” cried Alcibiades, with a laugh, as he sprung into the saddle:—“My gaolers turned into my body-guard!”

And soon he taught the Satrap, and the Spartans, that he was again at liberty. First came the fight at Cyzicus, and the utter destruction of Mindarus and his squadron. How funnily does Hippocrates, succeeding to the Peloponnesian command, tell the tale of that engagement, in a singsong, which even Müller allows to be rhythmical! We are not aware that the heroic Evans has yet epistolized in verse. What would he say to this, as a model for his next despatch?

ἔρρι τὰ καλὰ · Μίνδαρος γ' ἀπιστοῦνα ·
πινωῖντι τῶνδρες · ἀπορίοιμι τί χρὴ δεῖν ·

“Our luck's all fled. The general's gone dead.
The men want bread. We're fairly bother-ed.”

Then, in quick succession, came the defeat of Pharnabazus near Abydos—siege laid to Chalcedon—another defeat of Pharnabazus—capture of Selymbria—the convention of Chalcedon. Every where the son of Clinias

makes his presence felt, or events hang upon his absence. He is threatening Byzantium at the moment of the Chalcædonian treaty. Pharnabazus deems it insecure until Alcibiades shall give his sanction. The proud Satrap lingers on for the return of the great captain. And this their interview in open camp, before the *city of the blind* :—

SCENE XVIII.

Before Chalcædon.

ALCIBIADES (*just returned*). GLAUCIAS.

Glauc. Good, that thou hast returned at last! Thy colleagues have sent forth I can't tell how many messengers after thee.

Alc. And wherefore?

Glauc. Knowest thou not that Pharnabazus has come into our camp?

Alc. I know it.

Glauc. And that a convention has been made with him concerning Chalcædon?

Alc. I know that too; but not yet the conditions.

Glauc. An armistice with the Chalcædonians—in return for the paying down of twenty talents by the Satrap, and his promise to conduct ambassadors from us even to his sovereign's throne:—Chalcædon to pay her former tribute to Athens—and the arrears to be made good.

Alc. Is this all?

Glauc. All!—Do not these conditions, then, seem favourable enough?

Alc. But moderate;—neither of the kind which one rejects, nor of that which one receives with acclamation.

Glauc. But now comes the best of it. Canst thou guess why Pharnabazus is still lingering among us?

Alc. Not readily.

Glauc. Because he rates the oath which four Athenian generals have sworn to him as nothing, until thou art joined in it.

Alc. (*smiling*). Say'st thou so? Whence got the barbarian this sagacity? One would almost suspect him of treachery, he seems so careful to guard himself against it.

Slave. (*entering hastily*). The Satrap Pharnabazus, with a vast following, is coming straight towards our tent.

[*Exit.*]

Alc. Already! It must be something weighty brings him hither so fast.

Pharn. (*to his retinue*). Keep back!—Welcome, noble son of Clinias!

Alc. (*with a dignified inclination of the head*). Welcome, mighty Pharnabazus!

Pharn. (*offering his hand*). It rejoices me to speak with a man whom I have heard so much of, and whose person I have long known so well.

Alc. (*somewhat surprised*). Known my person! How so?

Pharn. Have we not often fought right opposite each other?

Alc. (*with a significant smile*). Indeed! I have been ever wont to fight among the foremost.

Pharn. (*offended*). Well—and I?

Alc. O, very possibly thou dost the same! Only—forgive my frankness, I don't remember to have seen thy—face.

Pharn. (*incensed*). Greek!

Alc. (*gravely*). Persian!

Pharn. (*restraining himself*). Be it so! Thou seemst disposed—if I may judge—to enjoy an opportunity, when one must have self-command.

Alc. Not my fault, if thou misinterpret a phrase that should be taken literally.

Pharn. (*smiling*). To be sure, thou art just the man in whose words one is content with the letter! But enough of this! Knowest thou, son of Clinias, that I never yet have honoured Greek as now I honour thee?

Alc. How me?

Pharn. Wherefore I came into the camp, and what we generals have agreed on, I am not the first to tell thee. I presume thee in possession of these matters. But that I—I, whose presence in my province the most importunate affairs demand—whom daily couriers of the Great King assail with messages—on whom devolves the burden of a state as wide in compass as all

Greece—that I should have tarried seven days for thy return, for the oath of a single individual—this, although thou mayst have heard it once already, now hear once more, that thou mayst feel it the more deeply.

Alc. (smiling). I thank thee for this consideration, and am willing to requite it. Had I been present when the stipulations were arranged, 'tis possible that some might have been marked out by a keener pen. But now I assent to all. Name thou thyself the hour of our mutual oath.

Pharn. Our mutual oath! Wherefore so? Have I not already signed? Or is that not enough for thee, wherewith thy fellows were contented—my word as a prince?

Alc. With all my soul—so thou be equally content with mine as a general.

Pharn. (smiling). Has Alcibiades never sworn before, that he rates his oath so high?

Alc. Which of us two rates it highest? I, who am willing—or thou, who declinest?

Pharn. All respect for thee and thy station! But some things may

beseech the general, that would degrade the satrap.

Alc. Precisely the tone I looked for!—And precisely that which shall not move me!—Know, Pharnabazus, that the son of Clinias has ruled and lorded over men of thy degree; feared them has he never. Why vauntest thou a rank which a single mortal gave thee, as much as a whole people gave me mine?

Pharn. Only that there are steps, methinks, between a prince and a general!

Alc. Steps for the weakling and the craven—for the brave man, none! Vanquished prince, and victorious general! Prince of a race of slaves, and general of a free people! Weigh both conceptions in what scales you will—let the balance be but true, and I am at ease about the issue. But grant, what I doubt not, that the greater share of power is thine; so much the more needful that an oath should bind whom nothing else controls—so much the more excusable to be mistrustful of one, whose will and pleasure are his laws! And, therefore, *this* my last and fast resolve—we swear *both*, or *neither*!

And so we were about to close our penultimate paper on Alcibiades, with a brief assurance that this hint was enough—their oaths were *interchanged*. But the fates had decreed for us a brisker termination. In the very nick of time, comes the following letter, from a fair correspondent, to the Editor. We number the paragraphs, for the sake of our annotations and reflections.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD.

SIR,

1. It was late in last month, when I heard accidentally that your September's publication contained a letter, addressed to Walter Savage Landor, the most original thinker of our day. I was actually in the middle of writing to that gentleman, and, in a thoughtless mood, proposed sending him a copy of your edifying epistle, in the hope that he might be tempted to answer it. You may well laugh, that a *friend* could suppose Mr Landor capable of such a dereliction of principles; and I confess, that when I received his answer, a few days ago, part of which I shall copy *verbatim*, I stood "with looks abashed."

2. My letter found Mr Landor wandering among the stupendous ruins of the castle of Heidelberg, in company with Professor Parlus, one of the most amiable, as well as most learned men in Germany.

3. Mr Landor's answer to my letter is as follows:—"Do you think it possible I should abase myself to notice any witticisms in Blackwood's Magazine? I never forgive any one who tells me what another has said or done against me. I never read criticisms upon me unless to acknowledge an obligation, when I hear of it. The only one I ever remember to have *redd* upon myself was, the first of all, Southey's on Geber, until Fonblanque

(or rather Foster) wrote so eulogistically in the *Examiner*. I desire never to see or hear criticisms on my writings, favourable or unfavourable. It is so much time wasted, either to gratify a childish vanity or excite a childish resentment, though I think I am too tough-skinned for either."

4. It was only yesterday that I saw your Magazine for September. Verily, the letter "To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.," bubbles over with witticisms as a bottle of Champagne with froth, and it is not without certain "compunctious visitings of nature," which would fain step in between me and "my fell purpose," that I stretch out my hand to set an extinguisher on all your pleasing anxious anticipations of the effects your letters (if I understand you right, they are to be many) will produce on Mr Landor.

5. It appears his own words are not sufficient testimony, but every one who knows him intimately, will join me in *ascertaining* that neither Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, nor any one of those periodical journals in which some mysteriously magnifying glass has led you to the discovery of a similarity of opinions on classical subjects with those that "adorn *his* most recent publication," ever have crossed Alps and Apennines to darken or brighten his "Tuscan villa."

6. If you can discover any resemblance (imitation is out of the question) in Mr Landor's writings to others, you will render your readers a greater service by transcribing them side by side than you can by any remarks. Permit me to observe that an *ascertainment* which necessarily leads to a falsehood, is one; and the very worst, as uniting the baseness of cowardice with it.

7. It cannot be expected that any matter of fact (such as the impossibility of your letters ever being noticed or seen by Mr Landor) will check your facetiousness. It is more to be regretted as a *concern* that his neglect may deprive your publication of what could alone be intended by your letters. As your last has probably been read by all the readers of your Magazine, I hope I am not presuming too much on your well-known liberality and candour when I request the insertion of the above answer to it.

I am, sir, your's, &c. &c.

A. M. D. i. e.

(*Nostro periculo*)

AMELIA MARIA DOBBS.

October 14th.

THE COMMENTARY.

1. *Late last month when you heard accidentally, &c.!* Why, dear Amelia, among what particular tribe of Caffres are you accustomed to spend your summers? That in any corner of civilized Europe, in these days of steam and railways, a number of Maga should be four weeks old before the popular breath had given you a minute knowledge of its contents, seems as likely as that the people in the planet Mercury are pea-green. And you style yourself a *friend* of Mr Landor's! Excuse a stale quotation from an author you don't appear to have ever read—"Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!"

2. Your letter found the mighty Landor wandering among the *stupendous* ruins of Heidelberg! Well: how venturous some men are! What chorographical discoveries may we not expect from "the most original thinker of our day?" And in company with the "amiable and learned" Parlus! "Byrlakin, a parlous" society. But, you sly puss, why did you conceal the certain fact that three Miss Smiths, four Tomkinsons, and their cousin Jenkyns, from Wales, made the same awful attempt at the self-same hour, and saw the self-same stupendous sights, big barrel and all?

3. The immense Walter Savage cannot *abase himself*, &c. &c. Hoity, toity! Here's moral dignity. Nevertheless our memory had served us truly (*see the September letter*); and the great man himself admits, "I never forgive (*Christian philosopher!*) any one who tells me what another has said or done against me." Moreover, he has already acted on our Filter recipe (*see again the facetious letter*), for he never *redd* about himself, save once,

"until Fonblanque (or rather Foster) wrote so *eulogistically* in the Examiner." Right, Mr Landor. Exactly our own system. You will find it exceedingly good for your digestion.

4. Thank you, Maria, for the Champagne comparison. After all, we think you do justice to our style—racy and sparkling as the paragon of wines. We appeal to Lord Panmure—a capital judge of both. But what do you mean by our anticipated *letters*? We have spoken of reviewing Pericles and Aspasia, and D. V. a review that very extraordinary work shall have at our hands, unworthy as they may be to deal with so much excellence. If Mr Landor does not choose to read it, that is his affair. The consciousness of such apathy on the part of our author, will not make his critic eat an ounce the less.

5. 6. *Ascerting, ascertainment!* Preserve us! Miss Dobbs, you spell no better than your master. This comes of classes for general knowledge. It is plain you have been educated on the new principles. Wisely spake Mrs Malaprop; "but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might *reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying*." As to showing "resemblance in Mr Landor's writings to others,"—pray, good girl, don't be in a hurry. All in due order and fit time. We hope to conclude *Alcibiades* in next number, and then comes the turn of your hero; whose work shall have full justice in this and all other respects. But you go on; "an *ascertainment* which necessarily leads to falsehood." Now, do you "reprehend the true meaning of what you are saying?" Do you intend to signify that our observation has led you to tell a fib? Fye, Amelia! March into the corner; say over your *duty to my neighbour*; and remember where naughty people go to.

7. Certainly no "matter of fact" shall check our "facetiousness" as long as we can boast of so valuable an attribute. Yet the greatest work of Savage Landor must be treated in a serious and manly temper. Both his high merits and his grave faults call for such treatment from those who are as well versed as himself in the details and spirit of antiquity, and know how potently they may be wielded—with a heavy responsibility on the wielder—for good or for evil.

In conclusion, your remark about *a concern* is to us mysterious. It conveys either no meaning, or one that should bring a blush of shame, for mingled folly and injustice, into the most brazen visage in all England.

Farewell, Dobbs!

October 19.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIV.

DECEMBER, 1836.

Vol. XL.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

THE

AMERICAN

18

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XL.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

TRANSLATED FROM ÆSCHYLUS. BY MR CHAPMAN.

Persons:—

STRENGTH.
FORCE.
HEPHÆSTUS.
PROMETHEUS.

CHORUS OF SEA-NYMPHS.
OCEANUS.
Iō.
HERMES.

SCENE—*a Mountain of European Scythia.*

STRENGTH, FORCE, HEPHÆSTUS, PROMETHEUS.

Str. We have reached Earth's boundary, this Scythian tract
And pathless solitude—the Sire's behest
Must now, Hephæstus, be thy care, to fix
This bold and contumacious recusant
In the fast bonds of adamantine chains,
To these high hanging rocks precipitous ;
For that he pilfered and to mortals gave
Thy flower, the splendour of essential fire,
That in itself doth comprehend all arts ;
For which offence he must unto the gods
Give satisfaction, and thereby be taught
To acquiesce in the supremacy
Of Zeus, and cease from his man-loving mood.

Heph. Ye, Strength and Force, have done what Zeus enjoined,
And nothing more remains for you to do ;
But I have not the heart to bind perforce
A kindred god to this storm-veit ravine ;
Yet must I do it, for to disobey
The Sire is no light thing. High-minded son
Of Themis just and wise, not with my will
Nor thine, must I with chains indissoluble
Pin thee to this inhospitable cliff,
Where thou, nor human voice, nor human shape
Shalt hear or look on, but shall change thy hue,
Baked in the sun's clear flame : to thy content
The night in spangled robe shall softly come,
And hide his light, and he disperse again
No less to thy content, the morn's frore dew.
The weight of present ill shall evermore

Afflict thee ; for not yet hath seen the light
One to deliver thee. Such is the fruit
Thou reapest from thy philanthropic mood.
For thou, a god, hast braved the wrath of gods,
And favoured mortal men beyond their due.

Wherefore on this unamiable rock
Shalt thou be sentinel, with knee unbent,
Erect and sleepless, uttering many a wail,
And bootless lamentation ; for the mind
Of Zeus is hardly to be soothed by prayer :
Whoe'er is new to sovereign power is stern.

Str. Well, well ! why dost thou linger ? why indulge
In useless pity ?—why not rather hate
The god to gods most odious, who betrayed
Thy bright prerogative to human kind ?

Heph. Of mighty influence is the conjunct tie
Of kindred and familiar intercourse.

Str. Agreed—but how to disobey the Sire ?
Does not this fear exceed that influence ?

Heph. Ruthless and reckless hast thou ever been.

Str. Wailing can't heal him ; weary not thyself
With idle and unprofitable grief.

Heph. Out on my craft—my hateful handicraft !

Str. Why dost thou hate it ? in good truth thy art
Is wholly guiltless of thy present grief.

Heph. Would that some other had it for his lot !

Str. Gods have done all they will, except the will
To have the rule ; for none is free but Zeus.

Heph. I know it, and have nothing to gainsay.

Str. Wilt thou not hasten then to fetter him,
Lest the dread Sire behold thee loitering ?

Heph. The manacles are ready.

Str. With thy mallet
Drive, clench them on him, bolt them to the rock.

Heph. 'Tis done ; not slowly now my task proceeds.

Str. Strike harder, drive the wedge with all thy might,
For even from inextricable bands
He is expert at finding out escapes.

Heph. This arm, at least, is most securely fixed.

Str. Clasp the other as securely ; let him learn
With all his craft he is a fool to Zeus.

Heph. None but himself can justly blame my work.

Str. Now through his chest with all thy vigour drive
The sharp tooth of the adamantine wedge.

Heph. Ah ! ah ! Prometheus, for thy pangs I groan.

Str. Again dost linger, groaning for the foes
Of Zeus : take heed thou groan not for thyself.

Heph. Thou dost behold a piteous spectacle.

Str. I see him only having his deserts.
But fasten now the girths around his sides.

Heph. I must do this—but urge me not too much.

Str. I will both urge and cheer thee to the work ;
Go down and fix the shackles round his legs.

Heph. The task is finished with no length of toil.

Str. Drive sharply through his feet the piercing bolts,
For the task-master is a censor stern.

Heph. Thy tongue brawls harshness that befits thy shape.

Str. Be soft thyself, and not object to me,
My wilful temper and my rugged mood.

Heph. Come, let us go, his limbs are in the net.

Str. Here now show scorn—steal the prerogative
Of gods and give it to ephemerals.

Which of thy pangs can mortals rid thee of?

By a false name the gods do thee miscal

Prometheus—for thou needest a Prometheus

To point the way of shuffling off this ill.

[*Exeunt* STRENGTH, FORCE, and HEPHÆSTUS. PROMETHEUS
is left attached to the mountain, after the manner of one crucified.

Prom. Ether immense! and ye swift winged winds!
Ye founts of rivers, and thou laughter large
With countless dimples of the salt sea waves!
And thou, the universal mother, Earth!
I call you, and the sun's all-seeing orb,
To be my witnesses; for ye behold
What I, a god, do suffer from the gods.
See! with what contumelious pangs
I'm pierced, that ne'er shall loose their fangs
Till many thousand years go round.
Such an unseemly chain for me
The new chief of the blest hath found;—
Alas! alas! for present ill,
And for the ill to come I groan.
What limit to my woes shall be?
Oh! when shall they their term fulfil?
What do I say? the future is foreknown
With clear foresight by me: whatever ill
Shall come on me not unexpected comes.
But I must bear, as lightly as I can,
My certain fate, as one that is aware
'Tis vain to struggle with necessity.
I neither can be silent, nor speak out
Touching these woes. For my bright boon to men,
I thus am yoked to this compulsive doom.
For them I stole, and in a reed enclosed
The fount of fire, revealer of all art—
Of all their manifold resources source.
Such penalty for such offence I pay,
Pegged to this rock beneath the open sky.

Ha! what sound, what odour fine
Hitherward doth softly float?
Mortals doth the sound denote?
Or come both from shapes divine?
Come they to this cliff remote
My remorseless pangs to see?
Or for what else? Look on me,
Hapless god, whom fetters bind;
Foe to Zeus, and loathed by all
Who have entrance to his hall,
For I loved exceedingly
Those that are of mortal kind.
Ah! what rustling do I hear,
As a cloud of birds were near?
And the air is to the beating
Of light wings low sobs repeating.
All that cometh brings me fear.

Enter the Chorus.

PROMETHEUS and Chorus.

Chor. Fear not; only friends are nigh.
To this promontory high,

Scarcely o'er our sire prevailing,
 Have we come with light wings sailing,
 By the swift airs wafted hither.
 In the sea-caves, where we dwell,
 On our ears an echo fell
 Of harsh iron, that made wither
 Our blushing bloom to coyness due;
 And, without sandals, here we flew.

Prom. Alas! alas! ye nymphs that spring
 From fruitful Tethys and the king,
 Who with his sleepless stream twines round
 The steadfast earth, behold me bound,
 With what a chain!—Oh see! oh see!
 Bound to the topmost rocky steep
 Of this ravine, where I must keep
 A watch that none can envy me.

Chor. This I see, Prometheus wise;
 But a mist bedulls mine eyes—
 Mist surcharged with many a tear,
 While I see thee hanging here,
 Left to wither, and, alas!
 Bound in adamantine chains.
 In Olympus newly reigns
 Despot, who doth overpass
 Bound of right, and with his new
 Doth the former laws undo.

Prom. Would he had chained me underground,
 And sent me, in fast fetters bound,
 To Tartarus, where Hades dread
 In his vast realm collects the dead!
 Then none had seen me thus confined—
 Nor god nor else; but, on this rock,
 I am a mark for foes to mock,
 The pendant sport of every wind.

Chor. Is there a god so hard of heart
 To whom thy woes can joy impart?
 Or is there one, but Zeus alone,
 Who doth not for thy suffering moan?
 But he, with steadfast mind severe,
 Tameth the gods with rod of fear;
 And he will never cease, until
 He all his purposes fulfil,
 Or some one take, by sleight, the sway
 So hard from him to take away.

Prom. Though in shameful chains he bind me,
 Yet the king of gods shall find me
 Needful to him, to explain
 From what he may cease to reign.
 Though persuasion's honey trip,
 Soft and soothing, from his lip,
 All his blandishments shall fail—
 All his threats shall not prevail.
 Prayers or threats alike are vain
 Till he loose my cruel chain,
 And he fully satisfy
 Me for this indignity.

Chor. Too bold, too bold of speech art thou,
 Nor dost to sore affliction bow;
 But me a soul-pervading fear,
 On thy account, doth fret and tear,—
 When safe in port, shalt thou discover
 The tempest of thy troubles over?

Zeus has a heart prayers twine about
In vain, and ways past finding out.

Prom. I know him stern, his will his law ;
But, ne'ertheless, a gentle flaw
Shall change his mood, and he will cease
From wrath and soothe his mind to peace,
And, willing, find me willing, too,
Our former friendship to renew.

Chor. Reveal it all, and openly declare
For what offence Zeus, apprehending thee,
Doth thee this outrage and despicable scorn.
Instruct us freely, if it be no harm.

Prom. 'Tis pain to tell or hide these incidents,
Which every way are most unfortunate.
Soon as the gods began their mutual wrath,
And 'midst them fierce dissension was aroused
(Some eager to cast Cronus from his seat,
That Zeus in sooth might have the soveran power,
Some bent as eagerly the other way,
That Zeus should never reign), though best advice
I gave them then, yet could I not persuade
The Titans, sons of Uranus and Earth ;
But they with self-willed arrogance disdained
My subtle schemes, and thought without ado
To clutch the sceptre with a violent grasp.
My mother, Themis, and not once but oft
(And also Gaia, known by many names,
But still one shape, foreknew and said the same),
Foretold me how th' event should come to pass,
That not by force, nor might, but stratagem,
Th' Aspirer should put down the ruling powers ;
On my explaining this, they deemed it was
Beneath them e'en to glance at my discourse.
Then in those circumstances seemed it best,
When from my mother I had counsel ta'en,
With welcome zeal to take my stand by Zeus.
And through my counsels the deep black abyss
Of Tartarus hides ancient Cronus now,
And his allies. The tyrant of the gods
Repays me for that service with these bonds.
Mistrust of friends is somehow a disease
That doth attach itself to tyranny.
Your question why he does me this despite,
I now will answer. On his father's throne,
Soon as he sat, he straight distributed
To different gods their different dignities,
And ordered in due ranks his whole domain ;
But took of wretched mortals none account,
His aim to expunge that race and plant a new ;
And none opposed this but myself—I dared,
And saved the kind from being crushed and sunk
At once to th' under world. For this, I'm bowed
Beneath the weight of such calamities,
Painful to suffer, piteous to behold.
And I, who pitied, pleaded for mankind,
Am deemed unworthy pity, and am thus
Corrected and coerced most cruelly,
A spectacle that much dishonours Zeus.

Chor. A heart of iron, wrought of stone is he,
That has no touch of feeling for thy woes.
Would that I had not seen this piteous sight !
But seeing it, grief pricks me to the heart.

Prom. So! I'm a piteous mark for friendly eyes
To look upon.

Chor. And did'st thou nothing else?

Prom. I took from men the foresight of their fate.

Chor. What physic did'st thou find for this disease?

Prom. I made to dwell within them hopes obscure.

Chor. A precious boon.

Prom. Enriched them too with fire.

Chor. Have those ephemerals the gift of fire?

Prom. Yes, and shall learn from it arts manifold.

Chor. For such offences does Zeus visit thee

With chastisement and unrelenting wrath?

Is no term set to thy calamities?

Prom. None else, but when to him it shall seem good.

Chor. How? when shall it seem good to him? what hope?

Dost thou not see thy fault? how thou hast erred,

'Twould pain me to declare, and thee to hear:

But pass this by, and find thou some escape.

Prom. 'Tis easy task for one that bath his foot

Out of the slough of trouble to exhort

Him that is in it; but I knew all this—

I own too that I acted wilfully,

And helping men brought trouble on myself.

Yet did I not expect to be hung up

To wither on these rocks in the high air,

Affixed to this inhospitable cliff.

Wail not my present griefs, but landing here,

Hearken unto my tale of things to come,

That ye may learn the whole affair throughout.

Hear me, and sympathize with one oppress

By fortune; in like way calamity

Settles on others, shifting here and there.

Chor. Willingly do we comply;

Poised on plumage, swift of flight,

From our station in the sky,

From the pure air, path of birds,

On this rough peak we alight:

Speak! we listen for thy words.

OCEANUS, mean while, enters on a Hippogriff.

Ocean. Over a long and weary way,

Prometheus, am I come to-day,

This bird of rapid pinion riding,

And without bit at pleasure guiding,

That by his instinct well doth know,

And flies, where I would have him go.

Drawn by the force of kindred ties,

In this thy grief I sympathize;

But kinsmanship apart, I vow

There's none more dear to me than thou.

That what I say, I truly say,

And do no vain mouth-honour pay,

Learn by the proof, and tell to me

How I can aid or profit thee.

Thou shalt not say, howe'er it end,

Thou hast a truer, firmer friend.

Prom. Ah me! what is it? art thou come to be

Spectator of my woes? how hast thou dared,

Leaving the ocean-stream, from thee so named,

And caverns deep, rock-roofed, not made with hands,

To come unto the mother-land of iron?

To see and sympathize with my distress?

Behold a spectacle—this friend of Zeus,

That joined in building up his tyranny—
See with what sufferings I am bowed by him.

Ocean. I see, Prometheus; and with best advice
I wish to counsel thee, wise as thou art.
Know thy own self; put off thy former mood,
And take a new one; for among the gods
Reigns a new tyrant. If thou thus wilt whet
Thy tongue, and shoot at random bitter words,
Zeus, sitting far above, may haply hear,
And pay back with fresh wrath, compared with which
Thy present rack would only seem child's play.
Unhappy one! dismiss thy angry thoughts,
And seek a quittance from these sufferings.
Old-fashioned words, perchance, I seem to prate,
But still the wages of the haughty tongue
Are such, Prometheus. Thou, not humble yet,
To thy disasters yielddest not, as fain,
'Twould seem, to add more ills to those thou hast.
If thou wilt use me as thy monitor,
Thou wilt not vainly kick against the pricks,
Seeing that only one the sceptre sways,
Sole king, austere, and irresponsible.
Now will I go, and try to set thee loose,
If any way I can, from these harsh pains.
But be thou quiet, speak not furiously;
In thy exceeding wisdom know'st thou not
Sharp penalty is laid on froward tongue?

Prom. I gratulate thee thus exempt from blame,
My bold confederate in all I did.

Now let it pass, nor make it thy concern,
The inexorable thou can'st not persuade;
And look around, lest haply by the way
Thyself be thereby brought in jeopardy.

Ocean. To counsel others rather than thyself
Art thou more apt; I judge from facts not words.
But do not hold me back, for I am sure,
Yea, very sure, Zeus will at my request
Consent to free thee from this rack of pain.

Prom. Indeed I do commend thee, nor will cease
To do so, for thou lackest not in zeal;
But trouble not thyself; for if thy will
Incline thee to it, 'twould be toil in vain.
Remain in quiet; keep thyself aloof.
I would not, tho' I am misfortunate,
That many in like predicament should be.
Not so: I for my brother's burden grieve,
For Atlas, who towards the western parts
Stands, propping on his shoulders a vast weight,
Not easy to be borne, the pillar huge
Of heaven and earth. And I the portent saw,
The piteous sight with pity I beheld,
The earth-born dweller of Cilician caves,
The hundred-headed Typhon quelled perforce,
The impetuous, who did oppose the gods,
From his terrific jaws out-hissing gore,
And flashing from his eyes a gorgon glare,
As one that threatened Zeus with overthrow;
But on him came the sleepless bolt of Zeus,
With sheer descent the fiery thunderbolt
Blazed, and smote out of him his haughty vaunts.
For on the midriff smote the fiery flash,
And all his strength was into ashes turned,
And blasted: now he lies a feeble mass,

Bulk without strength, prest under Ætna's roots,
 As in a furnace, near the sea-strait lies.
 Hephæstus, sitting on the lofty peaks,
 The mass of glowing metal forges there,
 From whence shall burst, hereafter, streams of fire,
 Rivers devouring with their cruel jaws
 The level meads of fruitful Sicily.
 Though blasted by the thunderbolt of Zeus,
 Such boiling rage will Typhon make burst out
 In jets of an unsated fiery surge.
 Not inexperienced me for monitor
 Thou needest not; thy knowledge how to save
 Use for thyself; and I will here exhaust
 My full amount of ills, till Zeus relent.

Ocean. Know'st not, Prometheus, to distempered wrath
 Discourse of reason is medicinal?

Prom. It is, if one in season soothe the heart,
 Not forcibly repress the swelling rage.

Ocean. In zeal to serve a friend, and boldness too
 To put the zeal in act, is any harm?

Prom. Superfluous toil and folly of light minds.

Ocean. Let me be sick with this disease: 'tis best
 The wise to wisdom make not a pretence.

Prom. This also will appear to be my fault.

Ocean. Thy speech, 'tis plain, doth send me home again.

Prom. Thy grief for me will make thee hateful too.

Ocean. To the new sitter on the sovran throne?

Prom. To him—beware lest he be roused to wrath.

Ocean. What that is, thy misfortune teacheth me.

Prom. Away! away! keep to thy present thought.

Ocean. Thou dost incite me in the act to go;

For my four-footed bird with flapping plumes
 Already brushes the smooth path of air:
 In his own stall he'll gladly bend his knee.

[OCEANUS flies off on his Griffin.

Chor. Prometheus, I lament thy woe:
 And from my tender eyes doth flow
 A stream of tears—the gushing jet
 From sorrow's fount my cheek doth wet.
 By his own laws and stern decree
 Zeus orders this harsh doom for thee,
 And over gods that were before
 He came to power, the gods of yore,
 Is pleased in triumph to display
 The sceptre of his haughty sway.

With groans doth all the land resound;
 Already all the dwellers round
 Lament thy kindred's fallen state,
 And thine—the proud of ancient date,
 All radiant in thy pride of place,
 The glory of a glorious race:
 And all that occupy a seat
 Near holy Asia, now repeat
 For thy distress the mournful cry
 Of their impassioned sympathy.

For thee too mourns the virgin band,
 The dwellers of the Colchian land,
 That never shrink from spear or sword:
 For thee laments the Scythian horde,

That dwell the lake Mætis round,
Hard by the earth's remotest bound.

For thee laments with many a cry
The martial flower of Araby,
Who perched aloft, and near the steep
Of Caucasus their station keep,
The troop that maddens in the fight,
Where sharp spears wing their deadly flight.

Of gods I've only seen one other
So bound in adamantine chains,
So tortured none, except thy brother,
The Titan Atlas, who sustains
With strength immense, with many a groan,
Heaven's solid pole. The billows moan,
Tumbling together in a heap;
Hoarse murmurs issue from the deep;
The abyss of Hades, drear and dim,
From under earth doth groan for him;
And founts of pure streams, as they flow,
With moaning sounds repeat the wo.

Prom. Think not that I from stubbornness or pride
Am silent: sad thought cuts me to the heart,
When I perceive myself insulted thus.
Yet who but I defined, distributed
To the new gods their honours? but of this
I speak not—'tis a thing ye know full well.
But listen in what wretched plight were men,
And how I made them, babes in mind before,
Intelligent, with capabilities
Of knowledge: thereof will I now discourse,
With no reproach to them, but to explain
My kind intention in the gifts I made them.
Eyes, ears had they, but to no purpose saw,
Or heard: but like the misty shapes of dreams,
All things through all their life disjointedly
Confounded: nor they knew to make of brick
Houses to front the sun, nor works of wood;
Like tiny ants, in underground abodes
They dwelt, chill in the sunless depths of caves;
Of fruitful summer, winter, flowery spring,
They had no certain sign; but they pursued
Without discernment whatsoever they did,
Till I explained the risings of the stars,
And their mysterious settings. I for them
Invented numbers, highest science this;
And also the synthetical array
Of letters, signs of thought; and memory,
The mother of the muse, of every art
Artificer. I was the first to tame,
And yoke their beasts of burden, by their strength
To be men's substitutes in greatest toils;
I made the steed obedient to the reins
In chariots, which are luxury's ornament.
None but myself invented the swift bark,
The sail-winged chariot of the mariner,
That lightly skims the ocean. I for men
Framed such inventions, but have no device
Whereby to free myself from present ill.

Chor. Shameful thy sufferings! but thou art distraught,
And like a bad mediciner, fall'n sick,

Thou dost despair, nor canst in any way
Discover by what drug to heal thyself.

Prom. Hear what remains, and ye will marvel more,
What arts and what inventions I contrived.
The greatest this: if any one fell sick,
Alexipharmic was there none, nor drug,
Unguent, nor soothing draught; but they became
Anatomies from want of healing means,
Until I taught them to compound soft balms,
Wherewith they might repel all maladies.
I taught them many modes of divination,
How to distinguish the true dream from false;
How to interpret ominous sounds obscure;
To know the wayside omens; those from birds
With crooked talons, which be good, which ill;
The habits of the several feathered kinds,
Their sessions, sympathies, and enmities;
When the smooth vitals of the sacrifice
Are of the hue that's pleasing to the gods;
What shapes are good of gall-cyst and the liver;
And how to burn the carved chine and limbs,
Wrapt in the caul, thus showing them the way
Through all the difficulties of this art.
And I revealed the signs from blazing flame,
Which erst they could not see: such were my gifts.
And who can say that he revealed to men,
Before I did, earth's hidden benefits,
Brass, iron, silver, gold? None, I am sure,
That would not make a false and idle vaunt.
In one word, learn the whole: whatever arts
Mankind doth know, Prometheus taught them all.

Chor. After unduly helping men, do not
Neglect thyself in trouble; for I hope
That thou shalt yet be loosed from these bonds,
And come to power no less than that of Zeus.

Prom. This consummation, Fate, that endeth all,
Hath not appointed; after infinite pangs,
And infinite woes, I shall escape my chains.
Art is far weaker than Necessity.

Chor. Who then is helmsman of Necessity?

Prom. The vengeful Furies and the triform Fates.

Chor. Is Zeus inferior to these powers in might?

Prom. He cannot shun at least what is decreed.

Chor. What is decreed for Zeus but endless sway?

Prom. This is not for your ears—enquire no more.

Chor. Surely 'tis some important mystery.

Prom. Think of some other subject; for the time
Is not yet come to utter this aloud,
But with all care it must be kept conceal'd,
For, by so keeping it, I shall escape
These shameful fetters and calamities.

Chor. May Zeus, who sways all things that be,
Never oppose himself to me,
His might against my feeble will!
And may I loiter not, but still
Approach the gods with due devotion,
With holy feasts of victims slain
Beside the ceaseless streams of ocean;
Be mine no sinful words nor vain;
But may this wholesome reverence sway
My being, and never melt away!
A certain charm entwines about
Long life in cheering hopes drawn out,

When one is feeding and refining
 The soul with true joys clearly shining;
 But ah! I shudder when I see
 How thou art rack'd by countless pains.
 Thy own self-will hath ruin'd thee;
 Not fearing Zeus, that only reigns,
 Prometheus, 'twas thy choice to grace
 With too much zeal the mortal race.
 What boots thy unrepaid concern,
 The grace that meets with no return?
 What aid can come from them to thee?
 Hast thou not seen how weak they be,
 How dream-like, impotent, and blind,
 Are one and all of mortal kind,
 The captives of their feebleness?
 Their counsels never can transgress
 The settled harmony of things,
 The wisdom of the King of Kings.
 From seeing thy unhappy plight,
 Have I discerned these truths aright.
 How different was that strain from this!
 The music of the nuptial bliss,
 The song I sang when thou wert wed,
 Beside the bath and bridal bed,
 In honour and in joy of thee,
 Made one with our Hesione,
 My sister dear, with gifts won over
 To share thy happy couch, blest lover!

Iö enters on the scene.

Iö. What land is this? What race? Ah! Who,
 Sport of the wind, here hangs in view,
 Chain'd to the rock! for what offence
 Hast thou this dreadful recompense!
 Tell me, oh! tell me, where have I
 Now wander'd in my misery?
 Again the breeze me wretched stings:
 Oh, earth! discharge him hence—what brings
 The spectral earth-born Argus here?
 Wo's me!—wo's me! I see and fear
 The herdsman with the myriad eyes.
 He comes! In vain his victim flies;
 His guileful look is fix'd on me;
 Earth hides him not, though dead he be.
 From the shadows under ground
 He comes and hunts me, starved and pining,
 O'er the sands along the sea:
 Hark! the piper's reed! The sound,
 That, all drowsy notes combining,
 O'er all his eyes hath power to creep,
 And to shut them up in sleep.
 Whither do I wander now?
 And for what offence hast thou,
 Son of Cronus! bowed me so
 Underneath this yoke of wo?
 Why dost make me mad from fear
 Of the breeze for ever near?
 With thy flashing fire-bolt blast me!
 Hide me under ground, or cast me
 To the monsters of the sea!
 Hear, oh, King! and pity me.
 I have had enough of wo
 In my wanderings to and fro;

Nor can find a way of flight
From the pangs that mar me quite.
Dost thou hear my voice aright,
Voice of virgin, like a cow,
In her shape and horned brow?

Prom. How should I now not hear the frantic child
Of Inachus, tormented by the breeze,
Who with desire inflames the heart of Zeus,
And is compelled, thro' Hera's jealous hate,
To a long course of lengthened wanderings?

Iö. Whence dost thou speak my father's name?
Ah, wretched one! and who art thou
That truly dost myself proclaim,
And the disease that wastes me now,
The heaven-inflicted plague, that brings
The blight of madness with its stings?
I have come o'er many a rood,
Bounding madly, without food,
Tamed and driven by vengeful ire.
Who 'mid Misery's numerous brood
E'er hath suffered pangs so dire?
Tell me now in language clear
What the woes I yet must bear?
Help or healing, should'st thou know,
For my trouble, show it, show!
To a virgin, faint and weak,
Spent with travel, speak, oh speak!

Prom. What 'tis thy wish to learn, will I disclose
In no mysterious phrase, but in plain words,
Such as beseem us in discourse with friends:
I am Prometheus, giver of fire to men.

Iö. The general benefactor of mankind!
Wherefore, Prometheus, dost thou suffer thus?

Prom. I have just ceased bewailing my distress.

Iö. And wilt thou not confer this boon on me?

Prom. Utter thy question—I will answer it.

Iö. Tell me who fettered thee to this ravine?

Prom. Hephæstus, at the bidding of high Zeus.

Iö. For what offence dost pay this penalty?

Prom. I can inform thee only just so much.

Iö. Ah! tell me then what boundary is set
To my forced wandering, and what time prescribed?

Prom. To know is worse for thee than not to know.

Iö. Hide not what I must suffer.

Prom. I am not loth
To grant thee thy petition.

Iö. Why art slow
To tell me all at once?

Prom. I am, though, loth
To crush thy heart.

Iö. Be not so tender for me,
Nor spare thy tale for thought how it may please me.

Prom. Since thou art fain to hear it, I must speak.

Chor. Not yet; of this sad pleasure give me part;
First let me question her of her disease,
And let her tell the story of her wo;
Then teach her the hereafter of her fate.

Prom. It is thy duty, Iö, to indulge
Their wish on all accounts, but chiefly this—
They are thy father's sisters; and besides,
It is no waste of time to wail your woes,
And tell the tale to hearers, who will drop
A tear for every painful circumstance.

Iö. I know not how I should with coy mistrust
Deny you; ye shall hear my true sad story,
And yet I am ashamed to tell you whence
The heaven-sent tempest and my ruined form
Befell me; nightly visions used to throng
Into my virgin-chamber, with smooth words
Seducing me:—"Oh! virgin highly blest,
Why still art virgin when 'tis in thy power
To joy the highest marriage? Zeus himself
Is warmed by thee with dart of soft desire,
And would with thee reap Cytherea's fruit.
Reject not, then, the proffered bed of Zeus,
But go thou forth to Lerna's fertile mead,
Where are thy father's sheep-folds and his stalls,
That the eye of Zeus may rest from its desire."
With such dreams was I prest night after night,
Till to my sire I ventured to disclose
Their nightly visits. He to Pytho sent,
And to Dodona, frequent messengers
For divine counsel, how by word or deed
To please the gods: but they, returning, told
Ambiguous, darkly-worded oracles;
Until there came at length a clear response,
Plainly commanding him, not without threats,
To cast me forth from home and father-land,
To roam o'er earth e'en to its extreme bounds;
If he would not, a fiery thunderbolt
From Zeus should all his race annihilate.
Induced thereby, not with my will nor his,
He cast me forth and shut me from his house;
The curb of Zeus compelled him to do this.
My shape and mind straight underwent a change:
Horned, as ye see me, by the sharp breeze stung,
I bounded to Cerenea's lucid stream,
And Lerna's fountain. With unleavened wrath
The herdsman, earth-born Argus, followed fierce,
Watching my foot-prints with his many eyes.
A most unlooked-for doom surprised his life,
But I am driven abroad from land to land,
Urged by the breeze, the heaven-commissioned scourge.
Thou hearest my past fortune; if thou can'st,
Tell what remains, nor cheer me with false words
From pity; cozening speech I deem disgraceful.

Chor. Ah! ah! forbear! I never dreamed
That tale so strange should reach mine ears;
That such things were I never deemed,
Such woes, such horrors, wrongs, and fears!
Nor that they should be shown to me,
To freeze me, cut me to the soul.
Oh, fate! I shudder when I see
How *Iö* fares, oh, doom of dole!

Prom. Thou full of fear! thy groans are premature;
Wait for the tale of her remaining woes.

Chor. Speak, tell it; somehow it doth please the sick
To know beforehand of their after pains.

Prom. Ye asked before, and easily obtained,
From her own lips to hear her mournful story;
Hear now what troubles she must yet endure
From Hera's hatred. Child of Inachus!
Lay up my words, and learn thy journey's end.
First turn from hence towards the rising sun,
And o'er an unploughed region travel on:
Arriving where the Nomad Scythians dwell,

Wild herdsmen, armed with the far-darting bow,
 Whose homes are wattled cots raised up aloft
 On their broad wains, approach them not, but wend
 Along the groaning breaches of the sea,
 And pass forth from their country. On the left
 The Chalybes inhabit, iron-smiths,
 Of whom beware, for they are savages,
 That have no ruth for strangers. To the stream
 Of the outrageous river, rightly named
 Hybristes, shalt thou come; think not to cross it,
 For easy ford it hath not, till thou reach
 The king of mountains, Caucasus itself,
 From whose high brows this heady river pours
 Its foaming tide. When thou hast crossed the peaks,
 Near neighbours to the stars, then southward go,
 And journey to the camp of Amazons,
 The man-detesting, who in after time
 Shall by Thermodon found the walls and towers
 Of Themiscyra, where the rugged jaw
 Of Salmydesus, step-mother of ships,
 Yawns to devour the stranded mariner:
 Those virgins willingly will be thy guides
 To the Cimmerian Isthmus; where its lake
 Opens its narrow chaps, thou next shall come;
 This leaving, it behoves thee boldly cross
 The channel of Meotis; fame eternal
 Shall make thy passage live in minds of men;
 Thence shall the strait be called the Bosphorus.
 Thus leaving Europe, shalt thou come unto
 Fair Asia. Does the tyrant of the gods
 Not seem to you to show like violence
 In every case? For he, a god, inflamed
 With passion for this mortal maiden here,
 Hath cast on her this curse of wandering.
 A cruel wooer of love's celebration
 Hast thou, sad virgin! think what I have said
 Scarcely the prelude to thy sum of woes.

Iō. Ah! ah! ah! wo is me! ah, wo is me!

Prom. Art moaning, and dost cry? What wilt thou do,
 When thou shalt hear what yet remains to tell?

Chor. Hast thou more troubles in reserve to tell her?

Prom. A sea of troubles with black waves of wo.

Iō. What gain is it to live? why not at once
 Cast myself down from this jagged precipice,
 And there below from all my sorrows find
 A quittance? Better were it once to die,
 Than suffer worse affliction all my days.

Prom. Hardly would'st thou sustain my injuries,
 Who am exempt from death, which were, no doubt,
 A refuge, could I find it: but no term
 Unto my troubles is appointed me,
 Till Zeus be forced to abdicate his throne.

Iō. Shall the time come when Zeus shall be dethroned?

Prom. Thou would'st rejoice, methinks, to see this change.

Iō. How should I not, ill-treated thus by him?

Prom. Be sure, however, that it shall be so.

Iō. By whom shall he be spoiled of the sceptre
 Of empery?

Prom. He shall despoil himself,
 Thro' his infatuation.

Iō. In what way?

Speak! if it be no harm.

Prom. He shall contract

A marriage that shall cause his after grief.

Iö. Divine or mortal? if it may be told.

Prom. What matters which? it is not thing to tell.

Iö. But by a consort shall he be deposed?

Prom. Who shall bring forth a greater than his sire.

Iö. Is there no manner of escape for him?

Prom. None truly, till these bonds of mine be loosed.

Iö. And who without his leave shall set thee free?

Prom. One of thy own descendants, 'tis ordained.

Iö. Shall son of mine release thee from these ills?

Prom. In the third generation after ten.

Iö. This oracle admits not easy guess.

Prom. Seek not to learn the whole tale of thy woes.

Iö. Do not withhold a boon thyself did proffer.

Prom. Of two discourses I will give thee choice.

Iö. Declare the themes, and leave it me to choose.

Prom. Granted: shall I discourse what trials else

Await thee, or of my deliverer?

Chor. Grant her the one, and me the other favour;

Despise not my petition; speak to her

Of her remaining trials, and to me

Of thy deliverer: this would I hear.

Prom. What ye would know, will I declare in full,
Since ye desire it. Of thy mazy round

Of travels, Iö, will I first discourse;

And in the tablets of thy memory

Write the description. When the stream is crost,

That is the boundary of continents,

Direct thy steps towards the burning east,

The path o' the sun. Then cross the yeasty surge

Of roaring ocean, till thou shalt arrive

At far Cisthene's Gorgonean plains,

Where dwell the three weird sisters, old from birth,

Daughters of Phorcys, in the shape of swans,

One-toothed, with one eye common to the three,

At whom the sun ne'er glances with his beams,

Nor ever in her nightly course the moon.

Near them three hateful winged sisters dwell,

The abhorred Gorgons with their hair of snakes,

On whom no mortal e'er can look and live.

I thus forwarn thee: of another pest,

Fearful to view, now hearken while I speak:

Avoid the Gryphons, ravenous hounds of Zeus,

That bark not; shun the riders of the wold,

The one-eyed Arimaspians, dwellers round

The stream of Pluton, stream that flows with gold.

Next shalt thou reach a country far away,

And a swart race; the fountains of the sun

They neighbour, and the river Ethiops,

Along whose banks pass to the cataract,

Where from the Bibline mountains Nile outpours

His venerable and salubrious stream;

To his own Delta this shall be thy guide,

Where, Iö, 'tis ordained thou and thy sons

Shall sometime found a distant colony.

If any part of my discourse was dark,

Or hard to follow, question me anew,

And learn the whole distinctly; for I have,

Unto my cost, more leisure than I wish.

Chor. If aught thou hast omitted, or aught else
Remains to tell of her sad wandering,

Tell it ; if all is said, grant our petition,
Which haply has not 'scaped thy memory.

Prom. The limit of her travels hath she heard :
But I will tell, in order she may know
She heard one speaking with authority,
The toil she suffered ere she hither came,
Thus offering a proof to try the seer.

A great part of the story will I pass,
And jump to the conclusion. When at length
Thou camest to Molossus, and the peaks
Of steep Dodona, where Thesprotian Zeus
Has an oracular seat, and where are found,
Transcendent prodigy ! the vocal oaks,
At once in language clear these bade thee hail,
" Hail ! thou, that shalt be spouse of Zeus hereafter !"
E'en now the voice is unction to thy soul :
Mad from the sting of the tormenting breeze,
Thence didst thou bound along the sea-side paths
To Rhea's mighty gulf, whence eastward turned
The storm-like fury of thy frantic course.
That bay of ocean shall in after time
Be called " Ionian," a memorial name
Of thee and of thy course. Let this be proof
My mind sees more than is revealed to sight.
Returning to my former narrative,
I speak in common now to thee and them.
At the land's verge, e'en at the river's mouth,
Beside th' alluvial soil Nile hath embarked,
Canopus stands ; where Zeus with gentle touch,
Touch only of his hand, shall soothe and heal
Thy mind's disorder. From that touch conceiving,
Thou shalt bring forth a son, swart Epaphus,
Who shall enjoy the fruits of all the land
Broad-flowing Nile doth water in his course.
The troop, fifth generation after him,
Of fifty virgins shall unwillingly
Return to Argos, flying to escape
Th' abhorred constraint of marriage with their cousins ;
Who, plumed with eager flutter of desire,
As hawks, not far outstripped, dart after doves,
Shall hunt espousals, but not win the spoils
Of their sweet bodies, which the Gods forbid.
But the Pelasgian soil shall be their bed,
Receiving them when tamed by bold assault
Of women watching for the midnight hour
To do the deed : each bride shall slay her man,
And dye her keen knife in his gashed throat :
Such, Cytherea, come upon my foes !
But soft desire shall soothe the soul of one,
To pity not to slay her bed-fellow ;
And th' edge of her intent shall be ta'en off,
And of two titles in effect she'll choose
The " faint heart" rather than the " bloody hand."
At Argos she shall bear a line of kings.
To tell whose history needs many words,
But from this seed shall spring a warrior bold,
Illustrious for the bow, who from these pains
Shall loose me. So my mother, old of days,
Titanian Themis, taught me ; how and where,
Requires a long discourse, and to thyself
Would come no profit from the learning it.

Io. Frenzy and convulsive pain
Pinch me, scorch me now again !

And the breeze, the breeze is here !
 And it stings me with the dart
 Not wrought by fire ; and my heart
 Knocketh at my ribs from fear ;
 And mine eyes roll wildly round,
 And with frantic leap I bound ;
 And, as Frenzy blasts my reason,
 Rave and chatter out of season ;
 And my words in dark confusion,
 Images of wild delusion,
 Idly dash against the sea
 Of the wo, that maddens me.

[Iö rushes away distractedly.]

Chor. Wise, wise was he, the first to reach
 This truth and make it known by speech :
 " 'Tis best, when thou wilt married be,
 To wed with one of like degree.
 It is an idle thing and vain
 For one, who by his hands doth gain
 His daily bread, to woo the great,
 Who pride them on ancestral state,
 Or those who 'mid their riches dwell,
 And with their pomp and glitter swell."
 Never, ye Fates ! may ye behold
 Me clasped by Zeus in amorous fold !
 And never be it mine to share
 The couch of god of upper air !
 For I am filled with fear at sight
 Of Iö's melancholy plight,
 Distracted virgin ! not content
 With mortal love for mortal meant,
 Thence marked by Hera's jealous eye,
 And made to roam continually.

But marriage in the same degree,
 Where like mates like, affrights not me ;
 Yet never to my heart may glide
 The glance, that will not be denied,
 From higher god. It is a fight
 Not to be fought—resistless might
 Must gain the day, and win the chase.
 What could I do in such a case ?
 For how I could escape or flee
 The will of Zeus, I do not see.

Prom. Tho' arrogant, Zeus shall be humbled yet :
 He purposes a marriage, whose effect
 Shall hurl him from his throne majestic,
 And sink him in oblivion. Then the curse
 His father Cronus uttered, when deposed
 From his old royalties, shall be fulfilled.
 None of the gods, but only I alone,
 Can clearly show the way of his escape ;
 I know the way, and can point out the means.
 Then let him sit securely there aloft,
 Relying on his thunder, in his hand
 Poising his fiery bolts—they shall not save him
 From shameful fall and ruinous overthrow.
 Antagonist of such prodigious might
 He 'gainst himself prepares, who shall discover
 A fire to quench his lightning, and a roar
 To hush his thunder ; and with ease shall shiver
 The sea-god's spear, Poseidon's dreaded fork,
 That shakes the earth. Then shall Zeus learn, so fall'n,
 How differ sovran rule and servitude.

Chor. Thy wish is father to thy boding threat.

Prom. I speak my wish and also what shall be.

Chor. Must we then look for some one to obtain
The masterdom o'er Zeus?

Prom. Yea! he must bow

To sufferings more hard to bear than mine.

Chor. Dost thou not fear to vaunt such dangerous words?

Prom. What should I fear, who am exempt from death?

Chor. He may inflict a torture worse than this.

Prom. Let him: I look for and expect the worst.

Chor. They're wise who kiss the rod of Nemesis.

Prom. Bow, pray, fawn, flatter each successive lord

That rules from time to time. I nothing care

For Zeus, yea! less than nothing; let him play

The tyrant, as he pleases, his brief time.

He shall not long be majesty o'er gods.

Ha! the new tyrant's lackey hither steers,

His courier, fraught with tidings of fresh ill.

HERMES enters.

Her. Fraudful and violent sinner 'gainst the gods,

Whom thou hast robb'd to enrich ephemerals,

Thief of celestial fire! I speak to thee:

The Sire commands thee tell what nuptials they,

Which, as thy boast is, shall effect his fall;

And to declare it, not in mystic terms,

But without reservation, point by point.

Give me no double travel, for thou seest

By such demeanour Zeus is not appeased.

Prom. Oh speech high-sounding, and significant,

And lofty for a lackey of the gods!

Ye rule it newly, and ye think ye dwell

In towers impregnable, secure from grief.

But have I not beheld two Rulers driven

From those same towers? Ay! and shall see a third

Cast headlong down, soon and most shamefully.

Seem I to fear in aught, or cower before

The new gods yonder? I am far from this.

Trudge back the way thou camest; I'll not answer

Thy inquisition.

Her. By such stubborn pride

Wert thou impelled upon this coast of wo.

Prom. Know this; I would not for thy vassalage

Exchange my wo; for better 'tis, I think,

To be a lackey to this senseless rock,

Than be the faithful messenger of Zeus.

'Tis fit to pay the taunter back with taunts.

Her. Thou seem'st at to revel in thy present state.

Prom. To revel? May I see my foes enjoy

Such revels! and I hold thee one of them.

Her. Dost blame me too for thy calamities?

Prom. I have hate for all the gods, who pay me back

Injustice only for my benefits.

Her. I gather from thy words thou art o'erta'en

With no slight frenzy.

Prom. Such disease be mine,

If it be frenzy to detest my foes.

Her. None could bear with thee, wert thou prosperous.

Prom. Ah me!

Her. Zeus never has to say "Ah me!"

Prom. Time teaches all things, as it groweth old.

Her. And yet thou hast not learned to be wise.

Prom. True, or I should not with a lackey talk.

Her. It seems thou wilt not tell what Zeus demands.

Prom. Surely I am his debtor, and with thanks
Bound to requite him!

Her. Thou art mocking me,
As tho' I were a child.

Prom. And art thou not
A very child, more foolish than a child,
To think of learning any thing from me?
No torture nor device of Zeus can wring
My secret from me, till these bonds be loosed.
Let him, then, hurl his glowing levin-brand,
With undigested heaps of white-plumed snow
Confound the universe, and rock it with
Earth-shaking thunders; I'll not tell for that,
By whom 'tis fated he shall be deposed.

Her. See now if thy perverseness profit thee!

Prom. After long foresight, with deliberate thought
Am I resolved.

Her. Be bold against thy pride;
Think of thy present pangs, rash being! and take
A lesson from them, and be truly wise.

Prom. Thou troublest me; as well may'st thou attempt
To preach unto the waves. Oh, never think
That I, from fear of what high Zeus intends,
Will, like a woman, with uplifted hands,
A suppliant sue to him I greatly hate,
To set me free—I have not such a thought.

Her. It seems I speak in vain; thy stubborn heart
To no entreaty melts, nor art thou moved,
But like a colt, unused to the yoke,
Champing the bit, thou dost resist the rein.
But thou art violent on slight pretence;
For obstinacy, when there is no show
Of reason for it, taken by itself,
And for that value weighed, is less than nothing.
Consider, if thou wilt not be persuaded,
What a swollen tempest and incensed surge,
Not to be shunned, of evils shall assail thee.
First with the flashing bolt of thundrous flame
Will the dread father rend this rugged cliff,
And bury thee beneath the mass of rock,
That shall convey thee in its stony clasp.
After long time shalt thou return to light,
But the winged hound of Zeus, thirsting for blood,
The ravenous eagle, shall in pieces tear
Thy huge, gashed body, an unbidden guest,
And ever through the day on thy black liver
Shall gorge his appetite: to the agony
Look for no close, until some god appear,
Thy substitute, and willing to descend
To sunless Hades and the misty depths
Of Tartarus. Think and be wise; this threat
Is no feigned vaunt, but in right earnest spoken;
For Zeus knows not to utter what is false,
But every word he speaks he will effect.
All this consider, and be circumspect,
Nor think perverseness better than good counsel.

Chor. Hermes, we think, speaks reason; for he bids thee
Lay thy perverseness by, and search good counsel.
Be advised; shame lackeys errors of the wise.

Prom. I knew his tidings ere he came
With vain attempt to change my will;
To him that suffers 'tis no shame
That foe from foe should suffer ill.
Let the wreaths of forked flame,

Fiery curls, on me be driven :
 Let the air be racked and riven
 By the thunder, and the impulsions
 Of the winds in mad convulsion ;
 Let the blast, with furious shock,
 From its roots, and stable bars
 Of its foundation, scared earth rock,
 And confounding mix the sea
 With the courses of the stars ;
 Let him snatch and hurry me,
 In resistless eddies whirled,
 To the gloomy under world ;
 He cannot make me cease to be !

Her. One may hear, in sober sadness,
 Words like these from brain-sick madness.
 What lacks he of frenzy's fire,
 Who in trouble checks not ire ?
 Ye, whose gentle bosoms bleed
 For his tortures, fly with speed,
 Lest the bellowing of the thunder
 Blast your minds with awe and wonder.

Chor. Speak some other words, I pray,
 Counsel which I may obey.
 Shameful was the thought, ill-spoken,
 From thy parted lips just broken.
 Bid'st thou me, in any case,
 Practise what I know is base ?
 Whatso'er may him betide
 With him will I here abide.
 Friends that fly when frowns the season,
 False friends have I learned to hate ;
 Of all pests—such heartless treason
 Do I most abominate.

Her. Remember I have given you warning ;
 Tho' my woes ye now be scorning,
 When the hounds of hate are baying,
 Blame not fortune ; nor be saying
 Zeus, like a tyrannic master,
 Sends an unforeseen disaster.
 Blame yourselves ; no ambush lies
 In the way, to you forbidden,
 Of a danger close and hidden ;
 But ye will with open eyes
 In the hunter's snares be noosed,
 Snares that never shall be loosed. *Exit.*

Prom. Truly bursts the doom on me !
 Earth is heaving like the sea,
 And the thunder bellows by ;
 And the lightning's fiery curls
 Stream in clusters from the sky ;
 And the whirlwind in its whirls
 Sweeps the dust up ; and the blast
 Of every wind is hurrying fast
 With the rush of wild commotion,
 Leaping each against his brother,
 Mad to trample one another ;
 And the sky is mixt with ocean,
 In confusion reconciled :
 Such a blast, with terror piled,
 'Gainst me wings its rapid path,
 Sent from Zeus to do his wrath,
 Oh my dread mother ! oh thou firmament,
 Rolling the common light of all, thou see'st
 What violent harms I most unjustly suffer.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

No. VII.

ABSTRACTION.

WE have now to consider what we know of that mode of operation of the Intellectual Faculty commonly called Abstraction—the name given to it by the Logicians.

Mr Stewart (*Elements*, vol. i. ch. 4) first gives the old definition, viz. “the power of considering certain qualities or attributes of an object apart from the rest,” and then subjoins his own definition, “the power which the understanding has of separating the combinations which are presented to it;” and elsewhere he calls it—“the faculty by which the mind separates the combinations which are presented to it in order to simplify the objects of its consideration.”—(*Outlines*, Part I. § 5).

We have the same remark to make upon this head as upon Judgment. The logicians sought precisely what was necessary for the ground of proceeding in their logical art. They had to speak and reason upon the separate qualities and attributes of objects. They were obliged therefore to state separately this act of the mind, by which it singles out certain qualities or attributes as in themselves objects of distinct consideration, to which it can assign names, and which it can make subjects of reasoning. The metaphysical enquirer has a different end in view. He desires to know what is discoverable of the modes of action of the mind simply. He considers it as an agent, and desires to know by what laws it proceeds, what are the conditions of its action, what the limits, what the powers. Even before he makes any application of the facts he ascertains, he has satisfied his first desire by ascertaining them; and, so far as these extend, he has obtained real knowledge of the mind—the purpose, aim, and end of all his researches. Our enquiry, therefore, may lead us to methods of viewing the same subject very different from those which were imposed upon the old logicians. It behoved them to seize

the mind at a single point of its action, and to make the act, under those exact circumstances and conditions, the subject of their cognizance; while to us, who wish to view the mind in its general powers and capacities, that particular act may be of less comparative importance, and the definitions which they most insisted on of no importance at all. This is in a great degree the case with respect to their definition of the act and faculty of Abstraction. They have marked out under the name of Abstraction the power of the mind to consider the attributes of a subject apart from the subject itself. But in this act or faculty we now undertake to show that there is nothing more than what is necessarily and originally implied in the power of the mind to act as an intelligence at all. To conceive of it as an intelligent nature, we must conceive of it from the first, not as passive under its impressions, but as a being distinct from and taking cognizance of them—making them matter of knowledge.

Now, the very first condition of any such intelligent action is, that the mind shall be able to single out any portion of its complex impression; that is to say, that its matter of thought shall be subjected to its operation. If, indeed, we could believe the mind, as some philosophers have done, to be the mere creature of sense, there might then be a process necessary to be imagined by which, among the complex impressions of sense, portions shall be detached from the rest. But if we conceive the mind as an independent intelligence to which the impressions of sense are merely submitted for its discernment and consideration, then the power of ranging over these impressions, as the eye does over external objects, is necessarily implied, and is the essential law or mode of all its activity.

A little attention to the very sim-

plest acts, in the separation of its complex impressions, which we can conceive the mind to perform; and the gradual comparison of these with similar separations of impression of a higher order, will convince us that there is no necessity for a separate faculty for the process of logical abstraction. Let us, therefore, take a close inspection of the most ordinary operations of the mind, and proceed through some analyses that may seem perhaps trifling to those who do not hold the object of them steadily in view, but which, minute as they must be, will be pursued willingly and easily by those who think it of importance to prevent their ideas of the operations of mind from being perplexed by unnecessary distinctions—distinctions without differences—empty names, vainly supposed to be pregnant realities.

The mind, for example, is affected at once by the sight and smell of a flower—it receives, that is, a joint affection through two different senses. Do we conceive that there is a particular faculty necessary to enable it, when the object is removed, to attend separately to the two parts of that joint affection? Distinctly to remember and consider the affection of the eye at one time, and that of the sense of smell at another? Certainly not. But if a separate faculty of Abstraction be necessary at all, it is quite as necessary in order to enable the mind in this instance to make the impressions of these two senses the subjects of distinct recollection and distinct consideration, as it is for any of the most subtle divisions which the faculty can ever be called on to perform. Again—two distinct bodies are set before the sight, of different colour. They are brought before the mind in one complex impression. Do we suppose a peculiar faculty of the mind necessary in order to divide these two parts of one impression—to remember one without the other—and to make them subjects of separate examination? If we do, then we may call that Abstraction; for assuredly it is the faculty which will afterwards effect the most difficult abstractions of science. If we do not, but believe that it is implied in the very

nature of intelligence acting through sense that it can make these divisions, then there is no need of a separate faculty for the most shadowy and delicate acts which Abstraction will be afterwards called upon to perform.

Whether we choose to speak of these very simple acts of division of the impressions of sense as acts of a particular faculty, or as acts necessarily following from the nature of intelligence, in any way in which intelligence can be conceived, may not be very important in the beginning of enquiry;—But it is most important that we should not so far perplex our notions of intellectual operations as to conceive the faculty of logical abstraction, and the faculty of dividing the simultaneous impressions of sense, to be two different faculties. We are very desirous to explain further our views in conceiving of them as the same; which point if it can be established will be useful not only to making our ideas of the operations of the mind simple and consistent; but the opportunity which will thus be given of conceiving a subtle operation in a more palpable form, may facilitate to us the understanding of the abstruser proceeding of the mind.

We observe, then, that we are able to detect in the most refined abstractions of the mind, and in the separation from each other of the simultaneous impressions of sense, but one act; and that act we should describe to be “the act of contemplating distinctly the different parts of a complex impression.”

Thus, in the simplest perceptions of sight there is one complex impression made upon the mind which it must divide. A stone, for example, and the leaf of a flower, are before the eye together. What do we suppose when we say that the mind can contemplate them separately? There is a various impression of light spread upon that whole expansion of the optic nerve which receives the impulse of light—the retina. When we say that the mind can distinguish stone and leaf, we express an opinion that it can consider the affection of one portion of that expansion distinctly from that of another. Again, many objects at once

are touching the body; but the hand perhaps is feeling some substance to ascertain its texture and quality, and of the many simultaneous impressions that are made on the diffusive organ of touch over the whole surface, those particular impressions received by the tips of the fingers are all that the mind notices, all which it seems to perceive. Or many sounds are floating in the air together, and all reach the ear, but we hear only the single voice to which we listen.

In all the commonest occasions of sense, we find the mind thus actually engaged in separating the impressions of sense from one another. It chooses what it will see, what it will feel, what it will hear. It has a power, therefore, among the various parts of its simultaneous complex affection to direct itself to one part or to another. But if it can direct itself at the very moment to one part or to another of the total impression, it has already divided them; and the parts thus singled out at the time remain, when the others are forgotten. We say, it has already divided them. For what do we mean when we say that the mind divides any complex subject, making one part the object of distinct consideration? We mean this merely, that in its intent direction upon that one, the others vanish from its notice. If, for example, a man in an American wilderness, looking upon a wide, bare lake, saw a canoe, full of Indians, dart suddenly forward from behind a near rock, he would in an instant see nothing else; and while from his concealment he watched their course in passionate fear, the other objects would but slowly, and at last, return to his sight.

In all those various acts in which the mind, from its present complex affection of sense, singles out one part for its notice, it performs the process just described. It fixes itself on one object. It perceives that more intently and vividly, and the rest disappear. Now, these notices which the mind takes of the separate parts of its complex impressions of sense, are, in nothing that can be defined, different from its acts of Abstraction. This we shall perceive more distinctly, by considering that, in the separations which the mind is

at every moment making among the objects of actual contemplation, it is in truth laying up abstractions. For it is singling out separate qualities and attributes. Thus, for example, I feel the weight of a piece of gold in my hand. Though my eye rests upon it at the same time, yet the direction of my mind upon the pressure on my hand, or in a heavier weight upon the effort of my muscles, fixes itself in my recollection, independently of the slighter impression that was made on my eye at the same time by the appearance of the object.

If we should consider, in the same manner, the various impressions of the same sense, with which our minds are continually conversant, we shall find that we are always making similar abstractions. We may listen so intently to the meaning of words, that we take no notice of the tone in which they are spoken; or we may be far more affected by the tone in which they are spoken, than even by their significance to the understanding; and in either case we have essentially made such an abstraction. If we look upon a prospect, we may be struck with the beauty of its vivid colour, more than with the forms over which the colour is spread; or we may be more impressed with the bold, rugged outline of a rocky hill, than with any impressions of the mere colour diffused over it. We are then at the moment separating colours and forms, though they are seen together. If we see a medal lying before us, we see at first the metal of which it is made—its substance; but if we take it up to examine very earnestly a beautiful and rich impression, where we have much to discover among a crowd of figures very intricate and minute, and yet admirably distinct, in the examination of the exquisite workmanship we may be almost said to lose sight of the substance. So, when the eye of an architect examines the proportions of a building, he sees the proportions only during that examination; he sees, that is, the relations of form; and though the materials are noble and costly, and essential to the effect, yet, while his eye and intellect together are engaged in scanning the mere structure, he is ab-

abstracting, even through sense, the intellectual relations of form from the complex visual impression.

During the whole activity of the senses we are engaged in making such separations; sometimes under one impulse of the mind, sometimes under another. They are made by design for some specific purpose; they are made under the influence of some pleasurable or painful feeling, from some deep interest, or from the prevailing force of mere intellect itself finding the matter of its own peculiar recognition and study in the objects of sense.

These are abstractions made in the very moment of sense; and is it any thing wonderful that the separations then effected should remain to the mind? Is it to be expected or not, that what was most vivid of a complex impression in sense, should be most vivid in the remembrance? It is easily answered, that without this the remembrance, or renewal of the impression, would not be faithful to the original.

To recur, then, to our former illustrations;—The traveller of the wilderness may remember the moment when he looked upon the clear, unbroken bosom of the lake, when he saw it lying in the midst of the beauty of earth and sky; or he may recall the distinct impression of the moment which followed, when he saw nothing but a boat full of grim savages, fierce and savage aspects;—The architect may remember the impression of that moment, when he saw the whole edifice rising before him in the pomp of its magnificence, or he may recall the impression of that moment, when his practised understanding scanned from step to step the relations of parts; or when his eye, more curious still, followed even the delicate traces where the chisel had passed. The abstractions, such as they are made during the moments of sense, remain as abstractions to the memory, because they are recollections by the soul of different states of impression.

Thus sufficient reason appears for the continued existence in the mind, of those abstractions, so far as they deserve the name, which are formed during the moment of sensible impression. But another question arises, and it may be asked,

can the mind, when these impressions are brought back in remembrance, pursue the abstractions which were made during their presence? Or can it recall the complex impression, which it had received entire without directing itself at the time upon selected parts in more intent consideration, and now fixing its intelligence on one part or another, commence such a process of abstraction? That it can, we know well. For if a man should take but the glance of a moment through an opening door, upon a crowded assembly engaged in some earnest transaction without, he would undoubtedly be able afterwards to divide the complex impression he had received; to take the whole entirely to pieces, to remember distinct groups of men, faces, dresses. It would seem something very strange if we should imagine any difficulty about it; nor do we well conceive that the mind should need to be endowed with a distinct faculty for the purpose of making such a distinction in its thoughts: we cannot conceive the endowment of intelligence existing without it.

Let us shortly examine, then, what is implied in this power of the mind, to attach itself in recollection to one or another of the different parts of a complex impression; and which, in our opinion, is all that ever takes place in any act whatever of Abstraction.

This carries us at once to the grounds of the whole enquiry. Now, the complex impression is a multitude of distinct impressions. If, therefore, we are to speak of any thing as wonderful, the wonder is, that the mind should be able to maintain united the combinations of impressions made upon it at once from so many distinct sources, and not that it should be able to divide impressions which in themselves were originally distinct. That it can thus maintain them united, is in virtue of the unity of its own nature. By this, it would appear, it is able to renew at once its total affection made up of impressions from so many quarters. But surely there is no reason to suppose it should be limited in its reproduction of impression, to repeating the total affection entire as it was at first experienced.

We stated, a few sentences back, that the mind is able to pursue its abstractions in recollection as well as during the immediate presence of the object; and a little consideration will show that there is really no difference between the act which the mind performs, when with a sensible impression before it, it directs itself on the consideration of one portion rather than another, and the act which it performs when in recollection it divides what was united in impression. In either case alike, the impression has the same unity; for it is the total affection of one being. And when the mind directs itself intently upon one part of what is spread before it in the field of sight, it directs itself to one part of the total affection of an undivided being; when in recollection, it directs itself to one part rather than another, of the remembered complex impression, it does precisely in the same manner turn itself to one part of the total affection of an undivided being—in both cases fixing its intelligence on one selected part of a total impression, which lies before that intelligence for its consideration.

In whatever way, therefore, we regard the impressions of sense; whether we regard them as a multitude of impressions conjointly received, or whether we regard them as making up one total affection of an undivided being; in either case, what takes place in present impression, and what takes place in recollection, as to the selection of particular circumstances of the impression, for more intent and explicit consideration, is precisely the same. In both, as it appears to us, the only remarkable phenomenon is, that the mind, in the midst of impression, in whatever way received, appears as a separate and independent power, subjecting its affection to its intelligence as matter of knowledge.

Let us now, from an illustration, equally within the sphere of sense, observe how these separations may be carried on, with somewhat more subtle process, in further proof of our position, that no ground of distinction can be made out between the simpler acts of separation among the objects of sense, and those more intellectual acts to which the name

of abstractions has been exclusively and unnecessarily given.

Of all the abstractions that can be carried on within the sphere of sense, the one most subtle and most difficult to conceive, is that which separates, in one object of sight, form from colour. For the sensuous impression is one. The colour delineates the form. Yet we know perfectly well that we do effect this separation; that the object, which we have seen with the form blended in colour—the two being quite indivisible in the impression of sense—is yet without any difficulty, and most familiarly separated in the conception of the mind, when it retraces the recollection of form, and neglects the colour. Nothing is easier to imagine, than that the architect, who had carefully examined the proportions of a remarkable building, should from memory, and as a record of what he had seen, and as a second study of the same proportions, delineate the Outline of the Whole. Now, in this case, he performs sensibly to sight, and almost with material instruments, a work of Abstraction. For he conceives and delineates pure form; and when he has finished his work, and reconsiders it, and comparing the effect of the whole with the entire conception from which he has drawn, is satisfied that his delineation is a faithful record of the original, at that moment his intelligence must needs make the same separate representation of form in thought, which his pencil has traced before his eyes; that is, must separate it from all conception of the colour, and the substance itself of which the building is composed, be it Craigleith stone or Parian marble.

In this manner, then, may we go on, step by step, in sense, and in the representation of the mind by sense, demonstrating processes of separation of one part of a complex impression from another; nor, if we give the name Abstraction at all to any of the separations we have now considered, does it yet appear where it is to begin. Indeed, metaphysical writers themselves have often felt the difficulty we have now been urging, of fixing the precise point at which the proper acts of their alleged faculty of Abstraction begin; and therefore, there is in their writings

an indefiniteness, and even disagreement in their doctrines on this subject, which might be avoided, by adopting the simpler view now proposed.

Let us now take one of those cases, in which there can be no doubt that the separation effected by the mind, is of the kind which those metaphysical writers meant to comprehend under the name of Abstraction, and see whether it differs in any respect from those we have been illustrating by familiar examples.

Dr Reid describes the act of Abstraction thus:—"The resolving, or analysing a subject into its known attributes, and giving a name to each attribute, which shall signify that attribute and nothing more."—*Essay* v., ch. 3.

Suppose, then, in illustration of this description, an analysis of those attributes of any simple substance to which we have given names, say glass. It is transparent, smooth, hard, brittle, fusible. If I think that it is hard, it is because I remember the impression made by striking it with another hard substance; if I think that it is brittle, it is because I remember to have seen it break; that it is smooth, because I have felt it, or because I think of its glistening surface; that it is transparent, because a thousand times I have seen the light flow through it; that it is fusible, because sometimes I have seen it in fusion. Here it might rather be urged, that there is nothing like a process of abstraction or separation at all; there is merely the remembrance or conception at once of separate impressions; and there would seem to be more occasion for explaining how I join them all together in the notion of the one substance before me, glass, than how I succeed in dividing them. Admitting, however, that it is truly a process of separation that the mind here performs, we should say that it is just such a process of separation as that which we have heretofore described—a separation within the limits of sense; while the mind directs itself first to one part and then to another, of a mixed and compounded sensible impression, conceiving more strongly of one than of another, and yet perhaps not totally forgetting any.

Neither will it be found that the circumstance, mentioned by Dr Reid, of giving names to these several attributes makes any difference in the kind of separation which it is necessary for the mind to carry into effect. For in order so to conceive of the hardness, for instance, or transparency of substances, as to give them a general name, as hard or transparent, it is not necessary that we should effect any greater abstraction than when we give separate names to the different parts of any single object. For, supposing that we wished to do so, it is not necessary that we should at that moment dismiss from conception the rest of the object. We do not so dismiss it; if we did, the part itself could not have its name, which it receives often solely by its relation to the rest. Thus we can name the features of the face, the limbs, the joints; yet we conceive them not as severed, but as a part of the whole,—that part on which at the moment the mind is more intently, but not exclusively, directed. So if the properties of hardness and transparency were learnt from a single substance, what the mind must do in conceiving them is merely to direct itself more intently upon the recollection of that particular impression from which the knowledge of the property was obtained; and then, without excluding other impressions (though they will naturally be weakened at the time), to give the name.

To this extent, then, we do not find any thing that is distinctly and in kind separate from the very simple division which the mind makes when with one sense affected by different objects, such as a stone or a leaf, or when receiving impression at the same time from different senses, as from sight and hearing, it directs its notice more upon one part or on another of its complex total affection. There is, however, it may be said, one way of viewing these qualities in which they bear a greater appearance of abstraction, than when we consider them thus in reference to a single subject in which they are found. Our ideas for example of hardness, smoothness, transparency, are of properties abstracted from any particular substance; they are properties

found and recognised in many substances; and the impression of hardness, as it is in any of our minds, is not derived from a single impression of a single substance, but it is the remains of a thousand various impressions of unremembered instances. Now from this circumstance our idea of hardness has a much more abstract appearance to our mind, than when we think of the hardness of a single substance, and when with an effort of mind we strive to separate the hardness of that single substance, in our conception, from its other properties. For the great variety of those total impressions, of which the sense of hardness has made a part, renders it difficult that the name of the quality should raise up the recollection of any one of those distinct impressions. They operate against one another. There is no reason now, why the name hardness should raise up in our minds one rather than another of a thousand past impressions, which all of them have accompanied it. And the consequence is, that it raises up none of them. But that is raised up which is common to them all—the idea of resistance. In this case, it may be said that each successive impression, in which resistance has been felt, has tended to detach that idea from its association with the circumstances in which it was felt before; and that in this way there is a process continually going on, tending more and more in the mind to detach the conception of the resistance felt in hardness from all the circumstances of the various actual impressions, such as were the appearance, texture, and other properties of the several substances.

This particular process we have the more thought it worth while to insist on, because it is one which very much tends to give an abstract appearance, if we may so express it, to the conception we have of the common properties of substances. And we may naturally be disposed to conceive, that the degree of separation, in which we find the idea of the quality from that of the substances to which it belongs, is evidence of the force of the faculty of Abstraction;—whereas, in truth, it is evidence not of the operation

of any such faculty whatever, but merely of that particular law regulating our associations, whereby successive ideas uniting themselves to any single idea tend to impede its power of calling up any one of them in preference to the rest, by neutralizing each other, and thus leaving that impression, which was common to them all, as a detached result seemingly unconnected with one and all of those various impressions from which nevertheless it arose.

We have said that it is a law of Association that produces this effect; for as far as any proper principle of Abstraction, that is to say, any direct intellectual act, is concerned in separating the idea of a property from that of the substance in which it has been perceived, it is plain that that operation must take effect as soon as the property is distinctly recognised, though but in a single substance. If you can conceive an intelligent being to be so situated, that it should have received the impression of resistance from a single body merely, of which it had at the same time become equally well acquainted with the colour and form,—so that the three properties might be said to be received by the mind in one complex affection,—then, as far as intelligence would be able to detach in conception the feeling of resistance from the conception of the substance itself, so far exactly, and no farther, does the power of the mind extend by any proper act of abstraction to detach one part of an impression from another.

If then we may conjecture how far such an intelligence would be able to separate the idea of resistance from the idea of the particular circumstances in which it had been felt, we should say, in the first place, that if such a mind made no express effort for such an abstraction, the effect of simply directing the thought to that property would be exactly what we have already mentioned, namely, that the mind would be more intent on that part of its complex impression, without losing sight altogether of the rest; and that this would be quite sufficient to determine it in giving to that property a name. It would be quite sufficient for that first great logical purpose.

Therefore if we wish to form some conception of what is indeed the degree of abstraction which such an intelligence might effect, in the case of a quality discerned in a single substance merely, we may suppose that by repeated efforts some approximation towards it might have been effected. For it has been shown, that the mind may attach itself more intently to any part of a complex impression, and so render that stronger in proportion to the rest. It would happen, therefore, that the first endeavour to conceive resistance without the other sensible properties, would produce a state of mental impression in which that idea was stronger and the others weaker. The next endeavour would be from the state so produced, and would carry it still further; and thus by going on with repeated endeavours, it is apparent that a conception would be at last produced, in which the accompanying ideas would be exceedingly weakened, and this one made very predominant; which is an approximation to what is desired. But that the complete abstraction ever would be attained, we see no reason to conceive; and if it were, it would be no more than the continual advance of that process which we have described from the beginning, namely, that under circumstances of sensible impression, the mind is capable of directing itself to one part, in great preference of the rest, though not to their utter exclusion—except perhaps in some cases of most intense and absorbing passion.

If we have any such separate speculative faculty of Abstraction, surely the evidence of its exertion ought to be found in the formation of those ideas which we call abstract, and which may justly be called so, the state in which they are ultimately found being very much separated from the original impressions by which they were first carried into the mind. Let us take, then, one such term, and examine whether the process by which the idea is brought into its present abstract state differs at all from those which we have already considered—the term War. What are the ideas that suggest themselves to our minds under this term? And in what re-

spect are they distinguished from the idea it would suggest, if it had been originally employed to denote a single battle which had been witnessed, and had never been applied by the mind to comprehend any other? It raises up no doubt, as it is, a confused, indeterminate, varying imagery—a multitude of ideas floating confusedly and indistinctly before the mind, but which in a moment it can reduce to distinctness and vividness, and pursue in fancy as a train of thought. If the name had served to us to designate a single battle only which had been beheld, it would at once call up vividly some distinct and absolute, but partial representation of the incidents or facts of that single event. In one case it would have been a proper name, in the other it is an abstract or generalized term. What has made the difference is nothing more than the multitude of various ideas of different events which are now collected under one term, and which therefore tend to disturb and confuse one another, and as an aggregate to weaken the association which subsists in the mind between the term and any one of those ideas or events in particular which it comprehends. But to effect this difference it is not for a moment to be believed that the intellect has exerted action of its own to weaken and break its associations—a process which would be against its nature. There is nothing needed to effect the difference but the process which we before described in speaking of generalized qualities of bodies—the counteraction of one association by another. There does not appear, therefore, even in an abstract term, any evidence of the action of a faculty of abstraction.

That simple act which we have described from the beginning, by which the mind attaches itself to one rather than others of many impressions which are before it, will be carried by it throughout life into its highest and most complicated action. In reading the history of a great nation, for instance, among the multitude of events and actions which are brought before the imagination, it is not possible but that some will take stronger hold on the thoughts than others, will be more intently

contemplated, and will remain more distinct, vivid, and prominent in remembrance. Yet were they brought to the mind in the midst of a continuous succession of impressions. We surely do not imagine that any particular intellectual faculty is required to separate and divide one event, the death of a warrior, the heroic defence of a city, the changeful successes of some doubtful and perilous enterprise, from the others with which it was connected. The mind is carried by its own passion, its own desire, to fix itself upon one part rather than another of every object that is before its contemplation. In all there is division and abstraction made of one part from another, but in none is there any thing that can be ascertained and described as an intellectual act different from that which we have seen in its utmost simplicity, when, among different impressions before it, the mind directs itself upon that which for any reason it most desires to consider.

Such is the only act we are able to find in the nature of an intellectual act of Abstraction—a process in which the mind directs itself more to one part than another of the total affection of consciousness at any moment—a power which, whether it is turned to single out one object in the midst of a wide prospect; or one event in the history of a people; or to regard the impression through one sense more than the others, as in intent listening; or to consider as much as possible one property of a substance in recollective conception, to the partial exclusion of the rest, distinguishing that one by a name—appears to us throughout to bear one unaltered character—to be one and the same indistinguishable act of intelligence. Whether it would be of any use or propriety to give to this act the name of the operation of a separate faculty of Abstraction, we shall not much insist upon, because the first great object in all such enquiries is to obtain a clear apprehension and distinct understanding of the real fact in the mind. It is as faithfully as possible to represent to ourselves the action which takes place in any one instance, and to recognise it when it takes place in another. If

we do this, the name by which we describe it is of less moment. But it is a real and injurious confusion of all true knowledge of the mind's operation, and a direct obstacle to all progress in enquiry, if, observing the same action under different circumstances, we allow as two several phenomena of the mind what we ought to recognise as one.

Finally, let us advert to another operation that is ascribed to the faculty of Abstraction, namely, that it furnishes the basis of Generalization.

One of the most distinct definitions of Abstraction thus explains this act:—"An operation of the mind, by which we detach from our conceptions all those circumstances that render them particular, and thereby fit them to denote a whole rank or class of beings."—(Ed. Enc. Abstr.)

The particular definition, however, is of little consequence—enough that this operation is ascribed to the faculty of Abstraction. It is meant that where several objects concur in possessing certain common properties, the mind is able to detach the consideration of these properties from the others with which they are conjoined in the individuals, and upon the ground of that community, to class them together; as when all creatures having physical life, with sense, are classed together as animals.

Now the very statement will suggest, we think, that what has already been insisted upon applies directly here; and that when the mind conceives of one or more properties separate from others, in order to make them serve as the character of a class, precisely the same thing takes place as when it separates a property to give it a name. It inclines to the more earnest consideration of those properties, weakening the conception of the rest.

It will at once be perceived, that it is of little consequence whether the property of life be selected to give it a name in one living creature, or whether it be selected for the purpose of classing all; except that something like what we have already described will take place, when the property is extended to several kinds. For it would probably be

found, that if we had known life in one species only, it would be impossible for us to detach from the idea we might endeavour to form of it, the vivid visual and sensible conception of the more prominent circumstances, which in that species were connected with life; as of outward form, motion, internal structure, living blood, &c. But when we have to find the same life in kinds that are different in numberless circumstances of their frame and constitution, then it may be found indeed that the conception of life in so many kinds does greatly tend to produce the particular effect we have described; namely, that it is dissociated from the circumstances attending it in particular kinds; and under this simple law regulating our associations, and not by force of any intellectual act of Abstraction, acquires a more general form, giving an appearance to the conception of something like Generalization. But this is, we apprehend, the same deceptive appearance already described in the case of abstractions formed from mixed impressions of the qualities of sensible objects. Nor do we find in this selection of properties, for the purpose of designating a class, any other intellective act than that which is necessary for naming the perceived properties of an individual; that namely, by which the mind attaches itself to one part rather than to another of its general complex affection, but not to the exclusion of the rest.

We have now explained our view of the operations of the alleged faculty of Abstraction. The whole of the results which are commonly ascribed to it appear to us to be comprehended under two processes of the mind;—one, that by which it directs itself with intelligent consideration, more intently on one part rather than others of any mixed impression, thus weakening

to itself the impression of the rest, and giving to that one selected part a prominence both to its understanding at the time, and to its remembrance;—the other, a process of mere association, by which the many various conceptions which have been at different times associated with any single conception, equally connected with them all, neutralizing one another, weaken its power to call up any one among them all, and thus give it in effect a detached and generalized character to the mind. These two processes are all that we can find necessary to the production of the most abstracted forms of thought we possess; nor are we able to conceive any other element entering into them. But of these two processes, the last is evidently not an act of intellectual separation, but the mere unwilling result of irresistible impressions; and the first, which is indeed an intellectual act, namely the selection of the objects of consideration, is so far from being the act of a peculiar faculty, that it is that one universal act by which the mind is intelligent at all: since without it, it must be the mere passive subject of the fortuitous impressions of sense, exhibiting nothing but the perpetual succession of such impressions. The very act by which it subjects these impressions to itself, and makes them matter of knowledge and thought at all, is this distinct, selected, and willed consideration, for purposes of its own, of the mixed, and confounding impressions which crowd in together upon it from sense at every moment;—an act which is begun in its very first activity, and which is nothing different in kind, though greatly different in degree, in its very highest intellectual efforts, and in those simplest cases of separations effected in sense, with which we began the examination we now conclude.

We have received a very interesting letter from Mr John Fearn, author of "First Lines of the Human Mind," and other works. It shall appear in our January Number. Mean while we beg to express our high respect for that gentleman's character, and our high appreciation of the originality and importance of his metaphysical speculations.

LINES BY B. SIMMONS,

INSCRIBED TO LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

AND SUGGESTED BY A SKETCH IN "THE KEEPSAKE" for 1837.

"I IMMEDIATELY followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madam Lætitia was at that time *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quietness and brilliancy of her large sparkling eye was most remarkable. She was laid on a snow white bed in one corner of the room; to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long as that ago had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full-length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their royal robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. . . . She then, seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked, if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying 'Cela ressemble beaucoup à l'Empereur, oui, cela lui ressemble beaucoup!' . . . After having attentively examined all these interesting pictures, I returned to take my place beside the bed of the venerable lady. I could not help feeling that she must exist as it were in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently but eloquently spoke of the days departed. . . . She then commissioned me to say a thousand, a thousand affectionate things to Lady D. Stuart, and charged me to tell her that she ardently hoped that she would come and pay her a visit in the ensuing winter; adding, with a tone and manner that I shall never forget, so profound and mournful was the impression it made on me: 'Je vous en prie dites à ma chère Christine que je suis seule ici.'—*A Visit to Madam Lætitia, Mother of Napoleon.*"—KEEPSAKE, 1837.

It was the noon of a Roman day that lit with mellow gloom,
Through marble-shafted windows deep, a grandly solemn room,
Where, shadowed o'er with canopy and pillowed upon down,
An aged woman lay unwatched—like perishing renown.

No crowned one she; though, in the pale and venerable grace
Of her worn cheek and lofty brow, might observation trace—
And in her dark eye's flash—a fire and energy to give
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-swords should vanquish all that live.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not to page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms, in portrait, that glanc'd round
From the high walls, with cold bright looks more eloquent than sound.

They were her children. Never yet, since, with the primal beam,
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings its own immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race beneath its smile to glow,
As they who now back on her brow their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!—look'd down in dazzling sheen:
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—one crown'd an earthly queen!
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins! with diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm, made empire of that room!

But, right before her couch's foot, one mightiest picture blazed—
One august form, to which her eyes incessantly were raised ;—
A monarch's, too !—and, monarch-like, the artist's hand had bound him
With jewell'd belt, imperial sword, and ermin'd purple round him.

One well might deem from the white flags that o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed and waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign and leaped again to day !

How gleamed that awful countenance, magnificently stern !
In its dark smile and smiting look, what destiny we learn !—
The laurel simply wreathes that brow, while nations watch its nod,
As though he scoff'd all pomp below the thunderbolts of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—which, after many a year,
Had swept above the memory of his meteor-like career—
Saw the mother of the mightiest—*NAPOLEON'S MOTHER*—lie
With the living dead around her, with the past before her eye !

She saw her son—of whom the Seer in Patmos bare record—
Who broke one seal—one vial poured—wild angel of the Lord !
She saw him shadow earth beneath the terrors of his face,
And *lived* and knew that the hoarse sea-mew wailed o'er his burial-place.

Yet was she not forgotten :—from every land and wave,
The noble and free-hearted all, the graceful and the brave
Passed not her halls unnoticed, but, lingering claimed to pay
The tribute of their chastened hearts to glory in decay.

And England's Gentle Daughter, in that deserted hour,
Though greatness was thy handmaiden, and genius was thy dower,
Thou didst not scorn to come in youth and beauty to assuage,
Albeit for one bright moment brief that woman's lonely age.

" I am alone ! " she still exclaimed—and haply thou didst say,
How much our human sympathies were with her far away ;
How much *one* spirit mourn'd with hers, let this wild strain impart,
Offered in homage, Lady, to thy good and gifted heart.

LONDON, *November*, 1836.

We are delighted once more to number Mr Simmons among our poetical contributors. These lines are not unworthy of the author of the noble ode on Napoleon, which none who read it once in our pages can ever forget.

C. N.

"THE MEASURE METED OUT TO OTHERS, MEASURED TO US AGAIN!"

CHAPTER I.

L. E. L. closes one of her sportive poems with the heartfelt exclamation—

"Thank Heaven that I never
Can be a child again!"

The remark falls harshly from a woman's lip; and after, all does not admit of general application. There are those who were never children—with whom the heart was never young. There are those who never knew that brief but happy period when the spirit was a stranger to guile,—and the heart beat high with generous impulses,—and the future was steeped in the colours of hope,—and the past left behind it no sting of bitterness,—and the brow was unwrinkled with care,—and the soul unsullied by crime,—and the lips poured forth, fondly and fervently, with unbounded and unwavering confidence, the heart's purest and earliest homage to Nature and to Truth. And he whose career, on the second anniversary of his death, I am tempted to record, was a living illustration of the truth of this assertion.

Vincent Desborough's prospects and position in society embraced all that an ambitious heart would seek. He was heir to a large fortune—had powerful connexions—talents of no common order—and indisputable personal attractions. But every good, natural and acquired, was marred by a fatal flaw in his disposition. It was largely leavened with CRUELTY. It seemed born with him. For it was developed in very early childhood, and bade defiance to remonstrance and correction. Insects, dogs, horses, servants, all felt its virulence. And yet on a first acquaintance, it appeared incredible that that intelligent and animated countenance, those glad some and beaming eyes could meditate aught but kindness and good-will to those around him. But as Lord Byron said of Ali Pacha—one of the most cruel and sanguinary of Eastern despots—that he was "by far the mildest-looking old gentleman he ever conversed

with;" so it might be said of Vincent Desborough, that never was a relentless and savage heart concealed under a more winning and gentle exterior.

That parents are blind to the errors of their offspring has passed into a proverb, and Vincent's were no exception to the rule. "He was a boy," they affirmed, "of the highest promise." His ingenuity in causing pain was "a mere childish foible which would vanish with advancing years;" and his delight at seeing others suffer it, "an eccentricity which more extended acquaintance with life would teach him to discard. *All boys were cruel!*" And satisfied with the wisdom of this conclusion, the Desboroughs intrusted their darling to Doctor Scanaway, with the request that "he might be treated with every possible indulgence."

"No!" said the learned linguist, loudly and sternly, "not if he was heir-presumptive to the dukedom of Devonshire! Your son you have thought proper to place with me. For that preference I thank you. But if he remains with me he must rough it like the rest. You have still the power of withdrawing him."

Papa and Mamma Desborough looked at each other in evident consternation, and stammered out a disjointed disclaimer of any such intention.

"Very well!—Coppinger," said he, calling one of the senior boys, "take this lad away with you into the school-room and put a Livy into his hands. My pupils I aim at making *men*, not *milksoys*—scholars, not simpletons. To do this I must have your entire confidence. If that be withheld, your son's luggage is still in the hall, and I beg that he and it may be again restored to your carriage."

"By no means," cried the Desboroughs in a breath; and silenced, if not satisfied, they made their adieus and departed.

CHAPTER II.

In Doctor Scanaway's household Vincent met with a congenial spirit in the person of a youth some years his senior named Gervaise Rolleston. Gervaise was a young adventurer. He was clever, active, and prepossessing; but he was poor and dependent. He discovered that, at no very distant period, accumulated wealth must descend to Vincent, and he fancied that, by submitting to his humours and flattering his follies, he might secure to himself a home in rough weather. The other had no objec-

tion to possess a faithful follower. In truth, a clever coadjutor was often indispensable for the successful execution of his mischievous projects. Mutual necessity thus proved a stringent bond to both; and between them a league was struck up, offensive and defensive, which—like other leagues on a broader scale which are supported by wealth and wickedness—was formidable to all who opposed its designs and movements.

CHAPTER III.

Domiciled in the little village of Horbury, over which the learned doctor ruled with undisputed sway, was "a widow humble of spirit and sad of heart, for of all the ties of life one son alone was spared her; and she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost." Moreover, he was the last of his race, the only surviving pledge of a union too happy to endure; and the widow, while she gazed on him with that air of resigned sorrow peculiar to her countenance—an air which had banished the smile, but not the sweetness, from her lips—felt that in him were concentrated all the ties which bound her to existence.

"Send Cyril to me," said the doctor to Mrs Dormer, when he called to welcome her to the village. "No thanks—I knew his father—respected him—loved him. I like an old family—belong to one myself, though I have still to learn the benefit it has been to me!"

"I fear," replied the widow, timidly, for the recollection of very limited resources smote painfully across her, "at least I feel the requisite pecuniary consideration"—

"He shall pay when he's a fellow of his college—shall never know it before! You've nothing to do with it—but THEN I shall exact it! We will dine in his rooms at Trinity, and he shall lionize us over the building. I have long wished to see Dr Wordsworth—good man—sound scholar!—but have been too busy these last twenty years to manage it. It's a bargain, then? You'll send him to-morrow?"

And the affectionate interest which the doctor took in little Cyril, the pains he bestowed on his progress, and the evident anxiety with which he watched and aided the development of his mind, were one among the many fine traits of character which belonged to this warmhearted but unpolished humorist.

To Dormer, for some undefinable reason, Desborough had conceived the most violent aversion. Neither the youth of the little orphan, nor his patient endurance of insult, nor the readiness with which he forgave, nor the blamelessness of his own disposition, served to disarm the ferocity of his tormentor. Desborough, to use his own words, was "resolved to drive the little pauper from their community, or tease his very heart out."

His love for his mother, his fair and effeminate appearance, his slender figure, and diminutive stature, were the objects of his tormentor's incessant attack. "Complain, Dormer—complain at home," was the advice given him by more than one of his class-fellows.

"It would only grieve my mother," he replied, in his plaintive musical voice, "and she has had much—Oh! so much—to distress her. I might, too, lose my present advantages; and the good doctor is so very very lenient to me. Besides, surely, Desborough will become kinder by and by, even if he does not grow weary of ill-treating me."

And thus, cheered by Hope, the little martyr struggled on, and suffered in silence.

The 4th of September was the

doctor's birthday, and was invariably kept as a sort of Saturnalia by all under his roof. The day—always too short—was devoted to cricket, and revelry, and manly sports; and a meadow at the back of the shrubbery, which, from its being low and marshy, was drained by dykes of all dimensions, was a favourite resort of those who were expert at leaping with a pole. The whole party were in motion at an early hour, and Cyril among the rest. Either purposely or accidentally he was separated from the others, and, on a sudden, he found himself alone with Desborough and Rolleston. "Come, you little coward," said the former, "leap this dyke."

"I cannot, it is too broad; and, besides, it is very deep."

"Cannot? You mean will not. But you shall be made. Leap it, sir, this instant."

"I cannot—indeed I cannot. Do not force me to try it; it is deep, and I cannot swim."

"Then learn now. Leap it, you little wretch! Leap it, I say, or I'll throw you in. Seize him, Rolleston. We'll teach him obedience."

"Promise me, then, that you will help me out," said the little fellow, entreatingly, and in accents that would have moved most hearts; "promise me, do promise me, for I feel sure that I shall fail."

"We promise you," said the confederates, and they exchanged glances. The helpless victim trembled—turned pale. Perhaps the recollection of his doting and widowed parent came across him, and unnerved his little heart. "Let me off, Des-

borough; pray let me off," he murmured.

"No! you little dastard, no! Over! or I throw you in!"

The fierce glance of Desborough's eye, and the menace of his manner, determined him. He took a short run, and then boldly sprang from the bank. His misgivings were well-founded. The pole snapped, and in an instant he was in the middle of the stream.

"Help! help! Your promise, Desborough—your promise!"

With a mocking laugh, Desborough turned away. "Help yourself, my fine fellow! Scramble out; it's not deep. A kitten wouldn't drown!" And Rolleston, in whom better feelings for the moment seemed to struggle, and who appeared half inclined to return to the bank and give his aid, he dragged forcibly away. The little fellow eyed their movements, and seemed to feel his fate was determined. He clasped his hands, and uttered no further cry for assistance. The words "Mother! mother!" were heard to escape him; and once, and only once, did his long wavy golden hair come up above the surface for a moment. But though no human ear heeded the death-cry of that innocent child, and no human heart responded to it, THE GREAT SPIRIT had his observant eye fixed on the little victim, and quickly terminated his experience of care and sorrow, by a summons to that world where the heavy laden hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and the pure in heart behold their God!

CHAPTER IV.

The grief of the mother was frightful to witness. Her softness and sweetness of character, the patience with which she had endured sorrow and reverses, the cheerfulness with which she had submitted to the privations attendant on very limited resources, had given place to unwonted vehemence and sternness. She cursed the destroyers of her child in the bitterness of her soul. "God will avenge me! His frown will direct their path to their dying hour. As the blood of Abel cried up from the ground against the first murderer, so the blood of my Cyril

calls for vengeance on those who sacrificed him. I shall see it—I shall see it. *The measure meted out by them to others, shall be measured unto them again.*" It was in vain that kind-hearted neighbours suggested to her topics of consolation. She mourned as one that would not be comforted. "The only child of his mother, and she a widow!" was her invariable reply. "No! For me there is nought but quenchless regrets and ceaseless weeping!" Among those who tendered their friendly offices was the warm-hearted doctor, Indifferent to his ap-

proach, and in appearance lost to every thing else around her, she was sitting among Cyril's books—inspecting his little drawings—arranging his playthings—and apparently carefully collecting together every object, however trivial, with which his loved memory could be associated.

To the doctor's kind though tremulous enquiries she had but one reply—"Alone—alone in the world."

His offer of a home in his own house was declined with the remark—"My summer is so nearly over it matters not where the leaves fall."

And when he pressed her under any circumstances to entertain the offer made through him—by a wealthy kinsman of her husband—of a shelter under his roof for any period, however protracted—"Too late! too late!" was her answer—"Ambition is cold with the ashes of those we love!"

But the feelings of the mourner had been painfully exasperated by the result of a previous enquiry. An inquest was indispensable; and rumour—we may say facts—spoke so loudly against Desborough, that his parents hurried to Horbury, prepared at any pecuniary sacrifice to extricate him from the obloquy which threatened him. Money judiciously bestowed will effect impossibilities; and the foreman of the jury—a bustling, clamorous, spouting democrat—who was always eloquent on the wrongs of his fellow-men, and kept the while a most watchful eye to his own interests—became on a sudden "thoroughly satisfied that Mr Vincent Desborough had been cruelly calumniated," and that the

whole affair was "a matter of ACCIDENT altogether."

A verdict to that effect was accordingly returned!

The unhappy mother heard the report of these proceedings, and it seemed to scorch her very soul. "The covetous, craving, earth-worm!" she cried. "He thinks he has this day clenched a most successful bargain! But no! from this hour the face of God is against him! Can it be otherwise? *He that justifieth the wicked, and condemneth the just, are they not both equal abomination in the sight of God?* For years the wickedness of this hour will be present before the GREAT, JUST SPIRIT, and will draw down a curse on his every project. I am as confident of it as if I saw the whole course of this man's after life spread out before me. *Henceforth God fights against him!*"

It was a curious coincidence, the solution of which is left to better casuists than myself, that from the hour in which he was bribed to smother enquiry, and throw a shield over crime, misfortune and reverses in unbroken succession assailed him. His property melted away from his grasp with unexampled rapidity. And when, a few years afterwards, the kinsman, already alluded to, left poor Dormer's mother a small annuity, it so chanced that as she quitted the vestry with the requisite certificates of birth and marriage in her hands, she encountered this very juror in the custody of the parish officers, who were bringing him before the proper authorities to swear him to his settlement, and then obtain an order to pass him forthwith to the parish workhouse!

CHAPTER V.

A few years after the melancholy scene at Horbury, Desborough was admitted at Cambridge. He was the sporting man of a non-reading college. Around him were gathered all the coaching, betting, driving, racing characters of the University—the "Varmint men," as they called themselves—"The Devil's Own," as others named them. It was a melancholy sojourn for Desborough. The strictness of academical rule put down every attempt at a cock-pit, a badger hunt, or a bull bait. It

was a painfully monotonous life; and to enliven it he got up a rat-hunt. Appertaining to him was a little knowing dog, with a sharp quick eye, and a short curled up tail, who was discovered to have an invaluable antipathy to rats, and an unparalleled facility in despatching them. What discovery could be more opportune! Rat-hunts wiled away many a lagging hour; and the squeaks, and shrieks, and shouts, which on these occasions issued from Desborough's rooms, were pro-

nounced by the senior tutor "*quite irregular*;" and by the master to be "by no means in keeping with the gravity of college discipline." To the joy of all the staid and sober members of the society these sounds at length were hushed, for Desborough quitted the University.

"What a happy riddance!" said, on the morning of his departure, a junior fellow who had had the misfortune to domicile on the same staircase. "His rooms had invariably such an unsavoury smell that it was quite disagreeable to pass them!"

"And would you believe it," cried another, who used to extruciate the ears of those above and below him by the most rasping inflections on a tuneless fiddle; "would you believe it, after the noise and uproar with which his rooms were familiar, that whenever I began one of those sweetly soothing airs of Bellini, his gyp used to come to me with his

master's compliments, and he was sorry to disturb me, but really the noise in my rooms—fancy—THE NOISE! was so great that he was unable to read while it lasted!"

"He was so little accomplished—played the worst rubber of any man I ever knew," observed the dean, with great gravity.

"He carved so badly!" said the bursar. "He has often deprived me of my appetite by the manner in which he helped me!"

"And was so cruel!" added the president, who was cursed with a tabby mania. "Poor Fatima could never take her walk across the quadrangle without being worried by one or other of his vile terriers."

"The deliverance is great," cried the musical man, "and Heaven be praised for it!"

"Amen!" said the other two; "but good Heavens! we have missed the dinner bell!"

CHAPTER VI.

In a fair and fertile valley, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England—where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring—where no rigour of the seasons can ever be felt—where every thing seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness, lived a loved and venerated clergyman with his only daughter.

He belonged to a most distinguished family, and had surrendered brilliant prospects to embrace the profession of his choice. And right nobly had he adorned it! And she—the companion of his late and early hours—his confidante—guide—almoner—consoler—was a young, fair, and innocent being, whose heart was a stranger to duplicity, and her tongue to guile.

His guide and consoler was she in the truest sense of the term. He was blind. While comforting in his dying moments an old and valued parishioner, Mr Somerset had caught the infection; and the fever settling in his eyes had deprived him of vision.

"I will be your curate," said the affectionate girl, when the old man, under the pressure of this calamity, talked of retiring altogether from

duty. "The prayers, and psalms, and lessons you have long known by heart; and your addresses, as you call them, we all prefer to your written sermons. Pray—pray—accept of me as your curate, and make trial of my services in guiding and prompting you, ere you surrender your beloved charge to a stranger."

"It would break my heart to do so," said the old man faintly.

The experiment was made, and succeeded, and it was delightful to see that fair-haired, bright-eyed girl steadying her father's tottering steps—prompting him in the service when his memory failed—guiding him to and from the sanctuary, and watching over him with the truest and tenderest affection—an affection which no wealth could purchase, and no remuneration repay, for it sprung from heartfelt and devoted attachment.

Satiated with pleasure and shattered in constitution, a stranger came to seek health in this sheltered spot. It was Desborough. Neither the youth, nor the beauty, nor the innocence of Edith availed her against the snares and sophistry of this unprincipled man. She fell—but under circumstances of the most unparalleled duplicity. She fell—

the victim of the most tremendous perfidy and the dupe of the most carefully veiled villany. She fell—and was deserted! "Importune me no more as to marriage," was the closing remark of Vincent's last letter—"your own conduct has rendered that impossible." That declaration was her deathblow.—She read it, and never looked up again. The springs of life seemed frozen within her; and without any apparent disease she faded gradually away.

"I am justly punished," was the remark of her heartbroken father when the dreadful secret was disclosed to him. "My idol is withdrawn from me! Ministering at his altar, nought should have been dear to me but Him! But lead me to her, I can yet bless her."

The parting interview between that parent and child will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged minister wept and prayed—and prayed and wept—over his parting child, with an earnestness and agony, that "bowed the hearts of all who heard him like the heart of one man."

"Is there hope for me, father?" said the dying girl, "Can I—can I be forgiven? Will not—oh! will not our separation be eternal?"

"Though sin abounded," was the almost inarticulate reply, "grace did much more abound. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"We shall not be long parted," was his remark when those who watched around the dying bed told him he had no longer a daughter. "The summons has arrived; and the last tie which bound me to earth is broken."

Acting upon this conviction, he commenced and completed the arrangements for the disposition of his little property with an earnestness and alacrity they could well understand who had witnessed his blameless career.

The evening previous to that appointed for the funeral of his daughter, he said to those who had the management of it—"Grant the last, the closing request of your old pastor. Postpone the funeral for a few hours. I ask no more. A short delay—and one service and one grave will suffice for both."

His words were prophetic. The morrow's sun he never saw; and on the following Sunday, amid the tears of a bereaved people, father and daughter were calmly deposited in one common grave.

CHAPTER VII.

In the interim how had the world sped with Gervaise Rolleston? Bravely! He had become a thriving and a prosperous gentleman. There are two modes, says an old writer, of obtaining distinction.—The eagle soars, the serpent climbs. The latter mode was the one adopted by Rolleston. He was an adroit flatterer; possessed the happy art of making those whom he addressed pleased with themselves; had a thorough knowledge of tact, and always said the right thing in the right place. All his acquaintance called him "a very rising young man." And for "a very rising young man" he held a most convenient creed. For to forget all benefits, and conceal the remembrance of all injuries, are maxims by which adventurers lose their honour but make their fortunes. In a happy hour he contrived to secure the acquaintance of Lord Meriden. His Lordship

was an amiable, but moody, valetudinarian, who had no resources in himself, and was entirely dependent on the good offices of others. Rolleston was the very man for him. He was a fair punster—told a good story—sang a capital song—played well at chess and billiards, and most unaccountably was always beaten at both—could read aloud by the hour together—and never took offence. To all these accomplishments, natural and acquired, he added one most valuable qualification, which was in constant exercise—the most profound respect for Lord Meriden.—And how true is it that "we love those who admire us more than those whom we admire?"

Rolleston's advice, presence, and conversation became to Lord Meriden indispensable. And when ordered abroad, by those who foresaw that he would die under their hands if he remained at home, the sick

nobleman's first care was that Rolleston should accompany him. He did so; and played his part so successfully, that "in remembrance of his disinterested attentions," Lord Meriden bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property.—His carriages, horses, plate, yacht, all were willed by the generous nobleman to his pliant favourite.—In the vessel which had thus become his own, Rolleston embarked for England. It was a proud moment for his aspiring spirit. He was returning to those shores an independent and opulent man, which he had quitted fifteen months before a penniless adventurer. His family, apprized of his good fortune, hurried down to Ryde to receive him on his arrival. They vied with each other in the length and ardour of their congratulations. By the way, what extraordinary and overpowering affection is invariably evinced by all the members of a family towards that branch of it which unexpectedly attains wealth or distinction! The "*Fairy Queen*" was telegraphed—was signaled—hove in sight—passed gallantly on—and all the Rollestons, great and small, pressed down to the pier to welcome this "dear, good, worthy, accomplished, and excellent young man."

At the very instant of nearing the pier, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, Rolleston was sent overboard. Some said that he was overbalanced by a sudden lurch of the vessel—others, that he was

struck by the jib-boom. One staid and respectable spectator positively affirmed that he had observed a sailor, to whose wife, it seemed, Rolleston had, some months before, offered insult, rush violently against him, with the evident intention of injuring him; and this account, strange as it appeared, gained considerable credence. The fact, however, was indisputable. He struggled bravely for a few moments with the eddy that sweeps around the pier—then struck out boldly for the shore, waved his hand in recognition of his agonized family, who were almost within speaking distance, and in a moment sunk to rise no more.

For many days his anguished mother lingered at Ryde, in the hope of rescuing the body from the deep; and large was the reward promised to those who should succeed in bringing her the perishing remains. So many days had elapsed in fruitless search, that hope was fading into despair, when one morning a lady in deep mourning enquired for Mrs Rolleston. On being admitted to her presence,—

"I am the bearer," said she, "of welcome intelligence: I have this morning discovered on the beach, at some distance, the body of your son, Gervaise Rolleston."

"How know you that it is he?"

"I cannot be mistaken!"

"Are his features, then, familiar to you?"

"Familiar! I am the mother of Cyril Dormer!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion, or business, or pleasure, rolls on,—rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed,—and sweeps away with it the attention of the mourner to the ruling folly of the hour.

"There poesy and love come not,

It is a world of stone:

The grave is bought—is closed—forgot,

And then life hurries on." *

Engrossed in the all-important duty of securing the property which had been bequeathed to their son,

and which, as he had left no will, there was some probability of their losing, the Rollestons had completely forgotten him by whose subservience it had been acquired. At length it occurred to them that some monument was due; or, at all events, that a headstone should be raised over him who slept beneath the yew-tree in Brading churchyard; and directions were given accordingly. Their intentions had been anticipated. A headstone had been erected—when or by whom no one could or cared to divulge. But there it was. It bore the simple

inscription of the name of the departed—the day of birth and the day of death; with this remarkable addition, in large and striking letters:—

"WITH THE SAME MEASURE THAT YE METE
WITHAL, IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN."

CHAPTER IX.

Some years after the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, a gentleman, in military undress, was desecrated riding slowly into the village of Beechbury. The size and architecture of the village church had apparently arrested his attention, and he drew bridle suddenly, to make enquiries of a peasant, who was returning from his daily toil.

"Ay! it's a fine church, though I can't say I troubles it very much myself," was the reply. "There's a *mort* of fine *muniments* in it beside. All Lord Somerset's folks be buried there; and 'twas but last Martinmas that they brought here old parson Somerset and his daughter all the way from a churchyard t'other side Dartmoor, because ye see they belonged to 'em; and these great folks choose to be altogether. It's a grand vault they have! But here's Moulder, the sexton, coming anent us, and he'll tell as much and more than ye may care to hear."

The name of Somerset seemed to jar harshly on the stranger's ear; and dismounting hastily, he demanded of the sexton "whether he could show him the interior of the church at that hour?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Turn to the right, and I will overtake you with the keys before you reach the west door."

The church was one of considerable magnitude and surpassing beauty. It was built in the form of a cross, and had formerly been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order, suppressed at the period of the Reformation. Near the altar was a shrine, once the resort of pilgrims from every clime, from its enclosing a fragment of the true cross. You approached it by an aisle, which was literally a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed. Mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets were all mingled together—emblems of conquests, and honours, and dignities, which had long since passed away. The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly

painted western window, and tipped with living lustre many of the monuments of the line of Somerset. Some of the figures were of the size of life, and finely sculptured. And as the restless and agitated stranger gazed on them, they seemed to reply to his questioning glance, and slowly murmur,—“All on earth is but for a period; joy and grief, triumph and desolation, succeed each other like cloud and sunshine! Care and sorrow, change and vicissitude, we have proved like thee. Fight the good fight of faith as we. Brave the combat, speed the race, and stem the storm of life; and in God's own good time thou, like us, shalt rest.”

“I wish,” said the stranger, when he had traversed the church, “to descend into the Somerset vault. It's a sickly, foolish fancy of mine; but I choose to gratify it. Which is the door?”

“Nay, that's no part of our bargain,” said the sexton, doggedly; “you go not there.”

“I am not accustomed to refusals when I state my wishes,” said the soldier, fiercely and haughtily. “Lead the way, old man!”

“Not for the Indies! It's as much as my place is worth. Our present rector is one of the most particular parsons that ever peered from a pulpit. He talks about the sanctity of the dead in a way that makes one stare. Besides, it is the burial place of all his family.”

“The very reason for which I wish to see it.”

“Not with *my* will,” said Moulder, firmly. “Besides, there's nothing to see—nothing but lead coffins, on my life!”

“Here,” cried the stranger. And he placed a piece of gold on the sexton's trembling palm.

“I dare not, sir; indeed, I dare not,” said the latter entreatingly, as if he felt the temptation was more than he could resist.

“Another,” said his companion, and a second piece of the same potent metal glittered in the old man's grasp.

"Well," said Moulder, drawing a long and heavy sigh, "if you *must* you *must*! I would rather you wouldn't—I'm sure no good will come of it—but if you *insist* upon it, sir—if you *insist* upon it"—and slowly and reluctantly he unclosed the ponderous door which opened into the vault.

The burial-place of the Somersets was large and imposing. It was evidently of antique construction and very considerable extent. Escutcheons, shields, hatchments, and helmets, were ranged around the walls, all referring to those who were calmly sleeping within its gloomy recesses, while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the centre. One single window or spiracle of fifteen inches in diameter passed upwards, through the thick masonry, to the external air beyond, and one of those short massive pillars which we sometimes see in the crypts of very ancient churches, stood in the centre and supported the roof.

"Well, sir, you are about satisfied, I take it," said the sexton, coaxingly to his companion, after the latter had taken a long, minute, and silent survey of the scene around him.

"No! no!"

"Why, how long would you wish to remain here?"

"At least an hour."

"An hour! I can't stay, sir, really I can't, all that time! And to leave the church, and, what's worse, the vault open—it's a thing not to be thought of! I cannot—and, what's more, I will not."

"Dotard! then lock me in I say! Do what you will. But leave me."

"Leave you! Lock you in! And HERE! God bless you, sir! you can't be aware"—

"Leave me—leave me!" said the stranger impetuously; and he drew the door towards him as he spoke.

"What! would you be locked up and left alone with them dead Som——?"

"Go—and release me in an hour."

In amazement at the stranger's mien, air of command, courage, and choice, Moulder departed. "The Jolly Beggars" lay in his way home, and the door stood so invitingly open, and the sounds of mirth and good-fellowship which thence issued were so attractive, that he could not

resist the temptation of washing away the cares of the day in a cool pint, were it only to drink the stranger's health.

This indulgence Moulder repeated so frequently as at length to lose all recollection of the stranger, of the vault, and of his appointment, and it was only late on the morning of the following day, when his wife asked him "*if he had come honestly by what was in his pocket?*" that in an agony he remembered his prisoner.

Trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church and unlocked the vault.

The spectacle which there awaited him haunted the old man to his dying day. The remains of the stranger were before him, but so marred—so mutilated—so disfigured—that no feature could be recognised even by the nearest relative.

Rats in thousands and in myriads had assailed him, and by his broken sword and the multitudes which lay dead around him, it was plain his resistance had been gallant and protracted. But it availed not. Little of him remained, and that little was in a state which it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

Among the many who pressed forward to view the appalling spectacle was an elderly female much beloved in the village for her kindly, and gentle, and compassionate heart, and to her the sexton handed a small memorandum-book which had somehow or other escaped complete destruction.

Upon the papers it contained the old lady looked long and anxiously, and when she spoke, it was in accents of unusual emotion.

"These," she said, "are the remains of Colonel Vincent Desborough. May he meet with that mercy on High which on earth he refused to others!" The old lady paused and wept, and the villagers did homage to her grief by observing a respectful silence. They all knew and loved her. "This spectacle," she continued, "opens up fountains of grief which I thought were long since dry; but chiefly and mainly does it teach me that the measure we mete out to others is measured unto us again."

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. II.

A CURIOUS revolution is taking place in whatever constitutes that very curious and undefinable thing—wit. We are importing it from America! The whole growth of Europe is confessed to be utterly exhausted. Spain, the old land of pleasantries in its best, because its gravest form, is otherwise occupied. A regent, a royal minor, a king, a dozen armies all slaying each other, a pair of new constitutions, equally hostile; and misery, disease, famine, and faction, following in the train of war, are full employment for all the genius of the land of Cervantes and *Lopé*. Italy is an idler by profession;—half monk, half mime,—the convent and the theatre employ all the national faculties. And if this region of vestals and volcanoes sends out a *prima donna* once in every half dozen years, it has done all that the living race of mankind ever expects from Italy.

Germany, mother of the Goths, is busy breeding mysteries of all kinds, from homœopathics to Prince Hohenlohe himself—all dreamy, driveling, and dull. The march of mind there, like many another march, has run over the ground with so heavy a tread, that it has trampled the soil into sterility. Since the *Freischutz*, the whole genius of Germany, toiling as it ever is to bring forth, has not produced an offspring that has lived long enough to speak. In the best of times, Germany was incapable of wit. Its most brilliant sparklings scarcely emulated the flame of its own pipes. It never aspired even to a *Joe Miller*. All its collected *bon mots* would not have covered a page of one of its own little dingy newspapers. Its whole *Sylva* of pleasantries would not have supplied the wrapping of a cigar.

France is France no more. The age of chivalry there is utterly gone. Cooks and coffeehouses are to be found there still. The *Palais-Royal* still boasts its tailors and toy-shops. But the spirit that once animated them all is past away on the winds, though whether upwards or downwards, it might not be within our inclination to divulge. The land has become as solemn as an idiot deter-

mined to look wise. Even M. Scribe himself has lost his merriment and turned Pharisee. His little fragments of interludes, the utmost soaring of his little faculties in other days, have been pieced, prolonged, and perplexed into five act "Dramas." Easy burlesque is transformed into starched absurdity; and his *soubrette* muse stalks forth in the wig and fardingale of a maid of honour to Catherine de Medicis. To sum all in one killing sentence, he borrows from the German. We owe M. Scribe this acknowledgment for his saucy petulance to England, and the writers of England, from whom he has long rejoiced to beg, borrow, and steal.

The bills drawn for wit, and dishonoured in Europe, are now negotiating in America; and Jonathan, to his infinite astonishment, is called for to make returns of a commodity once as much above his hopes as one of the horns of the moon. Passing by Mr *Forest*, whom one of our philosophers speaks of as having come, by some recondite law of nature, to compensate for our export of Miss *Tree* and Mrs *Wood* to the "States,"—the present embodiment of Transatlantic wit is a Mr *Hill*. The same philosopher has observed that, though humour is generally low, it has taken *high ground* on this occasion; and that the two Yankees are very fairly allied, the Hill sustaining the Forest, and the Forest overtopping the Hill. Mr Hill exhibits as the Yankee pedlar, a character which may be defined as the essence of humbug,—the knave, *par excellence*,—the visible spirit of chicanery,—simplicity dipped in the profound of roguery; a pedlar as much exceeding the European professors of the art as the benefit of a soil congenial to trickery, aided by perpetual practice, can enhance a talent originally made for the perfection of swindling. Yet it must be owned that this bright character has not found its true painter in the author of the drama, for it is inexorably dull. Mr Hill, however, deserves the more praise. Nothing can be more *native* than his knavery. If we met him in the depth of one of his

own forests, we should feel as if we heard the play-house cry—"Take care of your pockets!" If we met him in the drawingroom at St James's, we should instinctively feel for our purse, and reckon our rings. If we heard of his having gone to Bengal, we should expect to hear of the general pillage of begums and bungalows; and if his return to London were but conjectured, we should look for the fact in the *Hue and Cry*, or in some exquisite exploit on the Stock Exchange. All this is Mr Hill's own—the mere merit of his sheepish look, his awkward gait, and his lispng tongue—alternating with his subtlety, his forwardness, and his volubility. Some of his *hits*, as they are technically called, have oddity; but the oddity is still too Transatlantic for our taste. Thus he puffs his razors by saying, that "you have only to oil one of them, lay it under your pillow, and you will get up, clean shaved, in the morning." The Colonel, a woodsman, charges him with having sold him a pair of poneys, whose tails came off in his hand. The pedlar disproves the charge by saying, that whenever he sells horses with false tails, he takes care to "stick them on well." He tells two or three stories, remarkable only for their longwindedness, and for their puzzling the Colonel, who being born to be puzzled, the task is unworthy of the talent. The Colonel is altogether Carolinian; full of vociferous talk of his rifle, his sangaree, and his "niggers;" very hot, very loud, very thirsty, and alike corpulent and commonplace. The plot turns on his having laid a wager on his horse, which, as riding in person is out of the question, he is extremely anxious to win by some deputy of first-rate qualifications. A young lover of his daughter, disguised as a menial, undertakes the feat, succeeds, entitles the Colonel to "a many hundred hard dollars;" and having thus whipped and spurred his way to the father's heart, as he had already sighed and sonneteered to the young lady's, all ends in the usual stage-style of happiness—marriage.—A proof how widely the stage differs from the world,—the troubles of the one ending where the troubles of the other begin,—the one arriving in port, while the other is putting out to sea.

The humour of the lower Irish is proverbial. Some portion of its effect on English ears may proceed from the novelty of a style in which a people with much imagination, and a vast deal of time on their hands, get rid of all the time that they can. Such a people are naturally conversable; and where the topics are not numerous, the equally natural expedient is to supply the deficiency by putting those which they have into as many shapes as possible. The Englishman is generally a man with many things to think of; and the result is, that no man so much studies despatch in his conversation. He is nationally not given to magnify or multiply; and if he were, he seldom has time. But the Irishman, the Highlander, the Spanish peasant—the beggar on the highway of every land, is generally a talker, picturesque, and a humorist.

Some of the scenes which daily occur in the police-offices of London illustrate this taste with strong effect. A few days ago, an Irishwoman brought her complaint before the Commissioner of the Court of Requests against one of her countrymen, who, making his approaches insidiously by love, had only money in view, and concluded by swindling the susceptible fair one out of two shirts and four shillings as a *loan*. The lady's name was *Crina Fagan*—but let not our classical friends be betrayed by the name into any idea that the slightest similitude existed between her and the lily, for the lower females of Ireland, at least those who venture to this side of the Irish Channel, are among the most formidable specimens of the native physiognomy in existence. Crina thus told her tale, of which we thus hazard the delivery. On being asked the source of her calamities, Crina put on a pathetic face, fixed her arms in her sides, and, with a long sigh, poured out her woes:—"It's to marry me, your Worship, that this spalpeen followed me; and he played the piper with my heart. And so he promised, and to that point I made him a couple of shirts; and in regard of that I lent him eleven shillings and sixpence, all my own earning, all hard money, all out of my own pocket. And then what does the baste do, with my two shirts on his back, and my eleven

shillings and sixpence in his pocket?—he turns plump round, never saying as much as begging your pardon, and marries another. I wish him much luck of her—she's as old and ugly as Barney's pig. So now I want back my shirts and my money." This love-tale excited the risibility of the crowd, in which the muscles of the grave Commissioner partially joined.

"How long did he court you, Mrs Fagan?" said the Commissioner.

"Ever since he took up with O'Connell," answered Crina.

"What do you mean by taking up with O'Connell?" asked the rather perplexed Commissioner. But Crina was not perplexed at all.—"What I mean, your worship, is this," said the lovesick Amazon; "he attends all the big meetings, for he has a great big voice; and there's no man better at a hollabaloo. And for the matter of that he *wakes all our dead*." This new application of lungs greatly increased the interest of the court. It is the custom among the Irish peasantry to carouse a good deal over the dead before burial, and follow the funeral with great clamour. The Stentor was now called forward. His name was O'Regan, a showy fellow, with a countenance half surprise and half easy knavery. "O'Regan. What have you to say to this woman's complaint? Did you steal the shirts, and borrow the money?" was the home question. Mr O'Regan, rising to his full height, and looking the genuine hero of the bogs, roared out "No. I swear it by my soul and body." Upon which, having thrown himself into an oratorical attitude, he was evidently preparing to give what he termed "the short and long of it;" when the Commissioner, as evidently expecting that the latter quality would prevail, abruptly ordered him to take the book in his hand and swear. For this check he was not prepared, and Pat looked surprised for the moment, but the son of Erin soon recovers embarrassment of all kinds. "Now, sir, you are upon your oath, answer me directly? Did Crina Fagan make you two shirts, and did you get her to lend you her money?" asked the Commissioner.

"Well, for that matter, by the powers, I scorn to say but she did. But then, your honour, she made me

a present of both the shirts and the money." (Here a loud roar of laughter showed the general sympathy with the defence). "But, I know her reason for bringing me before your worship, she don't want the shirts nor the money neither. But I'll tell your honour what she wants. It is all an old spite because I have got married. She wants *me*." Here Crina threw up her hands and eyes.

"Now, Mr O'Regan," said the Commissioner, "I see the nature of the affair. You have cheated this woman, and you must pay her forthwith. Pray sir, how do you get your living?"

"I go straight where I am told," was the reply.

"Don't talk that nonsense to me. Speak intelligibly, fellow. How do you earn your bread? What are you? Where do you go? and who sends you?" sternly asked the Commissioner.

"Why, then, the plain truth is this," said Pat. "There's not a row but myself is in it. And a gentleman, and a real one, pays me, and *he* knows Dan." His confession concluded with a general rising of his body on tiptoe, and an enormous grin. The Commissioner now passed sentence. The full amount of the demand was laid on the ambulatory patriot. It was discharged, probably from the rent; and Mr O'Regan indignantly walked out of the court, saying, with a scowl at the Commissioner, "only wait till I catch you in Cork."

The late steam-boat accidents will leave a heavy responsibility somewhere, if they do not produce an immediate enquiry into the means of avoiding them in future. In their present condition, the only matter to be wondered at, is, not that accidents now and then occur, but that they are not of everyday occurrence, and of the most dreadful magnitude. The multitudes which flock on board of them every day during the summer are astonishing, and the utter want of precaution in the managers and proprietors of vessels, to which so large a mass of human life is committed, amounts to a great public crime. Five or six hundred people are frequently embarked in a single steamer, and of those steamers, five or six are rushing down the Thames together. What provision

is there to save them from being all sent to the bottom by the starting of a plank, by a chance leak, by the burning of the engine-room, by running foul of each other, by running on any of the numberless shoals of the river in a fog, by any of the common chances that belong to all navigation? Nothing. A *single* boat over the bows amounts to the means of security for the lives of perhaps a thousand people. When two of these vessels, but the other day, ran against each other in a fog, and the water began to gain on one, the other sinking within a few minutes, the pumps had to be *looked* for. The vessel had been provided with two, but no one knew where the second was to be found. As it happened to be in the latter part of the season, the passengers were but few in the vessel going *from* London, and they had just time to get on board the other. But that other had two hundred on board, and if the damage had been equal in both both must have gone down, and every being on board both must have perished. The fact is that the steam-boats in the river trust wholly to chance, and if matters are suffered to go on as they have hitherto done, the first call to public activity on the subject will be the tidings of some five hundred men, women, and children, plunged in the bottom of the Thames. But if the river is supposed to be safe, of which it is the very reverse, collision being by no means rare, and its escape sometimes next to impossible, many of the steamers, just as little provided, and just as crowded, make the trip daily to Ramsgate, where they are exposed to a heavy sea, and to Calais and Dover, where they have as much risk of storms and a lee-shore as on a voyage to the East Indies. A single boat swinging over the stern is there too the full amount of the precaution. All this demands a remedy, and an expeditious one. Any of the fifty committees of the late Parliamentary session would have been better employed in revising these rules for the general steam navigation of the kingdom, than in ten times the number of enquiries into the rabble notions of politics and the paper-wasting absurdities of Mr Hume. The first necessity of the steam-vessel should be a number of boats

sufficient to carry at least the average number of passengers in safety, should any disaster happen to the vessel. If it be said that this would require many boats, and that they would occupy much room, the obvious reply is, that human lives are not to be thrown away because the steam companies may prefer shillings to lives. The public are entitled to care for themselves, and no steam-vessel should ever be suffered to leave its moorings without having boats enough to ensure the public against the hideous loss of life that *must* ensue on the vessel's going down in the present circumstances.

The state of the ships themselves ought to be taken into serious consideration. It is now openly asserted that many of them are made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell—that their purpose is simply to run up and down the river as long as they have the good fortune of running without being swamped. But that they are built of the slightest and cheapest possible materials, in the phrase of the dock-yard, "bread and butter boats," and that, so far from standing a shock, the strong probability is that they would go down in the first heavy sea.

The boilers and machinery ought to be looked to before every voyage, and looked to by a public officer, for the proprietors look to nothing, and can be expected to look to nothing beyond the income. The method of steering ought to be changed. The helmsman should stand at the ship's head, as is done in the American steamers—a slight machinery running along the deck would enable him at once to act on the helm, and to steer clear of those obstacles which are at present avoided with so much difficulty, merely from their not being seen until too late. There should be a couple of guns, for signals of distress, always in readiness, with a bell to ring, and a drum to beat, at night or in fogs—a penalty should lie on every vessel, steamer, or otherwise, which sails at night through the Channel, or the rivers of England, without lights at stem, stern, and masthead. And for the regulation of these matters, a committee of the House of Commons can be the only safe authority, and a *public* officer the only safe agent. Left to the proprietors, the result

will be insecurity—left to the individual captains, &c. &c. the result will be gradual negligence. An agent, similar to the transport agents, fit to enquire into the state of the vessels as regards their strength, their equipment, their machinery, and their means of enabling the passengers to survive shipwrecks, will be necessary, and the sooner the appointment takes place, and the more active the officer, the better. No appointment can be more required.

The reign of poetry is over, but prose is as busy as ever; and though pamphlets have yielded the palm to paragraphs, and the world of folios is with the world beyond the Flood, yet the art of scribbling survives in those its smaller specimens with an insect vitality which defies extinction. The "Novels of the Season," as they are termed, are already announced, and nothing can be more unattractive than their promise. The same names that we have seen, read, and yawned over for the last dozen years. The same subjects, opera girls, elopements, fashion at the west end, and figurantes with names that absolutely make one sick with their affectation—all coming round upon us, until our heads whirl and our peristaltic system is in utter commotion. This is one of the singularities of the time. While the nation is in a tumult of truly revolutionary excitement, the mind of authorship absolutely stagnates, or, much worse, breeds a small, meagre, eager, writhing race, whose perfectability can never rise higher than a moth. All the elder *poets* have ceased to sing, and all the new generation are singing with all their might, yet no one hears them. Even the new generation, like medlars, decaying before they are ripe, are already perishing; and in half a dozen years more there will not be verse enough in England to fill up an epigram for the corner of a country newspaper. There is no novelty, no force in the poetic world,—there is no addition, no growth.

One curious feature marks the time. The open avowal of editorships and their literary labours by persons who figure in the flourishing part of the world. Lady Blessington is registered, by her own white hand, editoress of half-a-score

of books, all very pretty, and most of them terribly dear. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, a writer of talent, and who unites the ardour of an enthusiast with the refinements of an educated mind, has just been announced as taking a periodical work under her auspicious guidance.—Others of equal rank are, if not named, preparing to start for the prize; and if the works are to receive their character from the conductors, we may soon expect a library worthy of being bound in crimson velvet, with emerald clasps, for the library of Cytherea herself.

Another peculiarity is, the authorship of soldiers and sailors. Twenty years ago, a son of either Mars or Neptune would have been as much ashamed of being charged with writing any thing beyond a "Return," or a "Log," as he would of being charged with running away. Now the case is altogether of the contrary description. Our most voluminous writers are soldiers and sailors. We have novels of every field from Hindostan to California, and are filled with phraseology worthy of Dundas, and science red hot from Hamilton Moore. Yet it must be acknowledged, that the world is growing rather weary of the style. It has heard of battles, till it longed, not, like young Norval, to "follow to the field," but to hear not a syllable more on the subject. It has supped "too full of horrors," and dreads the promise of a campaign, as much as an alderman of London deprecates the presence of a corporal's guard within the precincts of the city. What is to be the next exploitation of genius? Travels? No. The earth does not supply novelty enough to fill up any thing beyond a page in a review. All the world is trodden as much as the Bath road. Nubia on the one hand, Melville Island, the chill realm of the late First Lord of the Admiralty, on the other, have their summer and winter visitants as regularly as Windsor and Brighton. There will still be travellers, and they will write journals; Lieutenant Burnes will sail up and down the Indus as pleasantly as usual; and our last intelligence from Mr Davidson is, that he is proceeding by easy stages to Timbuctoo. But of those, and all things of its order, we shall grow weary. We are

wearily already. Sultan Belloo has no beauty in our eyes. The Emperor of the Ashantees hangs his ministers *in terrorem* for all evil-doers among the ebon race once a-month, and not a muscle of ours is stirred. The Princess-Royal of Abyssinia elopes with the captain of an Indian privateer without creating the slightest sensation north of the line; and no blazon of language can make us feel any further interest in the reigning heroine of Madagascar, or in the heir-apparent of the Society Isles.

What then are our sons of the Muses, whether equestrian or pedestrian, to do with their faculties? A hundred years ago Swift, who knew them well, wrote of their numbers, that they,

“Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just ten thousand souls.”

But they are now, as Milton says, without number numberless. The war is ended, and they cannot turn their pens into pistols with any chance of gaining either gold or glory. They have, indeed, still an opportunity, under Colonel Evans, the monk of St Sebastian, who, having abandoned the field for the cloister, and too pure to involve himself in the irregularities of Spanish campaigning, now keeps religiously within the walls of his residence, practises the lash and chain of his order upon his brotherhood, and teaches them to fast, if not to pray, by a regimen more impressive than ever tutored the skins and stomachs of any convent of them all. In this dearth of employment, this world being shut out, why not turn their attention to the common receptacle of Dominican and Franciscan, of the colonel and the corporal, of the flogger and the flogged, and write epitaphs? No part of literature, ancient or modern, is more in want of a reform; no part of literature is more sure of a constant demand, and none will be more sure of prolonging the name of those whose natural renown would otherwise be limited to the facts—that they were born and died. The variety of the subject is beyond all exhaustion; but we hope that the effort will be uniformly made in prose. No man will be able to endure rhyme for fifty years to come. We give a specimen from an Irish cemetery.

“Here lies a man who, though often triumphant in the field, was never guilty of shedding the blood of man—who, though a great observer of forms, disdained all idle ceremony—who often presided at the rack, though never for the purpose of inflicting pain—who, with a sagacity excelling that of the fox, and doubling like the hare, yet was never chargeable with craft or duplicity—who, though singularly dexterous at managing a traversee, yet abhorred the very name of law, and who, following his object with an earnestness that surmounted all obstacles, and a rapidity that left all other men behind, yet was the reverse of forward, ambitious, or grasping—who, though loud-voiced in the pursuit of public delinquents, could never be prevailed on to take a part in politics—who, though fond of place, yet, through fourteen administrations, never changed principle, either to gain or to keep it—who, strongly attached to the minister under whom he first obtained it, was attached with equal strength to his successor, without loss of honour—and who, notoriously the leader of the country gentlemen, never sold them, never intrigued for a pension, and never hid his head from popular scorn in a coronet. A follower of Fox from the earliest period of his public life, yet knowing nothing of faction; a leader without selfishness, a placeman without servility, and, in the close of his public life, a pensioner without the sale of conscience.—Statesman, who readest those lines, ask who was this paragon of virtue? HE WAS A HUNTSMAN!”

The last intelligence from the Continent tells us of two open *emeutes* in France, and a third still a little shadowed. The three were *military*. This was a new feature in the countenance of French politics. The *emeutes*—since we must use the new word for conspiracy enjoined by the established professors of the art, have hitherto been risings of the rabble, diversified by the villainies of individual attempts at regicide. The plots at Strasburg, Vendome, and Grenoble seem to have been matters of extreme absurdity, so far as the direct promoters were concerned. A nephew of Napoleon, who must have been “head nor-nor-west,” puts on a green

coat, white breeches, jack-boots, and, with a little *chapeau à la grand homme* in his hand, 'imagines himself' his uncle "in his armour as he lived!" This greenhorn—for he deserves no loftier name—followed by a colonel of artillery as mad as himself, gets out of his bed at the comfortable hour of six in a November morning—for what possible purpose? Actually to seize the crown of France, and make the world bow down to Napoleon II. He enters the general-commandant's chamber, hears himself called by the general, in his shirt, a blockhead; is astonished, and asks the colonel what is to be done in this emergency. The colonel, as unprepared for hard words as himself, is equally astonished, and the two walk down stairs, and are given into the hands of the parish constable. *Voilà tout.* Of course the prince, who ought to be sent to the lunatic asylum, and the colonel, who ought to be sent to learn common sense in the galleys, are not of the order of men who are born to make revolutions. But the suspicious part of the whole transaction is the singular readiness with which the soldiery in both instances, and, so far as we know, in the third, turned out to take up arms for such nincompoops. The spirit of revolt must be strong in the frame, when it could break out, even into smoke, on friction by this pair of impotents. What would be the effect if one of our vulgar demagogues, in a red night-cap, and destitute of pantaloons, a *vrai sans culottes*, were to march down in the train of some pury and unbearable royal pretender to the Horseguards at six in the morning, and harangue the gallant troop of cuirassiers there on the glories of a new dynasty, and the art of extinguishing an old one? Why, the laughter would be enough to shake the guard-house over their heads. They would be drenched in the next pond—probably regarded as too foolish to be flagellated, they would be tossed in a blanket, and finally sent to the watchhouse,

"Sadder, if not wiser men."

All their oratory would not have been able to convert a drummer; all their nudity would not have been able to awake sympathy in a sutler. They would have found a reception only in the blackhole, and Mr Conant

or Chambers would have finished the revolution by a committal to the treadmill. But matters are of another calibre in France. There a word kindles the flame. A couple of fools no sooner call on the soldiery to follow to rebellion, than they follow, and if they retreat as fast as they had followed, the rashness of their movement in the first instance is not the less ominous of the future. If, instead of this weak personage and his obscure colonel, the summoner had been Soult, or Suchet, if he be among the living, or the Duc de Bordeaux, if his old uncle and aunt, his grandfather and his confessor (fearful odds against one poor boy) have not turned him into a monk; if the first step of insurrection had been taken at the head of the garrison of Strasburg, instead of a corporal's guard; and if the city had been made the headquarters of a vigorously organized revolt against the French throne, the wisest step for Louis Philippe would have been to order his britchska, put four of the best horses in the royal stables to it, and come full speed to his house in Richmond, with his sons, daughters, family-pictures, and plate.

The details of these curious transactions are still smothered by the French police, who have the art of giving more celebrity to the capture of a pickpocket than the protection of a kingdom. But the breaking out of the three disturbances at once in the three corners of France, the share of the military in all, and the utter surprise of the authorities in every instance, argues *something* like a formed and extensive plan, of which nothing but a few of the feeblest ramifications may have been yet cut off. The King may well envy the Duke of Orleans. Unhappy lies the head that wears a crown. The truth of Shakspeare's day is just as much a truth in the nineteenth century.

A letter from M. Tricoupi, the ambassador of King Otho, to Lord Palmerston has just announced the terrors of Greece at the approach of the cholera. Quarantines, cordons, and all the usual and wholly impotent precautions are provided, and the ships and travellers of Italy are warned off the coasts of the Hellenic kingdom. Of all diseases this is the most extraordinary. Capricious, yet constant; partial, yet

finally universal; slight in some parts of its progress, overwhelming in others, passing through all climates, influenced by none; a winter endemic in one land, a summer scourge in another; seizing alike on every country and on every species of population; sometimes yielding to the most trivial remedy, sometimes baffling the most approved. Utterly defying all systematic cure, it remains now, after half-a-dozen years of its traverse through the world, the same mysterious, resistless, perpetually moving, calamity. A map of the cholera would comprehend almost every region of the civilized world. But the strange diversity of its course alone would make it memorable. Beginning in Central India, pouring over the range of the Himmaleh into the wild plains to the north, and terrifying the hordes of Tartary. Then shaping its course to the westward, and destroying all within that course to the head of the Caspian. Turning thence more directly on Europe, and falling on St Petersburg, Moscow, and the central provinces of Russia, it paused for a while within the Russian empire, as if to give time for Western and Southern Europe to prepare. Then suddenly spreading along the northern shores of Germany, and consuming the squalid population of their commercial cities, it came unaccountably among ourselves.

Its visitation in England was remarkable for its mildness, for its limitation to peculiar districts, and for its singularly capricious seizure of individuals. At Newcastle, while it fell heavily on one-third of the town, the other two districts comparatively escaped. In London the seizures were chiefly in the narrower parts of the city, and the suburbs stretching along the river side. The only characteristic of the disease yet distinctly ascertainable is, that it exists with almost unfailing power in the vicinity of great rivers. Beggary, squalidness, nakedness, and intoxication are all in danger of attack. But damp and discomfort in the neighbourhood of great rivers appear to render its ravages almost inevitable.

From the North of Germany it divided into two branches, one taking its course to England, and one

sweeping to the south—the central provinces of Germany suffered heavily, and Vienna lost a vast number of its poorer population. From Vienna, again, returning to the North, and crossing the Rhine, it entered France, passed through the provinces with comparatively slight mortality, but fell upon Paris with redoubled venom. The mortality in that capital was unequalled; within a few weeks twenty thousand died. The disease then seemed to pause. It suddenly started up in America, transferred none knew how. After ravaging the United States, it crossed the Lakes and the St Lawrence, and spread terror through Canada. From Canada it made its way through the forests, and destroyed a portion of the Indian population, which might have seemed to defy the inflictions of Europe in their unfathomable solitudes. But the cholera was not to be escaped, and the mortality was deeply felt among the thinned tribes of the vast country stretching in the rear of the United States. Thence, by a sudden spring, it fell upon Mexico, the Havannah, and the Spanish settlements south of the line, finally wandering away into the deserts, until life went out, and disease could slay no more. It then crossed the Atlantic again, and threw Europe into new alarm at a disease which thus seemed to be marked for the perennial scourge of the earth. But its visitation, as it passed along, was now slight, until it reached the confines of Mahometanism. There it swept all before it, as if kindled from some new furnace of wrath—it devastated Egypt by thousands and tens of thousands. From Egypt it ascended to Constantinople. There it rivalled the plague. Multitudes perished. It then partially returned to Russia and Germany. In the Polish War it fearfully increased the miseries of that time of wretchedness and blood. Constantine, the Archduke, closed his half insane and tyrannical life by it; and Diebitsch, the famous passer of the Balkan, with a large share of the Russian army, were carried to the grave along with him. Spain, Portugal, and Italy still had escaped, and the world was asking by what means this singular preservation was effected, when the cholera broke out

in Lisbon—from Lisbon it passed to Madrid, and from Spain to Italy. In Italy it is now raging. The east coast has been seized within these few months, and Greece, the nearest shore, is tremblingly adopting measures of precaution. Bosnia, and the wild country bordering on the north of her kingdom, is already seized, and thousands are perishing day by day. When the science and comforts of civilized countries have been so ineffectual, what resistance can be made by the ignorance and wretchedness of barbarism. The disease will take its way through the wilderness, and cease only, as it ceased in South America, by its going beyond the confines of man.

In this sketch, which of course has merely traced the leading lines of its progress, we have a view of the most extraordinary operation on human mortality within the history of our species. The great plagues which have visited Europe since the fall of the Roman empire have all had nearly a common character. All have fallen, with more or less violence, upon the extremity of the continent, when it touched upon the realms of Mahometanism, always the original soil of the disease, and have thence gone regularly on, covering the earth with corpses, like the march of a destroying army. In the lesser plagues peculiar cities were ravaged, as in the plague of London, and like the violence of fever in a sick-chamber, the disease terminated with the death of those seized within the limit, and beyond was harmless. But the cholera more resembled the floating of a cloud charged with elements of death—here scarcely shadowing the atmosphere, there turning it into utter darkness—in one region sweeping onward with an uncontrollable rapidity, in the next lingering till it almost ceased to move. Carried, as if by the chances of the wind, passing by kingdoms that lay directly in its path, hurrying to others across mountains and plains—apparently omitting some whose poverty contained every predisposition for disease, and fixing on others where every human power was ready to repel its devastation, yet finally smiting all.

It is not for us to weigh the wis-

dom of Providence, nor to announce its mysterious will. But if it had been that will to awake the mind of nations to a peculiar sense of a Supreme Being at this time, or perhaps to prepare them for some moral and physical trial speedily demanding all their moral preparation, could at least the wisdom of man conceive a more powerful teacher than the progress of this strange and powerful agent of mortality? A lesson, gradual yet unremitting, individual yet national, slow yet impressive, not destroying with one wild burst of ruin, but sparing even in the midst of destruction, and giving its teaching successively to every people of the civilized globe—Can such things be, and be for nothing? Or does the declared course of Providence entitle us to believe that they are? Or is there not a sudden, strange, and fierce outburst of mingled unbelief, profligacy, and rebellion in the world of our day sufficient to more than vindicate the Divine visitation.

Goldsmith, in one of his Essays, recommends that the Radcliffe travelling Fellow should be sent to explore medicine among the savage nations, for nothing new is to be learned from nature any where else; and physicians may follow each other round the tour of Europe with no more novelty of acquirement or idea than a string of blind horses in a mill. This is scarcely an exaggeration. Surgery may improve in civilized countries—because surgery depends upon the number of subjects, itself a result of population, and upon perfection of instruments, a result of mechanical skill. But has physic materially improved within the last century? That a succession of plausible theories have appeared, and that they have all perished, are facts equally palpable. All attempts to discover that fine secret of the frame, whether in the blood or the nervous system, which produces disease or constitutes health, have almost wholly baffled human skill. The celebrated Baillie's answer to one who praised his success was, "Sir, I acknowledge I am not the most unlucky of the guessers." The system of Brown, Cullen, and a host of other dexterous men, show nothing but that the science of

medicine is not to be attained. The only prospect of improvement probably opens in the possession of the remedies already provided by nature. The Jesuits' bark has done more for the cure of fever than a thousand theories. The Indians of Brazil possess poisons, extracted from simple plants, as powerful as the prussic acid. And though poisons are not *prima facie* acquisitions to the comforts of man, yet as the name is but another expression for a powerful action on the human system, the only question for skill is, to ascertain how it may be converted into an instrument of preservation. Arsenic destroys life in a half hour's agony, but arsenic is perhaps the most powerful antiseptic known. Antimony, once regarded as scarcely less fatal, composes the greater part of the most effective of febrifuges. The poison of calcined quicksilver is rapid; yet John Bull swallows calomel by the ton, and is the better for the swallowing. Opium is death; yet thousands live with the laudanum bottle in their reticules, and could not live without it. Train oil, or the ranker oil of Tripoli, would raise a rebellion if it were enjoined to be touched or tasted by our bold countrymen or fair countrywomen; but in such obnoxious taste and touch may lie the panacea of the plague; while the plague wastes the coasts of the Mediterranean of their thousands and tens of thousands, the oil porters, who eat their bread and wear their clothes saturated with oil, whose head, and feet, and skins, and souls are oil, never get the plague. When the pestilence devastated Malta about twenty-five years ago, a colonel of one of the regiments in garrison, hearing of the escape of the oil-carriers on the opposite shores, is said to have ordered his men to dip their shirts every morning in oil, and, slightly wringing them out, thus wear them for the day; and the operation saved them wholly from the mortality that almost desolated the island.

A French traveller has just told the world, that he has discovered an antidote to the venom of all serpents in oil of turpentine. The Hindoos have undoubtedly some extremely effectual and rapid ways of curing the bite of snakes, which seem to

have been secrets to our science. But the most formidable of all inflictions of this kind, the venom of the bite of a rabid animal, remains the "opprobrium medicarum" to this day. Yet the Mexicans and South Americans unquestionably profess to cure the hydrophobia as a matter of certainty. They give the patient successive doses of a powdered root, which produces a violent perspiration, at each return of which the violence of the disorder diminishes, until within about three days the patient is cured. The cases have been attested by the most authentic witnesses, and the root has been brought to this country, and submitted to the College of Physicians. Yet this invaluable medicine has not been examined by our scientific men with any thing like the interest due to so important a discovery, if it can be established. It has been tried in one or two instances, but the surgeons' report has been, that it has not been *satisfactory*. Still we demand that a trial, or a succession of trials, shall be made. The root is easily procurable. Specimens of it were some years ago brought to England by one of the firm of Ackerman in the Strand. It is remarkable that its operation is of the same order which has hitherto produced almost the only known cases of recovery, where the disease had plainly exhibited itself—excessive perspiration, a general throwing off of the poisonous matter from the frame, and a general quieting of the nervous system. Instances have thus been given of the cure of hydrophobia by the vapour-bath, producing a violent perspiration; still the American root ought to become the subject of a strict, long, and practical examination. In the nature of things, it is no more extraordinary that this terrible agony of the nerves should be calmed by a vegetable powder, than that other agonies should be calmed by a vegetable juice, opium, or that fever should give way before the Jesuits' bark. If the fact could be established, it would confer a service on mankind worthy of the highest national reward, and making the name of him who brought it into effectual practice memorable through the world.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

It is generally thought, that, since the priestly power has been humbled, as perfect a religious liberty prevails in France as in any other part of the world; or even more than this, that if several other nations enjoy a legal toleration and freedom in this matter which leaves nothing to be desired, the *principle* at least of liberty of worship is more largely, more liberally, more philosophically understood in that country than any where else. And this in a *philosophic* sense may be the case. The doctrine of toleration was originally propagated in France through the exertions of the infidel philosophers. It sprung consequently out of an indifference or rather an impartial hostility towards every form of Christianity. This gave a roundness, a positiveness, an absolute tone to its expression, which among other people, where there were attachments and preferences given to particular creeds and systems, was not to be met with. Hence it has happened that France has got the character of being superlatively enlightened on the subject of religious liberty. Excepting the Catholic priesthood from this praise, it has been universally deemed justly due to the great body of the nation. But the truth is, the doctrine of freedom of worship has in that country been hitherto little more than a philosophic dictum. Since it has been promulgated so roundly, there have been few opportunities of practising it. The revival of the national reformed church did not furnish one of these. That event was a matter of state policy, and considering the lethargic condition of French Protestantism at the time, its re-establishment, limited and crippled by the very nature of its organization, could hardly alarm the most susceptible bigotry, or the most malignant infidelity. Since then, till within the last year or two, there has been no religious movement in the country at all, and a dogma proclaiming complete liberty of worship, has been inscribed in the *Charta*. And whilst, on the one hand, this dogma

remained unchallenged by events, and, on the other, there was a perfect stillness and passiveness in the religious world, it was only fair to believe that this solemn proclamation of freedom was synonymous with its virtual possession and enjoyment. But several striking facts have lately shown that this is not the case. Certainly there can be no doubt that Frenchmen cherish liberty of worship, as they do every other kind of liberty, as an abstract principle; but this principle, it would appear, they have recorded in their great national code barely as a philosophic maxim never intended to be carried out into practice. It was not indeed in order that the gospel should put forth fresh shoots of life that religious liberty in France was made the law of the land, but rather that all denominations of Christians should alike live in equal contempt, security, and quietude. That antichristian philosophy which was the parent of French toleration, could neither design nor desire more than this. And if we compare this state of suffrance, which is all that is intentionally provided for, with the free and unlimited scope given to all religious opinions and religious establishments among ourselves and in other Protestant countries, we shall find that, in practice at least, freedom of worship is among our French neighbours yet in its infancy. It is only where we see such a spectacle as Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, Baptists, and other numerous sects, flourishing together that we can say religious liberty is truly exhibited. Its spirit, however, may be shown without such a variety of examples. But this kind of liberty has never been in the contemplation either of French philosophy or of French law. A personal right to worship according to one's conscience is fully and cordially recorded, but whenever the Protestants of France have pushed this right in an aggressive direction, and have been successful in making proselytes, they have invariably encountered resist-

ance, which has been frequently seconded and rendered triumphant by legal decisions against them. It is only lately indeed that such facts as we refer to have happened, for it is only lately that the awakening zeal of French Protestantism has provoked them. The consequence which has resulted is, that the limit of liberty granted by the French law, according to recent interpretations, is now marked; and it behoves the Reformed Churches of France early and unanimously to show that this limit, arbitrarily assigned, is in effect a denial of their rights altogether, and to contend manfully and fearlessly, as a body placed in the very vanguard of Christian truth in their country, for their undoubted and chartered privileges.

We have alluded above to certain flagrantly iniquitous and tyrannical sentences pronounced against French preachers of the gospel within the last few months. We should not, however, think it incumbent on us to interfere in the matter, but should leave the battle to be fought out by those more immediately interested in it, if the sound part of the reformed party in France did not labour under peculiar difficulties. In the first place, they have no audience in the nation. Whatever injustice may be done them, the people in general know nothing, and care nothing about it. Their appeals to the public never extend beyond their own circle. Secondly, they are a timid race. Having been so long accustomed to persecution, and to act the part of meek and silent sufferers, or to express unbounded gratitude for mere tolerance, they hardly know how to assume the port and demeanour of bold assertors of truths and rights in the face of society at large. Thirdly, they have wisely and conscientiously kept themselves apart from politics, and consequently, being identified with no political party, they possess no influence with the government to uphold their cause. Fourthly, grievances which affect even bodies of men, thus without power, are generally overlooked by the French legislature as unimportant. Petitions or representations from particular parties or descriptions of persons

are huddled up in a common miscellany or farrago of minor matters in the chamber of deputies, and excite not so much national sympathy or sensation as an injury done to a single individual does among us. Fifthly, England has ever stepped in as the defender of the Reformation in France whenever its doctrines have been tyrannically opposed; and often has a voice of indignation from this side of the water, and sometimes even direct interference, stayed and averted acts of oppression which would otherwise have fallen on our French Protestant brethren. And sixthly, and chiefly, we know that there is only a feeble section of the reformed population in France truly zealous for the spread of their creed, and that the efforts of this select division are rather thwarted than assisted by the great majority of their co-religionists. We feel it therefore becomes our duty to bring our aid to those with whom we are convinced the cause of the gospel in their country exclusively resides. It may be thought, perhaps, that we have spoken slightly of this party, inasmuch as we have accused them of timidity; but if they have this defect, or rather if they want enterprise and hardihood, not in propagating their faith, but in confronting their adversaries, this arises from a singular meekness and gentleness, and purity, and simplicity, and candour, and unworldliness of mind, which it would perhaps be impossible to find in any other society of Christians throughout the world. These traits of their character, so rarely combined with that daringness of spirits which accompanies a sense of strength and prosperity, only gives them, in our estimation, additional interest.

The cases we have now to expose, regarded even as isolated facts, are crying acts of injustice and oppression; but considered as *precedents*, as mere initiatory trials of power, to be repeated with increasing emphasis and authority whenever occasions may present themselves, they assume a significance which jeopardises the very existence of religious liberty. If means be not speedily found of reversing the decisions which have been lately pronounced in French courts of law,

we have no hesitation in saying that the gospel will be more effectually suppressed in France than it could be by open and violent persecution. These decisions remaining uninvalidated, every petty authority in that country will have an extinguisher ready to put upon the reformed creed whenever there is the slightest prospect of its extending beyond the walls of the National Temple; and within those walls, as we have shown in some late papers, there is but a slender prospect of its showing much life, if not acted upon by an external impulsion from the unsalaried churches. The question, therefore, before us appears so important, that although we have been for some time designing to give our readers some further accounts of French Protestantism in general, we think it better to treat of our present subject separately, that it may receive the full measure of attention it deserves. The matter which actually engages us is not *French* but *Protestant*, and concerns much more nearly those who are interested in the progress of the Reformation, than it does either the French government or the French people, to both of whom it is a topic essentially alien.

We now come to the exposition of the facts which have called forth the above reflections, and in doing so we must request our readers' patience, for we have a question of law to unravel, which is indispensable to the understanding of the case before us. In the month of February last, Mr Oster, a minister of the Reformed Church of the confession of Augsburg, was summoned by the Mayor of Metz, in which place he was residing and officiating as a minister of the gospel, to shut up the apartment which served him for a chapel, and to discontinue the meetings which were held there for religious purposes. The mayor of Metz considered himself authorised to take this step by the 294th article of the penal code, which is directed against all associations not expressly permitted by a chief magistrate. The pastor, Oster, in his defence appealed to the correctional police of the town, and that tribunal, in an energetic sentence, declared, that according to the 5th article of the

Charte, which proclaims a complete religious liberty, the defendant was perfectly justified in holding assemblies for religious worship without the authorization of the mayor. Upon this that magistrate carried his case before the *Cour Royal* of Metz, and obtained a sentence which has condemned the pastor. It is necessary here to transcribe a few heads of this sentence, that its logic may be known, "Considering," it says, "that J. P. Oster, calling himself a minister of the Christian Church of the confession of Augsburg, has in the course of December last, without permission from authority, and in spite of its forbiddance, given an apartment in a house which he occupies, for an assembly of twenty-three persons met together for the purpose of worship: Considering that this act is provided against and repressed by the precise dispositions of the 294th article of the penal code: Considering that Mr Oster pretends that these dispositions have ceased to exist since the publication of the 5th article of the *Charte* of 1830, with which they are irreconcilable: Considering that without doubt this abrogation has not been expressly pronounced by any law, and that it can therefore be but tacit: Considering that the principle of liberty of worship is formally proclaimed by the *Charte* in its 5th article, as individual liberty is by the 4th article, and the liberty of the press by the 7th article: Considering that the liberty of the press and individual liberty are unquestionably as precious to Frenchmen as liberty of worship, and that nevertheless it cannot be contested that both the one and the other are subject to numerous precautionary restrictions, and to the *surveillance* of the police: Considering that liberty of worship must evidently be subject to the same restraints; that no one has ever pretended that this liberty is so illimitable, that it can be subject to no measures and no superintendence of the police, and that in fact, from the admission of such a proposition there would result consequences utterly incompatible with the existence of all organized society." Considering these, and many other matters, which are mere flou-

ishes of rhetoric or appeals to precedents of times of despotism and persecution, the *Cour Royal* of Metz condemned Mr Oster, and suppressed the worship of which he was the minister. Mr Oster then appealed to the Court of *Cassation* of Paris, and that tribunal has confirmed the judgment of the *Cour Royal* of Metz, going over the same arguments in the sentence it delivered.

In order to unravel the sophistry of the judgment we have just quoted, it is necessary to enter somewhat at length into its detail, and first to state the question in its true light. By the 5th article of the *Charte* complete liberty of worship is roundly proclaimed; but lest this should have the character of a naked abstract maxim, the character now sought to be given to it, special provisions, of an anterior date, certainly, are fortunately connected with it, which show that it was not intended to be laid down as a mere first principle of law to be subject to modifications in its developements, but as a law in itself complete and sufficient for all its practical purposes. If this were not its just sense, it would have been absurd to guard it with specific conditions. A bare axiom abjures such limitations. These limitations which gave the 5th article of the *Charte* so emphatically its practical signification are: 1st, That any one who designs to establish a worship, shall make a *previous declaration* to the mayor, or other chief authority, of his intention to do so: 2d, That he shall *specify the hours* at which religious service is to take place; and, 3d, That the building or house in which these services are held, shall have its *doors open* for the free admission of the public. Here we see ample provision is made against any unlawful proceedings on the part of religionists. In legalizing the right of individuals to worship according to their conscience, the state does not thereby dispossess itself of its own rights. An entrance is left purposely open for the civil authority to interpose whenever the real *bona fide* purposes of worship are transgressed, or any disorder or misdemeanor against society is committed. That argument, therefore, in the sentence

of the *Cour Royal* of Metz, which insists upon the dangerousness of an unlimited religious freedom, falls utterly to the ground. For we see that the law *does* provide very specific limits to this liberty, and such as give to the state, within its own province, complete security and unbounded power. The other arguments which that sentence embodies, are still more subtle, and still more false. "Individual liberty," it says, "and the liberty of the press, are unquestionably as precious to Frenchmen as liberty of worship, and they are nevertheless both subject to precautionary repressions," &c. Here three things are with wilful dishonesty and malignity confounded together, which are essentially different. The announcement of absolute individual liberty to men in civil society can be nothing but a metaphysical axiom, which we have shown that the 5th article of the *Charte* is not. And even if that article had not, as it has, an accompanying precise limitation and definition of its sense, it would still, however generally expressed, be *specific*; for it would point to one *special object*, and be confined within a certain compass, whereas the declaration of individual liberty can never be any thing but a vague assertion of a principle which, in its abstract state, can admit of no practical application.

We might also show that the liberty of the press, and liberty of worship, come each under a distinct category. Since, however, the logic-loving judges of Metz and Paris have chosen to compare them together, they should have made it appear at least that the law had dealt equally with both; that as the restraints imposed upon the press arose from its excesses, so the like restraints imposed upon religious worship were provoked in a like manner. But this they have not done or attempted to do. They dare not even to insinuate that the slightest excess or transgression has been committed by the religionists they have condemned, or the congregations they have suppressed. They justify their decisions simply by maintaining that what they have done, though unprovoked by ill conduct on the part of those who have suffered, has nevertheless

been done by the exertion of a legal power. This legal power is supposed to be conferred by the 294th article of the penal code. By this article, no associations are allowed to be formed, nor to hold assemblies without the authorization of a chief magistrate. But as the 5th article of the *Charte* requires no authorization of this kind to establish a worship, it is evident that the two articles severally point at different objects: otherwise they are irreconcilable, and mutually destroy each other, which supposition reduces the argument of those who lean upon the penal code in the present case *ad absurdum*. Or, to place the question in a less senseless point of view, if there be any real contradiction between the two articles, it is manifest, that the one of the latest date (the 5th of the *Charte*) must set aside the earlier one; for it is perfectly inane to pretend that a recent law is annulled by an old one, that is, promulgated only to be instantly destroyed. The contrary assertion may often be justly maintained. Old laws without being formally, are frequently virtually abrogated by later ones. They become obsolete. In the present instance, however, we believe that the two articles, that of the *Charte*, and that of the penal code, both co-exist in force, for that they have completely distinct objects in view. The 5th article of the *Charte* has exclusively a religious sense, and the 294th of the code exclusively a political one. The latter assertion is acknowledged as true even in the sentence of the Court of *Cassation* against Mr Oster. "Considering," it says, "that the offences of those who form political associations are provided against by the 291st article of the penal code, &c., and considering that the offences provided against by the 294th article of the same code are of the same nature," &c. &c. But if there were any real honest doubt in this matter, it would be cleared up by the French keeper of the seals, on the passing of the recent law against associations. This law, it must be born in mind, is in its intents identical with the articles 291 and 294 of the penal code, only it gives larger powers than those articles do. On the occasion of its passing through the Chamber of Deputies, the *garde*

des sceaux expressed himself as follows:—"There is here a great distinction to be made. With respect to assemblies, which have for their sole object the worship of the Divinity, and to exercise this worship, this law is not applicable. We make this declaration in the most formal manner." The reporter of the chamber officers, also in bringing up the law, repeated the words of the *garde des sceaux*, and added, "if this ample declaration is not the law itself, it at least forms the official and inseparable commentary on it; it is on the strength and good faith of this commentary, that the law has been adopted by the other chamber, and should be adopted by you; and there can be no doubt that every tribunal in France will understand it in the same sense." Further than this, when M. the Baron Roger and M. Dubois proposed an amendment to the law of associations, that religious assemblies might be expressly left out of its scope, they both of them abandoned their project on the positive declaration of Mr Persil, "that the law was applicable only to political associations, and in no manner concerned religious meetings, and that there was no court of law in France, which could so far mistake its intent as to apply its provinces to the latter."

We believe we have now unravelled the sophistries, and exposed the illegality of the sentences pronounced by the tribunals of Metz and Paris. We know of nothing so despicable, and, at the same time, so dreadful, as such attempts as we have laid open, to wrench the law from its fair and obvious construction, and this in the very face of contrary interpretations coming from the highest authority. We see in such decisions the shuffling writhings of a base and reptile tyranny hiding itself under the subtleties of a false legal logic, and, to make itself still more hateful, assuming all the solemnities of judicial dignity. It is impossible to conceive any thing so loathsome and fearful as this display. The only man who has risen in the Chamber of Deputies to protest against this flagrant act of iniquity and oppression, was the *Procureur General*, and President of the Chamber, Mon.

Dupin. He insisted indignantly upon the infraction of the *Charte*, and of religious liberty, committed, in the case of Oster, by the Mayor of Metz, and declared the sentences of the law tribunals to be "*absurd and unjust*." The Keeper of the Great Seal, Monsieur Sauzet, promised in reply, that the affair should be enquired into, and justice done; yet, though nine months have elapsed since that time, no step has been taken to reverse the decision which has ejected Monsieur Oster from his ministry, and suppressed his congregation. What makes this the more remarkable is, that there are eighty Protestant members in the Chamber of Deputies, not one of whom, with the exception we have mentioned, has lifted a voice in defence of his religion; they all, indeed, seem to consider it a matter in which they have no concern. Nothing can prove more than this fact the propriety of English advocacy, as far as a strong expression of opinion goes, on this occasion. In truth, the only real Protestants of France, the few who stand up for, and maintain their faith, are in so feeble a minority, that they require every sort of aid and encouragement. With respect to the motives which have produced the late decisions, they are easily discovered. There is a common hostility in the petty local self-important magistrates of France against zealous religionists; and this is fully partaken of by the lawyers, who have a natural antipathy to every cloth but their own, particularly if it be of the same colour. In all countries, too, men invested with a sacred character, especially if they act up to that character, would be torn to pieces by the philosophic rabble (unless a prevailing superstition intervened to save them), if that rabble could have their way. Then the higher French authorities hate the assertion of *right* of every kind; and whenever they encounter it, endeavour to put it down as an enemy to the Government. Besides, the Cabinet of the Tuileries has lately made peace with the Romish Church. One of its chief designs actually is, to prop itself on the priesthood, and, if possible, to bring them into honour and power throughout the nation. Both

as a means to this end, and as a high gratification to the Popish party, who are to be conciliated, the crippling of Protestantism is looked upon, if not promoted, with secret complacency. And, in addition to all this, the description of persons aggrieved by the violation of law we have exposed, and the cause they espoused, are both regarded as so *intrinsically insignificant* as to be hardly worth a thought.

M. Oster, the gentleman whose case we have now finished, is a missionary from the society in London for the conversion of the Jews. His conduct and character are acknowledged, even by his accusers, to have ever been perfectly irreproachable, and as a preacher of the gospel, he has shown himself to be most able, zealous, and successful. These qualities have been his real crimes in the estimation of the French tribunals.

The next case we have to exhibit is still more iniquitous than the one we have just dismissed. The conclusions of the highest law courts of France have so encouraged and emboldened the petty magistrates of the provinces, that they have lost no time, even outstripping the example of the Mayor of Metz. The following instance will show this. Monsieur Masson, formerly a schoolmaster, but for several years past in the employment of the Continental or European Missionary Society of London, as a preacher and minister of the gospel in the town of Bordeaux, in the department of the Drome, has been brought before the correctional tribunal of Die, under the triple accusation of having formed an illegal association, and making himself its chief; of having lent his house for the meetings of this association, and of having been guilty of the crime of *swindling*. Now what does the reader think the real meaning of this accusation is? Why, 1st. That Monsieur Masson is a pastor, unsalaried by the state, of a religious congregation; second, that certain members of this congregation have held prayer meetings in his house; and third, that he has been in the habit of collecting money, voluntarily offered, to aid Bible and missionary societies. It appears that Monsieur Masson first established himself at

Bordeaux on the invitation of the mayor and of the pastor of the National Temple church of that place. He continued his humble and useful labours there three years with the approbation of the authorities, and often times when the pastor of the National Temple has been absent, he has been invited to preach in his pulpit. But both the pastor and the mayor have lately been changed, and their successors have regarded the benevolent exertions of M. Masson with the utmost hostility. Perceiving from the case of Oster that he had the power to do so, the mayor of the place, an attorney, summoned Masson to discontinue his meetings, and this illegal summons not being of course complied with, that preacher of the gospel, and agent of the London European Society, has been brought before the tribunal of Die on the above charges. In the trial which has taken place—if it be permissible to give that name to the iniquitous proceeding—no attempt was made to show that the illegal association mentioned was other than a religious assembly. *Considered in this its true light, it has been denounced and condemned as an illegal association.* Neither is the crime of swindling, the other part of the accusation, asserted to have been any thing else than the collection of voluntary subscriptions for the funds of religious societies. On the first two charges, which are properly reducible to one, M. Masson has been found guilty, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and to the payment of a fine of fifty francs, and all the costs. On the charge of swindling he has been acquitted, yet the *procureur du Roi* thought proper to declare that the collections of money made were highly reprehensible, and although they might have been made without fraud, and with the utmost good faith, they still amounted to swindling; that functionary, in summing up, also declared that if these religious assemblies were continued, he should prosecute those who were present at them as well as the preacher, and consider them as accomplices. The most remarkable feature of this sentence is, that we find therein the law against political associations directly applied to religious meetings. The mayor of Metz did not go so far as this. He appeal-

ed only to the 294th article of the penal code, which article, though identical in its intents with the law against associations, yet not being actually the law itself, left a certain quibbling subterfuge open to escape from the interpretation put upon that enactment by the highest legislative authorities both in the Chamber of Deputies and of Peers. The tribunal of Die, encouraged no doubt by the triumphant impunity of the mayor of Metz, has thrown off the false mask altogether. We shall be very much surprised if, on the next occasion that offers itself to put down a minister of the gospel, the highest penalty of the law is not inflicted, viz. a year's imprisonment, and a fine of 1000 francs; or if the next time a similar accusation of swindling is brought against a Christian minister he is not condemned and sent to the galleys. Persecution naturally *acquiescit visis eundo*. Another singular feature of this case is, that the tribunal took upon itself to arraign the doctrine of M. Masson, a proceeding totally illegal, and destructive of the very essence of religious freedom. Fortunately M. Andro Blanc, the bosom friend and disciple and successor of Felix Neff, and M. Arnaud, the pastor of the National Temple at Crest, in both of whose pulpits the accused had often been invited to preach, were there to refute every calumnious imputation on this head. These gentlemen offered spontaneously to defend M. Masson, as the court would not postpone the trial for a few weeks till the advocate in whom he placed confidence could be present. Monsieur Andre Blanc, to whom we have had occasion to introduce our readers in a late paper, is without question one of the most apostolic men in France, and M. Arnaud is a clergyman of the highest respectability and benevolence. He possesses, too, worldly advantages which seldom fall to the lot of a French pastor. He is wealthy. We have had the pleasure of spending a few days with him at his house at Crest, and could almost fancy ourselves, during that time, on a visit at an English parsonage. But these gentlemen are not the only persons who feel a strong interest for M. Masson. Throughout the whole Department

of the Drome, and the surrounding departments, as we know ourselves, he is regarded with such warm affection that it is really touching to hear the people speak of him. In all the reports, too, to the Continental or European Missionary Society respecting the south of France, he is conspicuously pointed out as one of their most meritorious and effective agents. Had the sentence of the tribunal of Die fallen upon some turbulent fanatic, though it would still have been equally illegal and unjust, it would not have excited the universal sympathy and indignation it has in the present instance called forth. But having for its victim one who has such unquestionable testimonies to the purity of his character and conduct from all quarters, it appears evident that the design is to quell totally those efforts which have been making so successfully of late years in France, for the spread of the gospel.

Another instance of oppression somewhat different from those we have just mentioned, but nevertheless of the same character, has just come to our knowledge. The names of the persons and places we allude to, we cannot yet specify, but for the truth of the facts we have to relate we are responsible. Mr B., the pastor of T., received some time ago from a family inhabiting A., who had separated themselves from the Church of Rome, an invitation to visit them that he might give them instruction on certain points, concerning which they felt doubtful. Mr B., accompanied by two members of his church, betook himself to the spot, and several persons were invited to hear him expound the Bible in the house of his inviter. Hearing of this, the local authorities, the mayor, and the *juge de paix*, addressed themselves to the prefect of the department, to expel the pastor from the place. He and his companions were represented as *adventurers* and *swindlers*. They were all banished with ignominy from the spot. The pastor, however, being unwilling to renounce the hopes he had of doing good there, and being a man most peaceably disposed, wrote to the mayor a most respectful letter, and injudiciously, in our opinion, offered, if he were permitted to re-

turn, to comply with the requirement of the 294 article of the penal code, and to hold no assembly that amounted in number to twenty persons. The mayor replied to him in the following letter, the original of which is in safe keeping. "Sir, I know very well what to think of your *charlatanism*. The faith of a Catholic will never give place to your *idiotisms*. It is my duty to prevent your making *dupes*. You are come to sow division among us, under the mask of hypocrisy, &c. &c." Here we see that *even when offering to obey the law, unjustly and illegally applied*, a gospel minister is still not suffered to exercise his functions. In the late papers we have laid before our readers on Protestantism in France, the writer of them has shown that all the new and flourishing reformed churches he has made mention of owed their origin precisely to the kind of effort which the mayor of A. has here so imperiously, and with so much insulting outrage put down. Nothing can show more strongly than this reflection, the great extent of evil which the magistrates and law courts of France are now doing against the progress of the reformation in their country. Had they acted two or three years ago as they act now, not one of those churches we have alluded to would have been in existence. We have only a few words more to add on this case. It is needless to assure our readers, that Monsieur B., pastor of T. is neither an *adventurer* nor a *swindler*; such names, applied to him from the quarter whence they came, would naturally dispose our readers to think most favourably of him. We have, however, the most heartfelt gratification in further assuring them, from personal knowledge, that Monsieur B. is one of those heavenly-minded men, so rare to be met with, whose whole lives are nothing but one continuous act of love towards all their fellow-creatures.

Our readers will perceive, from the facts we have brought before them, that the suppression of the gospel in France is inevitable, if mayors and *procureurs du Roi* are allowed to triumph whenever they apply the law against associations to religious assemblies. We must repeat again, that the French

government at present looks on with satisfaction when the law which secures freedom of worship is violated. Whenever indeed such instances of unjust and illegal conduct are brought before ministers, they do not attempt to vindicate them; they promise they shall be enquired into—but do nothing. They have also the common habit of saying to those who suffer or complain—“*Why do you not ask for permission from authority to establish a worship? to men of your good conduct and character it would not be denied, and thus the whole contest would be put an end to.*” By this insidious proposition they hope to prevail upon the Protestants unconnected with the state to renounce the rights given them by the *Charte*, and to acknowledge a right in the government which it does not legally possess. This latter right once established by precedents, the government could proceed with a high hand; and till it is attained, the petty authorities are encouraged by impunity to vex and oppress gospel ministers in every way, in the hope that they will at last, by dint of repeated vexations and prosecutions, surrender up their privileges. Hitherto, however, these zealous Christians have held manfully out, but how long they will continue to do so against deprivations of their places and means of subsistence, against imprisonments, fines, heavy costs, and—what is severer than all—the total absence of sympathy and resource either in the nation or the government, it is hard to conjecture. Besides being a feeble people in numbers, the real Protestants of France are a poor people. M. Masson, who has been lately thrown into prison, and saddled with the heavy expenses of the procedure against him, has only to support himself, his wife and his family, on L.30 per annum, the stipend allowed him by the European Society of London; and the average income of all the pastors of the country is not more than L.60 a year. To appeal therefore from court to court for the reversal of judgments which, however iniquitous, are sure to be confirmed, is heart-breaking and ruinous; and yet this the French Protestants must do, if they would

not passively succumb under a tyrannic oppression. The effort of resistance, too, they are now so imperatively called upon to make, is most critical. If they cannot triumph now they will never triumph. Precedents will accumulate against them, and render their cause hopeless. One vantage-ground, however, they certainly possess at the present moment. The French government, when the question is brought before them in a manner to enforce attention, dare not deny the justice of their complaints, or the injustice of the sentence pronounced against them. It only remains, therefore, so to bruit and to circulate the infamy of these sentences, that the French ministers may be shamed into an active interference in the behalf of those whom they have already acknowledged to be illegally dealt with. We are not too sanguine, we think, in believing that this result may arise even from this humble paper. In the year 1815, the Protestants of the South were also persecuted. Some of their temples and school-houses were arbitrarily suppressed, and other outrages committed, whilst the government of that period looked on with open unconcern and secret delight. An English individual, Mr Mark Wilkes, then residing in Paris, was the first who exposed with zeal and indignation these proceedings. The English people declared loudly their abhorrence of them. Sir Samuel Romilly, in the House of Commons, made a speech worthy of himself in advocacy of the French Protestants; and finally, owing to the representations of Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington, then at Paris, to the French Cabinet, the persecution which had begun so flourishingly was put a stop to. Now we have no hesitation in saying that the persecuting acts we have above detailed threaten to be much more fatal than those perpetrated in 1815. If they are not marked with physical violence and bloodshed, it is not for this reason that they are less tyrannical—quite the contrary. The plan, we may perceive, is by single and separate deeds of oppression falling on obscure individuals, without power, and

almost without the means of defence, in instance after instance, at convenient intervals, to put down the gospel wherever it shall appear. As we have shown in former papers, there is an easy way of ejecting all zeal for the Reformation from the national temples; and how it is sought, without the bounds of those temples, under false legal pretexts, to root it totally out of the French soil; and this work will proceed silently and progressively, and be crowned with complete success, unless there be a public spirit roused which shall speak out with energy to frustrate it. We think, therefore, an appeal to English feelings on this question, and at this early crisis, urgently called for. A

strong expression of opinion from this side of the water is always felt in France. If our zealous churches at home made common cause with their French Protestant brethren whenever the latter were suffering under acts of masterful tyranny, these acts would be so blazed and trumpeted abroad that the French Legislature would be constrained to do justice. The individuals whose cases we have mentioned have been oppressed simply because they belong to a class of men so feeble and unsupported that they may be oppressed in all wantonness, not only with impunity, but without attracting the slightest notice, much less sympathy or aid, on the part of the public.

ECHOES OF ANTIQUITY.—BY DELTA.

I.—HIPPOCRATES TO THE AMBASSADORS OF ARTAXERXES.

It is recorded that Hippocrates refused an invitation from Artaxerxes, King of Persia, with a promise of every reward and honour he might desire, provided he would repair to his dominions during a season of pestilence. Many doubts have been thrown out regarding the authenticity of the letters said to have passed on the occasion, and which are still extant. In one of these, Hippocrates replies, that "he has food, clothing, and a habitation in his own country; and that it would be unworthy of him to aspire to the wealth and grandeur of the Persians, or to cure barbarians—the enemies of Greece." The consequence is said to have been the threatened vengeance of the enraged king against the inhabitants of Cos, unless they delivered him up; but the islanders, instead of complying, declared their resolution to defend his life and liberty at all hazards, and the affair was dropped.

I.

Return, and tell your Sire, the Persian King,
That dazzling proffers here you vainly bring;—
What is the pomp of wealth, the pride of state,
Pages around, and slaves within the gate,
With all the vain magnificent parade
Which floats in Grandeur's showy cavalcade,
To him who daily bends the patient knee
Before the shrine of meek Philosophy—
And strives to fill up Life's contracted span
With kindest offices to fellow-man?
Sabæan perfumes, robes of Tyrian dye,
And fountain jets that cool the glowing sky—
While music, mirth, and dancing, from the breast
Drive every dream of Sorrow and unrest—
May to submission lull luxurious Ease,
And fashion Thralldom to what mould you please;
But to the soul determined, yet serene,
Which treasures wisdom from each passing scene,
And scruples never from itself to steal
Soft slumber's hours, to serve the common-weal,

Shorn of their rainbow hues, State's honours fade,
And sink to insignificance and shade !

II.

Tell Artaxerxes that, from day to day,
Even to the rudest hut I bend my way,
Where, save my own, no friendly feet intrude—
Where Poverty keeps watch with Solitude,
And, stretched on pallet low, the sick man lies,
With fever-stricken frame and hollow eyes,—
That, while wild phantoms whirl his throbbing brain,
I watch his slumbers, and allay his pain :
A balm to staunch the gushing wound apply,
And wipe Affection's tear from Sorrow's eye !
Up with the sun, to meadows I repair,
And cull each virtuous herb that blossoms there ;
For me no hour is idly seen to shine,
Long days of toil, and slumbers brief are mine.

III.

Go—bid your monarch pause, from all apart,
And ask this question of his conscious heart,
At midnight lonely, when are swept aside
The court's bedazzling pageantry and pride—
At midnight when the clouds are dark and deep,
And all the stars sealed up, the world asleep—
If e'er, when mounted on his molten throne,
Beauty, and Power, and Wealth, beneath him shone,
Gems, gold, and garments from a thousand coasts,
All that the earth presents, or ocean boasts—
If e'er when Flattery raised her voice aloud,
And echoing murmurs circled round the crowd,
Far from his spirit fled the fiend Distress,
To leave his heart unmingled happiness—
Ask him if these, the pageants of a king,
Can ever to his thoughts such rapture bring,
As that I feel, when, as I journey on,
The pale youth rises from the wayside stone,
With health-rekindling cheek, and palms outspread,
To call down bliss on my unworthy head,—
As that I feel, when some fond mother shows
Her cradled infant, lovely in repose,
And tells me, that the scion of her heart
Preserved to bless her by my timeous art,
Taught by parental precept, will repair
To lisp my name amid his earliest prayer—
What time for him Jove's temple-doors are thrown
Apart, and Heaven his worship deigns to own—
Grateful, through all life's after years to be,
To one, from lurking death who set him free !

IV.

While thus possessed—and what could bless me more—
Of pleasures such as these, a countless store,
While grateful praise is mine from every tongue,
Smiles from the old, and greetings from the young,
The warrior's reverence as he courses by,
And gratitude's warm beam from woman's eye—
What else is wanting ? That which I enjoy—
The mental calm, which nothing can destroy—
The self-applause, whose strength sustains the soul,
When o'er the Sun of Life the clouds of Sorrow roll.

V.

What wish I more? A cheerful home is mine,
 Around whose threshold hangs the clustering vine,
 There Contemplation finds a welcome cell,
 And dove-eyed Peace, and meek Contentment dwell;
 Raiment my country offers, food, and fire,
 What more doth Nature crave—should Man desire?
 And could I leave my country, fair and free,
 Green Cos, the glory of the Ægean sea,
 Desert the realm of Wisdom and of Worth,
 Land of my sires, and region of my birth;
 By such unworthy baubles lured to roam,
 And make 'mid barbarous hordes my gilded home?
 No! tell your sovereign, that a freeman I
 Was born, and 'mid the free resolve to die!
 My skill to lull the tortured into ease,
 To salve the wound, and medicate disease,
 Were madly used, if, from the free and brave
 I turned, and stooped to heal the despot and his slave!

VI.

Thy monarch's rage I nor despise nor dread,
 Fall if it must on my devoted head;
 Better an honoured, though untimely fate,
 Than glory sold for unavailing state;
 With sneering lip, oh ne'er may scoffers say—
 "Hippocrates to Persia slunk away,
 For princely gauds his reputation sold,
 Shamed his old age, and bartered fame for gold!"
 No! rather be it said—"He scorned to roam
 The world for wealth, and died beloved at home;
 His goal of rest was honourably won,
 And Greece regards him as a worthy son!"

II.—COLMA, A SONG OF SELMA.

Antiquity alike pervades all the realms of time—however much our ideas of the term may be swayed from mythological or historical recollections—Iceland is as old as Ithaca; and, in this point of view, we hope "the similitude in dissimilitude" between the Greek and the Celt—between Cos and Morven—will be more readily acknowledged. Nor, we fear, will the difference seem to some highly discrepant, between the *Sanscrit* letters of Hippocrates and the *Sanscrit* verses of Ossian.

I.

Forlorn I linger on the hill,
 Around me lours the stormy night;
 When will the torrent's voice be still,
 Or shieling show its light!
 Moon, from thy clouds uprise;
 Star of the setting day appear,
 And lead my wandering footsteps near
 The spot, where, 'mid his spoils of deer,
 My weary hunter lies;
 Shine forth—and guide me to the place,
 Where rests my Salgar from the chase.

II.

His bow unstrung is by his side,
 His dogs outstretched lie panting round;
 I rest me by the rushing tide,
 Upon the mossy ground:—

Where art thou, Salgar, now ?
 Thy voice, which cheers my heart, is still :
 Alone, I wander o'er the hill ;
 The moaning storm—the gurgling rill
 I hear—But where art thou ?
 Our place was by this trysting-tree,
 And here I wait, watch, weep for thee !

III.

Here is the rock, and here the tree,
 Beside me is the roaring stream ;
 And thou wert to be here with me,
 At twilight's purple gleam :
 Evening her shadow throws—
 Where—whither art thou, Salgar, fled ?
 For thee I'll leave my father's side ;
 For thee the brother of my pride ;
 Long have our race been foes,
 But more than friend to me thou art—
 Our bosoms twain, but one the heart !

IV.

Ye raving wild-winds, cease to blow !
 Loud stream, be silent in your falls !
 To let my weary hunter know
 For him how Colma calls :
 Be still—be voiceless all—
 Ye mountain-caves, in loudest strain
 Re-echo "Salgar" o'er the plain,—
 Oh tell him that I call ;
 Here is the tree—the stream—the spot—
 Colma is here, but Salgar not.

V.

Low in the East the moon appears,
 The lakelet sparkles in the grove,
 The hill its blue-grey summit rears,—
 But where art thou, my love ?
 In silence glooms the heath ;
 No panting dog with joyful tail
 Proclaims thy footstep near the vale,
 And, swift as Winter's wrathful gale,
 Comes sweeping down beneath :
 The stars are out—the day is gone—
 My Salgar, Colma sits alone !

VI.

But who—outstretched upon the hill ?
 They look not—speak not to each other !
 Hear ye my voice not ?—all is still ?
 My lover, and my brother ! !
 Cold horror chills my soul—
 Then sleep ye ?—but it is not night !
 A terrible—a bloody sight—
 Their swords are dripping from the fight—
 Their eyes have ceased to roll—
 And, reckless, have ye slain each other ?
 My love, oh why ?—oh why, my brother ?

VII.

Why, Salgar, hast thou slain the youth,
 Who should have been allied to thee !

Thy cheek like his is cold;—in sooth,
 Dear were ye both to me!
 How should I laud each name?
 Marked out amid the crowd afar
 Bright was thy form as Beauty's star
 He was the mighty in mid-war,
 The terrible in fame:
 Oh listen to your Colma's shriek,
 My bosom's brethren—speak, oh speak!

VIII.

Unseen I weep—unheard I cry—
 And sob my soul in tears away;
 Motionless on the ground they lie,
 Cold are their breasts of clay!
 Oh from the peak of stone—
 Oh from the gusty mountain head—
 All terrorless this heart hath grown,
 Speak, phantoms of the dead!
 Tell me, pale ghosts, where are ye laid?
 Speak—tell me—I am not afraid!

IX.

To rest, ah whither are ye gone—
 Within what cavern of the hill?
 Must Colma's voice be heard alone?
 Alas! all else is still!
 My life-pulse ebbs away.
 Rise, Moon, and melt the clouds of gloom!
 Friends of the dead, uprear the tomb,
 But close it not till Colma come,—
 For why should she delay?
 At eve, here let my spirit walk,
 Beside the mountain cataract.

X.

Here, when the West begins to pale,
 And when the storm sweeps o'er the heath,
 My ghost will ride the whistling gale,
 And chant the song of death,
 Until of man it meets the ear;—
 The Hunter listening from his hall,
 That wailing dirge shall not appal;
 Sweet for my friends the song shall fall,
 For both to me were dear.
 Hear shall he, but he will not flee,
 For pleasant were they both to me!

III.—LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Pass we now, in conclusion (*au present*), from the graceful fancies and Cimmerian obscurity of the Grecian mythology, and from the harsher, though sometimes sublimely simple superstitions of the Celtic, into the gorgeous daylight of Hebrew Revelation. It might have been accounted heterodox, and would unquestionably have been foolhardy to have attempted other than a few slight paraphrastic variations on the *De profundis* of that sweetest of "sweet singers," King David of Israel.

I.

Slain on the mountains high,
 Prostrate, reft Israel, lie

Thy sons of sovereign beauty—wo—wo—wo !
 Let not our foes rejoice,
 Mourners, raise not the voice,
 Lest Askelon should hear—lest Gath should know—
 And proud Philistia, with triumphant cry,
 Send all her daughters out—to mock our agony !

II.

And thou, sepulchral steep,
 No husbandman shall reap
 Henceforth thy harvests ;—neither rain nor dew
 Thy verdure, drear Gilboa, shall renew,
 Nor incense of field-offerings ascend
 From thee, with Heaven to blend ;
 For thou wert blasted on that baleful day,
 When vilely from the field,
 Forgetful of his fame, Saul turned away,
 And left unto our foes his oil-anointed shield !

III.

Foremost in presence of the valiant foe,
 Unerring was the bow
 Of Jonathan beloved ; wherever sped
 His shaft, the battle-field was red ;
 And, whensoever Saul unsheathed his sword,
 Glad Israel triumphed, and her foes deplored !
 Like streams that sweetly mingle,
 The years of Saul and Jonathan flowed on,
 It seemed through life their hearts to one had grown,
 In death they were not single ;—
 The eagle drifting down the wastes of air,
 Outflies the storm—the swift beyond compare ;
 And to the lion in his shaggy might,
 Crouch the wild beasts, nor dare the sinewy fight ;
 But swifter than the swiftest, than the strong
 Stronger were they, for whom we break our hearts in song !

IV.

Then weep ye for our slaughters,
 Lament, oh Israel's daughters !
 For silent is the tongue, the bosom cold
 Of Saul, who took a fond delight,
 To see you glittering in his sight,
 Apparelled in the scarlet, decked with gold !
 How are the mighty fallen ! In the strife
 Of swords sank Jonathan, bereft of life—
 Slain in the lofty places, where the foe
 Now triumphs o'er our remediless wo !
 Pleasant wert thou to me ; I am distressed
 For thee, my brother Jonathan—above
 The love of woman burned for thee my breast—
 Burned for thy friendship more than woman's love !
 Lost is the buckler—broken is the sword—
 How are the mighty fallen, and brought low !
 For you, the loved and lost, our song is poured ;
 Wo unto Israel, Wo !!!

THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

WHAT, say the Voluntaries, can be so unjust as to tax the members of one persuasion for the support of another? In every other department of instruction, whether secular or ecclesiastical, men are left free to choose the species of knowledge which they require; and the encouragement of the professor is left to the voluntary support which he receives from his pupils. Why should religious instruction be made an exception to the general rule? Why should the Catholic be compelled to contribute to the support of the Protestant, or the Methodist of the Episcopalian? It is temporal interest which lends bitterness to the divisions of theology; it is the payment of money which constitutes the injury which can never be forgiven. Every man should pay for his own religious teacher, as every man pays for his own tailor, or apothecary, or baker. Competition, under this equitable and simple system, would here, as elsewhere, induce perfection; theological error would expire under the ascending light of truth and investigation. Fat deans, drowsy bishops, would no longer be able to wring the means of pampering their daily appetites out of the sufferings of the people. Relieved from the odium consequent on the present iniquitous system, Christianity would regain its hold of the affections of mankind. It will never do so till its connexion is severed with the State, and its professors are thrown back to the apostolical rule, which declared that its kingdom was not of this world.

So reasons the Dissenter; so reasons the *Irish* Papist (but no *other* Papist); so reasons the prodigal; so reasons the infidel; so reasons the libertine. The first anticipate, from the use of this argument, the liberation of their flock from all payments to the clergy of another faith, and the direction of all ecclesiastical dues to their own treasury. The second hope to succeed, by its general

adoption, in regaining the lost patrimony of St Peter, and by the force of a clamour against tithes to the Protestant clergy, to restore their payment in time to the Romish priesthood. The coalesced herd of the last regard it as the means of getting quit of all religious payments whatever, and establishing, as in France, a state of society where the pleasures of sensuality, or the dictates of passion, are unrestrained by the inconvenient denunciations of judgment to come.

If these principles were merely professed by a party in the state unpossessed of political power, they would be the fit subject of contemplation to a philosophic observer of human nature, as affording a signal instance of the fallacious application to one subject of principles, just when applied to another, and of the way in which falsehood may thus for a season be successfully palmed off on a great proportion of mankind. But the matter does by no means rest there. The majority of the House of Commons is essentially hostile to the Church; the memorable coalition of Lichfield House was founded on a concerted attack on the Irish Establishment; the Ministry is held together by no other bond but the prosecution of a measure intended, as its leader well expressed it, "to prove a heavy blow and great discouragement to Protestantism." It is to this point that all their efforts are directed; it is by the attainment of this object that they profess they are to stand or fall. The Lower House has adopted their views. They have "dealt out the heavy blow," and given "the great discouragement to Protestantism;" and had it not been for the courageous rejection of the spoliating clause by the House of Peers, the fatal thrust would ere this have been given, and the Protestant Establishment would have been falling into ruins.

Nor is this all. Acting under the guidance of the Popish priesthood,

a combination against tithes has taken place over the whole of Ireland, of unparalleled magnitude and inveterate malignity. By its influence, and the weakness or connivance of the priest-ridden Ministry, the clergy of the Protestant Church of Ireland have been reduced to a degree of suffering and destitution unparalleled in any Christian land, and which, but for the heroic firmness and truly Christian-like resignation of its members, must ere this have extinguished the reformed faith in two-thirds of that country. Neither worth nor piety, good deeds nor charity, probity nor beneficence, learning nor distinction, have been able to save the Protestant clergy from this unrelenting persecution. The wasted cheek, the dimmed eye, the faltering form of those most dear to him were the torture applied by the Papists to the martyrs of Protestantism. The lost insurances, the uneducated children, the ragged garments, and emaciated form of those born to wealth or fairer prospects, told the dreadful severity of their wearing-out persecution. Mean while, the higher clergy, as Dr Murray expressed it, "solemnly disavowed all the persecuting doctrines in Dens' theology on oath," thereby, as he hoped, lulling to sleep the vigilance of the Protestants; while the inferior agents in this Popish persecution, unable to conceal their joy, or not duly instructed in the system of deceit which was going forward, openly, and *from the altar*, in coarse and brutal language, exulted in the sufferings of the Protestant clergy,* or loudly boasted that, if their favourite candidate at an election was not carried, *rivers of blood should flow, as broad as the waters of the Barrow*. While this atrocious system of disclaiming persecution on the one hand, *on oath*, at headquarters, and enforcing its mandates with unrelenting severity at

the outposts was going forward, the meek and persecution-hating Whigs, —the strenuous advocates of religious freedom,—the mild and philanthropic supporters of the cause of humanity all over the world,—lent their whole influence to support the O'Connell domination! But the magnificent charity of England was at length aroused; the wisdom of Providence, in this as in other instances, made the wickedness and wrath of man the instrument of ultimate good, and the base desertion by the professed philanthropists, for the sake of evincing feelings of humanity, awakened the genuine spirit of Christian charity, and lighted a fire in England, which, by the grace of God, shall never be extinguished.

It is to little purpose to reflect that the sanguine hopes of the Dissenters and Voluntaries will in the end be utterly frustrated if the Papists obtain the ascendancy; that history can afford no example of the Popish priesthood voluntarily relinquishing one farthing of the patrimony of St Peter; that in the extinction of freedom, which their ascendancy is calculated to induce, will be found the surest barrier against any durable resistance to the payment of tithes, and in the spiritual authority with which they are armed the most formidable weapon that ever was devised for compelling the refractory to yield obedience to the ecclesiastical law. All that is perfectly true; but it does not in the slightest degree mitigate the danger of our present situation. The coalition cannot or will not see this; they obstinately adhere to their alliance with the Catholics, shutting their eyes to the desperate spiritual tyranny which it has ever, when fully confirmed and at liberty to develop its real policy, been the first to establish; and vainly hope that if the Church of England can only be

* "Is there any man," said Father Kehoe, *from the altar*, "will tell me that agitation has done nothing for Ireland? Where are tithes now? We have no longer to pay tithes, but a pitiful land-tax, and we will soon put an end to that. The Protestant clergy are now very different from what they were. They are no longer the fine gentlemen they were, but are in a sad hobble, and we will make them in a greater hobble; for instead of bringing up their sons and daughters to be gentlemen and ladies, they will be glad to bring them up to be farmers and tradesmen. (Loud laughter.)"—*Carlow Evidence Intimidation Committee*.

once overthrown, there will be little difficulty in settling the proportion in which its spoils are to be divided among the allies who have combined for its destruction. And if that noble monument of piety, wisdom, charity, and toleration is indeed destroyed, it will be of little moment by what lamentable delusions the coalition against it was held together; it will little avail to reflect how rapidly the veil fell from the eyes of the Protestant portion of the league after success was obtained; nor will it signify much to the future happiness of mankind, whether the evil was brought about by the infuriate zeal of Irish papacy, the cold bitterness of Scotch dissent, or the reckless indifference of English libertinism.

The argument of the Voluntaries proceeds upon a mistaken view of the object of an ecclesiastical establishment, and the quarter from which the fund for its endowment should be obtained. It is a mistake to say that an established church taxes or burdens the members of one communion for the support of another. What it does, and what it professes to do, is to *set apart a separate estate for the support of the clergy of a particular denomination*. Its grand object, its leading and inappreciable advantage is, that it provides for the *maintenance of religion out of the estates of the church*, without burdening or taxing any human being. It is just to avoid the taxation of the members of one persuasion paying those of another, that it requires payment from the members of no persuasion at all, but provides for the clergy from the separate and independent estates of the church. It is true that in many cases, and in order to render the growth of ecclesiastical property commensurate with the increase of the population and the spiritual wants of the people, the separate estate of the church is vested in tithes; and this it is which gives rise to the delusion of supposing that the members of one persuasion are taxed to maintain the ministers of another. But even when this is the case, it is not the tithe payer who maintains the church—it holds a separate estate jointly with the lay owners of the lands which subsists on its share of the

fruits of the soil. If he did not pay the tithes to the parson, he would be obliged to pay an additional rent to the landlord. He has two landlords instead of one; one for the stock and one for the tithe; but the payment for the two together is not a shilling greater than it would be if one were extinguished. Even the Irish peasantry are beginning to see this; they perceive that if their tithes are abolished the only result will be that the rents will be proportionally augmented; and already the cry has been got up, “No tithe, and no rent in lieu of tithe.”

A decisive proof of this occurred in Scotland, where, as is well known, the whole vexation consequent on the drawing tithes in kind has for two hundred years been entirely obviated by the wisdom of the old Scottish Parliament and Charles, who laid the burden directly on the landlord, and relieved the land altogether on payment of the fixed amount. This had no effect whatever in diminishing the burdens which fell on the Scotch tenantry. Every body at all acquainted with that country, knows that for a century past the rent paid to the landlord to the north of the Tweed has more than equalled the rent and tithe together to the south of that river. This was felt in the time of the income tax, which was calculated in Scotland by the act of Parliament on the principle of the profits of the farmer being *half* the rent of the landlord, which was generally complained of as far more than the farmer really made; whereas in England, where no such rule was adopted, but the actual income of these two classes was ascertained, as nearly as it could be, the return proved, as Arthur Young had long before estimated, that the farmer's profits were *equal* to the rent of the land. So little had the Scotch farmers gained by the law which threw the payment of the clergy as a direct burden on the landlords. Nor is this result surprising. The clergyman, having a life interest only in the soil, is a far more indulgent landlord than the proprietor who can transmit a lawsuit to his son. The Parliamentary returns prove that the tithe, on an

average of all England, is not a twentieth of the produce.

Holding that the tithe is a separate estate from the lay-owner's share of the fruits; and that the farmer would be not one shilling benefited, but probably rather impoverished if he were thrown on his landlord alone to settle both for stock and tithe, it is clear that the principle of an establishment, is, that the clergy should be paid by a *separate estate belonging to the church*. This being the case, the superiority of such a mode of providing for the clergy over the Voluntary system is obvious. For what does the Voluntary system do? Why it makes every poor man *pay for his own seat in church*, and it proposes to maintain the clergy solely by the revenue raised from these payments. Now, whether is it best for the poor to have the clergy who are to instruct them in their religious duties paid out of their own hard-earned wages or out of a separate landed estate belonging to the church? That comes back to the other question, "whether is it best that they should be relieved from unavoidable distress by a poor-rate levied on the rich, or in hospitals maintained by a capitation tax levied on all their unhappy inmates?" In a word, is it best for the poor to have religious instruction provided for them *gratis* by an establishment paid out of its own funds; or to have its support thrown as a burden on the sweat of their own brows? One would have thought that even the spirit of faction would find little to advance in favour of the latter alternative. Yet, strange to say, it is the alternative with which the deluded Voluntaries every where close, which the Whig-radicals, the *soidisant* friends of the poor, generally support; and which the more clear-sighted infidels and reprobates every where applaud, from a distinct perception that religion, established on so irksome and burdensome a basis, will not long exist to thwart the undisguised reign of passion and licentiousness, for which they so ardently pant.

An Established Church, therefore, is peculiarly and emphatically, as Cobbett well expressed it, the church of the poor. It sets aside large estates for their religious improve-

ment and consolation. Its fundamental principle is *GRATUITOUS INSTRUCTION*. On this important subject we cannot refrain from quoting the admirable and eloquent words of the *Times*, in the hope that in this miscellany they may find a more durable place of deposit than in its able pages. "The Established Church is peculiarly '*the Church of the poor man*.' Was there ever a truth more undeniable than this, or one more pregnant with vast and awful consequences? The parish church is open to the whole community. The humblest inhabitant of this wide realm, the most destitute pauper that knows not where else to seek a resting-place, enters therein with a spirit, humble indeed, as befits him, towards his Maker, but towards man, erect in conscious equality of brotherhood with the wealthiest and noblest of his fellow-creatures. Shut, then, the door of this house of God, by taking away the legalised subsistence of its ministers, and by refusing the fund that protects it from dilapidation—what follows? The rich and noble, the independent, the comfortable, the competent, the tradesman, the artisan in constant employment, all who have wherewith to feed and clothe their families, and to pay something towards the maintenance of a Church, and the support of its minister—all such can by money obtain a right of admission, and can hear the word of God without impediment; but what becomes of him who has no money, who can contribute nothing, who has not bought his way into the list of the congregation? What does the Voluntary principle do for *him*? Let him try a meeting-house of political Dissenters—let him try any place of worship raised, and its minister maintained, by subscription, or by money contribution under any form, and see what will be the success of his application to the porter or functionary who keeps the gate. For the very poor, who cannot afford to *pay*, there is no help in the '*Voluntary principle*.' But in the Established Church, those who pay not a farthing are entitled, as their indefeasible birthright, to receive all which can be there supplied to the worn-down spirit and the broken heart—the solemn prayer—the in-

spired word—the Holy Sacrament—that peace and blessing which the world cannot give, but of which our charitable advocates for ‘religious liberty’ would, in their beneficence, despoil the children of affliction—the chosen ones of Christ! Yes, the Established Church of England is emphatically the ‘poor man’s church,’ and cursed be he who would destroy it. The established clergy are the poor man’s ministers: they are bound to yield him, when called upon, and they do yield him, spiritual instruction and consolation, as ordained by the *law* under which he lives; and cursed again, we say, is he who would rob the poor man of this his inalienable possession here—this passport to his immortal inheritance in a better world.”

It is no answer to this to assert that in many instances the Established Church does not fully discharge these duties; that thousands of the poor are unprovided with seats in many of its places of worship; that they are driven to Dissenting meeting-houses from the failure of the Church to receive them within its bosom. All that may be perfectly true; but all that proves nothing against the principle of an Establishment. Because the overseers or guardians of the poor in some parishes neglect their duty; because in an hour of delusion a Malthusian Parliament may have shackled innocent pauperism with the manacles of guilt, does that prove any thing against the wisdom and necessity of a state provision for the poor in the complicated and artificial state of society in which we live? A state religion is just as necessary as a state army, or a state navy, or state judges. The people are as incapable of adequately providing themselves with spiritual instruction as they are of raising an efficient defence against their enemies by means of volunteer corps. Such additions may be valuable as allies to the soldiers of the state, but they can only be relied on in seasons of fervour, and are totally insufficient if deprived of the lasting support of regular soldiers. If the existing population, especially in the great manufacturing cities, is inadequately provided with spiritual accommodation, that is a very good reason why that ac-

commodation should be doubled or trebled—it is a very good reason why a portion of the state funds, or of local funds raised by assessment from all classes, should be applied to remedy the evil, and extend the pale of the Establishment, so as to include all its souls, but none at all why the principle of an Establishment itself should be abandoned. If the public defence requires an hundred thousand regular soldiers, and we have only fifty, that is a good reason for augmenting the supplies, so as to raise the additional fifty, but none at all for abandoning, in the face of all experience, the principle of a standing army altogether, and having recourse to the fleeting fervour of voluntary service.

A state religion, if established on a right basis, is capable of keeping pace with the wants of any population, how fast soever it may advance. Even in America, doubling as it does over the whole Union in fifty, and in the frontier settlements in twenty-five years, ample means of making the establishment keep pace with the wants of the inhabitants exist, if there were a government possessed of the requisite vigour to bring them into play. Take the case of England, and of its great towns, where the growth of the population at the present time is most rapid, and the means of providing funds for their payment is, from the absence of tithes within their limits, most difficult. Can there be the smallest doubt that the means of adequately extending the Establishment exist, if the temper of the times, and the firmness of a good government, would permit them to be called forth? London increases at present, we shall suppose, at the rate of fifty thousand a-year; Manchester at that of six thousand; Glasgow perhaps seven. Do any seriously doubt that in such an increase of wealth there is contained the means, if adequately called forth, of embracing all within the bosom of the church? Consider what the burden really comes to. London would require to build and endow annually twelve churches; Manchester two; Glasgow two. Is that an enormous, a crushing burden upon these vast and growing cities? Upon Lon-

don, with its sixteen hundred thousand inhabitants and all the wealth of the empire flowing through its bosom; or Manchester, with its two hundred and forty thousand souls, and its surrounding province covered with houses; or Glasgow, with its two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and its harbour dues, which have risen from L.300 a-year to L.36,000 in the last thirty years? Funds to double and triple the requisite sum are annually levied in these great cities for local purposes of far inferior importance to the adequate supply of religious instruction gratuitously to the poor.

The argument that the supply of religious instruction may be safely left, like that of provisions and clothing, or luxuries, even for the most numerous community, to the insulated efforts of individuals, and the stimulating influence of free competition, has been an hundred times refuted; Dr Chalmers has not left it a leg to stand on; but still the Voluntaries, with unwearied perseverance, bring it forward to their benighted followers; therefore we must refute it for the hundred and first time. The principle of free competition adequately supplying the market, true in regard to all objects of *immediate necessity or instant gratification*, is wholly false in regard to that equally important class of objects which, disagreeable or distasteful at first, are only salutary in their *ultimate results*. This is the ruling distinction, and it is of universal application. For example, the supply of bread, butcher meat, coal, vegetables, clothing, and house accommodation, may safely, in all communities, and at all times, be left to the private efforts of individuals, because they are objects of primary necessity and universal use, the want of which will immediately bring home suffering to the most reckless and inconsiderate of the people. On the same principle, the supply of luxuries may safely be left to the same method of supply, because they minister to artificial wants, natural passions, or acquired appetites; but the case is widely different with regard to objects which, though equally important, or still more salutary *in the end*, are not so pressing or alluring in the *begin-*

ning; such as national defence, whether by sea or land, public justice, general education, police, the maintenance of the poor. The support of these establishments is doubtless in the end not less necessary to all the individuals in a society than an adequate supply from the butcher or the baker; but, nevertheless, the universal experience of mankind has soon discovered the necessity of having these vital objects provided for by a compulsory assessment, and discarded as utterly nugatory the Voluntary system, and the unaided efforts of individuals when applied to such subjects. What sort of a provision for the poor would exist in the manufacturing districts of England or Scotland, if they were left to Voluntary charity, as in Ireland? There is the great example of the practical working of the Voluntary system, as applied to the poor; and what has been the result? Why, that Ireland has become the great *officina pauperum* for all the adjoining states, and exhibits now a mass of destitution and misery unparalleled in modern times.

It is another great evil inseparably connected with a Voluntary Church, that it lays the burden of maintaining the religious instructors of the people upon those only who go to church, leaving the immense mass of the *irreligious, the selfish, and the indifferent to pay nothing*. Who maintains the charities, revenues, and hospitals in every great city of the realm? A few hundred persons, whose names appear at all subscriptions; a few thousand in the metropolis who give to every thing, while the whole remainder of the community, embracing the vast majority in numbers, and a decided preponderance in property, give nothing to any thing. Let any man compare the number of names in the list of any charitable body from its collectors within a certain parish or district, with the names in the tax-collector's books for the same district, and he will at once be convinced of this. A shilling or sixpence in the pound, levied on the whole community, will produce infinitely more than from five to twenty pounds each, subscribed by the charitable

and humane. Every person practically acquainted with these matters knows that this is the law. But why are the religious and the humane alone to be burdened with the expense of the religious establishment? We tax all the community alike for the support of the army and navy, the interest of the public fund, the civil list, and the judicial establishment? Why should a different principle be followed in the maintenance of the spiritual militia, whose duty it is to ward off the incessant seductions of human passion, the unwearied assaults of the great adversary of mankind? What should we say to a grave proposition, that the brave and the warlike alone should support the army—those who have a nautical turn, the navy—those who have need of law-suits, the judicial establishment?—Yet this is exactly what the Voluntaries propose when they argue that every man should pay for his own clergyman, as he pays for his own apothecary or physician; and as a necessary sequence, that they who have no need of any spiritual instruction or consolation whatever, should be entirely freed of all ecclesiastical payments. Nay, what they contend for is far more absurd than this; for it is the same thing as if it were proposed that the charitable and humane should alone maintain the poor, with the aid of such pittances as they can wring from the poor themselves: and the immense mass of the wealthy, selfish, and indifferent, pay nothing at all: the precise evil which ever has and ever must, in every advanced and old community, render the imposition of a poor's rate indispensable both for the maintenance of the poor and the equal distribution of the burden thence arising.

Nor is it a light evil that religion, if left to the Voluntary support of the devout portion of the community, must lose its appropriate character of the instructor and chastiser, to become the amuser or exciter of the people. In maintaining that this is the necessary result of the Voluntary system, we mean nothing disrespectful to the Dissenting clergy, who can boast many able and pious men in their ranks; we only apply to them the ordinary and established principles of human nature. A lawyer

must accommodate his arguments to the known tendency or views of his judges, and sometimes flatter even the prejudices or passions of the jury: an actor must study the sympathies and feelings of his audience: an apothecary must gratify the whims or caprices of the fine ladies or elderly valetudinarians whose frequent fees compose three-fourths of his income. If the clergy derive their income from the same species of payment, they must be in danger of descending to the same necessity: those who live by the public must accommodate themselves to the public. The fashionable preacher who is to be attended by the votaries of Almacks or the opera; who is to address beauteous forms sinking under the languor of dissipation, or whiskered fashion recently emerged from the gaming-house, must select such topics and use such language as is fitted to awaken the sympathy of that polished but artificial and mawkish class of society. The thundering orator who addresses the denser masses of the middling ranks, must, by the opinions which he introduces, and the semi-political style of the doctrines which he promulgates, keep up the favour of the bustling consequential class on whom he depends for his subsistence. Ardent political zeal, factious democratic ardour, activity under the rose in canvassing and electioneering will be the *sine qua non* to popularity in these places of public worship. Mean while the immense mass of the lower orders, the labouring poor in the country and towns, who now obtain their seats in church gratis, disgusted with the new and unheard-of payments demanded from them in every place of public worship, will quietly drop off from religion altogether, and, as in Paris, live altogether without God in the world. A few places of fashionable resort for the higher ranks—a few popular meeting-houses for the lower, will be filled with crowded audiences; but a great majority of the people will be brought up, and live without any religious instruction or consolation whatever. This is what takes place at Paris, where, in consequence of the starved state of the establishment, the practical operation of a state of things

very nearly approaching to the Voluntary System has long existed. There several crowded audiences are to be seen: many handsome young priests, with curled black hair, and fine whiskers, descant in eloquent strains to a melting audience of fashionable ladies on the love of God: the bonnets and artificial flowers at St Roch or St Genevieve resemble the parterre of the opera, and files of carriages drive on Sunday afternoon from the "darling preachers" to the gardens of the Tuileries: but mean time the greater part of the churches in the crowded parts of the city are visited only by a few decrepit old women: eight hundred thousand human beings know religion only by name, or as a picturesque remnant of the olden time, singularly effective in stage effect: the theatres every night teem with licentiousness and obscenity: the illegitimate births are rapidly approaching to the legitimate,* and two or three dead bodies are every morning fished out of the Seine, the victims of disordered passion, and unrestrained licentiousness.

How, in such a state of dependence on the suffrages of the people, can religion maintain its exalted character, and discharge its first duty as the *condemner* of popular vice? Can we expect the clergy to preach themselves down to a state of destitution and inanition, by resolutely *opposing the prevailing passions of the day*? Yet this is the first duty of the pulpit. To preach down public fervour, whether political, sensual, avaricious, or fashionable — to set the eternal mandates of the Most High against the sinful suggestions of present excitement, is the one thing needful. How can we expect the faithful discharge of this duty in opposition to the mandates and wishes of the declared majority? We know from Tocqueville what results in the political world from institutions which give an unrestrained authority to a numerical majority. "The real reproach," says that able writer, "against democracy, as it is consti-

tuted in the United States, is not, as many persons in Europe imagine, its weakness, but, on the contrary, its irresistible strength. What revolts the mind most in America is not the extreme liberty which prevails, but the slender guarantee which exists against tyranny. When a man or a party suffers any injustice in the United States from the majority, to whom is he to apply for redress? To public opinion? It is formed by the majority. To the Legislative Body? It is elected by the majority, and slavishly obeys its directions. To the Executive Power? It is named by the majority, and is the mere executor of its wishes. To a jury? It is the judicial committee of the majority. To the judges? They are elected by the majority. How unjust or unreasonable soever may be the stroke which has injured you, it is impossible to find a remedy, and submission is unavoidable."† Nor is this despotic force of the majority confined to political measures; it descends to all the minutiae of life, regulates all opinions, and is, in an especial manner, fatal to that dignity and elevation of mind which should ever be the leading characteristics of the instructors of the people. "Among the immense crowd," continues the same author, "who in the United States take to the career of politics, I have met very few men who possess that manly candour, that independence of thought, which characterised the Americans in their war for independence. You would say, on the contrary, that *all their minds are formed on the same model*, so exactly do they adopt the same opinions. I have sometimes met with true patriotism among the people, but I have often looked for it in vain among their rulers. This is easily explained. Supreme power ever depraves and corrupts its servants before it has irrevocably tainted its possessors. The courtiers in America do not indeed say sire! your majesty! Mighty difference! But they speak without intermission of the natural intelligence of their so-

* They are now as 12 to 19 in Paris. In London as 1 to 38.

† Tocqueville, ii. 145, 146.

veraign—they do not stop to enquire what are the virtues most to be admired in a prince, for they attribute to their many-headed ruler every imaginable virtue under Heaven—they do not give him their wives and daughters to make his mistresses, but by sacrificing their opinions *they prostitute themselves to his service.*” * Such is the prostitution of public opinion in secular matters which results from the absolute government of the majority, the complete establishment of the Voluntary principle in government. But what is that in comparison to the debasement of religious feeling and opinion which must result from the same irresistible influence of a numerical majority in consequence of the general establishment of the Voluntary principle; and the subjection of our religious teachers to that miserable subservience to public fervour or passion from which they were happily delivered by the setting apart of extensive estates for the permanent support of the Church?

Observe how the independence of the clergy is affected by the Voluntary System. The moment that, from being judges of morals, appointed for life, they become tenants at will merely, their integrity, their respectability, their usefulness, is at an end. They will never venture to face the “tyrant majority” of their congregations—be the prevailing sin what it may, religious, worldly, selfish, or political, they will never venture to oppose those who hold the keys of their subsistence. The Dissenters invariably keep their clergy in the most abject state of dependence—even the strongest of all motives, the desire of obtaining for them political votes and influence, has not in a single instance, it is believed, made them set their hands to stamped paper, so as to give any minister a life interest in his office. No Eastern despot was ever more jealous of life-appointments in his judicial servants than these little democratic bodies are of a life tenure of his office by their clergyman. Even if a minister, under the Voluntary System, is for-

tunate enough by great exertions to overcome this jealousy, and wring from his masters, like their hearts’ blood, a life appointment, still his state of dependence is nearly as great as before. Having no fixed or extraneous income, being entirely dependent on voluntary offerings or seat-rents for his income and subsistence, he must fall in with the opinions or passions of the majority or lose his bread. We should like to see a fashionable preacher at the west end of the town, in corrupt and degenerate days, set his face against courtly vices, or denounce the wrath of Heaven against kings who executed injustice, or nobles who leagued against the people. We should like to see a popular clerical orator of the citizens, in the high and palmy days of democracy, inveigh in adequate and fearless language against the vices, the corruption, and madness of the people. How soon would the first lose his courtly assemblage of high-born dames and waltzing damsels, and the second find his rounded sentences re-echoed from empty pews! Yet is the minister of the gospel never to set his face against prevailing vices? Is he ever, like theameleon, to take his hue from the prevailing opinions by which he is surrounded? Is the tyrant majority to stand for ever holding in its hands, not only the gates of worldly preferment, but, like a second Pope, the keys of Heaven and hell? Are we to go to church only to hear the prevailing opinions echoed from the pulpit, with just such a tinge of religious thought as may make them lose a little of their worldly character? Are we to return to the days of the Long Parliament and the fervent Voluntaries of Charles I.,

“When oyster-wives do lock their fish
up,
And trudge away to cry no Bishop?”

And yet this, traced out to its ultimate consequences, is the necessary result of the Voluntary System of the Church discipline, which professes to be calculated for the interests of the poor.

* Tocqueville, ii. 156, 157.

Yet, along with all this, it is another vice of a Voluntary church, that it is essentially, and in a matter where no such distinctions should ever be introduced, *aristocratic in its tendency*. We will not be readily accused by our readers of an undue prejudice against the effects of an aristocracy in society; but here we are so, because we have a fervent wish for the real and durable interests of the poor. On all the great questions, where their real interests and welfare is at stake, we shall ever be found espousing their cause with as much vigour as we have hitherto, and shall hereafter oppose those who, for selfish purposes and with callous hearts, would inflame their passions. Actuated by this principle, and devoutly impressed with the equality of all mankind in the sight of Heaven; recollecting that the gospel was in an especial manner preached to the poor; believing that it is the first duty of Government to provide, at the expense of the great and affluent, for the spiritual instruction and consolation of the destitute, we fearlessly denounce the Voluntary System as ruinously aristocratic; and as creative, even in the Sanctuary of the Temple, of those invidious worldly distinctions which should never be permitted to pass the veil.

What does the Voluntary System propose to do? Does it create one vast and magnificent establishment, embracing all ranks and classes in its bosom; the same to the prince and the peasant—the servant and the master—the outcast of men and the rulers of nations? Does it confound all distinctions of ranks in the sight of Heaven, and denounce the same awful words of death and judgment to come to the monarch on the throne and the captive in the dungeon? Does it, like the Established Church, whether Papist or Protestant, create a vast bulwark against violence and injustice—

“Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Have oft rolled back the tide of war;
But never closed the iron-door
Against the needy and the poor?”

Alas! it does none of these things—it does the very reverse. Into the bosom of the Church, into the interior of the Sanctuary, it introduces

the distinctions, the divisions, the heart-burnings of a temporal existence. It divides the rich from the poor, the noble from the peasant, the ruler from the citizen, the learned from the ignorant, the virtuous from the vicious; the contributions of the rich it reserves for their own instruction or edification; the consolation of the poor it leaves to the miserable pittance which can be wrung from the sweat of their brows. The large estates, whether in lands or tithes, which the piety of former ages had bequeathed, or the wisdom of former legislatures set apart for the gratuitous instruction of the poor, it confiscates to the necessities of the state or the cupidity of the selfish. No longer will there be seen the magnificent spectacle of the national Church, which, confounding all the distinctions of time, embraces in its ample bosom alike the prince and the peasant, the rich and the poor. No longer the touching spectacle which the Papist cathedrals exhibit of all ranks kneeling indiscriminately on the marble pavement; no longer the dignified and truly Christian oblivion of rank in the parish church of Old England. The rich and fashionable will flock to one place of worship, where, in courtly and eloquent strains, they will hear a *modified* system of Christianity—the middling ranks to another, where, in sterner language, and from a more earnest though ruder preacher, they will inhale a very different system of theological belief. No longer will be seen the devout audience, where one simple line of duty is prescribed to all classes indiscriminately, one awful denunciation held forth to all sinners alike; no longer the dispersion of one congregation, after service, amidst the bones of their ancestors resting in one common mould, and the hopes of their descendants following one common God. The rich will lie in one place of sepulture, the poor in another; the cruel distinctions of time will extend even beyond the grave; avarice, standing with callous hands at the gate of the churchyard, will deny all entrance save to the corpses of the affluent or the respectable; huddled together, with hardly any rite of sepulture, the

poor will be consigned to an ignoble and soon forgotten grave.

To prevent these evils, and secure the inestimable blessings of a common religion, maintained by a general fund for all classes, and especially for the gratuitous instruction of the poor, it is indispensable that the church should be maintained *by separate estates of its own, and in no degree made to depend on payments from Government.* The moment that this fundamental principle is violated; the instant that under any circumstances, or on any plea of alleged expedience or necessity whatever, the property of the church is permitted to be mingled with the general revenue of the state; the instant that the tax-gatherer is permitted to get his hands on the ecclesiastical revenues; from that instant the independence of the church is at an end, and the clergy are reduced to a slavish dependence on the votes of the legislature for the portion which they are to be permitted to extricate from his gripe. Mr Burke long ago placed this necessity in the clearest light. "It is from our attachment to a Church establishment," says this great writer, "that the English nation did not think it wise to intrust that great interest of the whole to what they trust no part of their civil or military public service, that is, to the unsteady precarious contribution of individuals. They go farther. They certainly never have suffered, and *never will suffer* the fixed estate of the Church to be converted into a pension to depend on the Treasury, and to be delayed, withheld, or perhaps to be extinguished by fiscal difficulties; which difficulties may perhaps be pretended for political purposes, and are, in fact, often brought on by the extravagance, negligence, and rapacity of politicians. The people of England think that they have constitutional motives, as well as religious, against any project of turning their independent clergy into ecclesiastical pensioners of the State. They tremble for their liberty, from the influence of a clergy dependent on the Crown; they tremble for the public tranquillity, from the disorders of a factious clergy, if it were made to depend on any other than the Crown. They, therefore, made

their Church, like their King and their nobility, independent. From the united consideration of religion and constitutional policy, from their opinion of a duty, to make a sure provision for the consolation of the feeble and the instruction of the ignorant, they have incorporated and identified the estate of the Church with the mass of private property, of which the state is *not proprietor*, either for use or dominion, but the guardian only and the regulator. They have ordained that the provision of this establishment might be as stable as the earth on which it stands, and should not fluctuate with the Euripus of funds and actions. And as the mass of any description of men are but men, and their poverty cannot be voluntary, they will know that that disrespect which attends on all lay poverty will not depart from the ecclesiastical. Our provident constitution has, therefore, taken care, that those who are to instruct presumptuous ignorance, or be the censors of insolent vice, should neither incur their contempt nor live by their alms; nor will it tempt the rich to a neglect of the true medicine of their souls. For these reasons, while we provide first for the poor, we have, with a parental solicitude, not relegated religion, like something we are ashamed to show, to obscure municipalities or rustic villages. No! we will have her to exalt her mitred front in courts and Parliaments. We will have her mixed throughout the whole mass of life, and blended with all classes of society. The people of England show to the haughty potentates of the world, and to their talking sophists, that a free, generous, and enlightened nation, honours the high magistrates of its Church: that it will not suffer the insolence of wealth; and titles, or any other species of possession, to look down with scorn upon that which they look up to with reverence, nor presume to trample on foot that acquired personal nobility, which they intend always to be, and often is the reward of piety, learning, and virtue. They can see without pain an archbishop precede a duke. They can see a Bishop of Durham or Winchester in possession of ten thousand a-year; and cannot conceive why it should

be worse in their hands than the like amount in the hands of an earl or a squire, though it may be true that so many dogs and horses are not kept by the former, and fed with the victuals which ought to nourish the children of the people." *

As the French Revolution was destined, in other points, to be the great commentary to illustrate and demonstrate the wisdom and truth of Mr Burke's principles, so in nothing more clearly has this taken place than in reference to the propositions contained in this splendid passage. In proof of it, we shall not refer to the example of what occurred in France during the Revolution, when, after the property of the Church had been confiscated to the service of the state, under the solemn pledge

that the ministers of religion should be adequately provided for, they were massacred, guillotined, reduced to beggary, and religion itself abolished by decree of the legislature. Passing by these insane and troubled times, we shall come down to the provision made for public worship, under the able and vigorous government of Napoleon, premising that in 1807, when the Budget to which we refer was published, France contained 86,000,000 souls, and that the property of the Church, of which the state got possession during the Revolution in old France, or the countries which ere that she had incorporated with her empire, were rented at above 100,000,000 francs, or L.4,000,000 Sterling.

BUDGET OF 1807.

Francs.

Army—Ordinary,	195,895,000	}	344,349,000, or L.13,500,000.
Do.—Extraordinary,	147,654,000		
Support of Religion over the whole Empire,			12,42,3000, or L.520,000.†

Thus, after the property of the Church had been appropriated to the state, France was notable to devote to the maintenance of religion more than a *tenth* of the ecclesiastical revenue it had confiscated, and only a *twenty-eighth part* of the annual cost of the army. A pittance of L. 500,000 a-year alone, set apart for the support of religion and its ministers, among a population of thirty-six millions of souls, was obviously a mere mockery. And this is the effect of letting the Treasury get hold of the ecclesiastical revenues, under the promise of adequately providing for the ministers of religion, and of the Voluntary System!

To many of our readers the preceding arguments, and especially the splendid passage from Mr Burke, will appear so conclusive, that they will deem it superfluous to say one other word on the subject. But the truth is, that the strongest, the most cogent, the irresistible consideration remains behind. Let us examine whether or not the Voluntary system has been found capable, by actual experience, of keeping pace with the popu-

lation, and supplying, in any tolerable degree, the spiritual wants of the people. To bring that matter to a point, we will not forget the ancient maxim, *Dokus latet in generalibus*; and therefore select one remarkable instance, regarding which the documents and statistics are perfectly authentic and accessible, to test its capability of fulfilling this first and greatest of Christian duties.

In 1770, the population of Glasgow was about 32,000: in 1836, it was 240,000. Two hundred thousand souls had been added to its number in sixty-six years: and in that time its population had augmented *sevenfold*! This is a rate of increase, which may well be placed beside the growth, during the same period, of Louisberg, Pitsberg, or any of the towns or states on the Ohio or Mississippi. Its increase in wealth has been still greater; of which it is needless to adduce farther proof than is to be found in the fact before mentioned, that thirty years ago, the harbour-dues of its port, at the Broomielaw on the Clyde, were L 300 a-year, and now

* Burke's Reflections on French Revolution, 190, 191, 199.

† See Bignon, Hist. de Nap. xii. 280.

they are L.36,000; and that, during the same period, or nearly so, its custom-house dues have risen from L.3000 to L.300,000 a-year;* and that the rental of the city had risen from L.81,000 in 1804, to L.919,000 in 1831! Here there was a vast and growing population, which had sprung up with such rapidity as to have totally outstripped the places of established public worship, which were accommodated to a population of thirty or forty thousand; and, at the same time, possessed of such vast and growing wealth as afforded the most ample scope for the filling up of the gap by means of the Voluntary System. Circumstances, too, were then singularly favourable to the application and extension of the Voluntary principle; for this vast population, collected together by the demand for labour from all quarters, embraced a great number of persons of different countries and persuasions at variance with the Presbyterian church of Scotland. Among the rest, it now contains nearly 13,000 Episcopalians, chiefly poor from the north of Ireland, and 40,000 Papists from the southern parts of that island. How then has the Voluntary System, under circumstances so eminently favourable for its operation, supplied the spiritual wants of the people?

It must be premised, that of late years the Church Extension Society has met with extraordinary support in Glasgow. Struck with the necessitous situation in spiritual concerns of a large proportion of the people, a limited number of public-spirited and Christian individuals contributed largely to the fund for extending church accommodation. They were only two hundred in number; but their united donations reached L.25,000. This sum has been frugally and judiciously administered, being laid out chiefly hitherto in buying up for the Establishment dissenting meeting-houses which had become insolvent, and which were generally got at half cost. The city also made great efforts from the municipal funds to provide additional church accommodation; and the Papists,

Episcopalians, and Dissenters strained every nerve to augment the places of worship of their respective communions. Here, then, was the most powerful aid given, both by public funds and private munificence, to the Voluntary principle. If it fails there, it is in vain to hope it can succeed anywhere. And now we pray our readers' particular attention to the statistical details we are about to give from official authority.

Mr Collins, the secretary to the Church Building Society of Glasgow, has presented to the Royal Commissioners, who for two years past, and at a cost to the nation of above L.20,000, have been engaged in Scotland in investigating the spiritual accommodation provided for the people, a pamphlet, containing the result of the enquiries which he, and the society to which he belongs, have made on this subject. The results are in the highest degree important, and given with admirable clearness and force. He gives an accurate enumeration of the sittings in all the churches of Glasgow, established and dissenting, and the result is summed up in these words:—

“From this enumeration, then, it appears that there are 79,406 sittings in all the churches connected with the various denominations in Glasgow and suburbs. The population in 1831 was 202,426; and supposing the population to have increased in the same ratio since 1831 as between the years 1821 and 1831, the present population would be about 239,000, but I shall take it at 235,000, being the number assumed in the bills of mortality for the city at the close of last year. According to the proportion of 60 in the 100, the number of sittings required would be, . . . 144,000

From which deduct the existing sittings, 79,406

Leaving a deficiency of 61,594
The deficiency of church accommodation, therefore, which at present exists, though every sitting in every church of every denomination were occupied, is 61,594; and estimating the churches to contain 1000 sittings each, we would require 61 new churches to meet the existing wants of the population.”

Mr Robert Moody has also pub-

* See Cleland's admirable Statistics of Glasgow, 161, 206.

lished the results of his examination into the same subject. He makes the present population 241,388, and

the sittings of all denominations stand thus:—

Sittings required at 70 in the 100,		168,971
Sittings provided,		77,802
Deficiency,		91,169

Taking a medium between these two accurate investigators, it may be assumed, with as great certainty as can be arrived at on the subject, that there are now in Glasgow EIGHTY THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS unprovided with a seat in any place of religious worship!

We find the same result from the statement of the number of sittings let in churches and chapels of all denominations in the city and suburbs.

“By the returns from the various parishes, it appears that the population hold sittings in all Established Churches to the number of 26,894, and in Churches not within the Establishment to the number of 29,001, making 55,895 sittings paid for, or possessed by the whole population. The number of the population which should possess sittings is, 141,000

From which deduct the number of sittings paid for, . . 55,895

Leaving with no right to sittings, 85,105

“Thus, then, it appears that the number who possess no church accommodation by the actual payment of sittings, amounts to 85,105, exhibiting an appalling number who are found not to provide church accommodation for their families, and are living in a state of alienation from all our churches. And on the review of it we cannot help putting the solemn and affecting question, What must be the moral state of this great community, when the number who possess no church accommodation would fill 85 churches, containing 1000 sittings each?”

There is another most important circumstance brought out by these important statistical enquiries:—It is that this dreadful accumulation of heathens in a Christian land, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the magistrates, the established clergy, the humane and wealthy, and the whole body of the Dissenters of all sorts, is continually and rapidly on the increase,—that it

grows at the rate of about twenty thousand every ten years, or two thousand a-year.

“During the last fifteen years there have been erected eighteen churches, which, including the increase in the churches that have been enlarged, have added 19,547 sittings to the church accommodation of Glasgow, Barony, and Gorbals. The population in 1821 was 147,000; and supposing, as before, that the population is now 235,000, there has been an increase since 1821 of 88,000 souls.

The number of sittings which this increase would have required, at 60 in the 100, is, . . 52,800
From which deduct the sittings provided, 19,547

Leaving unprovided of the increase, 33,253

“From this it appears that, independently of all the churches which have been provided both by the Establishment and the Dissenters for the last fifteen years, to meet the increase of the population during that period, there remains an awful and overwhelming deficiency. Over and above the 19,547 sittings which have actually been provided, and supposing each church to contain 1000 sittings, 33 additional churches would have been required. With all our exertions, we have done little more than make provision for one-third of the increase of the population. It is supposed that the population of Glasgow is at present increasing at the rate of between 8000 and 9000 annually, and for this increase alone at least five new churches would require to be provided annually. Without the interposition of a wise and beneficent Government, I know not what is to become of our destitute population. For nothing can exhibit in a more forcible light than the preceding statistics the total inadequacy of all our combined efforts to provide for the spiritual necessities of our rapidly increasing population; and this, let it be remembered, without being able to make provision for reclaiming a single outcast of the previously unprovided thousands who

have so long been left neglected, and are perishing for lack of knowledge. Whatever opinions may be formed as to any of the subjects involved in the previous portions of my statistics, the present series, at least, admits of neither doubt nor controversy. Argument cannot weaken it—sophistry cannot darken it—and speculative opinion can find no room for its vague and specious objections amidst its stubborn, positive facts.”*

It is easy to see, the more especially if we reflect on the important fact that the increase of population is invariably most rapid in the lowest classes of society, what an enormous and growing addition is thus annually made to the dissolute, the irreligious, and profane. Taking into view their probable increase of numbers, by their own multiplication, it is not going too far to assert, that in every half century Glasgow alone, at this rate, will produce *one hundred and fifty thousand*. And this is founded on what has actually occurred during a period of almost unbroken prosperity, when wealth unprecedented was devoted by private charity to the extension of church accommodation,—when the Dissenters of all denominations, under the combined influence of sectarian rivalry and political fervour, made unexampled efforts to extend their respective flocks,—and when the municipality laboured to the uttermost, to extend the means of religious instruction to the people. If, under such eminently favourable circumstances, the Voluntary System, even with the support of most powerful aid from the Establishment, has allowed the arrear of eighty thousand to accumulate in a single city, what could be expected from it if the Established Church were altogether destroyed?

There is another fact of the utmost moment on this subject, which Mr Collins’ researches have also brought to light. It appears that the total sittings in the Established Church are 34,524
Of which are unlet 5,700

Total dissenting sittings of
all denominations 44,872
Of which are unlet 15,881†

Thus it appears that the unlet seats are a *third* in the Dissenting Churches, and only a *seventh* in the Established Church. This illustrates in the strongest manner the total inadequacy of the Voluntary System to provide for the religious instruction of the poor. Being for the most part drowned in debt, and having in general no endowment for the support of the minister, they are forced to make their seat rents so high, as amounts with the indigent or depraved classes of the community to a complete prohibition. And hence the marked difference between the proportion of unlet seats in the churches of the Establishment and of the others; that being at least not burdened with the interest of building their respective places of worship, they can afford to let the seats on more moderate terms to the humble classes of the community. And these results do by no means exhibit an Established Church in its true light as the gratuitous instructor of the people. For in Glasgow there is no fund except the seat rents to pay the clergy; no tax is levied on the inhabitants for the support of the clergy. The Established Church is there, in consequence, only a *quasi* Establishment. Yet even there the immense relief occasioned by being free of the cost of building the churches, has caused the extraordinary difference between the proportion of the let to the unlet seats in the Established Church and the Dissenting places of worship.

And this suggests the true answer to the question which may naturally be asked from the preceding details, namely: what necessity is there for building or endowing more churches, when so many of those in the Establishment and Dissenting places of worship are still unlet? The answer cannot be better given than in the words of our author:—

“Our first reply to this objection is,

* The details of sittings in each church and chapel are given by Mr Collins; but we give the results only, as alone of general interest. The Voluntaries have also published a statement, and they make the unprovided persons 75,000 only.

† Collins, pp. 17 and 21.

that the seat rents in the present churches are, in general, so high as to render it impossible for the working classes to provide the requisite number of sittings for their families, even did the disposition exist to a greater degree than we fear it does. While a vast number of families, from inability, have ceased to possess sittings in any place of worship, there are others for whom three or four would have been the proper complement, who content themselves with one, and thus the members of their family, reduced to an occasional or irregular attendance, too often lose the habit, and soon acquire an indisposition to attendance in church at all. From the invariably downward tendency of human nature to ignorance and irreligion, wherever hinderances or discouragements to the acquisition of church accommodation exist, the never-failing result is, a growing indifference, and an increasing neglect of the ordinances of religion, and a declension of the people into a state of heathenism. It is our settled conviction, that high seat rents have had a most adverse influence on the religious dispositions of the people, and have operated as a powerful check to their church-going habits, and will continue to operate as a barrier to their return, until so great a reduction be effected as to render our churches more accessible to them.

"Our second reply is, That it is not merely our duty to provide church accommodation for all the people, but it is our duty to employ the necessary means to secure their attendance. The simple fact, that such a mass of our people do not attend church, infers much more than a culpable neglect to provide church accommodation; it infers the not less criminal circumstance, that by our neglect, we have allowed them to sink and settle down into such a degraded and irreligious condition, that the desire of attendance at church has become to a fearful degree extinct. And surely it will not be alleged as an extenuation of our neglect to build the requisite number of churches, that the disposition of the people to attend them does not exist so extensively as to secure their being speedily filled, when our neglect of their spiritual interests has produced the very indisposition on which we attempt to found our plea of exemption from the duty of providing more churches. It is not less our duty to overcome their indisposition, than to make an adequate provision for their attendance. It is a position which can neither be weakened by argument, nor darkened by sophistry,

and which no professing Christian will attempt to contravene, that all the people capable of attending ought to be in attendance at church; but if all the people ought to be in attendance at church, then it as necessarily follows, that there ought to be church accommodation for all."

It results from these details, not merely that the Voluntary System, taken by itself, is utterly incapable of providing for the spiritual wants of the people, or sustaining the fabric of Christianity; but that it is impossible even for the Voluntary System to do this in our great towns, with all the aid which the Established Church and the most generous efforts of individuals can afford. The only adequate means of enlarging the Church, that is, of extending the means of gratuitous instruction to the poor in proportion to the growth of the population, is by large *bequests* by individuals, or the setting apart large funds for the purpose by the State. It is part of the duty of Government, either by acts authorizing local assessment, or from the general fund of the State, to provide for, and endow churches adequate to the growing population. But bequests by individuals may do unspeakable benefit. Five hundred thousand pounds have been lately left in Edinburgh alone to the doubtful object of establishing two hospitals. Blessed had been the bequests, if to endow and build churches for the destitute and irreligious poor in that city and Glasgow! We conclude with the eloquent words of one of the best and greatest men of the eighteenth century, Samuel Johnson:—"Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good in the highest degree, who wishes not to others the largest measures of the greatest good. To omit for a year or a day the most efficacious method of advancing Christianity, in compliance with any purposes that terminate on this side of the grave, is a crime of which I know not that the world has yet had an example except in the practice of the planters of America; a race of men whom I suppose no other man wishes to resemble."

THE EPIGRAMS OF THEOCRITUS.

NEVER, surely in this world, was there such a set of articles as that of ours on the Greek Anthology. You can form no idea of the "numbers without number numberless," of letters—many of them love-letters, and something more, in which the fair inditers seemed absolutely demented—that came flocking to us through the azure realms of air, each, like Noah's dove, with an olive branch between its wings. Mrs Gentle grew jealous. Choirs of boys and virgins sang our praises in hymns and odes; they were chanted to the harp even by Dumbarton youths; aged Rhodocleas besought us, Meleager, to wreath garlands for their hoary hair, or auburn caxons; for us, Paul the Silentiary, wives forsook their husbands; and to the bosom of the "gentle Husher" widows flew to dry up their tears. Not a daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly journal in the land that had not, during the last three or four years, been setting in its columns our Greek gems. The Pensive Private, too, had been bit by the Rabid Public, and nothing else but our epigrams could find acceptance with the race of Albums; on St Valentine's day our amatory effusions alone were offered up at the shrine of the Bleeding Heart. It was all one on the other side of the Atlantic. Editions were printed for the use of the States. Jonathan discerned the potency of those epigrams; the "Yellow Fellow," with one in his mouth, was irresistible to the chastest of half caste. Mungo himself administered the philtre to his own Ebony; and all over the swamps of Virginia was heard the song of the Cicada in lieu of "Opossum up a gum-tree."

In that constellation of contributors, no star shone brighter than the star Price. Yet there, were the stars Merivale, Bowles, Wrangham, Sandford, Hay, North. Charles' Wain is well enough in its way—but something seemed to have gone wrong with the coulter as it ploughed the cerulean fields; and the whole concern had a sort of second-hand shabby-genteel look in the rustling blaze of our Aurora Borealis. But we are waxing too astronomical, and beg, without farther ceremony, to present our readers with the following letter from our esteemed friend Fitzjames Tucker Price, Esq. of Hereford.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me several times lately, from certain hints you have dropped among the other goodly and scholarly things wherewith *Maga* is adorned, that you have a latent hankering after Theocritus—and I have, therefore, made up my mind, that if ever you do set your pack upon that scent, I will have a run with them—to which intent, I hereby send you the two-and-twenty legitimate epigrams of the good old bard, and the 19th or 30th Idyll—or the—epigram of Theocritus—or the something or other of Bion, or some one else—by name the Honey-Stealer, or, as good Harles heads it in his Theocritus, ΚΗΠΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ. Now, twenty-and-three versions, in Latin and English, may seem to the Unwise an infliction which ought to be at once resisted. But, thank heaven, Sir Solomon, I am fond of going through with these things; and having begun, why I went on till I ended. But, are not some of the versions at least, if not all, rather heavy? Why, perhaps so, Sir Solomon; because, good Sir, in one or two, heavy is the original. Which, pray? quoth Sir Solemn Man. Get your Lexicon, my trump, and go through them; and if you should find them all poetical to the end of the 21st, pray be so good as to show me the grace and poetry of the 22d (in a translation of your own), and I will include you for the future, when I assure "the good old man" Christopher, that I am his obedient and loving minister.

F. T. P.

Yea, verily, thou sayest well that we have a hankering after Theocritus. Long have we been desiring to indite a good matter on the pastoral in poetry. Essays thereon, numberless and endless, have, we have heard, been composed with most composing effect; and we can easily believe it, for a chance glance at one in French set us asleep, on our chair in the forenoon, as sound as a roach. Oh! dearly do we love the word ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ. How sweet, too! the Latin apparently in the genitive-plural—IDYLLIORUM.

But who can see Sicilian skies in such muggy weather? That fleecy-bosier heaven of ours is a damper to inspiration. It would give even the genius of a Father Prout himself, or a Dr Maginn, the ague. Ours has the shivers—and we hear a friendly voice within whispering the kindest of Scotticisms—"Pray, my dear Sir, sit into the fire." We do so—and the devil hands over the back of our Free and Easy a slip of Epigrammata.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΣΥΡΑΚΟΥΣΙΟΥ

Επιγράμματα.

α

Τὰ ῥόδα τὰ δροσύντα, καὶ ἡ κατάπυκνος ἱκίνα
 Ἑρπυλλος κῆται ταῖς Ἑλικωνιάσι·
 Ταὶ δὲ μελάμφυλλοι δάφναι τὴν Πύθιν Παιάν·
 Δελφίς ἐπὶ πέτρα τὸ τοι ἀγλαΐσι.
 Βαρὸν δ' αἰμάξει κεραὸς τράγος ἔτος ὁ μάχλος,
 Τερμίνδε τρώγων ἔχατον ἀκρέμονα.

Quas rores lavere rosas, serpyllaque densa
 Castaliæ sacras numina fontis habent;
 At tu nigricomas laurus, O Pythie Pæan,
 Delphica enim dederunt hoc tibi saxa decus.
 Et caper hic sanie maculabit corniger aram,
 Qui summa herbarum germina dente petit.

These roses dripping fresh with dew,
 This thyme that late so bushy grew,
 I reverently place upon
 Your altar, Maids of Helicon.
 But to thee, O Pythian King,
 This dark-leaved laurel-wreath I bring,
 Since the Delphic rock divine
 Declares this honour duly thine.
 This horned goat too shall be slain,
 And with his blood thine altar stain:
 This goat that now delights to browse
 Upon the green herb's topmost boughs.

ΑΛΛΟ. β'.

Δάφνης ὁ λευκόχευς, ὁ καλᾷ σύριγγι μελίσδων
 Βυκολικὰς ὕμνους, ἀνθίτο Πανὶ ταῖδε·
 Τὲς τρισσοὺς δόνακας, τὸ λαγωβόλον, ὅξυν ἄκοντα,
 Νεβριδα, τὴν πέρην, ἃ ποκ' ἱμαλοφόρει.

Candidus argutâ modulatus arundine Daphnis
 Bucolicos cantus, Pan, dedit ista, tibi.
 Tres calamos, lepores quò missile cædit euntes
 Atque hædi pellem quæ modo poma tulit.

Daphnis, the fair of form, whose rustic airs
 So sweetly echo from his tuneful reed,

To honour Pan this votive offering bears :

Three pipes, the staff wherewith he strikes at speed

The coursing hare, the kidskin bag he wears

To hold the fruit whereon he loves to feed.

ΑΛΛΟ. γ'.

Εὐδεις φυλλοστῶτι πίδα Δάφνι, σῶμα κεκμηκός

Ἀμπαύων ἑάλικες δ' ἀρτιπαγείς ἀν' ὄρη.

Ἀγρεύει δὲ τὴν Πάν, καὶ ὁ τὸν κροκόεντα Πρίηπος

Κισσὸν ἔφ' ἡμερτῶ κῆρτὶ καταπτόμενος,

Ἀντρον ἔσω εἵχοντες ὁμόρροδοι. ἀλλὰ τὸ Φεῦγε,

Φεῦγε μεδεις ὕπνῳ κῶμα καταγρόμενοι.

Daphni solo foliis strato sopite quiescis,

Ast inter montes te plaga multa manet.

Pan te venatur, croceos hederæque corymbos

Qui pulchro sertum fronte Priapus habet ;

Jamque antri tegit umbra duos ; at curre citato

Tu pede, nec teneat te nimis alta quies.

Thou'rt sleeping, Daphnis, on the leafy soil,

And careless resting from thy weary toil ;

But snares await thy steps in every glade,

On every mountain side some trap is laid ;

For Pan to take thee with Priapus joins,

Around whose brow the blooming ivy twines.

In yonder cave they lurk : then fly—arise—

Nor more let slumber seal thy drowsy eyes.

Our dear friend, William Hay, is now at Nice, with a friend of ours as dear, on their way to Rome. His Greek Library, he tells us, is at Leghorn ; and quarantine having been declared against cholera, he lingers bookless about Vacluse, and sighs, but not so hopelessly, like Petrarch for his Laura. We figure him in good time, fixing his "large, grey, noticeable eyes" on these epigrams, and first on the Greek, which we have given, for the satisfaction of scholars of every degree: 'Tis Reiske's text—and we do not know that it differs in aught from Harles's edition (Leipsic, 1780, said by Dibdin to be scarce), used by Mr Price ; yet we do not perceive the perfect propriety of "green herb's (τερμινθ) topmost boughs"—nor of the equivalent Latin word—in his version of the last line of Alpha. With that single exception, if it be one—Hay, we are sure, will think the three English versions as good as may be ; as good, we should say, as if they had been from his own pen, at once firm and delicate. The Latin versions we have this moment compared with those of Daniel Heinsius, not one of the worst Latinists in the best days of Latinity, and in our humble judgment they bear off the bell.

And what is the merit of the epigrams of Theocritus ? Whatever it may be, these three are about the very best of them ; though we know one somewhat singular person, opining that he is a personage, who will no doubt think them, in Mr Price's translation at least, to use his favourite word of reproach, "bald." But they are not so, as you see them, in Greek or in Latin, or in English ; nor need any scholar ask, "is that their own hair or a wig ?" 'Tis their own hair—they are "curled darlings ;" legitimate offspring of "the God unshorn." Yet how very simple ! Finely saith Tom Warton, "ob venustatem simplicem cum quibuslibet antiquorum merito conferendi sunt hi lusus. Si quis igitur acumine delectatur, idque solum quærit in hoc genere, moneo, prorsus prætereat et intacta relinquat epigrammata Theocriti." Merivale, with his usual true tact, remarks that "some of them are above the ordinary standard of merit," and that it is extremely difficult to find a reason why they were excluded from any

share in the honours of Meleager's Garland. The first—"a dedication of a rural spot and altar"—is animatedly descriptive and devotional; the second most pleasantly characteristic of pastoral habits and costume—nor need we think with Reiske, though it may be so—that in the closing line the poet alludes, "ad morem amantium etiam hodiedum adhuc usitatum, mala ad amatas suas perferendi." The meaning of the third is plain enough—yet Reiske confesses that its design and designation are equally to him a secret. Warton says rightly, "credo hæc adscripta fuisse statuæ pastoris dormientis in antro collocatæ." Reiske conjectures, that the Epigram was subscribed on a picture representing a hunter, fatigued with the chase and the mid-day heat, asleep at the entrance of a pestilential cavern consecrated to Pan and Priapus, and so infamous for its deadly vapours that all men shunned it from fear of suffocation. And he adds, "eratne ille vulgaris olim error plebeculæ superstitiæ, ut crederent, dormientes in ejusmodi antris sacris, h. e. ob pestem inde expirantem inaccessis, a Pane et Priapo ita rapi et auferri, ut constat, opinatos esse veteres, a nymphis eos rapi qui in undis perirent?"

We must give another—the famous Fourth. Of it our well-beloved Tom Warton says, "suavissimum hoc carminum Priapeiorum facile fatebere; ita pulchra adhibentur hinc inde, et obiter ostenduntur amœnissima ruræ objecta." He bids us compare it with certain epigrams in the Anthologies, composed at a later day, and more particularly with some of Marianus Scholasticus, when we shall not fail to see the superior simplicity and sweetness of the old Syracusan. No doubt; but in the hands of Hay, the pedant appears a very pretty poet; witness somewhere or other in *Maga*, his "Lovegrove." Old Hugo seems to have studied *con amore* this most picturesque of epigrams; and his Latin version of it seems to us as excellent as to Dan Heinsius, who says, "Præstantissimus Grotius, qui suavissime hoc epigramma transtulit, secus opinionem meam est." Here it is, followed by Latin versions by Mr Holden of Balliol, and Mr Price. Will Kennedy, tell us which is best?

ΑΛΛΟ. δ'.

Τήναν τὰν λαύραν, τὰς αἰ δρύϊς, αἰπόλοι, κάμψας,
 Σύκιον εὐρέσας ἀρτιγλυφὲς ξόανον,
 Τρισκελὲς, αὐτόφλοιοι, ἀνέσταν· ἀλλὰ Φάλητι
 Παιδογόνα δυνατὸν Κύπριδος ἔργα τιλῖν.
 Σακὸς δ' εὖ ἱερὸς περιδεδρομέν' αἶσαι δι'
 ῥείθροι ἀπὸ σπιλάδων πάντοσε τηλαθάμ
 Δάφναις καὶ μύρτοισι καὶ ἑωάδι κυπαρίσσι·
 "Εὐδα περίξ κέχυται βοτρυόπαις ἔλικι
 Ἀμπέλως. ἰαρινοὶ δὲ λιγυφθόγγοισιν αἰδαῖτ'
 Κόσσυφοι ἀχέουσιν ποικιλότραυλα μέλη·
 Ἔσθαι ἀηδονίδες μινυρίσμασιν ἀντιαχεῖνσι,
 Μέλπυσαι εἴμασιν τὰν μελίγηρυ ὄπα.
 "Ἐξο δὲ τινεὶ, καὶ τῷ χαρίντι Πριήπα
 Γυχεῖ ἀποστέλλει τὴς Δάφνιδος με πύθους·
 Κύνδὺς ἐπὶ ῥέξιν χίμαροι καλόν. ἦν δ' ἀνανύσῃ,
 Τῷδε τυχὼν ἐθίλω τρισσοθήν τιλίσαι.
 ῥέξω γὰρ δαμάλαν, λάσιον τράγον, ἄρνα, τὸν ἶχθ
 Σακίταν' αἶσι δ' εὐμνίως ὁ θεός.

GROTIVS.

Quo via per quercus, pastor te ducit, imago est
 Ligne nuper adhuc, ut puto, ficus erat.
 Mostrum informe, tripes, cum cortice, et auribus orbum :
 In Venerem sætum quod tamen inguen habet.
 Simplice quod cingit structum pietate sacellum,
 Et vires e saxo lapsa perennis aqua.

Lauribus et myrtis et odorifera cupressu,
 Quas circumplecti plamite vitis amat.
 Illic et tremulis mulcentes vocibus aures
 Congeminant merulæ murmura, veris aves.
 Flava nec adversum ramis Philomela dolores
 Dulcisono cessat molliter ore queri.
 Illic ergo sede supplex, facilemque Priapum
 Exora, ne me Daphnidis urat amor.
 Si datur hoc, præsens hoedi cruor imbuat aras;
 Daphnide sin potiar, victima terna cadet.
 Tunc capro faciemus, ovisque sub utere fœtæ
 Et vitula : placeant sic mea vota Deo.

HOLDEN.

Quæ prope quercetum ducit te pastor, in illâ
 Stat nova de fico sculpta figura viâ;
 Auribus ecce minor tripedem cum cortice formam
 Exhibet : at species cætera tota viri est.
 En benè sacrato circumdatur undique septo;
 Desilit e saxis vena perennis aquæ.
 Laurus ibi myrtusque virent et odora cupressus
 Cinctaque pampinea fertilis uva comâ.
 Veris aves, merulæ numeros effundere certant—
 Et varium resonâ voce ciere melos.
 Æmula respondet dulci Philomela querelâ
 Guttur melliflûos eliciente modos.
 Hanc pete nunc sedem, mitemque precare Priapum
 Daphnidis ut me non amplius angat amor;
 Protinus et caprâ faciam : sin forte negabit,
 Cùm puero potiar, tum sacra terna dabo.
 Cum vitulâ caper hirsutus servataque Divo,
 Agna cadent : nostras audiat ille preces.

PRICE.

Flecte iter in vicum quercus ubi, pastor; imago
 Obvia, de fico sculpta parumpèr, erit;
 Cortice tecta, tripes, caret auribus, inguen at illi est
 Prolificum, veneris quò peragatur opus.
 Circum cingit eam bene cella sacrata, fluuntque
 Flumina de scopulis undique jugis aquæ.
 Hic laurus, myrtusque vigent, redoletque cupressus,
 Inque racemiferis vitibus uva tumet.
 Argutâ vernæ modulantur carmina voce,
 Et tremulum merulæ dant variumque melos;
 Flavaque respondet tristi lusciniâ cantu,
 Mellitos referens ore sonante modos.
 Hôc asside locô; et gratum prece quære Priapum,
 Daphnidis ut nostro pectore cedat amor.
 Dic cadet ante aras caper optimus—abnuît ille?
 Tergemina hoc nactus sacra referre volo:
 Bucula, villosusque caper, cadet atilis agna;
 Numine et accipiat vota favente Deus.

But we must see how this paragon of Epigrams looks in an English dress. And having had the curiosity to look at Fawkes, who in his day was reckoned the best translator since Pope, but whom, somehow or other, we had always been accustomed to suppose a sumph, we were pleased to find that he was not undeserving of his reputation. His version—line for line—of this “sweetest of Priapeian songs” is very elegant—quite an “agreeable surprise.” Of Polwhele, we had for many long years thought with kindness and respect; we lately perused his *Reminiscences* with much interest,

are happy to hear that the ingenious and excellent Octogenarian is alive and life-like, and hope he will look with a gracious eye on the regards now sent him by Christopher North. His Theocritus was justly and discriminatingly praised a few months ago by a competent critic in *Fraser*; and he has been felicitous in his version of this Epigram. Elton stands in the first rank of translators, and here he is equal to himself, in one line borrowing a delicate allusion from Polwhele, which Polwhele borrowed from Fawkes. Leigh Hunt is excelled by no English poet in intensity of perception of the picturesque; and this Epigram suits his genius to a leaf. His version is at once characteristic of himself and of Theocritus. Chapman, no unworthy namesake of him whose Homer kindled the spirit of Keates into that noble sonnet, has given us the sweet singer of Sicily as large as life; and in this instance has preferred rhyme, and the measure of *Annus Mirabilis*, Gondibert, and "The Elegy,"—a measure fit for any mood, high, humble, or half-way between heaven and earth, and here managed with scholarly skill by a poet. Right shoulders forwards—wheel.

FAWKES.

If by those oaks with roving steps you wind,
An image fresh of fig-tree form'd you'll find;
Though cloth'd with bark, three-legg'd, and void of ears,
Prompt for the pranks of pleasure he appears.
Springs gush perennial from the rocky hill,
And round the grotto roll their sparkling rill:
Green myrtles, bays, and cypress sweet abound,
And vines diffuse their circling arms around.
The vernal ousels their shrill notes prolong,
And modulate the loudly-varied song;
Sweet nightingales in soft-opponent strain,
Perch'd on the spray, melodiously complain.
Repose you there, and to Priapus pray
That Daphne may no more my bosom sway:
Grant this, a goat shall at his altar bleed;
But if I gain the maid, three victims are decreed—
A stall-fed lamb, a goat, and heifer fair:
Thus may the god propitious hear my prayer.

POLWHELE.

Haply through yonder village, if thou bend
Thy footsteps, turn thee, goatherd, by the grove
Of wide o'er-arching oaks: There, freshly wrought,
A fig-tree statue wilt thou find—though rough
With bark, three-legg'd, and void of ears, yet prompt
For pleasure's pranks: While, near, a hallow'd fane
Low rises; and a sweet perennial spring
Flows trickling from the living rock, that gleams
Through bowering laurel, myrtles, and the shrub
Of odour'd cypress—where the clustering vine
Diffuses many a tendril. In these shades
The vernal blackbird warbles his clear note
Yet varied; and the yellow nightingale,
Responsive in a sweeter murmur, trills
Her rival minstrelsy. Amid this scene
Repose, and to thy god Priapus pray,
That he will free my bosom from the power
Of cruel Daphne! So the bleeding goat
Shall grace his shrine! Yet haply, if I gain
The virgin, these fair victims will I slay—
A goat, a spotless heifer, and a lamb,
Fat from the stall! Propitious may the god
Attend, and crown my wishes and thy prayer!

ELTON.

Oh, goatherd! wind adown that village road,
 Where oaks are growing. Thou wilt find beyond,
 A new carved fig-tree image. Though three-legg'd,
 Bark'd with rough rind, and earless, know the god,
 Genial Priapus, speaks the soft designs
 Of Venus. He is circled, where he stands,
 With a fair chapel; and a running brook,
 As clear it sparkles from the rock, looks green
 With myrtles, bays, and aromatic boughs
 Of cypress-trees; and there a branchy vine
 Spreads broad its clusters. Blackbirds of the spring
 Re-echo shrill their varied whistling pipe;
 And tawny nightingales, perched opposite,
 Strain their sweet throats, with soft, low-gurgled tone.
 Sit, therefore, in that spot, and pray the god,
 Gracious Priapus, that I might abhor
 The love for Daphne. Promise at my hand
 A goodly kid: But if he still deny,
 Three victims I devote in sacrifice—
 A heifer, and a shagged goat, and lamb
 Fed in the stall; and may the god be kind!

LEIGH HUNT (FROM "FOLIAGE.")

Turning down, goatherd, by the oaks, you'll see
 A fig-tree statue, put up recently,
 Three-footed, with the bark on, without ears;
 Yet plain enough Priapus it appears.
 A sacred hedge runs round it; and a brook,
 Flowing from out a little gravelly nook,
 Keeps green the laurel and the myrtle trees,
 And odorous cypresses:
 And there's a vine there, heaping all about
 Its tendrilled clusters out;
 And vernal blackbirds through the sprays
 Shake their shrill notes a thousand ways;
 And yellow nightingales reply,
 Murmuring a honied song deliciously.
 Sit you down there, and the kind god implore,
 That I may yearn for Psamathe no more;
 Myself, with a fine kid, will follow you,
 And sacrifice; and should the deity nod,
 A heifer and a goat shall thank him too,
 And a house-lamb. Hear, then, kind-hearted god!

M. J. CHAPMAN.

Where yon oak-thicket by the lane appears,
 A statue newly made of fig is seen,
 Three-legg'd, the bark on still, but without ears,
 Witness of many a prank upon the green.

A sacred grove runs round; soft-bubbling near,
 A spring perennial from its pebbly seat
 Makes many a tree to shoot and flourish there,
 The laurel, myrtle, and the cypress sweet;

And the curled vine with clusters there doth float;
 Their sharp shrill tones the vernal blackbirds sing,
 And yellow nightingales take up the note,
 And warbling to the others sweetly sing.

There, goatherd ! sit, and offer up for me
Prayer to the rural god : if from my love
He only will consent to set me free,
A kid shall bleed in honour of his grove.

If I must love, then should my love succeed
By his good grace, the fattest lamb I rear,
A heifer, and a ram, for him shall bleed ;
Freely I offer, may he kindly hear !

Few sights so spirit-stirring as a review of regulars. These are veterans—the Saucy Fourth. Here comes the van-guard of the second battalion—newly raised—all standing five feet ten ; and behold, as Field-Marshal North, mounted on his mare Maga, gallops up with his staff, how beautifully they present arms ! That is a salute !

GEORGE J. A. DRAKE (KIRKTHORPE).

By the cool path beneath this oaken shade
O shepherd, an old fig-tree, now fresh carved
A statue, thou wilt find—of tripod form,
Earless, unbark'd—yet shap'd to minister
The mystic worship of the Queen of Love.
'Tis shrin'd in hallow'd ground : ever from rocks
Gushes a living stream whence vig'rous shade,
Laurels and myrtles, overhanging drink,
And sweetly-scented cypress ; twin'd around
In playful tendrils creeps the clust'ring vine ;
Harmonious tempering their varied notes
Blackbirds, sweet choristers of spring, awake
Their liquid warblings, intermixed with voice
Of plaintive nightingale, that soothing tunes
In soft response her honied melody.
Here seated rest—and on the auspicious god
Priapus call—implore to heal my wound
Of Daphne's hopeless love ; a votive goat
Instant for him shall bleed : but if he grant
Fruition of the fair, a sacrifice
Three-fold I vow—heifer, and shaggy goat,
And lamb, the nursling of my house—the god
May thus propitious on my offering smile.

WILLIAM HAY.

Wend onward, goat-herd mine, along that lane
Until thou reach those oaks,—then turn aside,
And thou wilt find an image lately carved—
Limbless and earless—in its native bark—
Priapus. Underneath those sacred boughs
Enshrined he sits,—and near his holy fane
An ever-living, ever gurgling fount
Of water flows adown those craggy rocks,
Refreshing with its dew the myrtles fair,
The fragrant cypress, and the vine that spreads
Her infant grapes, with tendrils clasping all.
With many-varied trillings, loud and clear,
Spring's choristers, the merles are chanting there
Their melodies—responsive to the notes
Of the dun-coloured nightingale, whose voice
Of honied music melts in plaintive falls.
There seat thee down, my goat-herd, and implore
Priapus, ever-gracious, to release
This love-sick heart from Daphne,—and forthwith,

If this he grant, my fairest goat is his:
 If he refuse—no, he will not refuse,—
 Vow him three victims,—first, a shaggy goat;
 A heifer next, and then,—a house-fed lamb.
 And may he kindly listen to thy prayer.

FITZJAMES T. PRICE.

O shepherd, turn along this lane of oaks
 Until thou find an image newly carved
 Of fig-tree wood, retaining still the bark,
 Three-legged, earless, yet, as thou wilt see,
 For Cyprian doings admirably formed.
 About it runs a consecrated shrine,
 And in its pebbly bed a living rill,
 With laurels, myrtles, and the fragrant shrub
 Of cypress crowding round, in verdure flows.
 There all around the cluster-bearing vine
 Curles her green tendrils; and the child of spring,
 The shrilly blackbird, swells her twittering song;
 To whom replies the yellow nightingale
 With all her saddest, loveliest melody.
 There sit thee down before the gracious god,
 And pray Priapus from my heart to turn
 My love for Daphne—and my primeest kid
 Shall stain his altar. This if he refuse—
 To win his grace a three-fold offering
 I'll make—a heifer, and a shaggy goat,
 And my pet house-lamb will I sacrifice—
 And may the god propitious hear my vow.

With the original—a dozen neat. Now surely, after such an array, we may hope not to be deluged with a fresh flood of Versions. Yet we have our fears. Of "the Rhodoclea," we gave Twelve from our own "fine Roman hand;" and half as many more from other hands hardly less magical; but all would not suffice to satisfy the "craving void left aching at the hearts" of the impassioned admirers of *Maga* and *Meleager*. Fifty went to the flames. So too with *Simonides' Song of Danae* at sea in her Chest. We were forced to immure her in the *Balaam-box*. Two elegant Latin versions may, however, see the light. Do then, we beseech you all, take the initiative; send us whatever you choose that is good and new; and as the moon renews her horns, some of you will find yourselves placed in a most delightful dilemma. Children of *Cam*, Infants of *Isis*, Callants of *Clyde*, Neophytes of the *Nor-Loch*, hear the voice of the charmer. Communicate with *Christopher*, direct by post, No. 45, *George Street*, *Edinburgh*; and you will find mine ancient, not only the most accessible, but the most accepting of conductors. Be not anonymous to him at least—yet if your verses be as beautiful as those of *E. B.*, he will feel "the power of grace," even without "the magic of a name." Do not hurry the old hobbler—give him his time—and there will be no cause of complaint in any quarter—but remember, that though his *Periodical* riseth "like an exhalation," nevertheless it is a construction; that though it seemeth the work of a warlock, nevertheless it is edified by Christian hands; that there is selection from materials coming from afar, and that the master-builder must wait for the hour of inspiration to breathe his creative spirit into the gradual growth—till it become a *Living Whole*. There the world beholds every order of architecture harmoniously combined—and lifting up her hands, exclaims "The Palace of the Soul!"

Note.—It is *Chapman*, not *Elton*, who adopts a delicacy in one line from *Fawkes*, probably through *Polwhele*.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND—A POOR LAW.

IN our number for October we endeavoured to show, that the argument against Poor Laws, on which the economists have always chiefly relied, founded on their supposed influence on population, is utterly fallacious; that admitting, as we willingly do, the truth and importance of the *general* principles of Malthus, we can maintain with perfect consistency, and are fully justified by experience in maintaining, that the effect of a poor's rate on population (when even tolerably managed) is the very reverse of what he imagined it to be;—that while it relieves suffering, it also prevents degradation, and maintains the feeling of self-respect, and the principle of artificial wants, in great numbers of individuals in every society of complex structure, in whom these feelings would otherwise inevitably be extinguished;—that in this way it continually strengthens instead of weakening the preventive check on population, and while it alleviates present evils, “dries up the source of future calamities;”—and that in every such society it is the *only agent* on which any reliance can be placed for permanently and uniformly effecting those purposes, and checking the redundant population which will otherwise inevitably spring from unrelieved suffering, and visit on the second and third generation the sins of those who left it unrelieved. We shall never cease to repeat, that if Poor Laws had really constituted that bounty on population which Malthus at first supposed (and yet towards the close of his life, and after he had examined the English population returns, hesitated in asserting that they did) the population of England, during the 250 years of their existence, must infallibly have swelled beyond the means of comfortable subsistence—the average condition of the English labourers could not have been such as official documents, from different parts of the country, now show it to be—and there could not have been room for that enormous importation of labourers from Ireland, which has actually taken

place and is still going on. On the other hand, if the prospect of destitution and misery, in the absence of a legal provision for the poor, had really furnished that preventive check which he supposed it to do, and had really been, as he imagined, the barrier to redundant population which Nature had appointed, and to which legislation must trust—we maintain with equal confidence, that the abject misery, and the still increasing redundancy of the Irish poor, could not have so long *co-existed*, to mock the theories of economists, and to sully the fair fame of British legislation.

We believe that the real and fundamental evils of Ireland at the present day are all comprised in the two words, “Redundant Population” (we mean, of course, redundant in proportion to the demand for labour, and the means of subsistence now existing in the country); and that her ignorance and superstition, her barbarism and outrage, her turbulence and agitation, if not the necessary consequences, are at least the natural accompaniments of that condition of her people, and cannot be expected to cease until that condition be improved. We have heard much of improvements in the internal state of Ireland, of roads, bridges, canals, harbours, of establishing manufactories, and reclaiming bogs; and we rejoice that all these lines of enterprise and industry are still open in that country; but we beg to propose two questions:—1. If all those fair openings for speculation exist in Ireland, why is not capital applied to them, as it would be in England and Scotland, for the sake of the profit it would yield?—and, 2, If all those enterprises were undertaken to-morrow, and if, in consequence, the hordes of Irish labourers who now spread themselves over Britain were all retained at home, and all the wandering beggars who are capable of working were fixed and employed, what security have we that their progeny, and their widows and orphans, thus retained in Ireland, would not ultimately multiply

the evils that now exist? The resources of Ireland may be increased, no doubt, but they cannot be increased in more than the arithmetical proportion of Malthus, while the population can go on in the geometrical. And if the only security against redundant population is to be the "prospect of destitution," Heaven knows we have seen enough of that in Ireland already, and might have learned by this time how much is to be trusted to it.

To us it appears obvious that there is a necessary *preliminary condition*, without which all such means of improvement will be nugatory; that no measure, or set of measures, affords the smallest prospect of more than momentary relief to the evils of the state of Ireland, which does not promise to effect an improvement in the habits, and feelings, and wants of the lower orders; because we are satisfied that it is only thus that the "preventive check" can be effectually applied. It is matter of history that the habits and comforts, and artificial wants of the English poor, have gradually been raised, and their numbers effectually restrained, during the operation even of an ill-administered, and in some respects injudicious, poor's rate; and we have assigned what we believe to be the true reasoning, that the legal relief, early, and uniformly, and permanently afforded in all cases of *unavoidable destitution*, prevents degradation which would otherwise ensue, fosters hopes and desires which would otherwise be extinguished, and puts a restraint on mere animal passions, which are as predominant in degraded and brutalized man as in the beasts of the field. Having daily under our eyes examples of Irish families, reduced to destitution, but living under the protection of Scottish law, and gradually assimilating themselves to the habits of our Scottish population, we anticipate with confidence that a similar improvement would gradually take place in the Irish population, as has undeniably taken place in the English, under the operation of a legal provision for the poor; but we are equally confident in prophesying that this will never be the case as long as Ireland continues to present that anomaly in the social

condition of a Christian country, that the provision for the unavoidably destitute, instead of being, in one form or other, a burden on the rich, is a *burden on the poor*.

But in thus stating the principle on which, as we believe, all attempts to improve the habits, and thereby ultimately the condition of the Irish poor, must depend, we admit the difficulty of applying practical measures of relief to the immense mass of human suffering now existing in Ireland, and cannot speak with the same confidence as to the fitness of the individual measures proposed by Mr Revans, as of the general views on which they are founded. We cannot help thinking that his attention having been fixed on the case of the able-bodied poor, he is not duly aware of the political importance of the kind of provision that is made for *orphans, i. e. for the rising generation of the destitute*. Until we read his pamphlet we were not prepared to admit the policy of a poor rate to relieve men who are able to maintain themselves by labour, if they can obtain it. But we can easily see that, in the present condition of Ireland, it is the redundant number of able-bodied poor for whom there is no adequate employment,—*i. e. according to our ideas, it is the produce of the unrelieved destitution, and consequent degradation, of the last generation*,—that most prominently obtrudes itself on the attention of the Legislature.

Mr Revans has attended almost exclusively to the condition of the agricultural districts of Ireland—the population of the country being, in fact, almost entirely agricultural or dependent on agriculture. In order to disabuse the minds of our readers of the erroneous impressions regarding the state of Ireland which mere party statements have probably made on them, we must, in the first place, let them understand that it is quite an error to suppose "that outrages in Ireland are by Catholics on Protestants. NINE-TENTHS OF THEM ARE COMMITTED BY CATHOLICS ON CATHOLICS, and have not the slightest connexion with religious feeling. In like manner, it is commonly believed that the opposition to tithes by the peasantry is wholly connected with religious

feeling. *This is not the truth. The contention is purely domestic.* A starving peasantry refuse to share their scanty meal with the ministers of a different persuasion, from whom they do not feel that they derive any advantage. Were they not distressed, they would no more have opposed tithes and church-rates than did the Dissenters of England, by whom, from their comfortable condition, these imposts were not till lately deemed worthy of personal strife. The peasantry of Ireland cannot be expected to perceive that if the amount which is now paid for tithe did not go to the clergy, it would be taken for rent—many, however, are now becoming sensible of this fact."

Again, we beg our readers to observe that "all ranks concur in stating, that, however destitute may be the condition of the peasantry, outrage on the person for the purpose of robbery, breaking into dwelling-houses, horse, sheep, and cattle stealing, are almost unknown. *Political outrages are nearly as rare, and do not bear the proportion of one per cent upon crimes connected with land holding. As to forms of government, the peasantry neither understand nor care about them. If they had food and justice their political wants would be satisfied.*"

In the next place, we beg attention to a statement in which we have found more comfort than in any other fact relative to Ireland which has come under our observation for many years, viz. that excessive as is the population in proportion to the means of subsistence or the demand for industry in the country, it is yet less dense than in the agricultural districts of England, and therefore much less dense than the Irish soil, which is richer in general than the English, could maintain if it were cultivated on a right system. Mr Revans compares "purely agricultural counties in Ireland with those which are purely agricultural in England. Galway, the population of which is one of the most wretched in Ireland, contains as many acres to each individual as Berks, Bucks, Devon, Essex, Monmouth, Norfolk, Hampshire, and Suffolk—half an acre more to each individual than Bedford and

Sussex, and an acre more to each individual than Hertford, Kent, and Wiltshire. Meath, which is purely a grazing county, contains three acres to each individual, while Hertfordshire, also a grazing county, has only two acres to each individual; yet there is scarcely a more wretched peasantry in Ireland than that of Meath, and scarcely a better-conditioned peasantry in England than that of Hertfordshire. Kildare, the population of which is as wretched as that of any county in Leinster, has a larger proportion of land to its population than any county in England, with the exception of Dorset, Hereford, Lincoln, and Oxford. In making these calculations I have deducted the unprofitable land." — (*Introduction*, p. 3.)

It is obvious here that there is room even for a greater population than exists in Ireland living in comfort on the produce of its soil. But why is it that these Irish counties, with a richer soil than the English, cannot support, even in misery, so large a population as the English counties maintain in comfort? Obviously because the land is universally ill managed. And why is it ill managed? Because it is in the hands of men without skill or capital, who have engaged to pay rent beyond their means, and cannot therefore profit by any improvement they can effect on their farms. And why is it in the hands of such men? Because nobody else will take it, or can have any security for his life or property if he does. And why not? Because the peasantry are starving, and have no other means of living than by taking land;—they will take it, therefore, on any terms, and having no protection from the law, they protect one another, by forming extensive combinations to rob and murder, or intimidate by the prospect of robbery and murder, any one not belonging to "their order," who takes the land from them. But why have they no other resource than the land? Because the state of the country deters men of skill and capital from engaging in any undertakings among them. And what can Government do in this matter? It can give security for the lives of the poor, take from them the prospect

of starvation, and then there will be security for the property of the rich, and farmers and manufacturers of skill and capital will be allowed to live in the country and improve it. The law can give protection to the labourers and their children from starvation, and then, and not till then, it will be competent to protect the capitalist from outrage. This is a summary of the argument by which Mr Revans maintains that a legal provision for the *able-bodied* poor is the first requisite for the improvement of Ireland. It will be seen from what we have already said, that, in our apprehension, he takes too limited a view of the beneficial effect of a poor rate, but he has strongly depicted and clearly illustrated this prominent evil, which the absence of such a law, in the present state of Ireland, naturally produces.

We are satisfied that we cannot occupy the attention of our readers with a subject of more vital importance, and therefore shall not hesitate to lay before them, at some length, the evidence of those propositions which is adduced in the work before us, and rests on the official authority of the Government Commissioners.

I. As to the actual state of the rural population, and the nature of their connexion with the land.

“The rural population of Ireland, for the most part, can neither be designated petty farmers nor labourers, in the sense in which those terms are applied in Great Britain. Scarcely with an exception, *the whole of the peasantry hold land, and also hire themselves for wages.*”

“Whatever may be the mode in which the rent of the peasantry is paid, or their means of subsistence obtained, *in one thing they are all equal—none has more than a bare subsistence for himself and his family.*” . . . “As it may fairly be said of the Irish peasantry, that every family which has not sufficient land to yield its food, has one or more of its members supported by begging, it will easily be conceived that every endeavour is made by the peasantry to obtain small holdings, and that they are not influenced in their biddings by the fertility of the land, or by their ability to pay the rent, but solely by the offer which is most likely to gain them possession. *The rents which they promise, they are almost invariably incapable of paying; consequent-*

ly, they become indebted to those under whom they hold, almost as soon as they take possession.” . . .

That this is the usual state of the relation between the occupiers of lands and their immediate superiors, is shown by uniform and decisive evidence, taken by the Commissioners in all parts of the country. For example—“*Limerick Conello, F. 64. A labourer is wholly thrown upon the hire of the land for his subsistence, and must agree to any terms the farmer demands. The farmer certainly charges as high a rent as possible for land let to a labourer, and the labourer is willing to take it at an extravagant rent, to get with the land a certainty of employment.*”—(Col. Dickson, *Mr Royal, &c.*) “He is thus induced to bid a rent which he knows he cannot pay, and must give up every thing but an existence.” Mr Brown says, “They will offer any rent to get a roof over them.”

The rent which the farmer thus engages to pay, but which is truly beyond his means, is what Mr Revans calls a “nominal rent.” It is hardly necessary to say, that this excess of his engagement over his possible performance deprives him of all hope of personal advantage from improvement of his farm. “That part of the rent which is nominal to the landlord, is destructive of all hope, and therefore of all energy, to the tenant.” “It is, in fact, the general opinion in Ireland, that the condition of the peasantry cannot be improved until *they cease to bid excessive rents for land, and that they will continue to bid these rents as long as the possession of land affords the only security against vagrancy or starvation.*” This opinion is distinctly given in the answers to the queries of the Commissioners from Dublin, Galway, Leitrim, Sligo, Kilkenny, Lowth, Wicklow, Queen’s County, and Tipperary. The answers from Kerry and from Limerick are peculiarly important. King. Bar. Toragh. F. 63. Mr Butler answers, “They have all so great a determination to get land, that they would sacrifice any means they might possess to obtain it.” On the other hand, Mr Mahony says, “I employ several labourers regularly, and I see no anxiety in them to obtain land

and leave my employment." *Limerick, Bar. Conello, F. 65.* "I employ many men regularly, and no man has ever left me for the sake of obtaining a few acres of land; they stay with me, because they do not think they would do themselves any good by leaving me and trying to get land." (*Mr Brown*).—P. 110–11.

In consequence of this usual state of things, "ejectment of the peasantry is in the power of every person in Ireland from whom they hold their lands, and is freely exercised to satisfy every variety of feeling. Protestants, Catholics, and every other sect, equally use it towards those of their own as towards those of other sects; and it is equally resorted to by Tories, Whigs, and Radicals. It is useless to blame those who have the power for exercising it; the arbitrary use of the power we possess is common to us all. The system, and the system alone, is to blame." "In England the occupier of land mostly holds directly under the proprietor in fee, and therefore the term 'landlord' may generally be used; but in Ireland a very considerable portion of the land held by the peasantry has an intermediate tenant, or middleman, and the landlord, or proprietor in fee of the property, has not the slightest power to interfere with those who occupy his land." "To cast blame on the proprietor in fee, or on any of the middle-men, unless the tenantry hold directly under them, is most unjust. There are sub-landlords, or middle-men, in England, but no one cares whether he holds under the first or under the tenth landlord." . . .

"Under the several heads of food, clothing, fuel, and cabins, contained in the Appendix D of the Irish Poor Report, a minute description will be found of the domestic miseries of the Irish peasantry. To give a correct idea of their condition to those who have never been out of England, would be impossible." . . .

"*Mayo, Parish of Kilguvar, A. 504.*—The witnesses, speaking of vagrants, say they have all, at one time or other, earned their own subsistence. The causes that led to their destitution, as mentioned by the witnesses, are orphanage, widowhood, sickness of the principal earner of the family, ejectment for arrears of rent, high rents, and low prices; in short, just the causes which bring

the English poor under the protection of the law."

"*Mayo, Parish Munish.*—If a man lose his ground in this barony, he may as well take the bag at once."

"*County Dublin, Balrothery, F.*—Speaking of those who have been ejected (*Luddane*), the witnesses say they have suffered great privation in every way; want of food, shelter, and fuel, sickness and all the other miseries of extreme poverty to which houseless and penniless wanderers could be subject."

"*King's County, P. 93.*—*Mr Ridgway* said, 'That when tenants were ejected, very few gentlemen gave them settlements; they were mostly thrown on the world.'"

"*Rev. Mr Tuite, P.P.*, has had thirteen ejected families begging through his parish at one time, and lying houseless on the road side."

"*Tipperary, F. 118.*—*Mr Fitzgerald* says,—a considerable proportion of the pauper population of the towns in this barony consists of persons who have been at some time dispossessed of land. They must suffer much, certainly, but they are soon lost sight of."

"*Waterford, F.*—For some months they were living in the ditches in the neighbourhood, and suffering severely from both hunger and cold."

We spare our readers farther details of these scenes of misery, but entreat them to bear in mind, that amid this "prospect of destitution," there is no vestige of the preventive check on population. All the witnesses agree that "the poorest marry the soonest."

But it may be conceived with what feelings families brought up in such hopeless destitution will regard "the world, and the world's laws." Some of our readers may have shuddered at the savage answer of the Highland laird, when asked what he expected to become of the families whom he had ejected from his property to make room for sheep-walks—"Loch Duich is deep enough for them all." But if they follow in imagination the course of a family, previously rendered destitute, and then cast on the world (and we have seen something of it, both among the Irish and the Highland poor), they will, perhaps, think "a moment's plash, a bubbling cry," a good exchange for a life of suffering and sorrow, and an early but lingering death on a cabin floor. If we wish to know the feelings of

"ejected tenants," we have only to think of the words of Meg Merrilies, when she "cut her last reise in the bonny woods of Ellangowan," and uttered her curse on the landlord who had turned out thirty hearts that "would have wanted bread ere he had wanted sunkets, and shed their life's blood ere he had scratched his finger." When we know that such scenes are common, and such feelings habitual among a peasantry, can we wonder that they are lawless? And if we find that they enact and execute a wild law of their own, ought we not to regard that as an indication that they would be bound by our law, too, if they could see in it the spirit of charity?

II. Next, then, as to the combination among the peasantry, by which, in the absence of all other resources, and of all legal protection, they strive to avert the horrors of ejectment and vagrancy.

"The direct effect of the importance of the land to the peasantry of Ireland is a general combination, in defiance of the laws, to prevent ejectment from their holdings; from which it may be said, without the fear of contradiction, that nine-tenths of the violence to person and the destruction of property in Ireland proceeds." "So strictly is this the fact, that if a law could be passed capable of preventing exorbitant rents, and consequent ejectment, from holdings under ten acres, the Irish people would form one of the most peaceful communities in Europe. Outrage upon person and upon property would be almost unknown amongst them. When the crimes committed in Ireland are enumerated, and the motives which led to them are suppressed, the peasantry appear to be actuated by the most savage feelings. But when the motives for their committal, and the mode of effecting these outrages are considered, they appear rather as cool and deliberate punishments inflicted by a community upon those who had offended against the general laws of that community—laws enacted not by the legislature, but by a still more powerful lawgiver—Public Opinion." "So systematic and free from personal feeling are the outrages in Ireland, as to want but the formal trial in order to give the whole proceeding the character of a legal punishment. It appears as though the legislature had omitted to provide for the wants of society in one particular, and that society had privately filled up the omission."

"The principal portion of the crimes

committed in the rural districts of Ireland have these remarkable features:—First, That they are rarely committed by the aggrieved party, but most frequently by persons who come from a distance, and to whom the individual or property to be injured was previously unknown. Secondly, That these crimes receive the sanction not only of the aggrieved party, but of the whole of the peasantry in the neighbourhood where they are perpetrated, and in every other part of Ireland. Thirdly, That this sanction is only extended to crimes against individuals who have taken lands from which others have been ejected; against the person who served notice of ejectment, who has ejected, or has distrained for rent, and upon the keeper in charge of the holding. The crimes appear to be, shooting the individual, burning his property, maiming and destroying his cattle, and forcibly retaking the lands. Although the trial in each case does not become public, there is every reason to believe that a council is in every instance held before the committal of an outrage, and that the species of outrage is determined by the council, after weighing the circumstances which have excited the displeasure of the peasantry of the neighbourhood. Notice is then sent to some distant fraternity, with the signs by which those who are chosen to commit the crime can make themselves known to the council, in order that the person or property destined for injury may be pointed out. These councils are known by the title of riband-societies, white-feet, black-feet, white-boys, and by a variety of others which change with place and with time. Many of these societies originated in private or party squabbles, but seem quickly to have espoused the great grievance, but for which they would have expired nearly as soon as they were created."

The following portions of the evidence are mere selections from a much greater number, in illustration of what has been said.

"Sligo, F. 42.—The committal of outrages is sanctioned by the mass of agricultural working people, as is proved by the difficulty, amounting to an impossibility, of discovering the authors of the crimes."—(Mr Richard Yates).

"Kilkenny Bar. Gowran, F. 49.—Mr Flood states:—It is my opinion that almost all the outrages committed in this district are, or have been connected with tithes or the taking of land; speaking as a magistrate, very few cases of ordinary felony come under my observation."

Then follow detailed fifteen cases in six months.

“*Queen’s Co. Bar. Maryborough, F. 53.*—The following list of outrages connected with land was furnished to the assistant commissioner by *Mr Wray* from the police books.”

Then follow detailed sixteen cases.

“These crimes and outrages were not generally perpetrated by persons in distressed circumstances, although the cause assigned by those who committed them was to avenge the persons who were ruined or injured by being ejected from their farms, to prevent others from taking them, and to protect the general interests of the poor.”—(*Mr Wray.*)

“*Tipperary, Bar. Middlethird, F. 67.*—It is our opinion that a large proportion of the crimes committed in this neighbourhood are connected with the competitions for land, *tithes not having been sought for during the last two years.*”—(*Messrs Fitzgerald, Pennefather, Long, Clarke, magistrates.*)

“It is stated that hundreds of instances could be given of threatening notices having been sent to those who had taken land from which others had been ejected; of outrages committed on such persons; and of parties repossessing themselves of ground.

“The following instances are given of crimes arising out of the cases of ejections, which had taken place within the district of *Mr Fitzgerald*, stipendiary magistrate.”

Then follow detailed twenty-six cases.

“*Tyrone, F. 78.*—In conversation with farmers in different parts of the district as to whether outrages were sanctioned by the mass of the agricultural working people, as necessary to protect their general interests, they said that if a man took land over their heads they would be revenged; the expression of one farmer on this occasion was, ‘that he would stand over the man who took his land, and see him burning in flames.’

“‘I held that farm’ (said one of the witnesses in Tipperary, pointing to some ground near the road side) ‘at a deal higher rent than the land could make; and of course I got into arrears. I was immediately turned out by the landlord, and my wife and children are now beholden to the neighbours. Of course no one dare take it until they get my good-will of it.’ . . . The assistant commissioner then asked what feeling he would entertain against any man who might chance to take it. He replied, ‘To be sure I would have a bad feeling to him, and why should not I? The devil a much of the world’s bread he would eat after it any way, as I would die to have his life, or any one like

him, that would step in to take the bread out of my wife and children’s mouths.’” The assistant commissioners then asked him with what feelings would the peasantry look on the family of a man who was hanged for ‘*beating a man to death*’ under such circumstances? He replied, ‘His wife and family would be regarded, and why not? I would take the bit out of my wife’s or children’s mouth before I would see his, the poor things, want it; because didn’t he lose his life for the good of the people, and die in the “cause?” And I’ll tell you what is more, gentlemen, that although the people may “fault” and abuse the “Whitefeet,” and boys that go round at night with the “black faces,” that only for them the whole country would be in a rising; the poor would have no protection at all; the landlords would hunt them out, like rats out of a corn stack, without any sort of compunction, only they know the ground would be left on their hands, as any man that would take it “*knows his fate*”; and sure, if in doing that any boy should suffer (i. e. be hanged), why should we not succour the poor things left behind them? Sure was not it to prevent us, and the likes of us, being turned adrift on the wide world that they came to that pass?’ In asking what would be the feeling towards an ‘informer,’ he replied, ‘Faith he should quit that moment, or *God help him*; and more than that, the people would *disgust* even his family and every one belonging to him, because he would be nothing better than a blood-seller.’”

“It is worthy of the most serious consideration,” says *Mr Revans*, “that the same peasantry who sanction the greatest atrocities, both against person and property, give daily proof of possessing, in the highest perfection, the finest sympathies which adorn human nature. No points connected with the Irish peasantry are better established by the evidence, than their universal affection towards their relatives and friends, and their humanity to the wandering stranger. In the various relations of child, of parent, and of friend, they appear to be unrivalled. Frequently the man, who at night deprived his fellow-creature of life, had a few hours previously divided his last potato with the widow and the orphan; and those who witness and sanction his crime, return to shelter and to comfort the houseless and hungry.”

III. The system of vagrancy which has been directly traced to the ab-

sence of any provision for the disabled or unemployed poor, is in itself a prolific source of evil.

" . . . An extensive body, consisting of aged persons, orphan children, and women with young families, are, through destitution, compelled to wander about the country begging for food and shelter. Of the vagrants, widows with young families, and orphan children form an immense proportion; men past work and their wives form another portion; and the wives and children of the 'casual labourers,' form the remainder."

"Instances frequently occur of men deserting their wives and families, because their feelings will not permit them to witness, in those whom they love, sufferings which they cannot avert or alleviate." "It is evident, however, that the poverty must be hopeless which can induce the Irish peasant, in whom family attachment is so strong, to leave those who are nearest and dearest to him—his wife and children."

"The moral evils arising from vagrancy are also considerable. . . . As vagrants are continually changing from one part of the country to another, it is impossible to trace their personal conduct. *All persons profess to be quite ignorant about the habits and character of those they relieve.*"

We recommend this last fact to the special consideration of those who have been taught to believe, that under the voluntary system of relieving the poor, the relief is given in such a manner as to maintain and secure their morality.

IV. Let us now consider the effect of this state of things upon the agriculture and wealth of the country.

"The entire dependence of the peasantry upon land, and the nominal rent system to which it gives birth, act most forcibly in depressing agriculture, an evil which re-acts upon the landlord by diminishing his receipts, and upon the peasantry by diminishing employment. *The system of nominal rents deprives the holders of the land of the means of tilling it, and of all motive to skill and exertion in its cultivation.*"

"Major Bayley, a gentleman of experience, and a magistrate, stated publicly, 'that agriculture was in the most degraded state possible; no where in the world could it be worse.' Expressions to the same effect were made in every part of Ireland, by the most intelligent of the gentry, and no where more frequently than in the provinces of Ulster and Leinster, which provinces are certainly the best cultivated districts of the country. In these remarks the gentry are

fully supported by the reports of the assistant commissioners, Scotchmen and Englishmen, practically acquainted with the agriculture of Great Britain."

"The risk of death which every one incurs who enters upon land without the sanction of the outgoing tenant, compels those who are able to succeed to purchase this sanction; so established is this usage, that those who have land to let in Ireland rarely refuse as a tenant the person to whom the outgoing tenant has sold the good-will. The death of the incoming tenant, and the death of the landlord, or the destruction of his property, would be the effect of resisting this practice. No doubt can exist that the landlords of Ireland (although they have nearly the power of life and death over their tenants) do not possess the power over their land which is enjoyed by English proprietors; and this is one of the many consequences arising from the peasantry being forced to combine against the law, in order to preserve their existence."

"Permanent improvements, as draining, fencing, and the erection of farm buildings, are not attempted. The peasantry are too poor to undertake them, and those landlords form rare exceptions, who either undertake repairs and alterations, or make any allowance for them when made by the tenant."

"Crops which can immediately be converted into money, are those to which the peasantry by their poverty are restricted. Hence the universal practice of growing many crops of grain in succession, a practice which has long been discarded in the better practice of agriculture, because it exhausts the land. The only variation from successive grain crops is occasionally potatoes or flax, which exhaust equally with grain."

The following statements are taken, almost at random, from the evidence. "*Cork, parish Killeagh. The farmers are unable, in many cases, from want of capital, to conduct or do any operations. Mr Davis states that they are frequently obliged to leave their potatoes undug for a long time, in consequence of being unable to pay their labourers.*" "*Tipperary, Middlethrid. The poverty of the small tenants and their want of skill and system, led to the exhaustion of the land.*" (*Mr Saily*). "There are many instances where the land is inadequately cultivated, because the holder cannot hire sufficient labourers." "*Fermanagh, Tyskennedy. The cultivation is of the worst kind; the causes are to be found in want of capital, want of skill, and want of encouragement.*" "*Tyrone, Omeagh. The*

more general cause of keeping the agricultural cultivation in the rudest state is, that the small tenant has not the capital to apply, but *even if he had, he would not be willing to do so, for fear of increasing his rent.*’ (Rev. Mr Sorby, R. C. C.)

“*Galway, A. 359.*—It is useless to advise the people, when others do not employ them, to employ themselves, and improve their lands. The common reply to my suggestions on this head is, ‘if we showed that we were getting better, so much would be immediately added to the rent.’ They will not even help to mend the by-roads that lead to their dwellings; they say, if they did, the agent would drive his gig up to the door, and raise the rent.” (Dr Kirwan.)

“Till I had been some time in Ireland,” says Mr Revans, “I had always considered the territorial revenue system in India, under which one-half of the gross produce of the land is taken as a tax, to be the most perfect system for repressing industry and preventing the application of capital to agriculture which human ingenuity could devise; but I now doubt whether the *nominal rent system* in Ireland is not more effective towards those ends.”—(P. 88).

In some few instances, where landlords have made uncommon exertions, this system has been broken in upon with such effects as to show what would be the result of its general abandonment. “*Tyskenedy, Fermanagh.*” Mr Creighton, in a neighbouring barony, has engaged a Scotch agriculturist to instruct his tenants, which has had some good effect even in this barony, and is likely to be productive of some extreme advantage. The people uniformly speak of Mr C. as a most excellent landlord, not only in teaching them to manage their farms to profit, but *refusing to accept more than a fair rent.* The stimulus thus received by the Irish, and their gratitude consequent on it, cannot be exceeded in any country.”—(P. 86).

But as it is plain that no legislative enactments can secure a wise, humane, resident, and considerate race of landlords in Ireland, and as it is plain that “the temptation to raise rents is constantly pressing in a country like Ireland, where the occupation of lands extends to the whole of the peasantry, and where *the possession of land is permitted to be of such vital importance to the peasantry, as to answer the promise of any rent which*

may be asked,” we must consider what it is that prevents the introduction into that country of such tenants as we see in Scotland, who are capable of improving the land, and bettering their own condition at the same time, even when living under bad landlords.

V. On this point there is no difficulty, “many proprietors have endeavoured to entice Scotch and English farmers to settle on their estates; but although they offered them farms at fair rents, and with good leases, *they have rarely succeeded in their wishes.* The nature and extent of *agrarian crime* has, in almost every instance, alarmed the Scotch and English, both as to the security of their lives and properties; and thus the advantage which would arise from the example of the most wealthy and skilful agriculturists in the world, is lost to Ireland. The temptation which the half-cultivated, but fertile lands, and the cheap labour of Ireland, hold out to the British capitalist, are nullified by the excited and disturbed state in which, *through the dread of destitution,* the peasantry are constantly kept.”

“*Sligo, F. 42.*—I could, said Mr Dodwell, mention several instances where individuals have been prevented from investing capital in the united farms of several ejected tenants, through the fear of outrages. It has been attempted, but in vain, to introduce experienced farmers, men of money and information. Scotchmen have applied to me for large farms, and I have accepted their offers with pleasure; but before taking possession, they have been frightened at the state of things, and withdrawn; *they had reason to think they would not be safe.*”

“*King’s Co. F. 63.*—We are perfectly satisfied that strangers will not bring capital to employ on farms in any part of the south of Ireland, from fear of the insecurity of their property. If this barony did not share in the general opinion entertained in England, that Ireland is unsafe for person and property, there would be no reason for English capital and farmers keeping away from it.”—(Messrs Mendith, Sealy, Fitzgerald).

In short, “for one who has made the attempt to settle in Ireland, thousands have abandoned the idea upon reading the accounts of that country which appear in the English newspapers. Persons brought up in a country in which security for persons and property is all but perfect, could not be induced to settle in a country of which they

know nothing but reports of misery, poverty, and crime.”—(P. 88).

VI. The same causes act with equal force to discourage all other profitable application of capital in Ireland. “The excessive desire of the peasantry for land has been even more powerful in its effects on trade and manufactures than upon agriculture. By perpetuating poverty, it has prevented domestic trade, and by exciting to crime, it has prevented the establishment of manufactures.”

“*Domestic trade* can scarcely exist in a country like Ireland, where the working classes are kept in abject poverty, where there is scarcely any middling class, and no wealthy class except the proprietors of land. Thus the agricultural villages, which are to be found in England in every direction, and only three or four miles apart, do not exist in Ireland.” “Great endeavours have been made by the Legislature, from time to time, to encourage a greater consumption in Ireland of those articles which pay custom and excise duties in England, and with this view duties have been abolished on some articles, and reduced in others. But these attempts have been futile, as all future attempts will be, while the Irish peasant’s contract is, the cheapest food, and the smallest quantity of it, which will sustain life.”

Again, “the limited extent of *manufactures* in Ireland is entirely owing to the want of capital among the Irish, and to the opinion which the English and Scotch entertain of the insecurity of person and property in that country.”—“*Kilkenny, F. 47.* I have met with manufacturers in the north of England, who have declared to me that they would be delighted to avail themselves of the great water-power, and cheap labour of this country, and that nothing but the unsettled state of the country prevented their doing so.” (*Mr Robbin of Firgrove*).

“*Queen’s Co. F. 56.*—One or two years ago, an English company intended to establish a cotton manufactory at Mount-math, but the project was abandoned from want of confidence in the tranquillity of the county.” (*Mr Wray*).

“*Tipperary, F. 69.*—An Englishman came to take a mill at Bakerstoun, near Holycross; he arrived at night at Thursk, and was so alarmed at the disturbance in the town, that he turned back the next morning, without looking at the mills.”

“A native of Great Britain, who possesses a manufactory in one of the principal towns in Ireland, told me that he had often

been asked by English and Scotch manufacturers, whether it would be safe for them to establish works in the rural districts of Ireland, and that he had felt compelled to dissuade them from the attempt. *He felt that it would be dangerous to have dealings in the relation of capitalist and workmen with a people who had by necessity been taught to make and execute laws in defiance of those made by the legislature.*”—(P. 93).

We shall pause here to ask a single question. The evils of the state of Ireland having been thus distinctly traced to the general and well-founded terror of misery and starvation, which pervades the mass of the people, and to their consequent desperate eagerness to get settled, on any terms, upon the land, will it be believed, in future ages, that the collective wisdom of the British dominions, assembled in a reformed Parliament in the year 1836, could devise no better topic on which to determine the policy to be pursued towards Ireland, than the question, whether L.50,000 a-year of the tithes, payable in that country, should remain with the clergy, or be transferred to the schoolmasters, in the years 1873? Our readers, we hope, are not to be taken in by Lord Glenelg and others, who tell them that the question is, whether the schoolmasters shall have the money—that sum, or a much larger sum, was offered for their use *instantly*; the point in dispute is, whether it shall be transferred to them from the Protestant clergy? Now, we do not ask at present, whether this is wise or just; but we ask, *what can it signify*? Can it assuage the fear of starvation? Can it check the ruinous bidding for land? Can it lessen the horrors of ejection? Can it touch the system of nominal rents? Can it break down the combinations among the peasantry, or the barriers which these combinations present to the influx of British capital? It is said, that it will tranquillize the minds of the people, by showing them that their religion is duly regarded by the State, and so pacify the country, and show the introduction of improvements. But can any man of common sense suppose, that it will tranquillize the mind of an Irish peasant, who sees starvation impending over his head in 1836, to

tell him that his grandson in 1873 shall be educated at the cost of the Protestant clergy?

It is said, however, that *the principle* is important, of letting the Irish people understand, that they are not called on to pay to the support of a religion which they do not profess, without receiving some equivalent in the shape of instruction. We shall say something of this principle, and of its proper application in Ireland, presently; but for the present let us suppose the whole Protestant clergy turned out of Ireland, and the whole tithes transferred to the Catholic priests. How would this affect the relation of the peasantry to their landlords, their eagerness to be settled on the land, and their wild and lawless efforts to keep their possession, from which we have seen that the evils of their country flow? *The tithes are only a part of their rent, and the part of it which, if they knew their own interests, they would pay the most readily, because it is the only part which must be spent among themselves.* The clamour about tithes is recent and incidental. The real grievance lies in the relation between landlord and tenant, and would be untouched if the tithes were abolished to-morrow, and transferred either to the Catholic priests, or (what seems at the present moment more probable) to the pockets of the landlords. We have seen that the outrages, connected with the taking of land, go on in districts *where the tithes are never sought.* We have seen that "*the cause*" for which the Irish peasantry have combined, and for which the Whitefeet and the Terry Alts risk their lives, *is not the cause of the Catholic religion.* It is the cause of the *redundant starving population, destitute of resources, unprotected by the law, and clinging with desperate tenacity to the land.* "*Nine-tenths of the outrages,*" let it never be forgotten, "*are committed by Catholics on Catholics, and have not the slightest connexion with religious feeling;*" and "*political outrages do not bear the proportion of one per cent to crimes connected with land-holding.*" In these circumstances, to dispute about the transference of any part of the burdens, which the possession of the

land imposes, from any one party to another, is about as much to the purpose as a dispute among physicians about the proper remedy for a scratch on the finger, when their patient is dying of the plague. We should have thought that the experience of the Catholic Emancipation bill and its results, might have taught our legislators how much of tranquillity is to be expected from expedients to keep men in good-humour, when starvation is staring them in the face, and we do nothing to avert it.

Mr Revans is a man of this world, and fixes his attention on practical grievances, knowing that a government which can remove these will sooner or later cut the ground from beneath the feet of the demagogue and the agitator. "The anxiety of the peasantry to hold land," says he, "is in some cases the immediate cause, and in others, by creating nominal rents, the indirect cause of the evils of Ireland." "This great anxiety arises from the dread of prospective destitution. The evils originate in a *feeling of insecurity* in the minds of the peasantry as to the continuation of their present subsistence. If the peasantry *could feel secure of a subsistence, equal to that which they at present possess, they would cease to commit crimes, and to bid excessive rents, and thus the obstacles to their future improvement would be removed, and each succeeding day would witness an increase in production and in comfort.*

"The remedy for these evils consists in the creation, in the minds of the peasantry, of the feeling that they cannot starve"—(i. e. that they shall not be allowed to starve)—"or be driven to beg or steal. To produce the desired feeling of security, society must ensure to every man, destitute of the means of providing it for himself, a provision at the public expense, equal to the present subsistence of the peasantry. The legislature must confer on every man the right to demand the provision; for if it be in any one's power to refuse him the provision, the feeling of security will not be created." "The only mode of giving the security to every man, without the danger of creating idleness, and without extending the provision to those who have other means, is by administering it *in asylums.* In order to create the feeling of security it is not neces-

sary that many should enter the establishments. It is only necessary that every man should feel that he has a legal right to the shelter and food which they afford."—P. 95-7.

"The effect of establishing houses of refuge generally throughout Ireland would be," our author confidently anticipates, "a very rapid diminution of atrocious crimes. To conceive the effect, we have only to compare the condition of the ejected tenant now, with his condition if such an asylum were ready to receive him. At present he knows not whither to turn. He is without the means to purchase food and shelter for his wife and helpless family, and as he has no immediate prospect of employment or of another farm, they must wander about the country in cold and misery, begging food and shelter. Would he not be more than human if he could witness the misery, the resulting sickness, and perhaps the death of those he loves, and not be urged by exasperation to crimes of violence? But his feelings would be very different if he knew that, within a few miles of him, there was a good house ready for the reception of his family, in which they could obtain food and clothing equal to that to which they had been accustomed, and in which they may remain till he can procure employment or another holding:—that he need not seek admission into the asylum as a degraded man, but *may demand it as his right*; that it is a refuge intended for the unfortunate, that every one who cannot obtain equal food, clothing, and shelter, to that which is provided in it, is considered unfortunate; and that the restrictions to which he and his family will be subjected are only such as are requisite to prevent the idle and dissolute from preferring the provision it affords to a life of industry.

"Three months rarely pass without two or three families in each district being ejected from their holdings. One or two of them entering the establishments, and reporting on the comfort and kind treatment in them, would be sufficient to give a feeling of security to the peasantry, that their situation will not be much more painful than at present, although they are dispossessed of their land. When this feeling has been generated, the peasantry will no longer deem ejectment from land deserving of the cruelties which they would inflict upon those who cause their ejectment. But if the peasantry could not be appeased by a provision in the house of refuge only equal to that which they are now allowed to retain out of the produce of their lands, it will only be necessary to relax the rules of the house, and improve the diet, until it becomes a matter of indifference to them whether they retain their lands, or, losing them, accept the public provision—at least until their

preference for the lands becomes incapable of exciting them to acts of violence."—"If crime occurs, it is a proof that the system in the house of refuge is too rigid. If a large number enter the house, it is a proof that the system is too lax. The control which the workhouse system affords is both perfect and simple."—(P. 106.)

"There are frequently times when their wretchedness would drive many of them to seek the shelter of a house of industry, viz. during sickness and in winter. The Irish labourer might go into the house of refuge for a week at any time, as his cabin could not be injured by his absence. It contains nothing which could be stolen or injured. He scarcely need close the door when he leaves it. After a few of them had been in the house of refuge, and felt the comfort it afforded, and had ascertained that they could return to it with their families whenever work should fail to give them an equal subsistence, the whole class would become less solicitous to obtain land. It would cease to be of vital importance."—"Thus, while the small tenants would be less anxious to retain their farms, the labourers would be rather careless about obtaining them. Nominal rents would therefore be quickly at an end. It is the constant pressure of the casual labourers which causes the excessive bidding for land."—(P. 109.)

It is obvious, from what has been already said, that if, by means of a public provision for ejected tenants and unemployed labourers, the feeling in the peasantry which prompts them to combine to support one another in the possession of land could be obliterated, and these combinations broken up, the landlords would be at liberty to get their lands gradually into the hands of men of skill and capital; most of the class that are now tenants would soon find regular employment in the service of these farmers, and the produce of the soil being increased, the country pacified, and manufacturers induced to settle in it, a greater population than at present exists might be maintained in comfort. The influx of skill and capital is all that is wanted, and the only barrier is the disturbed state of the country, resulting from the feeling of insecurity, and dread of starvation or beggary.

Now, that it is in the power of a public provision for the poor effectually to obliterate all desire for obtaining land in the lower orders of the peasantry, Mr Revans thinks

decidedly proved, *first*, by referring to the state of England before the 43d of Elizabeth was passed, when "the peasantry of England appear to have possessed the same extreme desire to obtain land, and consequently the same willingness to submit to exorbitant rents which now characterise the Irish peasantry," but which has long since disappeared in England; and, *secondly* (what is still more to the purpose), by referring to facts within his own cognizance, in his capacity of Secretary to the English Poor Law Commission, and recorded in the Appendix A to the Report of the Commissioners on the Poor Laws in England and Wales, from which it appears "that it is even possible, by a public provision, to make the peasantry refuse to hold land when given to them rent free, together with implements and seeds for its cultivation. Such was the result of the vicious system of out-door relief adopted in England during the last thirty years. The peasantry refused to hold land, lest they should weaken their claim to parish support." Yet even this vicious and excessive public provision was compatible with progressive prosperity in the country, and, as we have formerly shown, with an efficient "preventive check" on the population.

For example, "*East Sussex, A. 198.*—Attempts have been made to introduce cottage allotments, but they have been unsuccessful. The labourers show a decided reluctance to hire them; they think it might diminish their claim to relief." "*Kent, Tenterden, 211.*—A small farm of 27 acres has been hired for the purpose of letting out small allotments to the labourers, the parish advancing £1, and not proposing a reduction of allowances, and fixing the rent at £1 and 15s. per acre, free of all charges; the men, however, refuse to take land." "*Trowbridge, 412.*—Seven acres of land were hired by the parish, and were given out in lots of 30 or 40 perches or more, free of rent, tools found, no conditions

made. The people appeared very indifferent about it, and did not take much trouble to cultivate it. The experiment is considered a *total failure*, and is about to be abandoned."*—(P. 113).

We need hardly follow Mr Revans in his argument to show that it would be no hardship on the Irish landlord, under a diminished competition for his land, to exchange his nominal rent for a real rent, equal to that part of the nominal one, which he could ever expect to realize—with a fair prospect of the gradual introduction of a better class of tenants and an improved cultivation.

Neither do we think it necessary to dwell on the question, whether the Irish peasantry will willingly enter an asylum. We have sufficient experience of some such institutions in this country, to know that, although there may be objection at first, and with some individuals, of peculiar characters, permanently, the great majority will very soon have no scruples. Almost the only place in Ireland where the experiment seems to have been tried is Lisburn, in Antrim, where the statement is—"The poor who are destitute are anxious for lodging in the poor-house of the Charitable Society; but we do not find that those who can live elsewhere are anxious to enter it."—(P. 1104).

It is much more important to look forward to the opposite difficulty, which will immediately be started—that the labourers will depend too much on the house of refuge, and that the burden thrown on them will be intolerable. "A regulation which engages or promises to relieve all who cannot obtain work," says Mr Glassford, an author whom we highly respect, although we can have no doubt of the error of his views in regard to poor-rates, "must end in the ruin of the mass of labourers."

In answer to this, we do not now revert to the question formerly proposed. If so, why have not the mass of the labourers in England, who

* We are well aware that, in other instances, this experiment has been successful, and been very effectual in lessening the burden on the poor rates. But all that concerns us at present is the general indifference about the possession of land, which is observed in a peasantry protected by a poor-rate.

have lived under this regulation 250 years, been long since ruined? But we request the particular attention of our readers to the answer given by Mr Revans, who does not tell us what will be, or may be, or *must* be, but what is the practical effect of such an asylum as he recommends on the able-bodied poor. The argument *ad esse ab posse*, we apprehend to be good logic.

"I lately inspected, with the assistant Commissioner for that district, several work-houses in Nottingham, with the diet of one of which I was particularly struck.

"The breakfast consisted of bread and milk. The dinner of meat and vegetables three or four days in the week, on the other days of soup, and vegetables, and plum-dumplings. The supper of bread and milk, and bread, and cheese, and beer on alternate nights. Every inmate is allowed as much food as he chooses to eat. For the quality of the food I can vouch, as I carefully inspected the provisions. The bread was made of the best wheaten flour, and better could not be found at the table of any person in the county. The milk was excellent; the cheese was as good as Derbyshire can produce. The meat was of prime quality; and, to the old people, mixed tea at eight shillings the pound was given. In fine, I believe, that few persons whose incomes do not exceed L.500 a-year, fare better than the inmates of that work-house, with the exception of having meat every day for dinner. The master informed us that feather-beds only are used in that house. Besides the good fare, and the freedom from work, the sexes are not separated by day or by night. Although superfluous, my friend asked the master if he thought the labourers earning their subsistence in the district fared equally well with the inmates of this house. He answered, certainly not, their fare is many degrees worse. I then asked him, whether able-bodied persons often applied for admission? He said, very rarely. I asked him, if he imposed hard work? He told me he had no means of setting the people to work. I asked him how he accounted for the able-bodied labourers not applying for admission to such a comfortable asylum.—'Oh! sir,' said he, 'I keep the key of the door, and I very seldom allow the able-bodied people to go out, which they don't like; so if they

can possibly live out, they won't come in.' He told us that *this house belonged to fifteen parishes—that he had rarely known it to be full—and that it would only hold eighty people.*"

"The Rev. Charles Clarke, who had, for many years, been a guardian of the poor in the incorporation of Mudford and Lothingland in Suffolk, told me, during the poor law enquiry, that the practice in that hundred had, for many years, been to refuse relief to the able-bodied out of the work-house; and that the *able-bodied would never enter when they could procure the ordinary wages of the country, though with those wages they could only obtain a subsistence many degrees inferior to that given in the work-house.* The fare of Mudford and Lothingland was, in every respect, equal to that in Nottinghamshire, with, I think, the addition of meat every day in the week. The inmates were not required to work. Smoking and beer were allowed, and there was no separation of sexes; but *freedom of egress and ingress to the able-bodied was strictly prohibited.* This restriction is the check which can, with success, be opposed to idleness, and without the slightest danger of evil."

"Many tales are told of the anxiety of persons to enter the work-house, and the difficulty of getting them out when once they get in. These tales mostly relate to places which existed before the amended laws were put in force, and should rather be termed parish lodging-houses, in which persons can live rent free, than work-houses. In most of them restriction as to ingress and egress is extremely slight, whilst to others, there is neither master, matron, nor door porter.

"The impression that the working classes are very desirous to obtain the public provision, has been generated by the large number who, in the southern counties of England, have, from the commencement of this century, till the amendment of the poor laws, received relief from the rates. This impression is erroneous. The working classes did not seek the parish aid; it was forced upon them by their employers, who seem to have used every effort to pauperize them. The evils of the poor law system commenced about 1796, during the rise in the price of corn, which lasted with little intermission till 1812. It did not commence, be it remembered, by the desire of the labourers, but by a general combination of their employers, who resorted to the scale system,

* Of course, these work-houses are not held out as models, and other restrictions on the relief of able-bodied persons are highly expedient; the cases are quoted only as the strongest illustrations of the principle.

to avoid raising wages in proportion to the increased price of corn; and, from that time to the present, a constant war has been kept up by the employers, in many parts of England, against those labourers who struggled against receiving pay from the poor's rates."

In another place Mr Revans states that if we deduct the payment of wages through the poor's rates, since 1796, and allow for the differences of population, and of the prices of corn, and for the better provision, which it became "necessary, as well as safe, to give to the destitute as the condition of the whole labouring classes improved," and for the many extraneous expenses which have, during the last century, been charged on the poor rate (such *e.g.* as costs of prosecutions and of population returns), we shall find that they had "*pretty well reached their greatest height in 1680.*" "I am myself strongly of opinion, that the proportion of the population receiving parish relief had not increased during the century ending in 1790."

After these statements from the Secretary to the Poor Law Enquiry, we do trust we may say, that the "*plaid devorante*" has been probed, the abuse of the English Poor Laws been separated from their legitimate application, and that the clamour which had been raised against them will never frighten Englishmen from their propriety again.

In Scotland it is well known that the practice of relieving able-bodied men from the poor's rate has hardly ever been introduced, and that on occasion of any unusual scarcity of employment, voluntary subscriptions to set on foot public works have frequently been substituted. The doctrines of the economists have sunk deep into the minds of the upper classes in this part of the country, and there has been much misapprehension, and a morbid fear, of the poor's rate. These terrors, we hope, will now pass off; and we have no doubt that our author is perfectly right in his view, that relief to the able-bodied is quite safe, and often beneficial, when they are strictly confined within four walls. We rejoice to find also, from what he says (p. 130), that he thinks relief to the infirm or disabled poor (including, we trust, widows and

orphans) may be in most cases safely given in their own houses. If the Poor Law Commissioners act on these principles they may confer an important benefit on the country. But if they insist on indiscriminately forcing into work-houses the infirm and helpless poor of good characters, we are confident that they will cruelly aggravate their sufferings, not only without benefit, but with injury to the community at large.

We observe, by a pamphlet lately published by Mr Leslie, vestryman of St George's parish in London, that the plausible argument against the principle of a poor's rate, drawn from the gradual extension of the numbers claiming and receiving relief, has still great weight with official persons in England, and that tables are elaborately constructed, in proof of this extension, in all the countries into which the system has been introduced, to terrify the rate-payers over England and weaken the opposition to certain parts of the new law. But we perfectly agree with the *Morning Chronicle* in maintaining that all these statements are quite irrelevant. If the circumstances of these countries were fully known, we have little doubt that it would be found that the same fallacy exists there, as has been pointed out by Mr Revans in England. It is not that the proportion of real paupers has increased, but that the employers of labourers have had the address to shift the burden of the wages of labour, in a great measure, from themselves to the rate-payers, and to convert regularly employed labourers, against their will, into paupers. Of this there will always be a risk, and it is the business of legislation to provide against it, and to protect the interests of the rate-payers against the encroachments of the farmers and manufacturers and other capitalists who employ the labourers, as well as against imposture and idleness among the paupers themselves. But the evils resulting from these abuses of the poor rate are trifles in comparison with those which result from leaving the poor, in a densely peopled country and complex state of society, to the voluntary principle of charity. The main question, in judging of the expediency of the

provision for the poor in any such country is, not what proportion do the paupers bear to the population, but what proportion does the population bear to the demand for labour, and the means of subsistence, in the country? Does it become redundant? Is *destitution* continually on the increase? Are the lives of the poor continually shortened by cold and hunger? Is the property of the rich continually endangered by vagrancy and lawless combinations? Is a military force continually required to coerce an excessive population rendered desperate by misery? Are the energies of the country crippled, and its resources withered, by this continually increasing wretchedness and disorder, and by the efforts necessary to repress it? These are the evils of a truly redundant population. Unless it has produced these, a poor rate has not made the population redundant, and unless it has done that, it may indeed have been partially imposed, or injudiciously distributed, but the idea of its having been *nationally* injurious is a mere chimera.

When we compare the state of Ireland, where the poor have no protection, where all the evils we have enumerated exist in such intensity, and are so distinctly traced to the absence of such protection, with the state of England, where the poor have been protected by the law for 250 years, where their standard of comfort is high, their artificial wants numerous, their habits orderly, their temper tranquil, *their numbers duly limited* (the excess, wherever observed, being always by importation from Ireland),—where capital is safe, military force, in ordinary circumstances, needless, wealth unbounded, and every kind of enterprise carried on with a facility and a spirit elsewhere unknown—we may well say of our countrymen

“O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint.”

And it does seem to us that nothing short of that national insanity which seems to be sometimes the precursor of national ruin, can tempt us to meddle with that corner-stone of the artificial structure of our society—the legal protection of our poor.

Next, as to the expense of the proposed establishments in Ireland:

“The expenditure will consist of the cost of erecting and fitting up houses for the reception of the destitute, and the expense of maintaining the buildings, the establishments, and the inmates.

“The expense of erecting houses will of course be a single and final charge, the expense of maintaining them and their establishments will be a fixed annual charge, and the expense of maintaining the inmates a fluctuating annual charge.

“With respect to the cost of erecting houses, if one is placed in the centre of each district of 100 square miles, they will be ten miles apart and sufficiently numerous. “As the radius of the circle is five miles, no person will be more than five miles from an asylum. The area of Ireland will give about 500 such districts, and consequently about 500 establishments will be required. I do not think it will be wise to place the establishments more distant from each other than ten miles. The excuse for vagrancy will not be destroyed if they are much further apart.” “Moreover, the important effects to be produced upon crime, rents, and wages, might be endangered if the establishment were much more distant. The peasantry would not become accustomed to them, and in going to them they would be leaving the neighbourhood of their friends. These risks would not be compensated by any saving which could possibly arise from the reduction in the number of the establishments.”

“In many districts buildings already exist capable of being converted into asylums for the destitute, and sufficiently large for districts of 100 square miles each. Such buildings might frequently be obtained at one-fourth the cost of erecting them. A house capable of holding 200 persons would be quite sufficient for the demands of each district of 100 square miles, excepting when the district includes a town over 15,000 or 20,000 inhabitants, of which size there are not twenty towns in Ireland.”

“... It is scarcely possible that I can be wrong in stating, that houses for each district, capable of holding 200 persons, will be sufficient. The earnings of the members of a labourer's family in Ireland, with the exception of those of the able-bodied men, are not worthy of consideration—if, therefore, the able-bodied men were received into institutions, relief might be given in food to their wives and children at their homes, without any danger of relief being mixed with wages, or of persons living upon the public provision instead of by industry. The head of the family would always be anxious to leave the house, and would do so as soon as he could get employment, and the moment

that he left the house the relief given to his wife and children might be withheld.

"As 500 houses, capable of containing 200 each, would be capable of holding 100,000 persons, if able-bodied men only were received into them, estimating each family at five, a father, mother, and three children, the house-room would be sufficient with safety to administer relief, both out and in-door, to 500,000 persons. To which number may be added 200,000 or 300,000 infirm through age or accident, who might, in case of emergency, safely be relieved at their houses. Thus, with such establishments, relief might be safely administered to 800,000 persons, or to one-tenth of the whole population of Ireland. I have made this calculation merely to show the efficiency of the establishments I propose.

"The estimate for building and finishing a work-house in England, capable of holding 200 persons, is something less than £2000. In Ireland, stones fit for such buildings are to be found every where in abundance, labour is much cheaper than in England; and from the rude nature of their habitations, accommodation for the peasantry need not be so costly as for English labourers. The plan adopted in England of purchasing existing premises, which may frequently be bought for a fourth of the cost of erecting, and made suitable at a trifling expense, might constantly be adopted in Ireland. By such a course the supply of houses might be greatly reduced below one million. The expense of maintaining the inmates would of course depend upon their numbers. The cost, per head, however, will not exceed 6d. per week each, or 26s. a-year.

"At 6d. per head, £500,000 a-year will maintain a permanent body of 400,000 persons, as well as the most comfortable of the Irish peasantry are now maintained. To estimate the annual expenditure at £500,000 will, I think, be a great exaggeration." We suspect that the expenses are here under-estimated, but we are likewise satisfied that the sum, which may easily be had for the purpose, when its importance is made manifest, is also under-estimated.

"The opponents of Irish poor laws state, that the non-existence of a middle class to form local boards of superintendence is fatal to every plan. I do not believe that any district exists in Ireland of 100 square miles, in which four or five persons cannot be found fit to superintend the administration of relief. But I have to propose a plan which will not require local superintendence—a plan which was most successfully adopted for many years at the work-house of Oswestry, in Shropshire. It was the custom of the parish of Oswestry to contract for the feeding

of all the parishioners, who might avail themselves of the workhouse during the year."

"In Ireland it will soon be perceived that the risk is not greater than is incurred by those who farm the tolls of roads, bridges, canals, or fees of any description, that there is an average number, above or below which the applicants do not vary, and that upon an average of the whole year, the inmates each week will not greatly vary. With districts containing 100 square miles each, one contractor might easily supply nine work-houses, as there will be that number within a circle of 10 miles round each centre. Fifty contractors might therefore supply the work-houses of the whole of Ireland. Under such a system there could not be any loss to the country by speculation; and it would be the duty of the master of the house to see that the contractor gave the quality of provisions, and in such rations as were specified in his contract. A board of guardians might be created in each district, to receive and enquire into the complaints of the inmates, and to see that the contractor fulfilled his agreement."

Lastly, "the mode of supplying the fund for building houses of refuge in Ireland, and for maintaining them and their inmates, is a point of some difficulty."

"Ireland," says Mr Revans, "affords ample evidence of the probability of failure of the Voluntary Principle. Even in the large towns, it is with the greatest difficulty that the funds for the support of the mendicity institutions can be collected. The subscriptions to the Dublin Mendicity have decreased one-half in a few years. The dispensaries, which partly depend on donations, are frequently discontinued, owing to the impossibility of collecting funds for their support; in the immense county of Mayo private charity can only support three dispensaries. The support of the destitute, and the education of the poorer classes, are of too much importance to society to be consigned to the mercy of this fantastic principle. What would be said of any man who should propose to place the judicial establishments of the country, the army or the navy, on such a tenure? What would a large portion of this country say to subjecting the Church Establishment to this sort of support? Yet the support of the destitute, and the education of the poor are in every respect of as great national importance as the establishments I have named."—(P. 133-4.)

The fund, being compulsory, may be local or general. Mr Revans states various arguments against its being made local in Ire-

land as it is in Britain. On this there may be some difference of opinion; but we have no doubt he is right in saying, that in England "much property nearly escapes payment towards the relief of the poor. The fixed property, land and buildings, bear nearly the whole burden. There is a sentimental expression, that every man has a claim on the land for support, in which there is as much reason as there would be in the assertion, that every man has a claim on the cotton factories for support." As we are not of the French school of economists, we agree with our author in this. "The support of the poor is as much the duty of every individual in the country as the support of the judicial establishments, the army and navy. The only mode by which the burden can be made to fall equally upon all, is by placing it on the same fund as those establishments, viz. on the general Exchequer, which, directly or indirectly, reaches every individual."

He goes on to say, that he believes a successful opposition would be made to the introduction of relief for the destitute in Ireland, if it were proposed to raise the requisite sum in Ireland itself; that it must therefore be raised chiefly in Great Britain; that Ireland, in her present state, costs Britain L.1,500,000 a-year for military and police; that "it would be well to try whether L.500,000 a-year, employed to prevent the fear of destitution, which is the ground of inquietude, would not be more effectual than three times the sum expended to coerce those who will not starve quietly; and that he cannot believe, that the people who gave L.20,000,000 without a murmur to sever the chains of the negro, will object to giving half the interest of that sum annually to assist those whom their money has been so lavishly expended to degrade."

In truth, let it only be made clear to the minds of the people in this country, that the money will really go to benefit the poor of Ireland, and we are confident that it will be given, not only with cheerfulness, but with real pleasure. It cannot be denied, that we owe Ireland many "a day in harvest." In for-

mer times she has been grievously oppressed and misgoverned; since that time is past, the sufferings of her poor have been too long disregarded; and yet when we reckon our claims to national distinction, in science or literature, in arts or in arms, we have many and weighty obligations to confess. That the original outlay for the commencement of the establishments, and at least one-half of their annual expenditure, should be borne by this country, we have not the smallest doubt; but we cannot think it right to let the Irish landholders escape without imposing on them, at least in a certain degree, a peculiar burden which hitherto, as a body, they have miserably neglected; nor shall we ever think that justice is done to Ireland until we see the absentee proprietors compelled by the law to return regularly, in the shape of a poor's rate, a part of the funds which they draw from their unfortunate country.

After the work-houses are built, L.500,000 a-year from this country, and half that sum levied on the property of Ireland, would, in all probability, be sufficient to maintain them in useful operation for the relief, both of the suffering poor, and of those by whom their wants are now charitably but irregularly and inadequately supplied.

We find in the work before us a valuable hint by way of encouragement to British liberality. "If the English and Scotch do not directly undertake the relief of the poor of Ireland, expedients in the shape of government loans (*which will never be repaid*) will take ten times the amount from their pockets, and they will have the discomfiture of finding that their money has been lavishly expended to the benefit of a few individuals, while the miseries of the poor remain without mitigation! There are many hands ready to grasp such loans, and many jobs are preparing in the shape of reclaiming waste lands and constructing public works. Of the money so granted, L.99 will go to increase rent rolls for L.1 which benefits the poor. Ireland has ever been the land of jobs."—(P. 140.)

"Every attempt at forcing capital into Ireland must fail. Remove the impediment to its entrance—insecurity of person and

property—and it will enter in its best shape; it will enter *with its possessors, each with his skill and methodical habits*, with which only can labour be productive. It is almost impossible for a government to manage the outlay of capital with success. This no people understand better than the English; and of this impossibility Ireland has given ample proof. For the improvement of that country much public money has been expended, and what is the result? Let us turn, however, to England. For her canals, railroads, bridges, docks and harbours, how much money has been voted by the Legislature? Contracting railroads and canals will not lead to the rise of large manufacturing towns—constructing harbours and docks will not bring shipping into them. The Bridgewater canal was not the cause of the trade of Manchester, but the consequence. The fine docks at Liverpool did not cause the shipping to frequent that port; the number of ships required for the trade caused the creation of the docks. The Irish might be the first to exclaim against the fallacy of public works being the *source* of prosperity. They ought to know, by sad experience, that they are valuable only as its indications. If they are the source of prosperity, why is the sole commerce on the two beautiful canals which run west from Dublin confined to half a dozen boat-loads of turf in a week? Similar exemplifications of the adage of the ‘cart before the horse’ are every where to be seen in Ireland. If England were to expend her whole capital upon public works in Ireland, contractors would be enriched, and if the waste lands were reclaimed, the rent rolls of the wealthy might be increased, but the labouring classes would not be benefited thereby,—they would then, as now, be confined to a bare subsistence of potatoes.”

“A poor law must be the ground of improvement in Ireland. Until a provision shall be created for the destitute, legislating for that country is like building on the sands.” “If the moral incubus, the feeling of insecurity as to the continuation of their subsistence—be removed from the minds of the working classes of Ireland, that country will rapidly improve. Her people are clever, frugal, and industrious. They want but the same assistance that the people of Great Britain possess, and under which they have flourished beyond any country in Europe, to become the Sister Isle in the best sense of the term—sister in peace and prosperity—sister in a happy and flourishing population.”—(P. 151.)

Here, however, we must revert to what we formerly observed, that Mr Revans has limited his view too much to the beneficial effect of a

poor rate on the *present* generation. He has clearly pointed out in what manner a poor rate may be applied, with a perfectly reasonable prospect of not only relieving the present misery of the country, but removing that dread of destitution, from which all the obstructions to the introduction of capital, and the encouragement of industry, and the prosperity of the present inhabitants of Ireland proceed. But all this does not prove that, after another generation, when capital shall have entered, and production been increased, and a season of prosperity been passed, the ever-prolific “principle of population,” advancing by strides which no productive powers can equal, may not engender a mass of destitution similar to that which at present exists. The mere increase of the resources and wealth of a country does not necessarily imply that its population—increasing in a still greater ratio—may not press more and more on its means of subsistence; and if a poor law be really a bounty on population, any increase of comfort and prosperity which can result even from an increase of wealth, consequent on its enactment, must be soon followed by a greater and more enduring load of suffering. Therefore it was, that we began this discussion by a refutation of that ruinous doctrine as to the effects of a poor law, and by a statement of evidence by which we think it *proved*, that its influence on the rising generation is just the reverse of that which has been so often ascribed to it—that by relieving destitution it prevents degradation, and by preventing degradation it *strengthens the preventive check* on population; and that if wisely administered, it is the *only security* to which we can trust, in a complex state of society, not only for removing the fear of starvation and all its attendant evils from the present race of Irishmen, but for inspiring the next generation with artificial wants, and preparing them for religious and moral instruction, and preventing them from ever again pressing, as they now do, on the means of subsistence in the country.

But after all, many of our rea-

ders may be disposed to put more faith in a much shorter and simpler process of reasoning. Anxious as all Englishmen are (whatever Mr O'Connell may think*) to see justice really done to Ireland, they will ask, Why should the suffering poor of Ireland be deprived of that protection from the law, which has been so long granted to those of England and of Scotland? "They have most need of blessing;" and unless it be distinctly proved that greater evils must inevitably follow, let us treat them as we treat our own poor in similar

circumstances, and trust to Providence for the result. The *onus probandi* does not rest with us; it rests clearly and undeniably with those who would dissuade us from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, in the only way in which it can be efficiently, and uniformly, and permanently done; and, so far as we have ever been able to understand the statements by which the general principle of a poor law is opposed, we have given our reasons for believing, not only that they are uncertain or erroneous, but that they are the very reverse of the truth.

FOREIGN MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCIS DE LA NOUE.

THERE are a multitude of heroic and romantic characters of French history that are not known except by name, and not even to this extent, popularly. The heroes of *British* story have been offered by Shakspeare, and lately by Scott, and by many intervening authors, to the admiration and sympathies of their succeeding posterities. But the long lapse of time, which furnishes English poets and romance writers with their richest materials and most genuine inspirations, is a blank in French literature. The occurrence of such names as Du Guesclin, De La Tremouille, the Constable Bourbon, Bayard, Garton de Foix, Strozzi, or La Noue, with many others, in the quaint pages of old chronicles, or in the philosophic analysis of more modern histories, leaves the reader still ignorant of the lives of these heroes. Their characters belong indeed more perfectly to romance than to any soberer re-

cord. The whole period in which they flourished can no otherwise be represented by history than a living man can be represented by a lifeless skeleton. Instead of the grand and measured march of state policy, the historian has, during this epoch, to paint the passions, the contests, the feats, and prowess of individuals. There are too many striking portraits, too many detached scenes of stirring interest to be described with effect in one great historical piece. Here, then, poetry and the drama come naturally into the aid of history, and their ministration is absolutely essential to give a just and vivid picture of the time. But in France the Academy established by Richelieu, excluded all themes from elegant literature which were not borrowed from a remote classical antiquity, or treated after scholastic rules of composition. French story, therefore, so teeming in moving and heroic adventures, was rejected as unfit

* It is idle to declaim against O'Connell. He is but "a necessity of his time"—a study for those who would benefit Ireland, but neither a guide nor a serious obstruction. He is a *personification* of the discontent of his countrymen. He represents their sense of injury, their talent, their ambition, their energy and (the truth must be told) their frequent inconsistency and absurdity, and misapprehension of the cause of their misfortunes, "the blind groping of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave." Without the ambition we could not have the energy, and without the energy we could not have the prospect of improvement and prosperity. His personal ambition cannot be gratified, but if the causes of the feelings which he represents, and to which he owes his importance, can be detected, and the proper remedies applied, it will not long stand in the way of the improvement of his country.

matter by the academic taste, and so utterly neglected by writers of imagination. A rich field of subjects, the most picturesque and popular, remains consequently unexplored. It is too late at present for the French to make a national literature out of the events of their early history, which they ought to have done two centuries ago. All the past, previous to their first revolution, is to the people unknown. The ancient heroes of France are not familiar but strange names, and their achievements, instead of being domestic topics, household themes current among the very populace of the land, appear to the unlearned, when spoken of or alluded to, to be rather "curiosities" belonging to antiquarian research. We therefore intend occasionally to rescue the biography of certain French worthies of the chivalric times from the dusty old Chronicles in which they have lain so many ages quietly interred. The author of the "*Huguenot Captain*" has shown how interesting such subjects can be made. The present sketch belongs to the same historical period that that writer has so ably traversed. We have in consequence confined ourselves strictly to the events personal to our hero; but we trust that even on this narrow scale we have been able to present a series of adventures, and to exhibit a noble character, which will not be without interest and entertainment for our readers.

Francis de la Noue was a gentleman of Brittany, of a noble but not otherwise illustrious family. He was born in the year 1531, and was sent young into Italy (according to the custom of the age), to accomplish himself in martial exercises. On his return, he became the favourite page of Henry II., and with him made the campaigns of Picardy and the frontiers of Flanders. The King was so attached to his young page, that he could hardly bear him out of his presence, and took every opportunity of extolling his juvenile feats of arms. "If La Noue had broken one lance," says Brantome, "the King would declare he had broken three."

In the year 1567 he first becomes conspicuous. France had been

torn since the time of Francis I. by religious dissensions. In the reign of Charles IX. these broke out into civil war between the Catholic and Calvinist parties. La Noue very early adopted the doctrines of the latter, and, joining their standard, was present at the first campaign of the Prince of Condé and Coligni. At the commencement of the second civil war, he was sent by these chiefs to surprise Orleans with the merest handful of men. But "numbers," says D'Aubigny, were never taken much into account by La Noue. Not being able to take the place by force, he had recourse to a stratagem which was attended with great personal risk. He disguised himself in the dress of a peasant, and entered the town unsuspected. The greater part of the inhabitants being inclined to Protestantism, he conferred with the mayor, who was at the head of the reformed in the town, and persuaded him so to act in concert with himself, that his little band, on approaching the city, found its gates open. The town was in this manner captured without the loss of a single man on either side.

It is not our design to recount all the campaigns down to the year 1570, in which the hero of this brief sketch distinguished himself. In the year 1569 happened the famous fight of Jarnac. The Prince of Condé commanded the Protestants, and the Duke of Anjou, the king's brother, the Catholics. The Prince was defeated, and fell, and La Noue, at the beginning of the encounter being thrown from his horse, was taken prisoner. When he was brought into the enemy's camp, the Duke of Anjou, indignant that one who had received so many favours from Henry II. should be found constantly in arms against the Court, determined he should be shot as a rebel. But Martigne, a generous soldier, and experienced captain of the Catholic party, saved him by his intercession, and procured him his liberty by an exchange. In the same year we find him again among the most active and enterprising of the Protestant leaders. At the siege of Potiers, undertaken by Coligni, he was wounded; and at the battle of Moncontour again taken prisoner. He here found it somewhat more

difficult to effect an exchange. Strozzi, a distinguished Catholic officer, son of the famous chief of that name, had been made prisoner by the Protestants. They offered him in exchange for La Noue, but the Cardinal of Lorraine objected, saying, "there were many Strozzi's in France, but only one La Noue." The friends of Strozzi, however, at last made the Cardinal yield to the proposition. Strozzi was then at La Rochelle, so ill as not to be able to move from his bed without danger. Nevertheless, the Rochellois, impatient to have La Noue again among them, insisted on the sick and wounded man departing immediately. La Noue, hearing this, with that generosity which marked his character, declared his resolution of remaining in the hands of the enemy till Strozzi had recovered his strength, though it was possible he might never recover, and La Noue, by his humanity, might forfeit his liberty.

In the year 1570 begins his more distinguished career. The Protestants had just then met with considerable losses. They had failed at Poitiers, and been beaten at Montcontour. They had lost Lussignan and Chatelrand, two important posts; Marans, in Poitou, and the isles of Saintonge, had been seized by the royal army, and La Rochelle, their principal stronghold, was strictly invested by land, and reduced to great extremities. Under these circumstances, La Noue was sent into Poitou to revive the fortunes of his party in that quarter. His first object was, to master the posts by which La Rochelle was held in a state of blockade, and this he did with surprising rapidity and success. Noaille fell on the first assault. Marans, a strong and important post, only held out for a few days. The Bastille, another, and still stronger fortress in the neighbourhood, hearing of its fate, surrendered. The castle of Charon, and all the little forts which then environed La Rochelle, fell in succession; and the town of Olonne, or Sables, the richest in the province, situated on the sea coast, was taken by assault, being attacked both by sea and by land, after an obstinate resistance.

To arrest the progress of these rapid successes, the Duke of Anjou sent Puigallard, a renowned cap-

tain, to oppose La Noue. The Catholic general had taken a fortress called Lucon. La Noue designed to retake it, but at the same time to avoid, if possible, an action. Puigallard, confident in superior numbers, wished to force him to one, and conducted a march for that purpose so secretly and rapidly, that the Protestants were obliged either to retreat, or to give battle. La Noue, after some consideration, finding the disposition of his troops good, and knowing the enemy must be fatigued with their forced march, resolved upon the latter. He drew up his little force among the vines with which the country all around was covered. A corps of arquebusiers and thirty gendarmes were posted in advance; these were supported by fifteen more, and another body of forty supported them in the rear. The infantry were drawn up to the right in a square. La Noue took his own station with the *élite* of his cavalry, between Lucon and the army of the enemy. This disposition of his miniature army was as bold as it was perilous, as it cut off retreat should he be defeated, but it was absolutely necessary, for he could thus succour the troops before Lucon, should they be pressed upon by the garrison, or support the infantry, if need were. Puigallard had only time to draw up his infantry in a plain close by. Some regiments of cavalry advancing to protect this body, were suddenly attacked by La Noue before they had time to form, and thrown into the greatest disorder. Being rallied, they were again attacked with still more impetuosity, and driven back upon the infantry, whom they threw all into confusion, broke up the ranks, and scattered the whole body. The fight now, on the part of the Catholics, was only sustained by the volunteers. They resisted long and obstinately, but knowing that their cavalry and infantry were already routed, they at last yielded, having done enough to prove their high spirit, and gain the personal glory which in war is more coveted even than victory. The slaughter was considerable. The Germans, recollecting the battle of Montcontour, gave no quarter, and it was only with difficulty that La Noue could extricate a few Catholics out of their hands. The loss of the royal-

1st army was 800 killed, and 500 prisoners, with 16 banners, and 2 standards. The town of Lucon made no farther resistance, but opened its gates, and La Noue generously allowed the garrison to march out with all their baggage. He here also gave a signal instance of his fidelity to his word. The commandant complained to him, that notwithstanding his promise, his baggage had been taken from him, upon which La Noue ransomed a prisoner, that he might pay him four hundred golden crowns, at which the commandant valued his loss.

He followed up this victory by laying siege to Fontenay Le Compte. Here, whilst examining attentively the place where he intended to dress a battery, and not heeding a shower of shot which was falling about him, he received a ball in the arm, which fractured a bone. He was obliged to have the arm amputated, and it was replaced by one of iron, which gained him the name of *bras de fer*. He could afterwards almost make as good use of the iron arm as the other, and when mounted always held the bridle of his horse with it.

The Protestant party was now again ascendant in Poitou; and Coligni, in spite of his many defeats, was more formidable than ever. He appeared on the eve of carrying the war into the vicinity of Paris, and one great battle gained by him would perhaps have established the reign of Protestantism in France for ever. The court saw the danger, and to avert it, negotiated and concluded that treacherous peace which ended in the Massacre of St Bartholomew. Happily, La Noue escaped the fate of Coligni, in which he would have shared had he remained in France. He was invited by Count Louis of Nassau, one of the chiefs of the war against the Spanish party in the Low Countries, to take the second in command under himself. La Noue accepted the offer, and during his absence in the Netherlands the massacre took place.

The Catholic party began soon, however, to perceive, that their diabolical wickedness had not extirpated heresy. The inhabitants of La Rochelle rejected the commandant sent them by the King, and were on the point of proceeding to open war. To avert this, the court had

recourse to La Noue to negotiate for them. He had just returned from the siege of Mons, which he had sustained a long time against the numerous army of the Duke of Alva, expecting succour from Coligni, according to the promise of the King. He capitulated only at the last moment, when he could barely obtain his life and liberty. The Spaniards conducted him to the frontiers of Picardy, but even here he was not in safety. He had learnt, a few days before, the news of the Massacre of St Bartholomew, and doubted not that, being the most considerable of the Calvinists, the court would seek to destroy him by all means. He had not money enough to take refuge in Germany or England, and even if he had had, he would have run great risks in traversing France to reach those countries. To arrive at La Rochelle was equally difficult. In this perplexity he had recourse to Leonor of Orleans, Duke de Longueville, with whom he had formerly lived in intimacy. But as he knew the Duke had received signal favours from the chief actors in the Massacre of St Bartholomew, this step was also attended with great peril. Yet, as he says himself, finding it impossible to do better, he resolved to throw himself on the generosity of the Duke. He arrived at the chateau unexpectedly, and Longueville did not attempt to conceal his displeasure on seeing him. He had in fact received express orders from the King and Queen and Duke of Anjou, to have La Noue assassinated if he entered Picardy. But he was not the man to obey such commands. His first surprise being over, he led his unwelcome guest to his cabinet, where he showed him the written orders of the King. La Noue, considering this as sentence of death, fell on his knees, not to implore mercy, but that he might die in that posture. Longueville immediately raised him, telling him he deserved death for doubting of his friendship. He then concealed him so secretly in his chateau, that even the servants knew nothing of his presence.

Mean time every attempt at negotiating with the Rochellois having failed, the court bethought them of having recourse to the influence of La Noue, whom his high reputation

pointed out as the actual chief of the Calvinists. The orders for his assassination were therefore recalled, and Longueville was directed, should he fall into his hands, to invite him, in name of the King, to the court. The Duke accordingly persuaded him to go to Paris, and furnished him with the means necessary to appear as was befitting his condition. Before his guest departed, he gave him this advice: "Take care that you speak advisedly to the King; you must not expect to find him the same gentle and benign monarch as before. Since the Massacre of the St Bartholomew, he has become more bitter and irritable, than he was ever mild."

At the Louvre, La Noue was received with great distinction. He found himself among the friends and companions of his youth. With the Guises especially he had formerly lived on terms of the closest intimacy, and it will be seen that even in them civil wars and religious malignity had not quelled all sentiments of generosity and friendship; much less in La Noue. Though a zealous Protestant he desired nothing more ardently than to live at peace with the Catholics; and if his sentiments were shocked and harrowed at the horrors of the late massacre, his judgment was cool enough to perceive that, if liberty of conscience could be secured, that hideous event afforded no just pretext for renewing the calamities of civil war. When the court therefore proposed to him to undertake the negotiation with the Rochellois, he made the only reasonable objection, viz. that he could not rely upon its sincerity. Entreaties, protestations, and promises, at last overcame his scruples. He only implored that he might not be placed in the light of seeming a traitor to the reformed cause, or be made instrumental in deceiving his own party. Guadague, an Italian priest, was given him nominally as a colleague, but really as a spy upon all his movements, and La Noue expressed his satisfaction at having a witness of his honesty and good faith.

On his arrival at La Rochelle, he was received with great haughtiness and resentment. The authorities refused to open their gates to him, and the deputies accosted him with the most reproachful taunts. La Noue

urged his past services as a proof of his devotion to the common cause, and holding out his iron arm, asked if he who had lost an arm in fighting their battles could be capable of betraying them with his tongue? In reply they pretended not to recognise him. "We recollect well," said they, "a certain La Noue, but he was a very different person from you. He was our great friend, who by his virtues, constancy, and experience, defended our lives. He was a model of honour, and would not have undertaken to betray us with fine words, as the man before us has done. He resembles him indeed in face, but not in mind." La Noue, however, gained so much by his patience, that the deputies consented to carry his demands before the Senate, and brought back the following answer: "That he might choose either to enter the city as a private individual, when a suitable provision would be made for him in recompense for his past services, or take the command of the garrison, which all unanimously desired him to do, or embark in a vessel which should be furnished him for England, where he would find himself among his friends." After conferring with Guadague on the subject, La Noue, by his advice, accepted the command, as giving him the most influence over the citizens.

Shortly after the siege of La Rochelle commenced (not the last and famous one), of which we cannot afford here to speak, La Noue sustained his difficult character of friend to both parties to the satisfaction of each. Whilst he devoted all his energies to the defence of the city, he was constant in his endeavours to make the citizens listen to the advantageous terms of peace that were offered them. He felt his position, however, extremely painful. By many he was regarded with an evil eye. The Calvinist ministers, who had great authority, most violently opposed him: They endeavoured even to excite the people against him; but the frequent *sorties* which he headed, which were full of dazzling adventure and success—his immense activity in all which concerned the defence of the city—and the personal exposure to danger which he seemed to court, had gained him the enthusiastic affection and

admiration of the citizens and garrison. On one occasion, when a small party had unadvisedly made a sortie contrary to his orders, and were on the point of being cut to pieces, La Noue sallied out at the head of another party to their rescue. The combat in which he got engaged lasted five hours, and the besiegers were beaten and driven from all their positions. Notwithstanding, however, his services, his voice in the council was drowned by those of the preachers, who treated him with undisguised insult. A certain minister, named La Place, pushed his brutality so far, that, finding La Noue unmoved by his abusive language, he struck him in the face. But the hero—in this instance most especially deserving that name—preserved his temper unruffled, prevented his attendants from instantly avenging the outrage, and quietly recommended the enraged minister to go home to his wife.

All hopes of peace being at an end, La Noue was obliged, by his promise to the King, to leave La Rochelle and come into the Catholic camp. The citizens saw him depart with regret, and the Royalists rejoiced that they had deprived the Rochellois of their most skilful leader. Both parties united in lauding his conduct as a model of honour and good faith; and he himself felt his mind greatly lightened by being relieved from his twofold charge. He had been so oppressed by his double responsibility—by the fear of not fulfilling his engagement towards the King, or of compromising the interests of the Calvinists when a single false step would have made him appear treacherous—that he declared the burden too heavy for him, and that nothing but religious principle prevented him from seeking a voluntary death.

He did not remain long in inactivity, for the court still continued insincere. Peace had been made with the Rochellois on their own terms. A clandestine attempt to violate it, and to surprise their city, forced La Noue again to take arms, and place himself at the head of the Calvinists; and in the year 1574 he took, either in person or by captains under his command, the towns of Lussignan, Melle, and Fontenay, in Poitou, and Pons, Tournai, Charante, Royan,

Talmont, St Jean d'Angeli, and Bonteville, in the provinces of Saintonge and Angoumois. The joy which these brilliant successes caused the Protestants was somewhat damped by the death of De la Cosse, one of their most famous captains, who was killed in an assault upon a little bourg. He seems to have had a presentiment of his death, for in his boots was discovered the following epitaph:—

“Desine migrantem lugere viator et hospes,
Non cario patriâ, me caret ille magis.”

Charles IX. was now dead, and was succeeded by Henry III., the former Duke of Anjou. He was at this time in Poland, having been elected King of that country. The Queen-mother, Catherine of Medicis, pretending a desire that the new reign should open under peaceful auspices, concluded a truce with La Noue for two months; but the King, arriving in France, determined thoroughly to put down the Calvinists, and for that purpose sent the Duke of Montpensier with a large army into Poitou, and prepared to take the field himself in Languedoc. The Duke's campaign was successful. He took the towns of Fontenay and Lussignan, from the latter of which sprung the illustrious house which had given kings to Cyprus and Jerusalem. In Languedoc the King was not so fortunate. He abandoned the siege of Livron, after having been mocked at and insulted by the citizens. Alluding to his effeminate habits, they hung out a puppet dressed like a woman over the walls, with the name of the King affixed to it in large letters.

At this time a new party sprung up in France, called the *Politiques*. It consisted of those moderate Catholics who desired that a certain degree of toleration should be granted to the Huguenots, and by all means to avoid new civil wars. The Duke of Alençon, from personal motives, placed himself at the head of this party, and published openly his design of making common cause with the Calvinists. At the same period, the Prince de Condé, who had taken refuge in Germany, collected, by the aid of John Casimir, the Palatine, a considerable force,

and was marching into France. The King of Navarre had escaped into Guienne, and made public profession of the Reformed faith. La Noue had also joined the Duke of Alençon. Mezerai says that "his presence alone was worth a whole army." He had quitted La Rochelle, disgusted with the violent parties that divided the councils of that little republic. But no sooner was he gone than his loss was sensibly felt, and he received continual letters from the authorities soliciting his advice and intervention. Every thing threatened a more formidable war than had yet broken out, and the advantage appeared to be on the side of the Protestants. But Catherine of Medicis, who knew the objects of Alençon to be personal, knew also how to satisfy him. He was offered Angoulême, Anjou, and some other places, as the price of peace. To the Prince of Condé Peronne was to be ceded, and the Palatine John Casimir received 300,000 francs to defray the expenses of his expedition. On these terms peace was concluded, without any regard to the interests or safety of the Protestants. The formation of the famous league followed. The States were assembled, and it was resolved that the Catholic religion should be the only tolerated religion of France, which was tantamount to declaring a war of extermination against the Calvinists. This resolution was followed up by an immediate levying of armies. One under Monsieur, now Duke of Anjou, was sent to besiege La Charité, and another under the Duke of Mayenne was destined for Poitou.

The storm which seemed destined to burst upon and annihilate the Protestants, called forth all the energies of La Noue. Though he had already expended the greater part of his estates in contributing to defray the expenses of the civil wars, which frequently left him without the means of providing for his personal wants, he now levied a body of two hundred horse from his personal resources. With these he joined the king of Navarre in Guienne. The King, not having money to requite this signal service, made him a grant of some lands on his own domains. La Noue, with unexampled disinterestedness, refused to accept of it. He told the King, that when he should be in a situation to indulge in such

liberalities, he should feel honoured in being beholden to him, but that, if at present he recompensed all his servants with equal generosity, he would deprive himself of the means of supporting the war.

The court, however, was still anxious, for subtle purposes, to maintain peace. Henry III., and the Queen-mother, were fearful that a successful war would throw an overwhelming power into the hands of the Leaguers, and for this reason, desired to avert hostilities. It was with La Noue that the negotiations took place, for although the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were nominally, he was really the head of the reformed party. The eyes of all France were fixed upon him. He had the confidence of both parties. He daily received envoys and private letters from the King and Queen, and communications from all the Protestant provinces of France, all expressive of the high esteem and confidence which his virtues and military qualities inspired. Doubtless, he would not have hesitated a moment in rejecting all overtures for peace, if the means of the Calvinists had been at all adequate to sustain the war. But the King of Navarre was without money and without men. The Prince of Condé was in the same condition. The royalist armies were strong in numbers, well equipped, and well commanded. Besides, the Duke D'Amville, a *Politique*, who had till now joined with the Protestants, had been won over by the Leaguers. All this decided La Noue to accept of the terms which were offered. They were ratified merely in time to prevent a general action. Chatillon, the son of Coligni, had hastily raised an army and had marched upon Montpellier, which D'Amville held besieged. Both sides had prepared for battle, and the first shots had been exchanged, when La Noue, arriving in haste, galloped between the two armies, and, holding up a parchment in his hands, cried out "Peace, peace!"

The next military exploits of this hero were in the Low Countries. He had been invited by the States to take a command there, and as he considered the peace pretty firmly established in France, he willingly accepted of the invitation. The first action in which he was engaged was before Louvain. He had approach-

ed the town with the design of seeing if he could with advantage besiege it; when the garrison, indignant that an enemy should come so near their walls, sallied out in great force, and attacked him. After a battle which lasted some hours, they were completely beaten, and obliged to flee into the city. He then marched upon the castle of Bins, which was taken after a siege of 14 days. Linken, Watenen, and the Castle of Cassel yielded immediately afterwards to his arms, which brought the whole of the surrounding country into obedience to the States. Wesbeck, a town situated on the Lis, was next attacked. The church of this place, which had been fortified and put into a state of defence, was on one side of the river, and the castle on the other. La Noue commenced his attack on the church at daybreak, and after a hard contest, took it by four o'clock in the afternoon. He then crossed the river with 600 horse and 400 infantry, designing to besiege Hellewin. On his road he fell in with a body of twelve hundred cavalry, commanded by the Duke of Ascot. He attacked them without hesitation, and defeated them with very little loss. Being unprepared for the sudden charge that was made upon them, they fled to Hellewin, and spread such alarm, that the garrison abandoned the town, and it fell into the hands of La Noue. Westennis, and several other places, although capable of resistance, panic-struck at the rapidity of his successes, surrendered at his approach. But the most important service he rendered to the States was the surprising of Nienoven, which was strongly garrisoned, and under the command of Count Egmont. La Noue, making a sudden and rapid march on the place, arrived there by night, and without losing a moment's time, sent a party who were provided with ladders to escalate the walls. Happily they discovered immediately where the *fosses* were fordable, and fixing their ladders against the wall, mounted without causing any alarm. The first in the city seized upon one of its gates, by mastering the small guard placed there. This was done before any resistance could be made, and La Noue and his cavalry being on the alert, were in Nienoven five minutes after the escaladers. All this

happened so suddenly, that Count Egmont, who was in his bed, had no notice that the town was captured, till La Noue was walking up his stairs into his bedchamber. Being roused by the noise at his door, he jumped out of bed, and seeing La Noue before him: "*Comment, Monsieur,*" said he, "*mes gens n'ont ils pas combattu ?*" "*Que voulez vous,*" replied La Noue, "*ces sont les traits de la guerre.*"

To follow up this important success, he immediately laid siege to Engelmünster, a strong fort in possession of the Spaniards. The trenches were already opened, and the fire from the batteries began to make impression, when La Noue determined on an attempt to surprise Lille. He took with him only a small force, and left the rest behind to prosecute the siege of Engelmünster; but hearing, on his road, that the Marquis of Richebourg had reached Lille with a large army, he was obliged to retreat hastily, and also to leave the major part of his infantry, who were too fatigued to continue their march, behind him. Being returned to Engelmünster, he ordered that the bridge over the river Mandere, on which the fort is situated, should be destroyed. This order was not obeyed, and Richebourg arriving almost immediately after, by a shorter road through the town of Courtray, then held by the Spaniards, he easily drove the guard, which defended the bridge, before him. La Noue instantly brought up about 600 infantry and two troops of cavalry to oppose him. With these he sustained an action against immensely superior numbers for a long time. To lengthen out the combat, as he expected every minute the arrival of the infantry he had left behind him, he ordered his Scotch arquebusiers not to fire all together, but one after another, so that they might have time to reload their pieces. But this order also was disobeyed. Having discharged their arquebuses in one volley, they were furiously charged by the enemy and completely routed. La Noue was now abandoned by all but the cavalry, commanded by his son Ocelet de La Noue, Tiligny, and a few skeleton companies of French, about twelve or fifteen men strong, each. Yet he continued to resist with effect. But finding at last all

his efforts in vain, he ordered his son to retreat with the cavalry, and he himself, with his handful of men, fought his way back to his guns, where he resolved to take his stand, and defend them to the last extremity. He here contrived to keep the enemy at bay for more than an hour, a great length of time considering the numbers he made head against. All the chroniclers of the time speak with high admiration of the valour he here displayed, and with which he inspired his little band, of the skill with which he eluded the charges of the enemy, and the promptitude with which he rallied his men when they were thrown into disorder. He had always considered it disgraceful for a commander to lose his guns, and resolved to perish in defending them; and this would undoubtedly have been his fate if he had not been left alone in a charge he was resisting, and taken prisoner.

"Richebourg," says the Cardinal Bentivoglio, "stained the glory of having deprived the States of their greatest general by the harsh manner in which he treated his prisoner." Instead of keeping him in his own custody, as he was entitled to do, he delivered him into the hands of the Duke of Parma. The Duke, admiring his great qualities, was at first inclined to treat him generously. But orders from the court of Spain obliged him to act with cruel and unnecessary rigour. La Noue was confined for five years in a dungeon, which seemed to be expressly chosen to terminate his existence. He was not suffered to stir out for the slightest exercise, and besides the unwholesome air of his cell, its walls dripped with humidity, and its roof was broken, so that he was not even sheltered from the weather. Yet, although frequently suffering from fever and rheumatic pains, his letters to his wife and son, even when mentioning these sufferings, are full of cheerfulness. The energy and activity of his mind supplied him with resources. To solace the tedious misery of his prison hours, he wrote two works—his *Discours Politiques and Militaires*, and his *Observations of Guichardin's History of the Italian Wars*. Speaking of these works, Bentivoglio says, that their author "knew how to handle the pen as well as the sword, and

that he would have been, had the times permitted, as distinguished in peace as he was in war."

Nothing proves so much the value set upon La Noue by the Spaniards as the difficulty which had to be overcome to procure his liberty, and the hard conditions with which it was accompanied. The King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the Dukes of Lorraine and Guise, the Prince of Orange, and Queen Elizabeth, negotiated with the Court of Spain a long time to obtain it, in vain. He was set at liberty at last on the following conditions:—That he should never again bear arms against the Court of Spain or against the Dukes of Lorraine and Guise; that the King of Navarre should pledge his possessions in the Low Countries for the sum of 300,000 golden crowns, as the price of his ransom; and that La Noue should leave his son as a hostage in the hands of the Duke of Lorraine for the space of one year.

On his enlargement new honours and new difficulties awaited him. William De la Marc, Duke de Bouillon, and Sovereign of Sedan and Raucourt, dying, appointed in his will La Noue as guardian to his daughter and heiress, Charlotte De la Marc, with the government of all his vast possessions till the lady married or became of age. But it happened that at his death Bouillon was at war with the Dukes of Lorraine and Guise. This did not, however, prevent La Noue from accepting the charge, and he published a long manifesto to justify himself on the occasion. We will pass over all that part of it which is proper only for casuists to decide upon, and confine his justification to this—that he could not, without the basest ingratitude, leave the daughter of his friend, after such a signal mark of favour, unprotected, or suffer her estates to be ravaged and torn from her by enemies, and that the war on his part was strictly defensive. He asserts also that no man has a right to incapacitate himself from *defending* his country; and, besides, that the edict of July, which had appeared immediately after his liberation, endangered the *personal safety* of every Calvinist.

Finding it impossible to defend his ward so effectively as by taking part in the general war which the Leaguers, with the Guises at their

head, were waging, not only against the Calvinists, but against the Royal authority, La Noue accepted a command from the King, who had been obliged to throw himself into the arms of the Protestants. Henry was then expecting the arrival of a body of troops which had been raised for his service in Germany, and sent La Noue, with the Duke de Longueville, to meet them. Their route lay by the walls of Senlis, a considerable and well-fortified town, which had been lately reduced to obedience to the King. The garrison were without provisions or ammunition, and the merchants and nobility of the country refused to advance the necessary sums for their purchase. La Noue, therefore, after upbraiding them for their want of patriotism, gave another instance of his disinterested zeal, by engaging a considerable estate of his own to meet the exigency of the moment, and set out to convoy the provisions into the town. On his arrival, he was surprised to find it already invested by the Duke d'Aumale; and although his force was not half so numerous as that of the enemy, he resolved to make an attempt to raise the siege.

The Duke d'Aumale's force amounted to ten thousand men at least. La Noue had only two thousand—twelve hundred cavalry and eight hundred infantry. Before he determined on an action, he learnt, by some prisoners, that the enemy had not yet brought their artillery with them. La Noue had only three small field-pieces, and lest the enemy should see them, and send for their own guns, he completely masked them behind his infantry. Observing, just before the action, the difficulty with which D'Aumale's men formed their battalions, and the awkward manner in which they handled their pikes, he doubted not of the victory, and said to the Duke of Longueville, who was at his side, "*Nous leur passerons par le ventre.*" The Leaguers, however, confident in their numbers, commenced the attack with their cavalry alone. D'Aumale headed it, and drove impetuously upon a squadron commanded by the Duke de Longueville. La Noue, seeing now that the enemy was within range of his guns, wheeled back the companies that concealed them, and opened a fire upon

him, which thinned and puzzled his ranks at the first discharge. D'Aumale then, perceiving the fault he had committed, changed the direction of his charge, and advanced at a smart gallop upon the guns, thinking to master them easily; but a second discharge was still more effective than the first; and when he was within fifty paces of the cannon, fifty arquebusiers, who had been placed there with their faces to the ground, raised themselves on one knee, and fired their pieces with such precision and execution, that the cavalry were suddenly checked in their course, and got into confusion. Whilst D'Aumale was endeavouring to rally them, a third discharge of artillery completed their disorder, and the garrison of Senlis making a sortie, and falling on them from behind, they fled on all sides. The infantry seeing this, and seeing La Noue at the head of a squadron of horse advancing rapidly upon them, while his infantry were prepared to second him in a general charge, did not wait to be attacked, but flung down their arms and fled also. The battle did not last an hour altogether. The Leaguers lost four hundred men, and had twelve hundred taken prisoners. All their baggage and standards fell into the hands of the Calvinists.

La Noue then being joined by the new levies, marched upon Paris, which he intended to besiege, but the death of Henry III., which happened immediately afterwards, prevented him from executing his design. Henry IV., who succeeded to the throne, received him in his camp with open arms. He made him a Marshal of France, and kept him constantly near his person, that he might profit by his councils. At the battles of Arcques and Oiry, La Noue had a chief command, and it is the general opinion, that if Henry had followed his advice, and attacked Paris immediately after the latter action, when all was confusion and dismay in the city, he would have taken it with very little trouble. When he subsequently stormed the faubourgs, La Noue had in charge to master the faubourg of St Germain. After a great deal of hard fighting, and considerable carnage, he had pushed on as far as the gate of the *Tour de Nesle*, which was built

upon a bridge over the Seine. La Noue thought to ford the river under the tower during the night, and so penetrate into the city. But instead of sending a party before him to make the experiment, he determined, in spite of his great age, to be the first in the adventure himself. He accordingly entered the river alone, but having got into the middle of it, sunk suddenly into deep water. The noise of the plunge gave the alarm to the guard in the tower, who immediately fired upon him; and he was obliged to swim back to his men, making a considerable circuit, amidst a shower of shot, which hit the water in every direction about him, but fortunately left him unhurt.

He was shortly after sent by the King into Brittany with the Prince of Dombes, to make head against the Duke of Mercour, one of the chiefs of the League. Here his career terminated. He had laid siege to the Chateau of Lamballe, and effected a breach. He sent a young nobleman, named Motteville, to see if it were practicable. Motteville was wounded, and La Noue, not being content with his report, went himself to inspect the breach more closely. Having mounted a ladder, which was placed against an outer wall for that purpose, he took off his casque, in order to see more clearly, and immediately after, waving his right hand for the storming party to come on, he received a slight shot in the forehead. Not having a firm hold of the ladder with his iron arm, the shock threw him off his balance: his head was dashed against the wall, whilst he hung by his feet on the ladder. When he was carried into the camp, he was for a whole hour speechless and motionless. On coming to his senses he was perfectly aware of his condition, and spoke with great calmness and collectedness of his approaching death. During the few days in which he continued alive, he got his friends to read to him from the Psalms of David; and his last request was to hear read that sublime chapter of Job, which speaks of the resurrection of the body. Being asked if he believed the doctrine, and being no longer able to speak, he pointed upwards, and expired instantly.

De Thou thus speaks of this ornament of chivalry and Christianity, whose career we have so briefly sketched: "He was a great character, who in valour, prudence, and experience deserves to be compared with the greatest captains of his age, but who surpassed them all in the innocence of his life, in his moderation, equity, and disinterestedness." Montaigne, in his essays, writes of him in the same strain: and Henry IV., on hearing of his death, expressed his regret, "that so great a captain, and virtuous a man, should have perished before a little castle, when he was singly worth a whole province."

We have already spoken of the many pecuniary sacrifices La Noue made, to support the several civil wars in which he was engaged. By these he entirely exhausted his fortune; and a short time after his death, the equipage of his son was seized for his debts. His son complaining of this to Henry IV., the King, being then surrounded by Courtiers, replied coolly: "*Il faut payer ses dettes, je paye aussi les miennes,*" but immediately afterwards taking him aside, placed a casket of jewels in his hands, by which to redeem his carriage.

La Noue was certainly a very singular character. He possessed almost every opposite virtue in so just a degree, that qualities which in general form contrasts, were in him blended together, and so nicely shaded, that not one could be said to be predominant. Thus, his moderation, or what Montaigne calls his "*conscientious facility,*" which might look like weakness, was united with extraordinary firmness of purpose. Though a lover of peace from principle, there can be no doubt that he took delight in the adventures and excitements of war. His extreme prudence in the conduct of an army gave place in battle to an ardour almost approaching to temerity. His religious zeal, which was warm to enthusiasm, had not the slightest tinge of intolerance or asperity; and the simple severity of his life and morals was joined to social accomplishments, and a courtier-like politeness, which gave a gloss and finish to all his virtues.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR—It has been justly observed, that an insult is more keenly felt than an injury. Among other motives for this feeling is the sense that an injury may receive some redress from an appeal to the laws of our country, whereas an insult can, in many cases, have no reparation, but from the press publishing the grievance complained of. I avail myself of your permission to send for insertion in Blackwood's Magazine, whatever had the sanction of my name, regarding a volume published some time ago by Captain Basil Hall, entitled "Schloss Hainfeld." At pages 37 and 8, is the following statement of Madam Purgstall's situation after the death of her husband and son.

"No sooner was the last gone, than upwards of seventy claimants as heirs-at-law pounced on the noble estates of the ancient family of Purgstall, and the poor desolate widow had enough to do to establish her right even to that portion of the property which had been settled upon her. The difficulties she encountered in arranging this matter, and the severe distress to which she was reduced by innumerable and apparently interminable lawsuits, might have broken the spirit and wearied out the resolution of a less vigorous mind. With all her fortitude indeed, she seems to have been almost subdued; and but for the generous assistance of the late Lord Ashburton, a near connexion of hers, she must in all probability have sunk under the joint weight of poverty and law proceedings."

This last assertion is utterly unfounded. Madam Purgstall never was indebted to Lord Ashburton for one shilling during his life; he left her indeed a considerable legacy by his will. When she married in 1797, his lordship was not fifteen years of age: they never met after that time during more than twenty-one years,—nor had any intercourse by correspondence. The unavoidable impression given to every reader by Captain Hall's narrative must be, that she was left utterly desolate and destitute in a foreign country, totally neglected by her family, and had owed her being rescued from misery to the generous compassion of one connected with her only by marriage. I will give a precise statement of every circumstance connected with her story; and I call upon Captain Hall to point out any part of it that is misrepresented or exaggerated.

When the state of Europe in 1815 permitted at last travelling on the Continent, my brother instantly availed himself of the opportunity; and, accompanied by his eldest niece, paid a visit of some months to his sister; her son was then living. The account of his death reached us in the last week of January 1816. I set out four days afterwards, in a stormy season; and by travelling day and night, I accomplished a journey of fully seven hundred English miles, in nearly seventeen days. My brother had supplied me with ample funds to pay off all immediate demands upon Madam Purgstall; those caused by lawsuits required a tedious investigation. I remained at Hainfeld for two months. On taking leave, she earnestly intreated me to procure for her, if possible, the gratification of a visit from her favourite niece Lady Ashburton. I represented this wish to Lord Ashburton, who most kindly complied with it; and accompanied by his wife, her sister, brother, and myself, he remained at Hainfeld during seven months. Lady Ashburton was so fondly attached to her aunt, that she determined to pass a whole year in her society after the rest of the party left Lower Styria. I pledged myself to return at the end of that time and reconduct her to England. Accordingly I took a third journey to Germany, making in all, going and returning, more than ten thousand miles, from the sole motive of serving and giving pleasure to a sister whom I had loved from her earliest infancy. Before taking leave of her, Lady Ashburton and myself had repeatedly urged Madam Purgstall, by every intreaty that the most sincere and glowing affection could suggest, to return with us to her native country, and dispose of Hainfeld and the land around it, for which an ample price had been offered by a nobleman of high rank, whose estates nearly surrounded hers; but the thought which incessantly engrossed her imagination of being buried in the same grave with her husband and son, rendered her inexorable to our prayers. Such was the conduct of two brothers (tho' not claiming the smallest merit from it), towards one who is represented as left utterly deserted by them. While con-

scious of having paid every attention that fraternal affection could bestow, what must be the feelings of men possessing the sensations and sentiments of gentlemen, on finding themselves held up to public contempt as beings destitute of both. I was strongly urged by friends, of whose understanding I had justly a higher opinion than of my own, to take no public notice of the volume, which they assured me would sink into merited oblivion, from its gossiping insignificance, and no second edition of it would ever appear. A second edition of one thousand copies has, however, been published, circulating more widely the groundless aspersions contained in the first. I am utterly at a loss to assign any motive for Captain Hall's misrepresentation. He *must* have heard of my *first* visit to Hainfeld. Even, if by some most unaccountable circumstance it was never mentioned by Madame Purgstall, during six months of intimate daily conversation with her, the faithful domestick Joseph, who appears to have been admitted into familiar intercourse, in consideration of his long services, would unquestionably speak of the Countess's brother having arrived at Hainfeld soon after the death of the young Count, and of his having brought a large sum in ducats for the use of his mistress. Mr Thinnfeld, of whom Captain Hall speaks with merited approbation, and with whom I was very intimate during his residence in England, saw me repeatedly at my sister's house in 1816, and would probably mention it to him. Is it possible that Captain Hall could suppose that I incurred the expense, and encountered the fatigue of such a journey, in a severe winter, to insult a broken-hearted sister by the barren assurance that her brothers were sorry for her situation, but could not give her any pecuniary assistance? She knew that the youngest of them had acquired fortune as well as fame by his professional talents.

But my intention of remaining silent is no longer permitted me; an article in the Quarterly Review of last October demands a reply. In it the writer, after recapitulating Captain Hall's account of Miss Jean Anne Cranstoun's birth and marriage, proceeds to state—"The younger sister married in 1790 Professor Dugald Stewart, and it was probably through this connexion that she came acquainted with Godfrey Wencislaus, Count of Purgstall, of a good and wealthy house in Austria, then—*we believe*—one of Professor Stewart's pupils." There is not a shadow of pretext for this belief. Count Purgstall was twenty-five years of age when he visited Edinburgh, having been born in 1772, as the inscription on his monument in Riegersburg Castle (of which a copy is at this moment before me), fully proves. He had letters of introduction to Mr Stewart, and was included in his evening parties, at which men of superior talents and rank, natives and foreigners, were assembled. The *belief* of the writer is an insidious mode of insinuating, that the influence which Mr Stewart had acquired over the mind of his young pupil, was used to procure an opulent match for his sister-in-law. It would be an insult to suppose that the character of Dugald Stewart required any vindication; his highly honourable principles were as well known to his numerous friends as his philosophical works are to the world. It was not surprising that an enthusiastic young man was captivated by the elegant manners and powers of conversation which Captain Hall testifies were not destroyed, though inevitably diminished, by many years of severe suffering, sickness, and sorrow.

But this is a venial offence to what follows at pages 128 and 9, viz. —"It is remarkable, that during the protracted illness of the Countess, no mention is made of her having sought the consolations of religion; and during her last days, of which Captain Hall gives copious and minute details, there seems to have been no intimation on her part of any concern about, or even belief in a future state. No expression of affection, no mark of beneficence, no tenderness, no charity—nothing that has even the appearance of a sentiment, is recorded to have fallen from her lips in those supreme moments, but her gratitude to Captain Hall, to his servants, and even to his infants, for their care of her. Her last recorded words are—'I die contented, however, when I have you about me to see me laid in my grave, and know, that in spite of all the fears that have haunted me for so long a time, I shall not be left forlorn and desolate to die among strangers. You may well be happy to think of the good you have done me.' This is a kind of lip-gratitude, in which selfishness cloaks itself, but not a word

escapes, which shows the smallest feeling of Christianity, or even of natural religion. Nor can this be supposed to be a mere omission on the part of Captain Hall, who, we are well aware, from his own right feeling on this point, would have been happy to have been able to add that which would at once have softened, exalted, and purified the harsh and egotistical character of his heroine."

Here, in the eagerness to display his own piety, the writer unguardedly proves himself utterly destitute of that charity in judging others, which we are told by the highest authority is the greatest of Christian virtues.

There was indeed no *parade* of religion, because a consciousness of having led a most exemplary life, and of having proved herself a most devoted wife, and most affectionate mother, rendered all professions of her faith unnecessary. The dignified serenity with which she welcomed her approaching dissolution, and "courted Death, kind Nature's signal of retreat," is construed into a proof of her having no feeling of Christianity, or even of natural religion. The simple refutation which I will give of such unexampled injustice, shall be an extract from the conclusion of her last letter to myself, without a date, but probably one of the last she ever wrote. It was forwarded to me by Captain Hall, who was perfectly acquainted with our punctual correspondence, as during his residence at Hainfeld, he added a few lines in the third page of the sheet of two former letters. "Judge what I feel, and still feel, when I think of your having hurried over half Europe to support one deprived of every hope." . . .

"No selfish thought ever soiled our friendship. Oh! let me trust that it will be continued so when time is no more! I was destined, as you know, from my cradle, to sorrow, and sorrow conducts me to my tomb. In this our land of being, matter and death are synonymous. But a hope that makes a part of our nature, tells us, that mind is life, and life eternal. How awful, and sublime and lovely, is the thought of immortality! of being reunited to all we love! I will not bid you farewell, my dearest, dearest brother. I grasp the hope that we are to meet where sin and sorrow are no more."

To prove the accurate authenticity of these lines, I have submitted the letter containing them to the perusal of my valued friend Sir David Brewster, who adds his attestation of their being literally copied.*

I will not condescend to any intemperate expressions of reproach or resentment; they are indeed unnecessary. I appeal to every candid and generous-minded reader to decide, if the writer of such an article as I have quoted, has not outraged all decorum, or rather common decency.

I know not who is the author of such gross malevolence; but I know that the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* is the very last man on earth who ought to have permitted its publication. He knew that Madame Purgstall had once been the bosom-friend and confidant of Sir Walter Scott in his early youth; that her native taste, and rapid perception of the beautiful in composition, enabled her to appreciate the talents displayed in his first poetical attempts, while he was himself unconscious of powers which were destined at a future period to charm mankind. What would have been his feelings had he lived to read the lines which I have quoted! But the writer of them would not have *dared* to trace, nor would the Editor have *dared* to sanction one of them, had the illustrious friend of Madame Purgstall survived her. As the son of a gallant old soldier, disabled by wounds received in the service of his country, I feel myself called upon not to permit the name which I inherit from him, to be disgraced by my tamely and silently submitting to have the memory of his beloved daughter insulted, and the peace of his remaining family invaded by the most unprovoked and most unfounded calumnies. I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

HENRY CRANSTOUN.

The Pavilion, near Melrose, 5th Nov. 1836.

Allerby, Nov. 7th, 1836.

HAVING examined carefully a letter from the Countess Purgstall, produced to me by my friend Mr Cranstoun, I have no hesitation in vouching, that the extract from it, given in the preceding communication, is authentic, and that it is in the handwriting of the Countess.

DAVID BREWSTER.

THE MOUNTAIN DECAMERON.

THIS Generation—may it not prove a vain one—is never weary of speaking its own praises; and were we to take its character from itself, we should believe it to be the Wise, the Wonderful, and fall down and worship it, lamenting that we had been called into being before it was born to illumine the earth. Now the human mind is broad awake, up and doing; the soul alive to its divine origin; the heart big with great thoughts, and panting to give them utterance in all fairest and loftiest forms of imperishable speech. The Spirit of the Age is proud as that of a falling angel; but if it should fall, will it be from heaven?

The young laugh to scorn the middle-aged—the middle-aged suspect the wisdom of the old—and the old are dumb, because told they are in their dotage. The Intellect of the land dates its birth from the beginning of the century, and exults in being a *Novus Homo*. Now there are no dunces without crow-feet at the corners of their eyes; all our Solomons are in the flower of youth, and all our flower of youth are Solomons. Yet surely there are among us a few men—some millions—not yet absolute idiots, whose hair was waxing greyish before these unwrinkled wisecracks were emancipated from their swaddling-clothes, while yet they were

“Muling and puking in their nurses’ arms.”

Too many of us, ourselves among the number, are, we cheerfully acknowledge, often very wearisome; and it is right that we should not be suffered to prose beyond all patience; but with all humility, we make bold to add, that for one blockhead of us, there are fifty blockheads of you; and for one brighthead of you, fifty brightheads of us; and that of those fifty, it is often hard to say which is the Hyperion.

We saw it cuttingly said, t’other day, in the *Examiner*, that the Conservatives have with them the non-

age and the dotage—that is, said the *Standard*, “the wise and experienced, with the rising race.” And then, paying back the wit in his own coin, our excellent brother asked, “what residuum of age can our adversaries claim except it be the *garb age*?” Now, this view, which we verily believe to be the true one, seems irreconcilable with ours; and we again cheerfully acknowledge, that all we have written above is absolute nonsense. The truth is, that the Spirit of the Age is a sound and lively spirit, rectified and above proof. We had been speaking of the wish-wash of the age, and of the dregs.

The Nonage is with us—but not to a lad. Boys are but boys, and will be muleish and whiggish merely to grieve the governor. They do not suppose, that the most select simpletons will think them serious; and on being taxed at a somewhat later era, with tergiversation, apostacy, and all that sort of a kind of a thing, they turn on their heel with a guffaw, and instantly the censor feels himself a sumph. We are not so confident as the *Examiner* about the Dotage. Justice demands that we admit most of it to be Whig. It contains also a small mixture of Radicals; and a dotting Radical is too much. One naturally looks in a Radical for a rather stout, very vulgar fellow, in high-lows, and corduroy or velveteen breeches—shorts; and cannot hide his surprise on beholding in him “a lean and slippered pantaloon,” nodding to the mandarin, and mumbling “Down with the Church.”

But we are not now alluding only to politics. We are dissenting on the Spirit of the Age. Nine-tenths of the educated men, women, and boys in Britain rejoice to know and feel, that the spirit of the age is the self-same spirit that has, for many generations, ennobled their native land—and may it be immortal! The present they regard with pride—the past with reverence. Emerging, at the bidding of a thought, from the long-withdrawing gloom, they fix

their gaze on the shining Apparitions. Heroes, Statesmen, Legislators, Philosophers, Poets, dead but living, nor could the grave silence their voices, more sweet and solemn than music, "sole or responsive," from that spiritual sphere where they abide in bliss—

"Lights of the world and demigods of fame."

Intellect—Imagination—Genius—these are all sacred words, and to misuse them is profanation. Yet how are they misused! By paltriest lips applied to paltriest objects—to and by persons that are but things—at the best, automata—in articulate speech, surpassing the most eloquent flesh and blood parrot that ever hung from perch by beak or claws. Intellectual, imaginative, creative creatures!

But one of the wisest of men has told us, that

"He who feels contempt

Even for the meanest thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used ;"

and as we desire to use all our faculties, we conform to his injunction, and confess they are beneath our contempt. All to whom we speak, declare by their lives, that they love, and admire, and venerate the good and great of their own day, because by birthright belonging to a brotherhood that has been growing and flourishing for a thousand years—and by a birthright that is divine.

We have done our best to keep alive in the breasts of the noble "Nonage" of our Isle the feeling of this elevating truth. In Literature—in Poetry—we have striven to illustrate the profound meaning of Wordsworth, when he speaks like a seer, of the mighty movements of the soul of the world sailing on the wings of time diversely outspread, yet all harmoniously combined in the mystery of one pervading and prevailing spirit. Our theme has been Homer—and Shakspeare—and Burns—and our own Minstrel—and "the Bard" himself—and other chiefs of the chosen sons of song from Orpheus to Coleridge, who have softened what is harder far than rocks and stones, the obdurate hearts of men, and kindled them into offerings fit

to be laid on holiest altars. The "Nonage" have not turned away in their prime, from their old instructor; they have not forgot his lessons, for they were drawn from texts not less than inspired; and the pupils who have come to see farther than their master, and they are in thousands, have not been slow to tell him that they see still by the light he gathered on their path—while he has rejoiced to know that they have been guided by it into regions by him unvisited, from which, may they bring back peace in their hearts, and glory round their heads, calmly to breathe and brightly to burn, for many high and happy years, after he has become extinct on earth, and left but the uncertain shadow of a name—

"Parvi stat nominis umbra."

Poo! we hope to live a few years yet—and though the shadow of our name will be small enough, too small to yield a child shelter from the sun, the shadow of our body is far from being small, and towards evening, when other shadows are descending longer from the mountains, has a most imposing circumference, sufficiently extensive to enclose a flock of sheep.

We are, the truth must be spoken, getting, if any thing, rather too corpulent—what the world calls stout. So, at least, every human being says, who meets us in town or country; and for what every human being says, there must be some foundation in fact. There seems to be no other means of getting rid of our superfluous fat, than eating less and writing more; so we announce, with considerable confidence, among many other unannounced lucubrations, "A Series of Articles on our Modern Prose Fictions." We promise to be regular in the extreme; one such article every month, as sure as Maga or the Sun rises, and so long as to be thought short by all good judges of place and time. But a few words by way of farther introduction.

We are not going in these articles to lay down the law, for we are no law-giver, and not much of a law-exponent; but we have lived more years than we care to mention precisely, in the two worlds of books and of men; and not only can tell a hawk

from a handsaw, but, which is the true and more difficult reading, from a heronshaw. At a glance, even as he flies by night, we can tell him from an owl,—as he flies by day, from a cuckoo. This is more than most critics can truly say, judging them by their practice in the fields of literature; for oft do they cry “Waur hawk!” when the formidable affair of feathers, that seems to them to come sailing from the empyrean, is absolutely neither more nor less than a bona fide tom-tit. We shall correct such glaring confusion in ornithology; but at the same time, allow Tom “to stand up for his own order,” for we are the friends of reform, not of revolution. In a condition little better is our Arborinomenclature. Waif and stray wretches, with that weak habit of body characteristic of most of the willow tribe (*Scotticé, saughs*), we hear every day of our lives called beeches, or limes, or elms, or ashes, or even oaks. They would make rare masts for “some tall amiral.” The Huntington willow, we know, becomes a noble tree, nor is he long about it; ours at the gate might be our son, and indeed we planted him—yet he is three times as thick in the waist as his father, let the world say what it will, and holds his head ten times higher than we do in our utmost pride. But those others are not Huntington willows, but mere osiers, fit only for being made into baskets for eggs or butter.

Then we hear shoots and scion, straight and green as becomes their years, and when in full leaf, not ill off for foliage, declared to be timber,—and not only timber but standards—and not only standards, but monarchs of the forest—and not only monarchs of the forest, but giants—and not only giants, but mountains—and not only mountains, but Alps. We shall therefore so consider them—and cut them through with vinegar. The strongest of the set would not do for a common staff—much less for a crutch—*such as this*.

Of the many gross and vulgar—that is, fashionable novels—of high, that is, low life—accumulated within these dozen years or less, no single gentleman, especially at our advanced period of life, however scientific as an engineer, potent as

a pioneer, and muscular as a miner, could expect to penetrate much beyond the outer crust. But the material, it has been ascertained by mudologists, is the same all the way through; and a few specimens, hewn roughly off the external scabies, will afford a fair sample of the indurated contents.

To use a somewhat different image, the surface of society has been swept by many new brooms, and new brooms, they say, sweep clean; but for that effect they must be dexterously handled—for the clumsy collect all the dust into corners, and as they are generally the dirty too, the sluts leave behind them more filth than they besom off—as is often seen in the case of carpets. Such housemaids—for ’tis a mistake to call them lady’s-maids—as some complimentary critics have done, naturally enough writing to curry favour through them with Cooks—in a few words we shall give their discharge, and hope they will remain honest women.

We know it has been said that the faults of butlers, and valets, and flunkies have been more flagrant in this department of literature than those of the aforesaid class of the fair sex—but that we doubt. It has been hinted that their sex—ambiguous—betrays them; but they must not be made to answer for the sins of their masters. Better that ten guilty things should escape, than one innocent man should suffer—particularly as wages have fallen, and the age of vails is gone. Yet execution shall certainly follow conviction; and let butler, valet, flunkie be found guilty, on clear evidence, before a competent jury, of a fashionable novel, and we shall take care that the royal clemency shall not be extended to him, were a petition to be laid at The Footstool, as numerous—signed as in the case of Fauntleroy.

We do not believe a syllable of those slanders on the Swell Mob. Many of them, it is true, are men of some education; but their profession, one year with another, is too profitable to allow the more heinous charges industriously circulated against them by the Police to wear an air of any plausibility, and few out of the precincts of Bow Street,

and the other offices, attribute to that fraternity any share in the fashionable novels. But give a dog a bad name, and you may hang him; if he steal a mutton chop, he will be believed not only capable, but guilty of worrying sheep. The famous Barrington did write a novel; but it was not of the kind called fashionable; nor did he belong to the Swell Mob. He did business on his sole account—had no partner—and was his own firm. To have been a case in point, the crime should have been brought home to Bill Soames—though even he might have entered a plea against the indictment; for he was a man who, on this side of the water, delighted in plain apparel, and had very much the look of an usher in some suburban academy out of place. We shall therefore stick to our assertion, till you bring home the authorship of a fashionable novel to—the Elephant.

We have nothing remotely resembling evidence against that calumniated class, designated by the name of the place of their forefathers' abode—Grub Street. Ever since the fabrication of fashionable novels became a trade, they have been honestly employed in redacting useful knowledge. True, that a good many who had attempted entertaining knowledge were sent adrift without shirts to their backs; but most of them went to serve before St Sebastians with General Evans, caught colds on bivouac, or Tartars in sortie! and shirts are useless in their present quarters. Verdict, not guilty, in the case of the British Legion generally—honourably acquitted in that particularly of the Westminster Grenadiers.

The air is raw—the ground cold—the scent will not lie—with all our sagacity our host of conjectures are at fault—so we call off the hounds—let the varmint take to earth, and keep it—nor shall we send Timothy with his terriers to draw, or with his picks and mattocks to dig him—but let him coll himself up, nose to brush, and go to sleep.

Some of the most vulgar of the fashionable novels have been written by ladies and gentlemen. You laugh—but it is true. You cannot conceive the inanity of many persons of that class in London—

“the obscure inanes.” The unidea'd are necessarily low and coarse mannered; for they cannot understand even the mere forms and ceremonials of society, which, nevertheless, are to them all in all; and studying nothing else, they make such sad work with ordinary usages, that in their hands they not only lose the grace of their original intention, but are converted into caricatures so monstrous, that a comic actor imitating inhumanity so abominably in broadest farce, would be blessed by the shilling gallery off the stage of a minor theatre.

There are ladies and gentlemen of a literary turn, of a grade of intellect not so low, but still poor creatures enough, who must scribble scribble still, and, of course, about fashionable life. They are all for Passion. But appetite is not passion; nor is “adulterous lust,” less deserving of being driven among the “bestial herds to range,” because he stands weeping like a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches pockets. Nor is that heroine, however soft may be her nature and her name, her sighs, her silks, or her sulks, who plays, with equal grace and skill, on her harp and her husband, and thinks no more, whatever she may pretend to say, of breaking his heart-strings than so many strings of catgut, less deserving of the appellation of a female dog, but far more, than the equalld hag, that seizes you on the street, and would drag you first into a gin-palace and then wile you into her den.

In more than one Fashionable Novel which we may, perhaps, throw to the jakes, first, second, and third heroines are double U's. The fair writers are manifestly driving at adultery even in the introduction; about the middle of the second volume the criminals are caught in the fact, and then we have a volume of uncomfortable happiness, and half a volume of remorse! But such remorse! Its throes are like those of a choleric—

“with unanswerable pangs, but *less* intense.”

They have had all the wicked enjoyment sin can have; the bladder bursts—the foul air escapes—the flaccidity shrivels up into nothing—and that is the disgusting Moral of the Ill-starred Marriage. But in

the eyes of this crew all marriages are ill-starred; seldom if ever does either husband or wife sacrifice a single selfish feeling, or submit, but on compulsion, to the slightest deprivation of a luxury or comfort, for each other's sake; if not previously in love with another man's wife, or another woman's husband, they envy the happier lot of every attached pair they see; become estranged in sheer satiety, till indifference becomes disgust, disgust hatred, hatred adultery, adultery divorce, divorce marriage—"hands across, change partners, down the middle and reel" and *da capo*.

"O heavenly Una with thy milk-white lamb!"

In some other novels—fashionable forsooth—some degree of delicacy and decorum is observed—but virtue is outraged, and modesty is but a name. There is a perpetual beating about the bush. It all comes to the same thing at last. Almost every wife is seen struggling, as it is called, against her passion. An unpleasant struggle to witness at the best—at the worst loathsome; and three times in five the passion gets the fall, and flings his fair opponent a cross-buttock. She then struggles no more—gives in—and acknowledges him the conqueror. In such novels, almost all heroes, if bachelors, are woman-killers, or chicken-butchers; yet are regarded by the purest and chastest virgins, soon as seen, with admiration, and next hour with love. Too often it almost seems as if it were so in real life. But base the man, and worse than weak the woman, who would hold the mirror up to nature only to reflect its frailties; who would seek to seduce the unsuspecting and simple-minded by such persuasions, from their innocent and true belief in their sex's virtues, till they forget at last the duties their holy imagination had idealized, in the fatal oblivion of a voluptuous—a sensual dream!

Even in some novels, which it is impossible to peruse without admiration of the genius of their authors—who are virtuous women and Ladies indeed—there is too near an approach, at times, to subjects from which the female mind should keep

aloof, and a certain colouring given to pictures of the progress of illicit or violent passion, which would come better from the hand of a man. Let them study Joanna Bailie—as she has studied Shakspeare. There is more passion in one of her Tragedies than in all their Prose Fictions, of which it is in vain to try to keep count; passion strong, and deep, and turbulent, even in woman's breast; but we are willing to stake our life on our memory, never once impure; no Wanton is suffered to intrude on her imagination, or if for a moment, and for a moral end, she crosses the stage, it is but to be waved off, and away for ever, by that imperial hand; hers are "fancies chaste and noble;" yet are they

"Creatures not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;"

they are not goddess-born, but of a fallen race; by their tears as sweet as smiles, by their smiles as sad as tears, they can "soften and subdue" the sternest spirit; or by the thoughtless, yet not sinful witchery of the grace of all-accomplished beauty, can drown ambition in the hero's breast, and fill it full of distracting love, till shame smites to the ground the noble victim she could not dishonour, and Victoria, aghast in horror, knows that she has murdered Basil.

Are there none of them all, of which we shall be justified in speaking, on that score, with unqualified commendation? We believe there are some—and they shall be shown in all their lustre; and round her brows, be she of humble or high estate, the withered hands of the old man shall wreath the laurel—nay the myrtle, for it is full of stars—who in her creations

"Has shown us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

Not a few—many—very clever—more than clever pictures have been painted, within these few years, of a kind of "Life in London," different from any thing we find in the productions we have been alluding to; and of which, thank Heaven! we have ourselves had no experience, though we can imagine it and its

ongoings, debased indeed, and debasing, yet not without redeeming gleams of goodness, momentary, or of but brief duration, and serving but to discover sights of woe. Who is the author of *Godolphin*?

"Well may we guess, but fear to tell;"

and we have heard a whisper, even in our solitude, of the name of another capable of far better things than the poor *Danseuse*. Shall we speak of them, and of others of the same family, or let them follow one another into oblivion?

With fictions facetious or pathetic, or both, teeming with incidents, actions, and events, and vividly and variously picturing real, but somewhat uncommon ways and modes of life, we have whiled away not a few leisure evening hours, within these few years, often to our satisfaction, sometimes to our delight; and who knows but that we may give our friends a compendious perusal of some of them that pleased us most, such as the *Bashful Irishman*, or the *Story of a Life*, which not a critic who may have sported the *adunc* towards them, could have written, any more than he could have vaulted *St Paul's*.

But there are higher works of which 'twill be our hint to speak—works of power—ay, of genius—and we must begin with *Bulwer*. His fame is fixed, and on a wide foundation. In his province—and it is a noble one—is he, since the death of the *Unapproachable*,

"The foremost man of all the world?"

The easiest and shortest way to prove that he is not, would be to show who is privileged to take precedence of the author of "*Paul Clifford* and *Eugene Aram*." *Washington Irving*? No. *Cooper*? No. His name does not occur to us at this moment, but perhaps we may find it in the *London Review*.

We have now merely intimated the ground we shall have to go over, but little or nothing either of the plan or line of our march. At one time, the multitude of our thoughts will be seen deploying like a mighty army on a great plain, nor shall you know, perhaps for a long while, whether our intents be peaceful or warlike, our magnificent movements but illustrating a field-day, or about to in-

duce the gloom of battle, the roar of a general engagement on a grand scale, and the tumult of a total overthrow by the charitable of the wicked. At another, they will be seen blouacking by moonlight,

"While the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;"

nor will you be slow to confess that the armed repose of those "millions of spiritual creatures" is even more sublime than their motion, till the dawn 'gins blow his trumpet, and

"Their rising all at once is like the sound Of thunder heard remote."

At another, the whole army shall be invisible, all but where fitful sparklings show here and there on broken ground dusky sections of sharpshooters dancing to and fro with their plumed caps, merry as bridegrooms, till issuing from the wood or the mist the main battle marches out into the sun, while victory is seen to be in that one movement, and a kingdom fallen with all its cities. At another, you look, and behold

"They march with weapons in their hands,
Their banners bright displaying,
And all the while their music bands
Triumphant tunes are playing;"

and with thistles, and roses, and shamrocks on all those heroic heads, it seems as if spring and summer were victoriously coming from afar to light and liberate their green and glowing gardens, more glorious, by many miles square, than *Birnam* wood on its march to *Dunsinane*—richer than those that hung of old round *Babylon*. At another—but, hang it—no more nonsense—let us be plain as a pike-staff.

The criticism of the periodical Press is far from being perfect; and we should have known that, had we even confined our reading to *Blackwood*. Personal and political partialities, in spite of all that the best of men—like ourselves and the Editors of the *Prime Paris*—can do and provide, will keep couching and creeping in, unsuspected as the pard's "velvet foot on Lybian sands;" and at a time, times, or many times, such uncanny cat may leap unawares upon our spirit asleep, in its very sanctum, and inspire it with the venom of its fiery fangs. No—no—

no—never. From far other motives than those of Mithridates,—we have all our lives been so habituated to a sovereign antidote, that our constitution is impervious to the most searching poisons, that, administered even homœopathically, coagulate or rarify the heart's blood of common men into moral death. There may be, though we think not, a touch too much of pride in our public praises of our political enemies; not a tinge of it in our cordial interchange of respect or affection in the social and domestic circle, where worth is weighed in golden scales, unconsciously by the heedless heart, according to a mysterious *avoir-dupois* which all the Parliaments on earth could not regulate, infinitesimals being felt by the fingers of the soul.

The sole difficulty we experience is, in keeping under some restraint our admiration of our personal friends, and in preventing our eyes from being dazzled or blinded by the excessive splendour of their genius. Literary cliques and coteries we instinctively shun as a stock-dove shuns a rookery, and sits in his own pine-tree in his own grove in his own forest.

“Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;”

and so do we—*crooning* our articles as we indite them, till the whole is hatched, not an addled egg in all the set, but each word disclosing an idea—perhaps “golden couplets”—an idea—a most beautiful brood, cocks and hens in equal numbers;—list! and you hear how they gently chuckle, or, clapping their wings, crousely crow, to hail the first dawn of their unshelled life.

Few or none undervalue our periodical criticism, who do not belong to the genus Duncie. Triumphant genius may pretend contempt as he strikes his laurelled head against the stars. But at that moment he is a fool, and next moment he knows it, and his shame is the son of a bastard pride. Baffled genius, angry with himself as well as with the world, “nursing his wrath to keep it warm,” launches its lightnings against the seats of judgment and them who thereon sit, because they will not irra-

diate with flame the “deep dark holds” in which he wilfully dwells, or bring him forth crowned and sceptred to walk with kings. Grant that, in some instances, they may be justly blamed; but deny not, that even in these, the blame is far more his own; and that some fatal defect or perversity has kept him obscure. How often from darkest nook

“some fulgent head
Star-bright appears!”

If the world be blind, or will not gape, is that the sin of the critics? Can they hoodwink or throw dust in the eyes of the world, “not dreaming of things to come,” but with

“The star of Jove so beautiful and large,”

benignly looking her in the face, that she may worship?

But we must not now pursue this theme: and are instigated by disgust to take hold of another with the tongs, and hold it out at arm's length, to the nausea of all who have stomachs. Phaugh! how it stinks! You avert your nose, but in spite of that vinaigrette, must smell the ordure. This book thus bespoiled, was written by a lady. Drenched as it is in spittle, slaver, slime, spew, and all manner of gorge—raising mud and mire bloody with corrupted offal and rotten garbage, the manuscript was traced by a hand that made look blue the Christmas roses it gathered, a hand in whose veins, more delicately blue than the violets in Juno's eyes, flows blood that has beautified, for a thousand years, the faces and forms of an illustrious line, each new generation as it rose, gazing on the Lady of the Age, “almost believing that her body thought.”

“In maiden meditation fancy-free”

she composed a dream, not stiller than her soul's waking composure; and it is enclosed within those horrid boards. The mud-larks of literature have been let loose on her virgin visions, and they have advertised her name by innuendos, till it is a house-wall word, prostituted on post and pillar, and the property of the town. And all this, that LADY —, *may sell*.

We find we have been in a pretty

fluster; but have got cool again—quite cool—nor are we ashamed of our heat; for better that Eld should be passionate than peevish, tinderlike than torpid, though the flash be but feeble, and born but to expire. 'Tis a laughing matter, perhaps, after all. Picture the hacks. There is a gelding with a spavin, neighing to one with a splint; yon "vas vonce an 'Unter," but now he has got bellows to mend, and his wind is broken in a way that will not bear to be particularized; if ever horse-flesh had the farcy, it must be "this here hanimal;" there are broken knees indeed; and here is a sight worth looking at, a steam-Nag—but he has burst his boiler, and only hear how he roars!

These are the Puffers. "Their poverty, not their will, consents." But the starved apothecary was no poisoner, and we pity him; these slaves would as lief administer sugar-of-lead as sugar, and for their sakes we have overcome all our objections to the tread-mill. It is the best of all possible punishments. Let them puff there; and as

"In truth young Edwin is a vulgar boy,"

let him, suiting the action to the words, keep exclaiming, from morn till dewy eve,

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb,"
&c.

But what of their Employers? This, and no more, that it is more sinful to keep puffers than to write puffs. Puffing destroys the soul. We do not say that any publisher has not a right to destroy his own soul, supposing him to have one; but we do say, that no publisher has a right to destroy other folk's souls;—and on that safe ground we announce, "Let every man, at his peril, be his own puffer; but let no man make his brother a puffer, if he hopes to be saved." If you call your brother a fool, you are in danger of hell-fire. What if you make him a knave? Hell-frost.

Secondly, were every publisher his own puffer, there would be fewer souls lost. At present, each publisher, whose puffing establishment is on any thing like a great scale, keeps two—three—four puffers. There are five lost souls. Four

souls—neat profit—to Satan—on one publisher. Why the trade in its dealings is satisfied with thirty per cent, and yet—strange inconsistency—do not grudge to see the Old One clearing four hundred—and that too without the slightest risk of losing a fraction of his trading capital—a mere cent; for that is the publisher's soul—whether it should be called fixed or circulating, political, equally with theological authorities, might be puzzled to decide—and it he had ensured for a mere trifle, at the Pandemonium Office of Mammon, Beelzebub and Co.

But, thirdly, let us shake ourselves free of all thought of Dante's Inferno, and look at the nuisance only in connexion with this sublunary, and without the faintest regard to that subterranean life. The puffers puff for brown bread, small beer, and coarse salt. They get these necessities, and are fed; some potatoes too—and now and then a pig's trotter—these are luxuries; and thus once a-week they have a feast. Jesuits think the end sanctifies the means. Here the end is the sustentation, with some diminution of life. The means, philosophically speaking, are prostitution and puffing; vulgarly, the bread, beer, salt, potatoes, and pig's trotters. They require no sanctification. Life is sweet, and the love of life common to the species. "That, Mr North," we think we hear the puffers whine, with a voice like the mournful lament of the yellow yeldrin, "that is our case, my lord;" and we relapse into our pristine scepticism on the subject of the tread-mill. The publishers, again, who pay the puffers, have in their palate's eye, venison, turtle, champagne, chambertin, claret, hock. They live in "Grandeur's most magnificent saloon;" their puffers in cellars. They pamper their body corporate, and it becomes purfed, pursy, and plooky; and looking at one of them, you think of a diseased bottle-nosed whale who has run aground. Sensualists, voluptuaries, gourmands—that is, gluttons—sloths likewise may they be, for their means of gratification are ample; and contrasted with puffers, we see in *basso relievo* the first part of the Parable of Dives and Lazarus.

But let us be just to all parties, and ask the Public, what *she* thinks of herself, for countenancing, encouraging, and maintaining this shameful system of swindling and prostitution. She is swindled, that is certain; for damaged wares, that never, at any time, were worth two-pence a-yard, are palmed off upon her, by puffing, at a shilling a-foot. She is a simpleton. Let her but have her wits about her, and she will have the satisfaction, in a year or two, of seeing the names of those who have been so long imposing on her credulity, in the Gazette.

Now we come to the Chief Sinners. Who are they? The literary men of England. Are they gentlemen? Then let them behave like gentlemen. But how can they prevent puffing? By showing the cold shoulder to all such publishers, and scorning to set foot within their shops. They can command the Trade. In place of that, they are subdued to the "very quality of their lords;" and they are slaves. And why? That they may get the highest price for their productions that the power of puffing can enable the suborners of perjury to pay; and, as the case may be, keep their cab or their chariot—have a private box at the Opera, or a public bench at the Pig and Whistle—a dancer or a drab.

Such persons, indeed, cannot command the Trade. But there are who can; and their submission to a system so degrading, is to us incomprehensible. They who have lost caste, or are under a cloud, though they have still the feelings of men, dare not to show the feelings of gentlemen, for they fear that nobody would believe them sincere; and they get reconciled to this among the other evils of their lot. The Leaders have the corrective of the nauseous nuisance in their own hands—and if they do not apply it, it must be that they are, with all their genius, the slaves of need, vanity, or avarice.

In the Age of Dedications, there was undoubtedly much servile adulation of powerful patrons; and we once heard a popular and puffed writer declare, that he could not look at one of Dryden's without blushing for "Glorious John." As people are advised by a prudent

Scottish proverb, to "keep their ain fish-guts for their ain sea-maws," so would we advise authors to keep their own blushes for their own meannesses, and an eye on home. Many of those old dedications are eminently beautiful; gratitude is licensed to indulge itself in the language customary on such occasions, and according to the taste of the times; the gratitude of genius is poetical, and idealizes its object; its object was in those days often excellent, some personage illustrious by descent or desert; and though we seek not to defend the praises too frequently lavished on ignoble heads, in most cases of the kind we verily believe that the panegyrist was not conscious of falsehood, but merely of exaggeration—no unpardonable sin in a gifted spirit, oppressed with the carking cares of this worky world, and even in such patronage feeling that the semblance, if it were no more, of a corresponding return of honour, was more than he always received from his humbler fellow-citizens, who while they sneered perhaps at his cringing flatteries of the great, would have left him in his independence, among the poorest of the poor. So much easier is it to preach than to pay.

We have not said the tenth part of what we have got to say; but for the present conclude, with declaring it to be our determination—and if all our influential brethren would join the league, puffing would soon be at its last gasp—to take no notice of any puffed book, however great its merit, of which the author has been accessory to his own dishonour. There may be *some* people who prefer newspaper puffs to our praise. Paid for, at a higher rate, we presume, than advertisements from or for servants, except when indecent, they are sure of insertion; and it is creditable to the Editors that they often take pleasure in proclaiming in their own critical columns that the swan of the puff is the goose of the pond. His poems are on a par with Morrison's pills, with this essential difference, that one is a dose of sovereign virtue for sleep, six for coma, a dozen for death.

Now, here are Three Volumes

which have been suffered—why we know not—to escape pollution.

"Hear it, old man! full of days—
Give Sir Richard Bentley praise."

[The virgin volumes are unpawed—so are all virgin volumes—but these are unpuffed—and the boards to our eyes have the glistening gloss of laurel and holly transporting us from our own avenue to the mountain-side. Wholesomé! If we are not delighted with the inside, it will be the author's fault—not ours; for our very senses are refreshed, and though not "the slaves of our own eyes," the trains of thought and feeling, set quickly agoing by an impression, are always more vivid—and 'tis easy to see and say why—than when sluggishly obeying a conception.

Some months ago, we remember reading a just and generous eulogy on the genius displayed throughout these volumes, in the *Sun*; and in the last number of the *Quarterly*, Mr Downes's great powers were rightly appreciated, while the ingenious and enlightened critic could not approve of their application. But into that question, and some others, we shall enter in our article or articles on the "Mountain Decameron;" for this is but an introduction, and we have room but to give some idea of the frame, on which he has woven the web of destiny of many a strange sufferer pursued, overtaken, oppressed, and strangled by some unsparing passion.

Who is Joseph Downes?—We know not. For though this is not the first time we have heard him speaking of himself, in confessions that bewilder alike our heart and our understanding, he comes before us at once in so many shapes, that he is perfectly distracting—each more singular than another, sometimes one and all seeming as if they were fictitious, and sometimes as if they were several modifications of one extraordinary character inhabiting a living tenement of flesh and blood, and giving utterance to griefs and agonies, in language black with a dreadful sincerity that colours the page like the shadow of a thunder-cloud; and then he suddenly waxes so merry of mood, so full of glee, and so jovial, that we forget we are with him at midnight in some howl-

ing and houseless solitude by the Welsh sea-shore, and believe ourselves snugly seated with him by the ingle in Ambrose's, alone by our two selves, except that well-known wee white bit mousey, nibbling his ration of cheese on the rug, and then beeking his sleek side in the blaze, as if he were the tiniest of all imaginable doggies—and you see he wears a silver collar.

This seems to be the Phantom in one of his phases.

"I may here remark that he seems to be a man whose mind may rather be said to command him, by some morbid process through which it is become independent on his will, than he can be said to possess and command his mind. Perhaps I mean his mental impulses—perhaps I don't know what I mean precisely. No matter. Do you study this human enigma, as I bring you better acquainted. Among other oddities, he has that of a bitter disappointment in literature. 'What has he published?' you enquire. Nothing! 'How then? Beaten in the race, and never has run?' Oh, but he declares that there is no longer such a thing as *Fame* in England, so the prize is gone: there's no '*Plate*' to run for! that *Fame* now means a week's or month's mention of your name or book among the authors '*of the Day*'—a very correct expression. That where the '*world*' reads for novelty only, fighting for its favour is like the gladiator's fight, the issue certain death; for the next work published must be the conqueror, because it will inevitably be the newer. I leave these matters. But he has suffered more decided disappointments than this equivocal one, I presume, by deaths of friends and other events, which have driven him, long ago, to seek out, as he says, 'a by-lane to death,' with its cool green footing, instead of the noisy highway to the 'dark inn,' and finds peace, if it can be attained, the best ambition. His soul sickened at all the world calls success in life, beyond the humblest support of life. In his own profession, a soundless gallop on the mountain top sod, in a moonlight midnight, had more attraction for him than the city glories of his brethren, he composing (for he has the lyrical fury on him sometimes) to the 'rumble' of the thundering cataract, more willingly than to that of 'chariot wheels.'"

This must be Joseph Downes. The same unforgettable voice is in our ears we heard many years ago—and we are sorry that it should still syllable the same sentiments. But let that pass. Here he is the Rural

Doctor—the Physician of the Mountains. But then it is “Myself” who thus describes the Galen of the Glens. Which is the substance, and which the shadow? Who is the Quaker? Each—both. Who Umbra? Joseph Downes, myself, the Doctor, the Quaker, Umbra, and two or three Shadows of the Shades of Dreams, all walking to and fro through the Principality, for the most part good friends, but occasionally quarrelling, and yet but one Pedestrian. The Sphinx! But we are *Œdipus*. This One-in-many, or Many-in-one is accompanied in his wanderings in Wales, by Major R. . . . who, in his sporting jacket, we at first sight thought was either ourselves, or Christopher North—and by the Rev. Ezekiel Evans, a Welsh parson, with a “strong pawpensity” for the “dwama” of methodism, and living in hopes of becoming a wandering Wesley. “Myself”—not Christopher North, but Joseph Downes—says that he holds it “more than good luck, even a sort of salvation, that he has fallen in with the persons who are to be your company daily, if such be your pleasure. . . . The moodiness of one (the Doctor), the halcyon nature and kindheartedness of another of them (the Major—another Christopher), the whimsical conceits, odd ambition, and odder figure of a third (the Methody)—all these keep parrying the deeper deadlier impressions of those *now* mournful mountains, and converting many a source of deepest darkest thinking into the gay and superficial play of thought.”

There is a sort of Piscatory Pastoral Poem, pleasant to us because we know the parties who were engaged in the simple scenes it paints, called the Angler’s Tent. All the world once knew, that we received in our own Tent, pitched near the source of our Dee, Prince Leopold, now King of Belgium, and Dr Parr, now a bishop in the Low Countries. And John Watson Gordon, then a good, now a great portrait painter, sketched us all, variously employed, at its mouth. Then there was our famous Pilgrimage to the Kirk of Shotts, illustrated by William Allan, the best historical painter Scotland has produced, next to David Wilkie. Had Joseph Downes, alias Myself, alias

the Doctor, alias the Quaker, alias Umbra, alias the Shadow of the Shade of a Dream, any dim reminiscence of those Tents ere he wrote thus—

“I shall first ask as to their being willing to take a cup of tea and a cake with us under some ‘romantic mountain forest-crowned?’ To sit at our tent’s mouth on some sunshiny sod, betwixt a hanging wood and water, ‘far from the haunts of men’ (yet peradventure busier with man than ever), sung to by the woodlark or cuckoo, or plained to by the owl, hopelessly? For our odd amateur gipsy the Doctor, is fond of reading on into the night, by a very bright moon, or his little lamp when the night is sultry and still

“Moreover, be not surprised, if, after my taking leave of thee at night in this my most disorderly Diary, you find me (or us), by the place I date from next morning, to have taken a miraculous night journey, too long for aught but seven-leagued boots or the Chapel of Loretto to perform. Understand, in explanation, that this *next* day in the journal is *not* our next day, but the first agreeable next day, as I shall observe the plan of selection both in the romances and our daily travels

“Heavens! what a luxury of pure and innocent thoughts—what a sabbath of rest from all troublous, anxious, wicked, or overwrought feelings—what a delicious disdain of the whole world and its little selfish doings on the outside of our mighty green walls, starred with the lone taper of the cottage by night, beautified with its lone curling smoke-wreath, and the dim white lambs of its owner by day—what a self-bugging glorious contempt of *Time* (the old crabbed task-master of mankind)—let him and his officious gnomon point where they will to midnoon or midnight—what a fine rapture of peace and goodwill towards men, yea, beasts, trees, reptiles, comes like an angelic resurrection from a grave over one’s whole nature, in such scenes as I have been enjoying, turning a bad man into a penitent, and a good one into an angel, for the hour! such blessed, blue, clear, all-innocent, beautified hour of paradise restored!”

Mr Downes, it is easy to see already, is no ordinary man; and you will not be startled to hear us tell you, that we think him one of the most powerful painters of nature in prose, in our language. Many may think that his descriptions are inflated and exaggerated; but we beg them to remember, that a balloon must be inflated to mount the skies. And with gas. The bladders you have seen have been all inflated too,

but with mere common air taken out of the atmosphere; and though they may have lent you their friendly buoyancy when you were learning to swim in a burn, we must be much mistaken indeed, if they ever assisted you to fly from Calais to Dover. Just so with Mr Downes's descriptions. They are inflated with gas. You take your seat in the car, and up goes the balloon to about the altitude of the Peak of Teneriffe. You feel the climate chilly, and come wavering down to this world again like a cat in a parachute. But his descriptions are exaggerated. What! Snowdon at sunrise? Look at it and you will allow you lied.

"But a nobler spectacle is *above*; the disrobing to the sun of all Snowdon's morning mountains. The *resurrection*—if I may venture the term—of the greater beauties of mountains, from the night horror of their mere dusky outlines, has something in it of awful and even supernatural in look, that almost attracts the fancy toward the true tremendous re-appearance of all things after the *Grave's* own long night. There are to be seen, *high up* Snowdon, peculiar tints of umber red, mixed with grey blue, the former ferruginous probably, but whispering to fancy of ancient volcanic ruins. But now the horrid sable which all night long had frowned round their grim brows, kept melting away into silvery, rosy, vermillion light! Mists (beautiful as the sweetest morning could make them, with its tender blue brilliance and tender pale gold of sunlight), curled, smiled, and waved, transparent, over those grim hues still peeping *through*. The chaotic lofty view of their confused groups—the rolling blackness of the mist (*itself* now become their most exquisite beauty!) was food for lofty phantasy. As I sat alone on the greensward, whither I had climbed, I could not help thinking of the emerging of the shrouded dead from darkness, from dust, from lead, from mould, from marble—to the light of the *Last Morning*! There was a soft silent sublimity in the scene and the hour, that led on the thought to *that* hour when all graves shall yawn, and all earth yield up its dead and its darkness to a sun that shall never set, and the shocking shroud which hung its horror on the grimness of the corruptible body, in the long night of death, drop or change into the robes of the incorruptible! of the eternal angel, emerging from those terrific ruins of man! of the *angel*, or whatever else our finite conceptions can picture, as the beauty of a soul admitted to the presence of God!"

We wrote that passage ourselves,

thirty years ago, and we can prove it; for the manuscript is in the hands of one who never showed it to mortal creature. Joseph Downes wrote it last, so it is his; and we are proud of it. We always suspect plagiarism in the coincidence or identity of a single happiest word in two sentences written by different men; but when a whole impassioned burst like the above breaks out from one man's heart, one and the same as broke out from another man's heart thirty years before, when standing astonished on the same spot, what is that but a miracle? And he who cannot believe a miracle should not say that he believes in the resurrection either of the body or the soul of a man or a mountain.

Here is an extract of a different character, and it contains several pictures, one that might have been painted by Claude, and one by Poussin. 'Tis thus a Quaker writes to a Quaker. We must mount a broad brim

"Whoever follows the road from Harlech to Beddgelert, and the region of Snowdonia, comes at about three miles distance, to the solitary shore of a noble estuary formed by the mouth of the river *Dyrrhyd*, where it expands into sea, after washing the bases of green and pastoral mountains, and precipices with forest trees, and their almost vertical masses of shade.

"Nothing in landscape can exceed the soft beauty, or the solemn grandeur of this intimate intermixture of marine and *home* scenery; of the peeping huts of shepherds, and the towering sail of the adventurous merchant ship, departing for distant shores,—of the whole 'deep deep sea' on one hand, and on the other the lessening, narrowing distance of the river, hiding its diminished head under bowering oaks, and approximating mountains: these last presenting the softest sunshiny green slopes to the sun. There, this broad, brimming, blue basin, like a bay of itself, which its conflux with ocean presents, shrinks into the pastoral perspective of a gentle river running up into rural haunts, a mere sky-blue open brook, threading at low water the mid-channel, deserted by the sea, through which the Welsh peasant-lover can wade on a bright Sunday to meet a sweetheart. On each side, a marbled expanse of the finest sands stretches away, yellowing in the gold light of a summer morning. No horrid depth of black mud (half smothering you in imagination with its mere look), here scowls, on the retrocession of the sea.

"The extent of these sands is great, and

the prospect of them horrible,' quoth Lord Lyttleton. In storm and coming night-fall, I grant it is; but their effect, when seen by sun and summer's blue, joined to the noble green *banks* (those banks being sides of vast mountains), and over-skimmed by snowy sea-gulls, is that of a soft, solemn, beautiful repose, as far from horror, as the calm of a sweet sleep is from the grim grandeur of the sleep of death.

"As we stand on the edge of the sea-river—a crowd of mountain-tops is in lofty distance before us, rolled up yet in a night of their own, but grimly yielding to the broad morning laugh of the whole sea firmament, of June-blue, and a sun making that sea glister gloriously. The brilliant dazzle of such an object as the whole floor of the great deep, is relieved by the view of several dim islands off the promontory of Llyn, and the *vision* of a shore, the blueish shadowy outline of one, more distant still.

"But close beside us, all is home-felt beauty—the little ferry house, the pattering of a sea at play with real green banks, all that a quiet eye can desire, to transmit a sympathetic quietude to a heart at rest, in the way of scenery is here, as if no such things as mountainous waves, and wrecks, and cast-up dead, and exile 'beyond the seas,' were in this beautiful world!

"Meadows, a little marsh ground, the wild-wood and greensward heights just described, lowing cows, bleating lambs, singing barefoot girls among them all, and that smiling, heaving, half sea, half river—are all that meet eye or ear! The depth of sands in the lane-like road, adds to the charm. The little that there is of agricultural 'stir' in this part, is hence performed almost without sound, the humble pony team and *gambou*, or sledge without wheels for bringing in the hay harvest, all moving as if hushed on purpose to avoid breaking the charming silence, leaving it to those sounds only which add to its effect—the plaintive sea-birds' crying, or more cheerful land-birds' song, coming from those retreating heights of ancient woods.

"Close to the water, indeed *in* it, stands a decent 'public,' as *we* Welsh call an ale-house. Though the *folks* are a little rude and ignorant, their domicile makes amends for this. It is very delicious, at the same time surprising, to wake in this sort of *amphibious* abode, for such it is, the tide, when in, washing the walls, and you looking down from your chamber-window *on*—the sea! Though you see it beating your house walls like the ribs of a ship, however, if the morning be calm all is gentle grandeur as it patters like a lake, and you find your *ship* stedfast, your cabin window visited by swallows, adorned with eaves, and your ears

regaled with 'earliest birds' as sweetly as ever. No barbarous bawling, whooping, creaking, or rocking, nor pitch, nor tar, (nor Jack Tar,) is there to horrify every sense of you—a landsman. Instead, a merry shepherd is heard on the breast of a mountain on the land side of your Janus-faced ark, or girl calling cows, and larks singing, and that (to me) pleasantest of simple symphonies, the mingling sounds of many little streams of milk into different milking vessels. Meanwhile, there is reflected into your eyes from some great green precipice of sunshiny mountain, such a green-coloured, tender, gold light, as assures you you *cannot* be at sea, notwithstanding your catching the low yet tremendous peal of the broad ocean's breaking on the shore near at hand.

"We were ferried over to a small island, of a few acres extent, lying about a mile out in the mid estuary, and found it a sort of epitome of Wales (Inys Gytan its name, I think), containing rock, wood, beech, sands, heath, cliff, in miniature, and—one house, a grey and grotesque as some anchorite's cell. Above it hung a rock all ivy, and on its roof (green as the ground) stood perched a goat (one of the few surviving of that race in Wales). He put us in mind, as he stood and wondered at us with his beard tinged with dew-wet buttercups, that 'streamed like a meteor,' et cætera—of Gray's Bard; for the fate of his race allied him to that 'last minstrel.' We climbed to the higher ground—the 'table land' of our isle, and while wading the heath and fern there—'What's here?' said the Major. A wreath of smoke curled up, as if out of the ground before us. But on reaching it we found that our level there ended in a perpendicular wall of rock, and that the smoke rose from a gipsy fire (or one of gipsy fashion) at the base of this rock, where a snug square of greensward afforded a pleasant breakfasting place, walled in by crags on three sides, and roofed with dog-roses, and a far projecting mass of ivy. A middle-aged man with somewhat of the 'rueful countenance' of La Mancha's knight, lay idling with a book; two boys were busied with the fire, burning pale in the sunshine; the remains of a good breakfast were on their white cloth; and cowslips lay abundant round the solitary seat, which the boys had gathered for their father."

This is the Rural Doctor, a wanderer with two sons. Mr Downes knows his character well, and there is great tenderness, with a profounder feeling, in his description of the influence of the beautiful glee of the boys on their father's soul, sullen oft as a tarn, that looks as if it threatened you with mischief simply for looking at it as

you pass it by, among the mountains, Yet wrong not the one or the other, for a smile from the deep heavens on high, with its vast blue sphere, or a smile from the deeper heavens below, in the small orbs of human eyes, blue light too, but lovelier far than ever steeped the etherial plains, in an instant illumines both with bliss. Sometimes the Doctor's face, we are told, was wont "to become like that of another man, and one on no good terms with the world, or life, or man, and hardly *Heaven*; for something of expression not detected in the visage of a uniformly good man often passed like a cloud over his;" but the influence of childhood on a rugged nature was here perceptible, as they ran up from time to time to chatter with their father, or bring him more flowers, of which he seemed insatiate in his desires. From the life! We could imagine these lines to have been written by *miserable* Wordsworth. But was he ever so? We once dreamt we saw him tearing his hair in distraction and despair.

"MY BOY'S BIRTHDAY.

"Instead of all, of soothing kind,
Vital to peace, in life's decline,
As blood to life—what do I find?

This little hand in mine?
Of all that under heaven's wide cope,
Seemed mine, by perjury of Hope,
What's left me, as to death I grope?
Its blue sunshine!

"With nought to hope, yet much to fear,
In life's grim nightfall left to pine,
To earth—this rock!—what chains me here!

This hand, this hand of thine!
This pleasing pain, this painful joy,
Which all unconsciously, dear boy,
Thou putt'st in mine.

"And yet I want some *other* eye,
With mine to see thy soft ones shine;
I want some *other* heart to sigh

And fear for thee, with mine;
For God forbid this darksome mind,
And haunted heart should ever find
Fit mates in thine!

"Thou blest blue heaven! thou playmate-
friend;

My heart's sole anchorage are you;
That blue will frown—that playtime end,
Then, comforter, adieu!

And oh,—death's ever ready dart!
Mortal, oh mortal, boy, thou art;
Soon this warm hand—have comfort, Heart,
For thou art too!

"Wearied of wandering here, a wretch,
When leaves lie dead, and foul floods rave,
When downwards my wild arms I stretch,
Impatient for a grave,—
Then think I on *thy* helpless plight,
My motherless! in shock'd affright,
Think on *thee* left an orphan quite,
And thou dost save!

"Hail! then my treasure, safe to land
Through all the perils of a year!
Still do I hold thee by this hand?
Still healthful and still here?
Thanks, Heaven!—this well-timed pulse and
palm
So cool, shall be as sun and psalm,
To make *one* blessed Sabbath calm,
For *me*, my dear!

"So hand in hand, a little while,
We'll haunt the wild brooks, pick the
flowers;
What though *mine* be a hollow smile,
Not *mine* thy coming hours?
Neither are my pains coming thine;
Though soon divides thy path and mine,
Grief shall not blot *this* day's sunshine,
Howe'er fate lowers.

"Yet go—with fitter playmates 'keep'
Thy birth-day, with 'feast,' frolic, glee;
The tears thou shalt not see me weep,
Are fittest 'gifts' from me;
This hand for me, that heart for those,
Mine, one sweet hour—theirs to-day's close
Hands, heart, and glee.

"Yet I'll be with thee to the end,
Though lonely on some mountain heath,
Thy birthday with thy *spirit* spend,
As might mine after death,
Follow thee every where;—Heaven send
For thee some more effectual friend,
To love, to cherish, to defend—
And take this breath!"

We have been suspected, we cannot conjecture why, of a love of mystification; and our simplest words, sincere as water, have been accused of occult meanings which, we are confident, are unknown to themselves at this day. Yet it is most unfair, indeed unreasonable, to blame for his duplicity, or triplicity, a being avowing himself *We*. Were Christopher North a mere *Ego*, you might tax him with deviations from the line of uniformity; but it is no unusual occurrence with *Us*, for one to "be stepping westward," while another "due east his journey takes," and a third points like a needle to

the North. Keeping this ever in mind, you need at no time or place be surprised to see one or other of Us, while you have an assurance in a well-known hand that Kit is at Canton. With the exception of Christopher North, Joseph Downes is the least egotistical, and the most nosmetipsical person we know. One of him never appears in these volumes at all—nor, as far as we can make it out, is “Myself” acquainted with him; but the Rural Doctor, who is certainly Mr Downes, and like him a Quaker (we hardly know whether Mr Downes is a Quaker or not), is his most intimate friend, and generally carries in his pocket a MS. volume of his poems, entitled “Songs of the Unknown.” A volume of poems by the same Unknown were published more than a dozen years ago under the name of Joseph Downes, who certainly wrote them, and they were reviewed in Blackwood. To the uninitiated this may seem rather a ravelled web, and not to be seen through—but to most of Us it is easy as the Rule of Three. The Unknown is said—and truly—to have much of the temperament of genius—and as a matter of course, or rather accompaniment, to be a little mad—having “that peculiar combination of feelings, frame of nerves, worldly accidents perhaps, which go to make up that most unenviable distinction from the ordinary human character.” He seems to be one of the Rural Doctor’s patients, or, in other words, his own physician. His MS. poems are all about himself, who is out of and be-

side himself, and the malady common to the Three. “From the simplest taint of this malady,” say they—“from the lips of the Doctor—” (that has the odd infirmity of groaning in song instead of the usual way) to the inveterate and hopeless height of it, when events have exasperated the slight spot into an open plague-boil, and the gentler constitutional melancholy of birth has been fostered into the shut-up despair of adult or declining age—from the pensive play of Fancy to the melancholic horror of the dream of the Mad at Heart—I have culled every specimen I could find.” And he goes on finely and forcefully to characterise the moods and the seasons in which they were dashed off. The author of the *Mountain Decameron* concludes his Preface with these words,—“If it was praiseworthy in our antique sage to satisfy this craving even in his last hour, raising his sapient head with all the weight of death thereon, to enquire the topic of his friends’ whisperings together, perhaps it may be held excusable for one, the least of a sage possible, to ask, even at the eleventh hour, as idle a question of the Critical World—“Am I a Poet?” We cannot answer for the Critical World,—but supposing for a moment the question put to Us—Christopher North in a firm voice replies—Yes.

When did you read verses more powerful than these, to stir-up those soul-purging passions, as the Stagirite calls them, Pity and Terror? We never did.

ODE TO MY HOUR OF DEATH.

BY A WANDERER IN WALES.

WHERE dost thou waylay me, oh Hour,
Watching, like some wild beast in jungle dark,
Me to devour?
Hour of the last leap of Life’s fluttering spark!
Assume the very form,
In which thou’lt ride the storm
Of death! appear! appear! thou shapeless Terrible!
Paint on yon sunshiny bank’s green
The *Mirage* of my parting scene,
When on the die of Life’s last sand, hangs Judgment,
Heaven, and Hell!

By what inn-hut—what wild wayside,
What buzzing pauper room—what loathsome bed,

On which have many died,
 Grim dost thou hide?
 Who lifts a fall'n wayfaring stranger's head?
 Who closes the blue lips,
 And eyes in long eclipse,
 Or waits to close,—for decency not pity?
 I yearn, I long to look upon
 Her who shall whisper "He is gone!"
 Oh, be it some grey crone, far from the hated city!

My heart, since I have thought and felt,
 Only in rustic haunts, to rustics only,
 Where peace and pastoral dwelt,
 Would ope or melt—
 Social in loneliness, in cities lonely:
 An old dame's spinning wheel
 Taught it to sweetly feel,
 Dancing to its mean music by some autumn-tinted wood;
 Who could have thought that pensive taste
 Foretold life's mournful total waste,
 A life, and death, and grave of stranger solitude?

But some, for strangers on the earth,
 And aliens in their native land to roam,
 Are marked from birth;
 Men of *no* country unless heaven's blue dome,
 A melancholy *home*!—
 Of some chance spot of sky,
 Or star which first our eye,
 New-born, was roll'd on, shall we make our native spot?
 As wisely as "*my* Country" call,
 Some empty spot of this great ball,
 Where chanced our ill-starred birth, where other ties are not.

Hence of no *home* death-bed serene
 I dream; enough for me, self-stung, self-driven,
 (Lifting Time's dreadful screen)
 That it be green,
 These mountains' heads bent o'er me and yon heaven.
 Are my dear children there?
 Far be they, oh! afar,
 Till Pain and you have done your worst, dark Hour!
 But when our Mother too has done,
 And veiled my face—let them look on
 That "face-cloth"* green, and leave a tear-drop and a flower.

Oh, dark Hour! on me, wandering,
 Leap by some river's high and lonely source,
 Whose little moss-lapped spring
 May softly sing;
 The pure cold blessing of whose new-born course
 My dying thirst may reach,
 Bowered by old oak or beach,
 Hollowly murmuring the long divorce
 'Twixt the tired body and tired soul,
 'Twixt its clay hut and yon bright whole;
 And flags and long grass wind my long-unburied corse!

* The name used for a piece of cloth purposely shaped to cover the face of a corpse.—
 BRAND'S *Popular Antiquities*.

'Tis something, in our friendless doom,
 To 'scape the false, th' unfriendly, and the strange;
 Nor is such green sick-room,
 Of wild-wood gloom,
 One unbefitting the most mighty change,
 Of th' heart to very clod,
 Of mind to demigod!
 Earth's sighing stranger to Heaven's welcomed guest!
 (There man, unhelped by man, must grope
 His dim way!) or, if faints Faith's hope,—
 Change from short troubling to eternal rest.

It is fortunate for us that we have so seldom said any thing of the scenery of Wales, that the few drops which at a chance time may have trickled from our pen, are as forgotten dew on the grass of some old pasture that has been for years under the plough. Penmanmaur, Cader Idris, Snowdon, we thank ye in our humble heart, that your very shadows in our memory awed us dumb. We have been made to know that not till now had we understood the character of Llewellyn's Land. We were too young (O heavens! can a mortal creature be too young!) and our restless heart could not suffer our eyes to see what they now see visioned by this magician. Hundreds of little fairy worlds, fresh as if they were new creations, keep rising and setting within the regions of our closed eyes; for only when the lids are down, will the long-past far-away from oblivion revisit our soul. But it is only because they resemble one another, that we think of them as having been, as still being—changed now perhaps, and like ourselves, looking old—in Wales! We have forgotten what separates them so, and sigh to think that were we in among them, we should lose our way in the intervening wildernesses, and feel as if a stranger, where the whole month-long day of June once was but as one beautiful hour, in which we sailed along between heaven and earth. Yet saw we not then with our bodily eyes, nor since then, did imagination ever body forth aught lovelier than this.

"A fog—with its beautiful phantasmagoria of landscape—has amused us on our early road; and here we are, at last, breakfasting on a very balcony of mountain! a sheep-nibbled grassplot on a lofty point, above fog and dale, and open to the brilliant blue of heaven peeping overhead, the billowy vapour

yet rolling like a silver sea below. A little lonely lake (I swear it shall *not* be a pool!) heaves softly blue before us. Tufts of the silvery flowers of the beautiful 'maiden's-hair' are nodding round us.

"That many-scented perfume, the aromatic odour of *mountains*, which all perceive in these places, without knowing its particular sources, the wild thyme and distant bog-myrtle, however, being most palpable—and which we enjoy on even the nakedest sheep-walk, is wafted on the warm air. A noble apartment! roofed with all heaven's concave, floored with the dewy greensward, whence the air of summer-morning seems to exhale like a breath, sweet and fresh beyond conception, as from some underground magic paradise of delicate sweets within that pure lap of earth! What a strange neglect of one of our senses, that was the medium of so much innocent luxury to the Romans, do English moderns exhibit! Oh, the detestable musk, and all perfumes whatever, indeed! How much superior one mountain-flower that has a scent, nay, the very grass! The 'lavender' for his hostess's sheets reads pleasant enough in old Walton's book; but give me the fresher feast or none.

"The sun has now evaporated the last gems of dew, to form a little fairy ring for the dry expansion of that next best luxury of a wild ramble—a virgin *white* tablecloth! Thus we have secured two blessings, the olfactory and the ocular. But a higher ocular treat is that irregular round of water—a liquid air, which keeps gleaming azure as a sky, just before us, and heaving after each little breeze, as softly and (almost) as voluptuously lovely, as a beautiful bosom settling into a gentle heaving, after a panting motion excited by some love-surprise, while the tell-tale blue eye above laughs love in the favoured gazer's eyes. The small unveiled circle of blue clear sky above us, has betrayed me into this comparison. Beautiful coloured wings of little birds keep skimming our lake's surface, and often dip, ruffling a moment the perfect blue sphere, which that surface and the reflected blue of sky, together complete. Pure and delicious it is to thought, that our water now boiling on our gipsy-fashioned triple stick, is dipped out of that

unfrequented high receptacle of the waters of heaven, fresh from their aerial distillation, without a touch or taint of earth, or mortal bands; that we drink after the pretty lark's beak only, or other such sweet and clean drinkers that wing their way to its brink.

"Looking across our lake, we see but sky or its mist, as the land sinks suddenly there: in quite a precipice of a hillside (sloping down to a long pastoral sort of valley); hence its brimming basin looks to want a further bank, and one might imagine its crystalline blue swell of water to be overflowing there, and running over and down to some inundated country below.

"As the whole mass of mist now grew alight with the resistless sunshine, we enjoyed the last of the pictorial drama of fog which had amused us. For while we were in the vale below, every hill-top farm, every browsing cow or sheep that happened to appear, perched in a transient outbreak of the golden blue of the sun-light and the sky, took the oddest grotesque aspect thus standing, cut off by the whole white wall of fog, from the base of the mountain-side that uplifted it; an aspect of not only prodigious altitude, but of something supernatural and aërially beautiful. Every little yellow strawed fold-yard, or mossy cot, or flock of lambs thus insulated, and 'unfolded in a spleen' to our eyes but a minute before the 'jealous' fog shut all up again, became as 'creatures of the element at play in the plighted clouds,' the clouds of fog, whose rolling *pliee* quickly were woven again round them into a thick shroud.

"A church, across a deep dale, only partially revealed, was converted into a sea-beat grey fortress, with some dark outwork or bastion (which was in reality a clump of yews with their dim black), whose ruin the white deluge of that soundless sea seemed bent on utterly obliterating, for at every roll of its volumed vastness, the shape (for cathedral-ruin, or castle, or rock it was by turns) kept growing more indistinct, till like a melting edifice of dissolving chalk before its tide, at last it vanished, melted quite away.

"But now is the pleasantest phantasma, the bird's eye view of the deep valley below us, where we have been long hearing the calling of cows, and singing of girls invisible, in meadows equally a blank. Now a whole rainbow on the ground begins to peep as we look down! for all the July flowers of some brightest green moist meadows are beginning to paint with their own sweet colours the now transparent veil that has hidden all from our eyes,—and behold! all is visible! Cows, girls, flocks, roofs of thatch, blue steaming river, wandering springs with a glitter as of quicksilver, and cowslipped meadows! Charming headlong perspective!

"After some wordy war on the feverish topic of politics, we found relief in the *contrast* of the deep calm and silence of nature, the mild blue vault, the undisturbed atmosphere of our lofty yet not moorish breakfast place, in the low patter of that lonesome lake, with its floating flowers and large aquatic leaves, and its tiny waves washing its mockery of a beach (a foot's breadth of whitest pebbles, polished and pure, fringing a velvet sod), over whose brink nodded wild-flowers to their watery floral sisters in the liquid blue, like nymphs of the woods smiling to young naiads, and smiled and gracefully curtsied to in return. For as each gentle swell of the water softly subsided, it imparted to its native flowers a correspondent gentle sinking, suggesting the idea of such graceful obeisance of some 'gentle lady, mild and beautiful.'

"The 'silent occupation' and mild face of our placid Major too added somewhat of peace to the scene, which our poetical gipsy did not much disturb by softly beginning to recite to him the following sonnet, applicable to that occupation.

"Where Surrey's favourite hill o'erlooks the Thames,
And Twick'nam's flow'ry meads fair maids invite,

The patient angler sits from morn till night
Pursuing his mild sport. And who condemns
His quiet pastime in the summer air?

He is the Muses' warbling son, and they
Ne'er suffer unregarded to pass away
The hours of him who is their special care.

For him the shade of Thomson shall arise;

For him sad Eloisa's Bard shall sing;

The fields for him assume their gayest dyes;

Naiad or Sylph from every lily spring;

For him old Faunus' voice shall cheer the skies,
And Nymphs and Dryads dance in festive ring!

"Now to whom do you, or you, assign
the paternity of that stray sonnet?" enquired he.

"We thought of Wordsworth. We might, but for the modern allusions, have thought of some high Elizabethan sonneteer; and Ezekiel bolder, and in spite (not ignorance of course) of the intrusion of Thomson, would father it on his own famed countryman *Rhys Prichard*, the Llandovery Vicar, author of 'The Welshman's Candle,' who 'flourished,' unluckily, in the days of Charles I.

"What a paradoxical age is this!" then proceeded our Rural Doctor. "An age that has utterly renounced poetry has made a poet, and no mean one, of a publisher. That is one of a little bouquet of such minor flowers of poesy, given to this same iron age by Mr Moxon. It is no praise to say that Dodsley, though become a sort of English classic, could not have written any thing approaching in beauty some of these sonnets!

"I think there is an elegant finish about them, a warmth of feeling under good command, a power of condensation as well as choice of images, well suited to produce that

delicate *whole* in miniature, that exquisitely pencilled 'Forget me not' flower of the Pierian spring called Sonnet.

"The cygnet crested on the purple water;
The fawn at play beside its graceful dam;
On cowslip-bank in spring the artless lamb;
The hawthorn robed in white, May's fragrant daughter;
The willow weeping o'er the silent stream;
The rich laburnum with its golden show;
On summer-eve earth's many-coloured bow;
Diana at her bath; Aurora bright;
The star of eve: the lily, child of Light."

"Here are more images than lines, and every one imbued with the very spirit of beauty, ideal or material."

Yes; Edward Moxon's Sonnets are all good—some of them "beautiful exceedingly;" and why wonder that they should be so, flowing from the pure heart and gentle spirit of a friend of Rogers and of Lamb.

We punished Barry Cornwall and his coterie a month or a year ago, for ceaselessly sonnetteering and sing-songing about the sea. They have done all the little in their power to dispel "of the old sea our reverential fear." Had he not shown, in the first storms of winter, that he enjoyed a shipwreck as

fiercely as ever, we should have begun to look on him as no better than a Virginia-water of the largest size. The Sea! the Sea! the Sea! Well, what then? A shout from the mouths of Ten Thousand Greeks must surely have been much louder than any cry conceivable from the potato-trap of one Cockney. Then The Ten Thousand had reached a hill above the shore, after a march of some fifteen hundred leagues or so, whereas the Unit had come down from Town to Dover, on the top of one of the light coaches, with his carpet-bag. The dangers encountered in his retreat were imaginary, for after all, the lynch-pin was *not* loose. But we read in Xenophon that clouds of dust, "with fiery faces thronged and dreadful arms," buried his phalanx almost to within sight of the sea. That cry was sublime. But Barry Cornwall might with more propriety, on the entrance of his boy in green livery with the hissing urn, have squealed out—The Tea! the Tea! the Tea!

But hear Mr Downes:

OCEAN.—AN ODE.

CALM.

The Sea! the Sea! be silent, Air and Earth,—
Back in dumb distance, World, while on the brink
Of this sublimer world of elder birth,
Boundlessly thundering, I stand and think,
Till thy last lights go out; thy mock-suns shrink
To stars, to falling stars; then vanish wholly.
Ocean! to me, loosed from life's latest link,
Thy look grows awful, and thy vast voice holy;
Like death's it murmurs "God"! weans man from hope's soft folly,
Uplifting, lulling, filling quite with grandest melancholy!
Yes, by this *solitude* of half the globe,
Methinks I stand like a departing soul,
By Death's black sea, when shivering to disrobe,
Half pleased, half loth, her eyes pierce that dusk whole,
Limitless, moonless, for shore, star or pole;
Now spied, now lost again; as mine now strain,
And fancy faint blue shores, where only roll,
Vast o'er thy void illimitable plain,
Thy anarchies of seas to form a Main;
And all *thy* tides, oh, sable Sea! though vain
Mirage those "happy isles" some see or feign,
May tend, beyond man's bounded ken, to Heaven their source again.
Ocean! another world of unknown creatures!
Another Nature on her rocking throne,
Bare-bosomed to the sun! our *terrene* Nature's
Indomitable sister, savage, lone,
In her green gulphy realm as Heaven's high blue unknown!
What, though man skim its suburb, down th' abyss
Pry, as our Newton pried round Heaven's high own?
Still shut as th' angels' own metropolis,
Her unsunned citadel's seclusion is,
Where skulls from this our upper world, lie like *its* shells on this.

Despair grows patient, desperation calm,
 While thy vast voice, far sounding solitary,
 Moans to the moon its melaucholy psalm;
 This beach, though wild, a water-worn rock-quarry,
 Is, to the lost, Life's supernumerary,
 As greensward alley in a moonlight grove
 To happier men—this, *this* for the world-weary!
 This, the wild walk and roaring grove *they* love;
 Whence they can watch the sun to bed when dreary,
 Sinking in black and blood; and mix such sky-born, airy
 Pictures with *their* prophetic souls' of *their* ends sanguinary!
 Strange solemn *sublunary* "world unknown!"
 From *thy* "bourn" too no traveller returns;
 Man-forms at intervals come wavering down,
 When some fierce purpose thy fixed limit spurns,
 And there their bones stay in their coral urns.
 Oh! for the wand which *once* upreared thy waves!
 What death! what life! what beat of fins! how spurns
 His dry death-bed Leviathan! what graves!
 What skeletons of unknown form, crusted with shells! what caves
 Of wealth! what wrecks of antique form! what bones of Mammon's
 slaves!

These the *thought* sees, eye never; brimming high,
 Thy gulph-waves hide th' astonishments they hold;
 Nor can man quite renounce humanity,
 But that its touch steals with this weltering cold;
 What knells for broken hearts these waves have tolled!
 Eternal partings sob in this low roar!
 Some hope of hearts which but that one consoled,
 Thy every night-storm blasts on every shore;
 The sailor's—transport's wife—that convict's self—hung o'er
 Thy blue calm in his chains—hopes on, till Shipwreck roars "no more!"
 And worse than broken hopes or broken hearts
 The hope *deferr'd*—the heart which *cannot* break,—
 Moan along every coast thy gulf disparts,
 What widows *cursed* with hope! long loth to take
 The widow's weeds!—what families which wake,
 From dreams of the *poor* father emigrant's
 Letters to bid their faint hearts cease to ache,
 While he, forgetting all their woes and wants,
 "Sleeps well" in thee!—what slaves devouring earth! * what pants
 Of hearts home-sick to death,—to this *soft* sound groan dissonance!
 Most Ancient! *ancienter* than *Death* and *Hell*!
 Old solitary Thunderer *thou* wast,
 (Strange secrets th' earth's consulted entrails tell!)
 Ere Man *was*—ere our planet's bloodless Past,
 That bloody reasoner rose to rule—and blast;
 Not *armoured* he, though sevenfold *armed* with mind,
 Oft at his own right hand's red work aghast,
 Pale in the light of penal fires which shined
 Fresh kindled for his soul, (hell's dismal dawn) behind,—
 Yet cried to all things "war," and "woe," but most to his own kind!

Not room for the last two grand stanzas. Buy the book now—or wait till January.

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